

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

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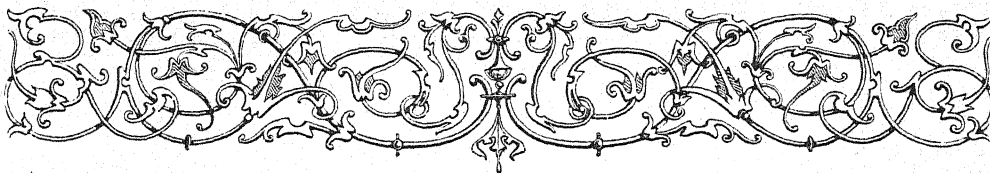
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AUTHOR OF 'THIS MORTAL COIL,' 'BLOOD ROYAL,' 'THE SCALLYWAG,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

'Twas a dejected, dispirited, sheepish-looking throng that gathered, one black Wednesday, round the big back door in Burlington Gardens. For it was Taking-away Day at the Royal Academy.

For weeks before that annual holocaust, many anxious hearts have waited and watched in eager suspense for the final verdict of the Hanging Committee. To hang or not to hang—that is the question. But on Taking-away Day, the terrible fiat at last arrives; the Committee regret (on a lithographed form) that want of space compels them to decline Mr So-and-so's oil-painting, 'The Fall of Babylon,' or Miss Whatshername's water-colour, 'By Leafy Thames,' and politely inform them that they may remove them at their leisure and at their own expense from Burlington House by the back door aforesaid. Then follows a sad ceremony: the rejected flock together to recover their slighted goods, and keep one another company in their hour of humiliation. It is a community of grief, a fellowship in misery. Each is only sustained from withering under the observant eyes of his neighbour by the inward consciousness that that neighbour himself, after all, is in the self-same box, and has been the recipient that day of an identical letter.

Nevertheless, it was some consolation to Kathleen Hessegrave in her disappointment to observe the varying moods and shifting humours of her fellow-sufferers among the rejected. She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and it lightened her trouble somewhat to watch among the crowd the different funny ways in which other people bore

or concealed their own disappointment for her edification. There were sundry young men, for example, with long hair down their backs and loose collars of truly Byronic expansiveness, whom Kathleen at once recognised as unacclaimed geniuses belonging to the very newest and extremest school of modern impressionism. They hailed from Newlyn. These lordly souls, budding Raphaels of the future, strolled into the big room with a careless air of absolute unconcern, as who should wonder they had ever deigned to submit their immortal works to the arbitrament of a mere every-day Hanging Committee; and they affected to feel very little surprise indeed at finding that a vulgar bourgeois world had disdained their efforts. They disdained the vulgar bourgeois world in return with contempt at compound interest visibly written on their æsthetic features. Others, older and shabbier, slank in unobserved, and shouldered their canvases, mostly unobtrusive landscapes, with every appearance of antique familiarity. It was not the first time they had received that insult. Yet others, again—and these were chiefly young girls—advanced, blushing and giggling a little from suppressed nervousness, to recover with shame their unvalued property. Here and there, too, a big burly-shouldered man elbowed his way through the crowd as though the place belonged to him, and hauled off his *magnum opus* (generally a huge field of historical canvas, 'King Edward at Calais,' or, 'The Death of Attila') with a defiant face which seemed to bode no good to the first Academician he might chance to run against on

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his way down Bond Street. A few, on the contrary, were anxious to explain, with unnecessary loudness of voice, that they hadn't sent in themselves at all this year; they had called for a picture by a friend—that was all, really. Kathleen stood aside and watched their varied moods with quiet amusement; it distracted her attention for the time from her own poor picture.

At last she found herself almost the only person remaining out of that jostling crowd, with a sailor-looking man, brown and bronzed, beside her.

"In a Side Canal; Kathleen Hesslegrave," yes, this is yours, mum,' the porter said gruffly. 'But you'll want a man to take it down to the cab for you.'

Kathleen glanced at her little arms; they were not very strong, to be sure, though plump and shapely. Then she looked at the porter. But the porter stood unmoved. With a struggling little effort, Kathleen tried to lift it. 'In a Side Canal' was a tolerably big picture, and she failed to manage it. The sailor-looking body by her side raised his hat with a smile. His face was brown and weather-beaten, but he had beautiful teeth, very white and regular, and when he smiled he showed them. He looked like a gentleman, too, though he was so roughly dressed, with a sailor's roughness. 'May I help you?' he asked, as he raised his hat. 'We two seem to be the last—I suppose because we were more modestly retiring than the rest of them. This is a good big picture.'

'Yes,' Kathleen answered regretfully. 'And it took me a good long time to paint it.'

The sailor-looking young man glanced at the subject carelessly. 'Oh, Venetian!' he cried. 'Why, how odd! We're neighbours. Mine's Venetian too. The very next canal; I painted it quite close to San Giovanni e Paolo.'

'So did I,' Kathleen exclaimed, brightening up, a little surprised at the coincidence.

'When were you there?'

'Last autumn.'

'Then I wonder we never met,' the young man put in with another sunshiny smile. 'I was working on that canal every day of my life from November to January.' He was carrying her picture as he spoke towards the door for a cab.

'Oh, how funny!' Kathleen exclaimed, looking closer at his features. 'It's queer we never happened to knock up against one another. And we knew so many people in Venice, too. Used you ever to go to the Martindales' palazzo?'

The young man smiled once more, this time a restrained smile of deprecatory modesty. If his teeth were good, he certainly lost no opportunity of showing them. 'No; I didn't know the Martindales,' he answered very hastily, as if anxious to disclaim the social honour thus thrust

upon him, for the Martindales lead Anglo-Venetian society.

'Then perhaps the Chericis?' Kathleen interposed once more, with that innate human desire we all of us feel to find some common point with every stranger we run against.

'No,' her new friend replied, looking graver now. 'Nor Countess Chericci either. In point of fact, I may say—except one or two other painter-fellows, if I can call myself a painter—I knew nobody in Venice. I was not in society.'

'Oh!' Kathleen answered, dropping her voice a little; for though she was a sensible girl, in the circle she had been brought up in, not to be in society was considered almost criminal.

The young man noted the sudden drop in her voice; and a curious little line developed itself for a second near the corners of his mouth—an upward line, curving sideways obliquely. It was clear he was amused by her altered demeanour. But he made no reply. He only bore the picture gravely to the door of the Academy, and there tried to call the attention of some passing hansom. But it was clearly useless. They were all engaged already, and the crush at the door was still so great there could be no chance of hiring one for another ten minutes. So the young man laid down the big picture near the door, with its face propped up against the entrance wall, and saying quietly, 'I'll help you in with it by-and-by when I see any chance,' went back to the inner room to recover his own Venetian canvas.

He was gone a minute; and when he returned, Kathleen could see he almost ostentatiously set his own picture down at some distance from hers, as though he was little anxious to continue the conversation. She was sorry for that. He had seemed so eager to help her with such genuine kindness; and she was afraid he saw his last remark about not being in society had erected an instinctive class-barrier between them. So, after a moment's hesitation, she left her own work to take care of itself, and took a step or two forward toward her new acquaintance's ambitious canvas. 'You saw mine,' she said apologetically, by way of reopening conversation. 'May I see yours?' One likes to sit in judgment on the Hanging Committee.'

The young man seemed pleased. He had a speaking face, and was handsome withal, with a seafaring handsomeness. 'Oh yes, if you like,' he answered, 'though I'm afraid you won't care for it.' And he turned the painted face of the picture towards her.

'But why on earth didn't they take it?' Kathleen cried spontaneously, almost as soon as she saw it. 'What lovely light on the surface of the water! and, oh the beautiful red sails of those Chioggia fishing-boats!'

'I'm glad you like it,' the stranger replied, with evident pleasure, blushing like a girl. 'I don't care for criticism as a rule, but I love sincerity; and the way you spoke showed me at once you were really sincere about it. That's a very rare quality—about the hardest thing to get in this world, I fancy.'

'Yes, I was quite sincere,' Kathleen answered with truth. 'It's a beautiful picture. The

thing I can't understand is why on earth they should have rejected it.'

The young man shrugged his shoulders and made an impatient gesture. 'They have so many pictures to judge in so short a time,' he answered with a tolerance which was evidently habitual to him. 'It doesn't do to expect too much from human nature. All men are fallible, with perhaps the trifling exception of the Pope. We make mistakes ourselves sometimes; and in landscape especially they have such miles to choose from.—Not,' he went on after a short pause, 'that I mean to say I consider my own fishing-boats good enough to demand success, or even to deserve it: I'm the merest beginner. I was thinking only of the general principle.'

'I'm afraid you're a dreadful cynic,' Kathleen put in with a little wave of her pretty gloved hand, just to keep up the conversation. She was still engaged in looking close into the details of his rejected handicraft. Though deficient in technique, it had marked imagination.

The stranger smiled a broader and more genial smile than ever. 'Oh no; not a cynic, I hope,' he answered with emphasis, in a way that left no doubt about his own sincerity. 'It isn't cynical, surely, to recognise the plain facts of human nature. We're all of us prone to judge a good deal by the most superficial circumstances. Suppose now you and I were on the Hanging Committee ourselves: just at first, of course, we'd be frightfully anxious to give every work the fullest and fairest consideration. Responsibility would burden us. We would weigh each picture well, and reject it only after due deliberation. But human nature can't keep up such a strain as that for long together. We'd begin very fresh, but towards the end of the day we'd be dazed and tired. We'd say: "Whose is that? Ah, by So-and-so's son; a brother R.A. I know his father. Well, it's not badly painted; we'll let it in, I think. What do you say, Jiggamaree?" And then with the next: "Who's this by, porter? Oh, a fellow called Smith. Not very distinctive, is it? H'm, we've rejected every bit as good already; space is getting full. Well, put it away for the present, Jones: we'll mark it doubtful." That's human nature, after all; and what we each of us feel we would do ourselves, we can none of us fairly blame in others.'

'But I call that cynicism,' Kathleen persisted, looking up at him.

If the stranger was a cynic, he had certainly caught the complaint in its most genial form, for he answered at once with perfect good-humour: 'Oh no, I don't think so. It's mere acceptance of the facts of life. The cynic assumes a position of censure. He implies that human nature does this, that, or the other thing, which *he*, with his higher and purer moral sense, would never so much as dream of doing. Knowledge of the world is not necessarily cynicism. The cynical touch is added to it by want of geniality and of human tolerance. It is possible for us to know what men and women are like, and yet to owe them no grudge for it—to recognise that, after all, we are all of us *au fond* very nearly identical.'

He spoke like a gentleman and a man of culture. Kathleen was a little surprised, now she heard him talk, to find him so much more educated than she had at first fancied. For his rough exterior had rather prejudiced her against the sailor-looking stranger. But his voice was so pleasant, and his smile so frank, that she really quite admired him, in spite of his sentiments. She was just going to answer him, in defence of human nature, against his supposed strictures, when a voice in the crowd close by distracted her attention. 'Why, Miss Hesslegrave, there you are!' it cried. 'I wondered if I should see you.—Oh yes, indeed, I also am among the killed and wounded. I've got no fewer than three of them. What, all my pretty ones! A perfect massacre of the innocents. But, there, the Hanging Committee is as bad as its name. No respecter of persons. Ruthless, ruthless, ruthless! And Arnold Willoughby too!—Well, Willoughby, how are you? I really didn't know you two knew each other.'

'We don't,' Kathleen answered, taking the new-comer's hand. 'We've only just met here. But your friend's been so kind. He's carried my poor rejected picture down for me, and we're waiting for a cab. It is such a crush—and all of us trying to pretend we don't mind about it!'

'Who's cynical now?' the stranger put in, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. 'I do mind very much; it's bread and butter to me; and I don't pretend to conceal it.—But I'll leave you now. I see you've found a friend, and I can be of no further service to you.' He raised his hat with more grace than Kathleen could have expected from those rough sailor-like clothes: 'Good-bye,' he said.—'Mortimer, you'll see after the picture.'

The American—for he was one—nodded a polite assent. 'How lucky I am, Miss Hesslegrave,' he murmured, 'to have met you by accident! And talking to Willoughby too! You can't think what a conquest that is.' He glanced with some amusement after the stranger's retreating figure. 'You know,' he said, lowering his voice, 'Willoughby's a professed misogynist, or next door to one, anyhow; this is the very first time I've ever seen him speaking to a lady. As a rule, he runs away from them the moment he sees one. It was conjectured in Venice among the fellows who knew him he had been what school-girls describe as "crossed in love," he avoided them so carefully. I suppose the truth is one of them must have jilted him.'

'He was very kind to me,' Kathleen interposed quietly. 'He saw me struggling with this great big canvas, and he came up to help me, and was so nice and polite about it.'

'Ah yes,' the American answered, a little lower than before, with a meaning glance. 'Kind to you, Miss Hesslegrave; that doesn't prove much; even a confirmed misogynist could hardly be less; we must allow for circumstances.'

Kathleen coloured a little, but didn't altogether dislike the compliment, for Mortimer was rich—very rich indeed—and the acknowledged catch of the artistic American colony in Paris. But she turned the subject hastily.

'Where did you meet him?' she asked, looking down at her pretty shoes. 'He's so rough-looking outside; yet he seems a gentleman.'

'Oh, he is a gentleman, undoubtedly,' Mortimer answered with true American candour; 'a born gentleman, though not quite the conventional one. He's as poor as a church mouse, and he's been a sailor, I fancy.'

'Who is he?' Kathleen asked with evident interest.

'Ah, who is he? That's the question,' Mortimer answered mysteriously. 'He's a dark horse, I imagine. I picked him up accidentally last autumn in Venice. He used to lodge at a tiny Italian *trattoria*, down a side canal—not far from my palazzo—and live off *fritura*—you know the sort of stuff—fish, flesh, and fowl, three meals a penny.'

'How brave of him!' Kathleen said simply. 'He looks very nice.—And all for art's sake, I suppose, Mr Mortimer?'

The American laughed. 'All for poverty's sake, I imagine,' he answered with candour. 'So he told me himself. He didn't care so much about art, he said, as about earning a livelihood; and I really believe he starves in his den when he sells no pictures.'

'Why did he run away from us?' Kathleen asked, peering around into the crowd to see if she could discover him.

'Well to tell you the truth,' Mortimer replied, 'I think it was mainly because he saw *me* come up; and also because of the faint intonation in your voice when you said, "We don't know one another." Willoughby's a misogynist, as I told you, and he's also sensitive, absurdly sensitive—he might almost be one of my fellow-countrymen. I don't doubt, when you said that, he took it as his dismissal. He understood you to mean, "Now I've done, sir, with *you*. Here's somebody else I know. *You* may go about your business." And being a person who always feels acutely when he's *de trop*, he went about his business at once accordingly.'

'I'm sorry,' Kathleen put in; 'for I really rather liked him.'

'Oh, he's a thorough good sort,' the American answered quickly. 'He's sterling, Willoughby is. Not at all the sort of man that's given away with a pound of tea. None of your cotton-backed gentlemen. You may test him all through, and you'll find from head to foot he's the genuine material.'

'Couldn't you bring him with you to tea this afternoon?' Kathleen suggested, half hesitating. 'I think Mamma sent you an At Home card for Wednesdays.'

'Oh, I'm coming,' the American answered with prompt acquiescence; 'I've not forgotten it, Miss Hesslegrave; is it likely I should? Well, no, I don't think so.—But as for Willoughby, ah, there you know, that's quite a different matter. I don't suppose anything on earth would induce him to go to an At Home of anybody's. He'd say it was hollow; and he despises hollowness. He'll never go in for anything but realities. To tell you the truth, I think the only reason he spoke to you at all at the Academy here this morning was because he saw a chance of being of some practical service to you; and the moment the practical service

was performed, he took the very first opportunity that offered to slip off and leave you. That's Willoughby all over. He cares for nothing at all in life, except its realities.'

CHAPTER II.—MRS HESSELEGRAVE AT HOME.

That same afternoon, Mrs Hesslegrave's little rooms in a side street in Kensington were inconveniently crowded. Mrs Hesslegrave would have been wounded to the core had it been otherwise. For, though she was poor, she was still 'in Society.' Every second Wednesday through the season Mrs Hesslegrave received; sooner would she have gone without breakfast and dinner than have failed to fill her rooms for afternoon tea with 'the Best People.' Indeed, Mrs Hesslegrave was the exact antipodes of Arnold Willoughby. 'Twas for the appearances of life she lived, not for its realities. 'It would look so well,' 'It would look so bad'—those were the two phrases that rose oftenest to her lips, the two phrases that summed up in antithetical simplicity her philosophy of conduct.

Therefore it was a small matter to Mrs Hesslegrave that her friends were jostling and hustling each other to their mutual inconvenience in her tiny lodgings. Their discomfort counted to her for less than nothing. It looks so well to have your At Homes attended. It looks so bad to see them empty, or, worse still, filled by the wrong sort of people.

'Oh, here's that dear Mr Mortimer,' Mrs Hesslegrave gushed forth, rising with *empressment* as the young American entered. 'How do you do, Mr Mortimer? How good of you to come!—Kathleen, will you take Mr Mortimer into the other room to have a cup of tea?—I'll introduce him to you, Lady Barnard, as soon as ever he comes back. Such a charming young man!' Mrs Hesslegrave had smoothed her path in life by the judicious use of that one word *charming*. 'He's an American, you know, of course, but not the least like most of them; so cultivated and nice, and belongs, I'm told, to a first-rate old Philadelphia family. Really, it's quite surprising what charming Americans one meets about nowadays—the best sort, I mean—the ladies and gentlemen. You wouldn't believe it, but this young man hasn't the slightest Yankee accent; he speaks like an English officer.' Mrs Hesslegrave's late lamented husband had been a general of artillery, and she looked upon an English officer accordingly as the one recognised model of deportment and character in the two hemispheres. 'Besides, he's very well off indeed, they tell me; he's iron in the States, and an artist in Paris; but he practises art for art's sake only, and *not* as a means of livelihood, like my poor dear Kathleen. Such a delightful young man! You really *must* know him.'

Lady Barnard smiled, and in less than ten minutes was deep in conversation with the 'charming' American. And charming he was, to say the truth; for once in its life, Mrs Hesslegrave's overworked adjective of social appreciation was judiciously applied to a proper object. The rich young American had all the piquant frankness and cordiality of his nation, with all the grace and tact of Parisian society. Moreover, he was an artist; and artists must be surely poor

creatures to start with if the mere accidents of their profession don't make them interesting. He was chatting away most brightly to Lady Barnard about the internal gossip of Parisian studios, when the door opened once more, and the neat-capped maid with the long white apron announced in her clearest official voice, 'Canon and Mrs Valentine!'

Their hostess rose once more quite effusively from her place, and advanced towards the newcomers with her best smile of welcome. Mrs Hesslegrave had no fewer than seven distinct gradations of manner for receiving her guests; and you could gather at once their relative importance in the social scale by observing as they arrived with which of the seven Mrs Hesslegrave greeted them. It was clear, therefore, that the Valentines were people of distinction: for she moved forward towards the Canon and his wife at the door with the sweetest inclination of that white-haired head. 'Oh, how good of you to come!' she cried, clasping the lady's hand in both her own. 'I know, Canon Valentine, how *very* much engaged you are! It *is* so sweet of you!'

The Canon was a fat, little, bald-headed man, rather waistless about the middle, and with a self-satisfied smirk on his smooth red countenance. He had the air of a judge of port and horses. In point of fact, he was a solitary survivor into our alien epoch of the almost extinct type of frankly worldly parson. 'Well, we *are* rather driven, Mrs Hesslegrave,' he admitted with a sigh—heartless critics might almost have called it a puff—pulling his white tie straight with ostentatious scrupulosity. 'The beginning of the season, you see—torn by conflicting claims; all one's engagements before one! But I've heard *such* good news, such delightful news. I've come here straight, you know, from dear Lady Axminster's.'

'Ah, yes,' Mrs Hesslegrave echoed, glancing askance towards the American to see if he was listening. 'She is so charming, isn't she, Lady Axminster?'

'Quite so,' the Canon answered. 'A very dear old cousin of mine, as you know, Lady Barnard; and so much cut up about this dreadful business of her scapegrace grandson. Well, we've got a clue to him at last; we really believe we've got a genuine clue to him.'

'No, you don't mean to say so!' Mrs Hesslegrave cried, deeply interested. You would have believed Lady Axminster was her dearest friend, instead of being merely a distant bowing acquaintance. 'I thought he had gone off to South Africa or somewhere.'

'What? A romance of the peerage?' the young American asked, pricking up his ears. 'A missing Lord? A coronet going begging? Lost, stolen, or strayed, the heir to an earldom! Is that about the size of it?'

'Precisely,' the Canon answered, turning towards him, half uncertain whether it was right to encourage so flippant a treatment of a serious subject. 'You've heard of it, no doubt—this unfortunate young man's very awkward disappearance. It's not on his own account, of course, that the family mind; *he* might have gone off if he chose, and nobody would have noticed it. He was always a strange eccentric

sort of person; and for my part, as I say often to dear Lady Axminster, the sooner they could get rid of him out of the way, the better. But it's for Algy she minds; poor Algy Redburn, who, meanwhile, is being kept out of the family property.'

'Well, but this is very interesting, you know,' Rufus Mortimer interjected, as the Canon paused. 'I haven't heard about this. Tell me how it all happened, and why you want a clue. A missing link or a missing earl is always so romantic.'

The Canon leaned back luxuriously in his easy-chair and sipped at the cup of tea Kathleen Hesslegrave had brought him. 'Thank you, my dear,' he said, rolling it critically on his palate. 'One more lump, if you please; I always had a sweet tooth, though Sir Everard has just cut me off my sugar. Says I must take saccharin; but there isn't any flavour in it. I'm thankful to say, however, he hasn't cut me off my port, which is always something. Said he to me: "I'll tell you what it is, Canon; if you drink port, you'll have the gout; but if you don't drink port, the gout'll have *you*." So that's highly satisfactory.' And the bald-headed old gentleman took another sip at the sweet syrup in his cup, of which the tea itself only formed the medium.

'But how about Lord Axminster?' the American persisted with the insistence of his countrymen.

'Oh, ah, poor Axminster,' the Canon went on reflectively, stirring the liquid in his cup with his gilt-bowled apostle spoon. (Mrs Hesslegrave was by no means rich, and she lived in lodgings, to her shame, during her annual visit to London, but she flattered herself she knew the proper way to provide afternoon tea for the best society.) 'I was coming to that. It's a sad, bad story. To begin with, you know, every romance of the peerage involves a pedigree. Well, old Lady Axminster—that's my cousin, the dowager—she had two sons; the eldest was the late earl; Mad Axminster they called him, who married a gypsy girl, and was the father of the present man, if he is the present man—that is to say if he's still living.'

'The missing lord, in fact?' Rufus Mortimer put in interrogatively.

'Quite so,' the Canon assented—'the missing lord; who is, therefore, you will see, my cousin Maria's grandchild. But Maria never cared for the lad. From his childhood upwards, that boy Bertie had ideas and habits sadly unbecoming that station in life, et cætera, et cætera. He had always a mania for doing some definite work in the world, as he called it—soiling his hands in the vineries, or helping the stable-boys, or mending broken chairs, or pottering about the grounds with an axe or a shovel. He had the soul of an under-gardener. His father was just as bad; picked up wonderful notions about equality, and Christian brotherhood, and self-help, and so forth. But it came out worse in Bertie—his name was Albert; I suppose the gypsy mother had something or other to do with it. I'm a great believer in heredity, you know, Lady Barnard; heredity's everything. If once you let any inferior blood like that into a good old family, there's no knowing what trouble you may be laying in store for yourself.'

'But Galton says,' the young American was bold enough to interpose, 'that all the vigour and energy of the British aristocracy—when they happen to have any—comes really from their *mésalliances*: from the handsome, strong, and often clever young women of the lower orders—actresses and so forth—whom they occasionally marry.'

The Canon stared hard at him. These might be scientific truths indeed, not unworthy of discussion at the British Association, but they ought not to be unexpectedly flung down like bombshells in an innocent drawing-room of aristocratic Kensington. 'That may be so,' he answered chillily. 'I have not read Mr Galton's argument on the subject with the care and attention which no doubt it merits. But gypsies are gypsies, and monomania is monomania—with all due respect to scientific authority. So, at an early age, as I was about to observe, these bad ancestral traits began to come out in Bertie. He insisted upon it that he ought to do some good work in the world—which was very right and proper, of course; I hope we all of us share his opinion on *that* score,' the Canon continued, checking himself, and dropping for a moment into his professional manner. 'But then, his unfortunate limitation of view to what I will venture to call the gypsy horizon made him fail to see that the proper work in the world of an English nobleman is—is'—

'To behave as sich,' the irreverent young American suggested parenthetically.

Canon Valentine regarded him with a peering look out of his small black eyes. He had a vague suspicion that this bold young man was really trying to chaff him; and one should abstain from chaffing a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. But he thought it on the whole wisest and most dignified to treat the remark as a serious contribution to a serious conversation. 'Quite so,' he answered with a forced smile. 'You put it briefly but succinctly. To fulfil, as far as in him lies, the natural duties and functions of his—ah'm—exalted position. Bertie didn't see that. He was always stupidly wishing he was a shoemaker or a carpenter. If you make a pair of shoes, he used to say, you do an undoubted and indubitable service to the community at large; a man goes dryshod for a year in your handiwork: if you give a vote in Parliament or develop the resources of your own estate, the value of your work for the world, he used often to tell me, was more open to question.'

'Pre-cisely,' the American answered, with a most annoying tone of complete acquiescence.

The Canon stared at him once more. He expected such singular views as his unfortunate kinsman's to rouse at once every sensible person's reprobation. For he had not yet discovered that the world at large is beginning to demand of every man, be he high or low, that he should justify his presence in a civilised nation by doing some useful work, in one capacity or another, for the community that feeds and clothes and supports him. 'Very odd notions, indeed,' he murmured half to himself, as a rebuke to the young American. 'But then, his father was mad, and his mother was a gypsy girl.'

'So at last Lord Axminster disappeared?' the

American continued, anxious to learn the end of this curious story.

'At last he disappeared,' the Canon went on, somewhat dryly. 'He disappeared into space in the most determined fashion. 'Twas like the bursting of a soap bubble. He wasn't spirited away. He took good care nobody should ever fancy that. He left a letter behind, saying he was going forth to do some good in the world, and a power of attorney for his grandmother to manage the Axminster property. His father and mother were dead, and Maria was the nearest relative he had left him. But he disappeared into space, drawing no funds from the estate, and living apparently upon whatever he earned as a gardener or a shoemaker. And from that day to this nothing has since been heard of him.'

'Wasn't there a lady in the case, though?' Mrs Hessegrave suggested, just to show her familiarity with the small-talk of society.

The Canon recollected himself. 'Oh yes; I forgot to say that,' he answered. 'You're quite right, Mrs Hessegrave. It was *Cherchez la femme*, of course, as usual. Bertie had been engaged to a girl of whom he was passionately fond; but she threw him overboard; I must say myself, though I never cared for the boy, she threw him overboard most cruelly and unjustifiably. In point of fact, between ourselves, she had a better offer. An offer from a Marquis, a wealthy Marquis. Axminster was poor, for a man in his position, you understand—these things are relative—and the girl threw him overboard. I won't mention her name, because this is all a family matter; but she's a Marchioness now, and universally admired. Though I must admit she behaved badly to Bertie.'

'Shook his faith in women, I expect?' the American suggested.

'Entirely,' the Canon answered. 'That's just what he wrote in his last letter. It gave him a distaste for society, he said. He preferred to live henceforth in a wider world, where a man's personal qualities counted for more than his wealth, his family, or his artificial position. I suppose he meant America.'

'If he did,' Mortimer put in with a meaning smile, 'I should reckon he knew very little about our country.'

'And you say you've got a clue?' Mrs Hessegrave interposed. 'What is it, Canon?'

The Canon wagged his head. 'Ah, that's it,' he echoed. 'That's just it. What is it? Well, Maria has found out—clever woman, Maria—that he sailed from London three years ago, under the assumed name of Douglas Overton, in a ship whose exact title I don't remember—the Saucy Something-or-other, for Melbourne or Sydney. And now we're in hopes we may really track him.'

'But if you don't care about him, and the family's well quit of him,' the American interjected, 'why on earth do you want to?'

Canon Valentine turned to him with an almost shocked expression of countenance. 'Oh, we don't want to *find* him,' he said, in a deprecatory voice. 'We don't want to *find* him. Very much the contrary. What we want to do is really to prove him dead; and as the Saucy Something-or-other, from London to Melbourne, went ashore

on her way out in the Indian Ocean somewhere, we're very much in hopes—that is to say we fear—or rather we think it possible, that every soul on board her perished.'

'Excellent material for a second Tichborne case,' Mrs Hesslegrave suggested.

The Canon pursed his lips. 'We'll hope not,' he answered. 'For poor Algy's sake, we'll hope not, Mrs Hesslegrave. Algy's his cousin. Mad Axminster had one brother, the Honourable Algernon, who was Algy's father. You see, the trouble of it is, by going away like this and leaving no address, Bertie made it impossible for us to settle his affairs and behave rightly to the family. He's keeping poor Algy out of his own, don't you see? That's just where the trouble is.'

'If he's dead,' Rufus Mortimer suggested with American common-sense; 'but not if he's living.'

'But we'll hope,' the Canon began; then he checked himself suddenly. 'We'll hope,' he went on with a dexterous after-thought, 'this clue Maria has got will settle the question at last, one way or the other.'

'Oh, here's Mrs Burleigh!' the hostess exclaimed, rising once more from her seat with the manner suitable for receiving a distinguished visitor. 'So glad to see you at last. When did you come up from that lovely Norchester? And how's the dear Bishop?'

'I knew Axminster at Oxford,' a very quiet young man in the corner, who had been silent till then, observed in a low voice to Rufus Mortimer. 'I mean the present man—the missing earl—the gypsy's son, as Canon Valentine calls him. I can't say I ever thought him the least bit mad, except in the way of being very conscientious, if that's to be taken as a sign of madness. He hated wine-parties, which was not unnatural, considering his grandfather had drunk himself to death, and one of his uncles had to be confined as an habitual inebriate; and he liked manual labour, which was not unnatural either; for he was a splendidly athletic fellow, as fine-built a man as ever I saw, and able to do a good day's work with any navvy in Britain. But he was perfectly sane, and a martyr to conscience. He felt this girl's treatment of him very much, I believe—you know who it was—Lady Sark, the celebrated beauty; and he also felt that people treated him very differently when they knew he was Lord Axminster from the way they treated him when he went about the coast as a common sailor, in a little tub fishing yacht, which he was fond of doing. And that made him long to live a life as a man, not as an earl, in order that he might see what there really was in him.'

'A very odd taste,' the young Philadelphian replied. 'Now, I for my part like best to live among people who know all about me and my grandfather the Vice-president, who made the family pile; because, when I go outside my own proper circle, I see people only value me at my worth as a man—which I suppose must be just about twelve shillings a week, and no allowance for beer-money.'

At the very same moment, in the opposite corner of the room, Canon Valentine was saying under his breath to Mrs Hesslegrave: 'Who is

that young man? the very flippant young fellow with the straw-coloured moustache? I can't say at first sight I'm exactly taken with him.'

And Mrs Hesslegrave made answer with the wisdom of the serpent: 'No, not at first sight, perhaps; I can understand that: he's American, of course, and a little bit brusque in his manner, to begin with: but when you know him, he's charming. Has lovely rooms in Paris, near the Arc de Triomphe; and a palazzo in Venice on the Grand Canal; and gives delightful receptions. He's taken a house in Stanhope Street this year for the season. I'll get him to send you cards; his afternoons are celebrated: and when you go to Paris, he'll make everything smooth for you. He can do so much! He has influence at the Embassy.'

American? Yes. But what a match he would make, after all, for dear Kathleen!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

AMONGST the reading public there appears to exist a perennial growth of interest in the life and literary works of Sir Walter Scott. Everything of a personal kind relating to him seems to be greedily sought after. And the Scottish Shakespeare, as he is often called, has, unlike his English prototype, left behind him such a mass of epistolary and autobiographical information regarding himself, his friends, and his literary productions, that we should by this time know much more about him, and that more intimately and more accurately, than did thousands of his contemporaries who were witnesses of his marvellous career. In this respect the two greatest Scottish men of letters—he and Burns—have been singularly fortunate. Both have had excellent biographers and editors. But while the character of Burns and of his works has led to much debate, and provoked no little calumny, recrimination, and uncharitableness, the same cannot be said of the life and works of Scott. Apart from the misfortunes which darkened the closing years of his life, Scott's career was one of singular good fortune and of almost miraculous literary successes—successes still as wonderful to us as they were to his contemporaries. There is no career equal to it in the annals of British literature.

Three years ago, Sir Walter's *Journal*, dating from 1825 to near the close of his life, was edited and published by Mr David Douglas; and now we have, from the same editor and publisher, the *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott* (2 vols. Edinburgh, 1894). The latter publication has not of course the deep and tragic interest of the former, the *Journal* being the revelation of Scott's own mind and heart during the most painful and trying period of his life, while the *Letters* are rather indicative of the leaf and blossom that garlanded his brows during that portion of his career when he was marching on from triumph to triumph. And yet, singular to say—and a weighty tribute it is to the genius with which Lockhart seized upon and portrayed the essential elements in Scott's character and life—neither of these later publications contains anything that will either add to or take from the

estimate we form of Scott as we have him in the pages of his original biographer. Whether that biography by Lockhart is as well known and as much read as it ought to be, one may be allowed to doubt; and we have been from time to time surprised at the number of persons even pretending to some literary culture who have confessed to never having read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. In these days of rapid running to and fro, we are too apt to be content with hasty abridgments and encyclopædia notices. But any one, to understand Scott, what he was and what he did, should begin with Lockhart and end with the *Journal* and the *Familiar Letters*.

This last-named publication is what more immediately concerns us at present. The letters it contains date from the year 1797 to the end of the year 1825. The collection opens with three of what may be termed Scott's love letters, addressed as they were to Miss Carpenter, the lady—of French extraction, and an orphan—who became his wife in December 1797. As coming from the pen of a man who afterwards, both in verse and prose, described the passionate loves of many heroes and heroines, these letters strike the reader as containing more of sentiment than of passion, more of the feeling of respectful friendship and admiration than of love. They are almost formal in their politeness of phrase, and remind one of the old-fashioned epistles scattered through the volumes of the 'Spectator,' or in the pages of Richardson, or even in the well-bred epistolary confidences of Scott's own Julia Manning to her friend Matilda. But it must not be forgotten that Scott had had another and a first love to whom he was passionately devoted, but whose rank of life was regarded as placing her beyond his reach. She married another than Scott, and he was in consequence, as he tells us himself, 'broken-hearted for two years;' and though, by his marriage, as he adds, his heart had been 'handsomely pieced again, the crack will remain till my dying day.' Here are some extracts from the first of the letters, addressed (about September 1797) to Miss Carpenter, who was then living at Carlisle:

'Since Miss Carpenter has forbid my seeing her for the present, I am willing to incur even the hazard of her displeasure by intruding upon her in this manner. My anxiety, which is greater than I can find words to express, leads me to risque what I am sure if you could but know my present [condition] would not make you very, very angry.' After pointing out to her in the frankest manner his very moderate circumstances, and how much of his success in life must depend upon his own exertions, he goes on to say: 'Many other little resources, which I cannot easily explain so as to make you comprehend me, induce me to express myself with confidence upon the probability of my success; and oh, how dear these prospects will become to me would my beloved friend but permit me to think that she would share them! If you could form any idea of the society in Edinburgh, I am sure the prospect of living there would not terrify you. Your situation would entitle you to take as great a share in the amusements of the place as you were disposed to; and when you were tired of these, it should be the study of my life to prevent your feeling one moment's *Ennui*. When

care comes, we will laugh it away; or if the load is too heavy, we will sit down and share it between us, till it becomes almost as light as pleasure itself. You are apprehensive of losing your liberty; but could you but think with how many domestic pleasures the sacrifice will be repaid, you would no longer think it very frightful. Indisposition may deprive you of that liberty which you prize so highly, and age certainly will. O, think how much happier you will find yourself, surrounded by friends who will love you, than with those who will only regard even my beloved Charlotte while she possesses the power of interesting or entertaining them.'

During the next dozen years Scott lived the life of a happy, industrious, hopeful, and light-hearted man, more disposed to laugh at than to lament the few ills of life which now and again assailed him. By the beginning of 1805 he had written 'The Eve of St John' and other ballads; edited and published two volumes of his 'Border Minstrelsy;' and seen his first great work, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' hailed by the reading circles of his time as the fruits of a fresh and vigorous genius, inaugurating a new era in the world of poetry and song. Then followed 'Marmion' in 1808, and 'The Lady of the Lake' in 1810; the former to undergo at the hands of Jeffrey a severely depreciatory review in the *Edinburgh*. Jeffrey was to have dined with Scott on the day the review appeared; but before doing so, he sent Scott a copy of the review. Scott wrote him to come and take his dinner all the same, and no allusion was made to the review by either of them in the course of the evening. But Mrs Scott, woman-like, could not refrain from saying something. As Jeffrey was preparing to leave the house, she said to him, in her broken English, 'Well, good-night, Mr Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr Constable has paid you well for writing it.'

Scott did not trouble himself much about hostile reviews. When Southey's 'Madoc' appeared, Jeffrey met it with a bitterly contemptuous criticism; and he being to meet Southey in Edinburgh before the review was published, did in this case, as in Scott's, send the bard advanced sheets of the article, which Southey read with great indignation. Scott, with his big, strong nature and sense of power, only laughed at these things. Writing at the time to Miss Seward, he tells her that Jeffrey 'feels the same instinctive passion for hunting down the bards of the day' that other men feel in coursing and fishing. After Southey had seen the review of 'Madoc,' Jeffrey, as Scott writes Miss Seward, 'had the magnanimity (absolutely approaching to chivalrous reliance upon the faith of a foe) to trust himself to Southey's guidance in a boat on Windermere, when it would have cost the poet nothing but a wet jacket to have overset the critic, and swum triumphantly to shore—and this the very day the review of "Madoc" was published.'

Scott during these years was as full of buoyancy and spirit as any youth, though he was now approaching forty. The letters written to and received from his friends all point to nothing but unqualified success. Money and fame were

flung in upon him. He was receiving not hundreds but thousands of pounds for his poems, this brilliant period ending with the publication of 'Rokeby' in 1812. Then came a dark period. Strangely enough, to one who is not familiar with Lockhart's 'Life,' it would not be guessed from the correspondence here printed that Scott had so awful a skeleton in his house. But in the beginning of 1813, the affairs of the Ballantynes, of which printing firm Scott was unfortunately a partner, were in such a condition, and in such fearful straits was the firm for money, that Scott's life was almost worried out of him. He had just purchased Abbotsford; but was so drained in meeting the bills of the printing firm, that he afterwards himself admitted that for months he saw nothing but ruin before him. And but for the fortuitous circumstances that led to his finding and finishing the manuscript of his novel of 'Waverley,' and the extraordinary success which immediately attended it and its successors, his own ruin and that of his partners would seem to have been inevitable. In these 'Familiar Letters' nothing of this appears; we have to turn to Lockhart's pages for an account of the impending catastrophe, and how for the time it was averted, only to issue, thirteen years later, in a greatly aggravated form, and so completing the terrible disaster of Sir Walter's life.

Yet, amidst all these literary triumphs, he would appear to have set comparatively little store by what he accomplished except as a means to an end. It scarcely seems to have occurred to him that he had done anything which other people could not do if they set their minds to it. During the excitement of the Peninsular War, his heart yearned for the life of a soldier. He admits, in a letter to the Marchioness of Abercorn in 1811, that he had sometimes serious thoughts of going to Portugal—that is, if the war lasts and Lord Wellington is to be supported there. I have described so many battles that I would compound for a moderate degree of risque to see one.' He did not go to Portugal, but he did the next best thing—he wrote the 'Vision of Don Roderick,' for which he received a hundred guineas, and this sum he forwarded to the Committee for the relief of the suffering Portuguese. 'I would give them,' he writes to Lady Abercorn, 'a hundred drops of my blood with the same pleasure, would it do them service, for my heart is a soldier's, and always has been, though my lameness rendered me unfit for the profession, which, old as I am, I would rather follow than any other. But these are waking dreams, in which I seldom indulge even to my kindest friends.'

The fighting instinct had no doubt come down to him with his Border blood. Hence, as he somewhere allows, his sympathies never ran with his heroes, but always hurried, in spite of himself, in the wake of his freebooters, moss-troopers, and bandits. Heroes such as Waverley and Morton, Malcolm Græme and Ralph Osbaldistone, he cared nothing for; but his brain took fire when he came to describe the doings of William of Deloraine, of Bertram Risingham, of Donald Bean Lean, of Rob Roy, of Roderick Dhu, and the others of their kind. In a letter to Miss Smith the actress, he laughingly admits the impeachment. One of the bold acts in 'The Lady of the

Lake' which he ascribes to Malcolm Græme is the latter's swimming from the island to the shore, rather than be indebted to his rival Roderick Dhu for the use of a boat. 'You must know,' he says to Miss Smith, 'this Malcolm Græme was a great plague to me from the beginning. You ladies can hardly comprehend how very stupid lovers are to everybody but mistresses. I gave him that dip in the lake by way of making him do something; but wet or dry I could make nothing of him. His insignificance is the greatest defect among others in the poem.' And following in the same groove of feeling is his letter on one occasion to Miss Seward:

'I know,' he says, 'you will ascribe to my ancient freebooting Border prejudices a latitude of morality which I think State necessity must justify, because in the code of nations, as in that of social order, the law of self-preservation must supersede all others. Indeed, my patriotism is so much stronger than my general philanthropy, that I should hear with much more composure of a general conflagration at Constantinople, than of a hut being on fire at Lichfield [Miss Seward's place of residence]; and as for the morality of an action in which the welfare of the country is deeply concerned, I suspect I feel much like the Laird of Keir's butler. Keir had been engaged in the affair of 1715, and was tried for high-treason; the butler, whose evidence was essential to conviction, chose to forget all that was unfavourable to his master, who was acquitted, of course. As they returned home, Keir could not help making some observations upon the violent fit of oblivion with which John had been visited; but that trusty domestic answered with infinite composure, that he chose rather to trust his own soul in the Lord's hands than his Honour's life in the hands of the Whigs.'

In addition to the interest attaching to these volumes by reason of Scott's own letters therein printed, there are numerous letters addressed to him by his more immediate friends. Among these are the Marchioness of Abercorn, Lady Louisa Stuart, Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, Miss Edgeworth, Mr Morritt of Rokeby, Lockhart, Jeffrey, James Hogg, and others. With the Lady Louisa Stuart, Scott seems to have been on terms of close confidence, and she and Mr Morritt were among the few who, from the very first, were in the secret of the authorship of the Waverley novels. Not so Lady Abercorn. She must have had, in Scott's opinion, a 'slack tongue,' as the saying is, because, while he writes to her, and she to him, in terms of the warmest friendship, he never seems to have unbosomed himself to her as to his identity with the Great Unknown. It is clear, however, that she suspected it; for as novel after novel reaches her from the publisher 'with the author's compliments,' she invariably writes to Scott immediately after reading the book, giving him her opinions regarding it, and always hinting more or less directly as to who the author may be. Scott as invariably parries her questions, and without giving anything like a categorical denial of his authorship, says nothing to make definite his claims thereto.

Scott did not, indeed, relish too close inquiry into the authorship of the Waverley novels, on the same principle, perhaps, that he did not like

being made a lion of. It is, as a rule, your shallow-brained whelp that makes, in the long run the best lion. Exceptions, however, now and again occur. In 1823, in a letter to Mrs Hughes, the grandmother of the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' Scott tells her that he had been much entertained by her account of the Lions of Leamington, and adds that the learned Dr Parr was certainly one of the first order. 'I saw him, to my astonishment,' he continues, 'in the streets of Edinburgh at a time when they were deserted by all but tradesfolk and tourists, but when some accidental business obliged me to come to town. I heard a prodigious talking, and looking out, saw the Doctor march, like a turtle erect on his hinder claws, in full canonicals, and surrounded by a sort of halo of satellites, male and female, to whom he was laying down the law as if the whole town was his own. . . . For my part, who am sometimes called upon to be a lion, I always form myself on the model of that noble animal who was so unnecessarily disturbed by the Knight of the Woful Countenance: "he rose up, turned himself round in his caravan, showed himself, front and rear, then licked his moustachios with a yard of tongue, yawned most formidably, and then lay down in peace."'

Scott visited Ireland in the summer of 1825, being accompanied thither by his daughter and son-in-law, Lockhart. Sir Walter had a splendid and enthusiastic reception everywhere; and some of the most racy and graphic letters in these two volumes are those which Lockhart writes from Ireland to his wife. Much of the second volume is taken up with purely family affairs—the marriage of his daughter Sophia to Lockhart, the settlement of his two sons in their respective professions, and the wedding of his elder son to the heiress of Lochore. In both volumes there is much repetition—the same event being described in similar language to sometimes half-a-dozen correspondents. This might have been avoided, perhaps, had the letters been condensed into one volume; but as it is, both volumes are edited with care and skill, and will prove a mine of interest to the many lovers of biography—a class of readers and a branch of literature which, we believe, were never more numerous or more popular than in the present day.

THE GIRL FROM MADEIRA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By P. L. McDERMOTT, Author of 'Julius Vernon,'
'The Last King of Yewie,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—HOW IT HAPPENED.

AMONG the half-dozen passengers who came on board the homeward-bound Cape steamer at Madeira were an elderly lady, an invalid; and a young girl of nineteen, who might be the lady's grand-daughter. At all events, this was the relationship which was actually assigned to them by strangers. The old lady, after coming on board the steamer, retired to her cabin, and mostly stayed there during the rest of the voyage. At about eleven o'clock every day she released

her companion from attendance until luncheon-time. Once or twice the invalid came on deck for an hour in the afternoon, keeping the girl beside her to read to her; and for a couple of hours later on in the evening the latter was allowed her freedom again.

These particulars are mentioned in order to explain what happened. There was a young fellow on board, returning from South African adventure, unsuccessful, but cheery. All the passengers got to know his name, somehow, before they were twenty-four hours at sea, and not only his name but nearly everything about him. This might be summed up in the statement that he had been about two years in South Africa prospecting for his fortune, and was now coming home without it as poor as he had gone out. He frankly admitted, with a laugh that was very contagious, that he had been trying his hand at too many things and sticking to none of them long enough. Nor had he more hopeful prospects in England to look forward to through family connections; for he confessed to a man in the smoking-room that he had no relative of near degree except an elderly maiden aunt in the north, who tranquilly flourished on a life annuity of one hundred pounds.

This young man's name was Fenwick—Ernest Fenwick, and he was the favourite of everybody on board, especially the ladies, for whose service or amusement he was always on the alert. It came to pass, therefore, that when the girl from Madeira came on board, and was found to be exceedingly pretty and shy, developments were watched with much quiet interest. The first time she was on deck alone she stood by the mizzen shrouds leaning against the rail and looking across the ocean. It soon became evident that she was the source of an electric agency which exerted a disturbing influence on Mr Ernest Fenwick at the other side of the vessel. On this occasion the effect was manifested in a desire for vigorous walking exercise. The next time she came up she was in attendance on the invalid. Mr Fenwick made an attempt to recommend himself to the notice of the old lady by some little attention which she appeared to require; but she repelled the advance with a countenance that cooled him like an east wind. However, the maiden looked pink and distressed, and this compensated and encouraged him.

How many times these two bodies moved round their orbits before the steady force of mutual attraction brought them together, no one could tell, except, perhaps, the officer on the bridge; but it is certain that when the passengers began to come on deck after dinner on the second evening out from Madeira, there they were, on the friendliest of terms, walking up and down together. Nothing, it was universally felt, could have been more natural. It occurred day after day for the rest of the voyage, and everybody was pleased; even the old captain, who had seen a good many matters of the kind in his time, regarded them approvingly from the bridge.

That Mr Ernest Fenwick was head and ears in love there could be no doubt; and, notwithstanding all the prudence with which the world abounds, there was little doubt that the case was the more interesting because, on account of his circumstances, he had no business to fall in love. But the girl, shy and inexperienced as she was, was quite too demurely deep for any powers of male or female penetration. She did not disguise the fact that she liked her companion; but if he had awakened any sentiment beyond liking, that maiden concealed this fact with consummate simplicity and success.

The evening before the ship arrived at Plymouth Mr Fenwick's spirits were low. The girl had mentioned incidentally that they were going off at that port, with a view to proceeding to Torquay. Mr Fenwick reflected that he himself had nowhere in particular to go to, and would have much liked some excuse for going to Torquay.

'I am going off at Plymouth, too,' he remarked, with a careless air, glancing up at the rigging.

The girl gave him a quick, questioning look from the corners of her eyes, but he was unconscious of this manifestation of interest. She replied, in a matter-of-fact manner: 'I suppose you are going on to London by railway?'

'Well, I don't know. I have no settled plans yet. I think I would like to see a bit of Devonshire before going to London. I might perhaps pay a visit to Torquay for a day or two.'

This tentative observation elicited no reply whatever. It was disappointing; but at any rate he was now decided not only to get off at Plymouth, but to see the 'bit of Devonshire' and pay a visit to Torquay as well. He resolved to say no more about it; and he would certainly have carried out his resolution, but for an incident which happened after they landed.

It chanced, rather awkwardly, that the invalid and her companion were (besides Mr Fenwick) the only passengers leaving the steamer at Plymouth. Therefore, when that young man, who all along had been supposed by every one to be proceeding to London in the ship, came on deck with his portmanteau and box and began to say good-bye, his face was very red. They all looked so surprised, and yet so intelligent. The recognised cause of this sudden change of plan stood beside her luggage near the gangway, looking demure and unconscious enough to have no thought of what was going on. For at the present moment he desired to keep as far from the girl as he could; and it highly amused his observant friends to note the effort he was making to carry it off as though his present proceeding had no reference whatever to the young lady at the gangway.

At last the tender came, and they got on board. When they steamed off from the ship's side, the passengers gave them a cheery farewell, meant to be encouraging, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the men their hats. The old lady looked angry, because she could not understand the point of the demonstration. Mr Ernest Fenwick understood it, for it made him very red; and if the pretty maiden did not understand their meaning, at any rate she blushed very nicely, and became exceedingly busy with shawls and wraps.

The invalid was in a very bad temper this morning, and although Fenwick stood a good way off, he could see that she was continuously scolding the girl while the tender took them ashore. When they were landed, and the porters fell upon their luggage, the young man, after some hesitation, approached the girl to say good-bye. The old lady had dropped into her deck-chair, and her companion stood behind it, with downcast uneasy eyes. The former looked sharply up, with indignant features, and loudly demanded: 'What do you want, sir? What do you want of me?'

'Nothing,' was the brief reply, as he took off his hat and gave his hand to the girl, merely saying 'Good-bye.'

'This is intolerable!' exclaimed the angry invalid. 'Miss Flint—Flint, I say!—what does it mean?'

The poor girl bent down and said something in a low tone, and Ernest Fenwick turned away with a burning face. He signed to a porter to take his portmanteau and box, and rapidly made his way to the station.

The 'bit of Devonshire' was gone out of his head now, as well as Torquay, and he took a ticket to London. Fenwick was very vexed and indignant, but could hardly understand his feelings clearly. That the old lady had been rude, and even offensive, was a fact clear enough. But who was her companion? It was singular that during the week or so on board the steamer Fenwick had not learned her name, or thought about ascertaining it. He had been too much absorbed with new sensations. He had regarded her, as the other passengers did, as the invalid's grandchild, or niece, or other relative. But from the lady's manner of addressing her just now as 'Flint,' it would appear she was only a maid.

Just at first, Fenwick was very angry. But after an hour's chafing in the train, when he had gone over and over his grievance until it palled upon him, he had luncheon at a station, and resumed his place in the corner of the carriage in company with a good cigar. By degrees he began to discern other lights on the picture, and as these came one by one, so also came over him an uncomfortable sense of shame. He did the girl more justice.

'If it comes to that,' he reasoned, 'even supposing her birth to have been what it may, she has the carriage and manners of a lady. And what have I, that I should be wanting more? I am no better off than she is, and so we are on a footing of fair equality.'

The sentiment was courageous, but it was not a success. For all its abstract justice, Ernest Fenwick was one of that class of people with whom 'equality' is determined by something which has no necessary connection with the solid things of the world. He would have to go on loving this girl, because he could not help himself; and this conviction was curiously accompanied by a half-formed, shamefaced hope that he might never meet her again!

As the train approached London he found time to think of more immediate concerns. In that black box under the seat, with his initials, 'E. F.', in white letters on the lid, he possessed fifty pounds in Bank of England notes which he had obtained for gold at Cape Town. That sum

constituted all his wealth. There was only one house in London where he could claim acquaintance, and the idea of presenting himself there gave him a hot fit, for reasons which will here be explained.

Fenwick's father had been obliged to sell the paternal estate of the family on account of its burden of mortgage, and the small balance remaining only lasted his own lifetime. It became expedient, therefore, for the son to seek a living in some business or profession, and—as sometimes happens—young Fenwick manifested no predilection whatever for thus putting his nose to the grindstone. His only friend and adviser was his father's solicitor, Mr Luke Stone, who, if the young fellow had followed his counsel, would have undoubtedly pushed him on. Mr Stone was anxious, for personal reasons, to do so. He had an attractive daughter, a year or two the senior of Ernest Fenwick, for whom the latter felt a degree of admiration not far removed from a warmer sentiment. Indeed, he made a fair amount of love to her in private, of which her father was well aware. Now, if young Fenwick could only be induced to put his shoulder to the wheel and get on in the world as a money-maker, the old solicitor would be well pleased to bestow upon him his daughter, and probably restore the fortunes of his fallen house out of the resources of his own ample accumulations. It would be a good deal, privately, to Mr Luke Stone to see his daughter wedded to the prosperous head of an old and honoured family.

But although Fenwick was, in an indirect but quite intelligible manner, given to understand the reward which he could win by his exertions—and although Hetty Stone was a prize in his eyes of no ordinary value—he would have liked some other way of winning it. Nature had not fitted him for the slow toil of business. He honestly tried it, and failed. Then he besought Mr Stone to let him take his chances in his own way. He would go out to South Africa, where gold and diamonds abounded, and try his fortune there. Mr Stone did not like the idea; but there might, after all, be something in it, and there was clearly no use in keeping the young fellow at business. So at last Fenwick started forth on his adventures. And now, with only a few pounds, he was coming back, and would have to go to Mr Stone and Hetty and shamefacedly confess his failure. After that ordeal he did not yet know what he should do.

Mr Stone lived at Westbourne Park, and Fenwick put up at the hotel at Paddington on his arrival. As the thing would have to be done, he immediately sent a note to Mr Stone to announce his safe return; and then, as the best way of passing the time, he started out for a walk down Edgware Road to Hyde Park.

He strode into the park with a feeling of exhilaration arising from the familiar sights and sounds of London. Many a time he had taken Miss Stone down here for a walk in the old days, and his eye sought, and found, the particular seat on which they had so often rested. It was occupied now by a lady and gentleman, and Fenwick was directing his steps another way, when some fancy caused him to look at them again. They were quite a hundred yards away, but the lady was undoubtedly Hetty

Stone. And she recognised him, for, pink with pleased surprise, she rose and looked towards him. Fenwick immediately approached the spot, glancing alternately from the girl to her military-looking companion; and if it had not been for the presence of the latter, there is no knowing how the meeting might have come off. Hetty was undeniably pretty—far prettier, Fenwick thought, than she had been two years ago.

She stepped forward a few paces to meet him, and her manner was altogether one of unaffected pleasure. She called him 'Ernest,' and in the space of sixty seconds asked almost as many questions about his health, the voyage, &c.—to the evident chagrin of the gentleman she had somewhat unceremoniously deserted at the seat. Him, however, Miss Stone quickly recollected, as she turned round and said: 'Ernest, let me introduce you and Captain De Bantame to each other. You must both come home with me, and I will give you some tea. Papa will be so pleased to see you again, Ernest.'

The two gentlemen did not seem particularly pleased to know each other; and Hetty, who quite understood what was the matter, found it difficult to keep them in good-humour, though she was a clever enough young lady.

The tea was an uncomfortable function. Fenwick, jealous and watchful, detected in Miss Stone, beneath all her pleasant ways, an undercurrent of eager curiosity. Had Captain De Bantame remained much longer than he did, it is probable Hetty's impatience to know the result of her old lover's adventures in quest of fortune would have led her to ask Fenwick the question. But the captain took his leave after tea, looking so stiff, that Hetty thought it best to go out to the door with him. After a minute or so she returned, and drawing her feet up on a couch, at once went into the matter that interested her most.

'Now, Ernest, we can enjoy a good long talk till papa comes home. He will not be here for an hour yet. Tell me all about yourself. Why have you not written to me for so many months? You have not even sent a line to say you were returning.'

'The truth is, Hetty, as I had no good news to send, I preferred to send none. I have come back as poor as I went out.'

This was a 'header,' and he observed its effect. The girl did look really sorry—very sorry. He could not but entirely believe in the sincerity of the feeling she expressed. After this she became thoughtful, and kept up a conversation with evident difficulty. Fenwick saw she was embarrassed, and believed that he understood the cause of it.

'I sent round a note to your father to say that I was back,' he said. 'I did not intend to come until he should invite me. I suppose he will be disappointed at the result, though I don't think he had at any time much hope of my succeeding.'

'I think he fancied there might be a chance. Some people have suddenly made fortunes. But you know what papa is,' she said, thinking carefully of what she was saying; 'he does not regard things in the same way as—as you and I might do.'

'I know he doesn't,' said Fenwick.

'What do you intend doing now, Ernest?'

'I have no plans as yet. Something will come in my way, I suppose, but I have not had time to think of anything so far. It doesn't much matter.'

Miss Stone did not seem to feel any point or application in the last words, which were uttered as the sentiment always is by a despairing lover.

'You might go into the army,' she said—meaning, as an officer. Hetty did not know but what the thing was easy enough.

'I may do that,' he answered with a curl of the lip; 'recruits, it is said, are none too plentiful, and there are thousands of vacancies.'

The girl coloured a little, and, sitting up, observed in a tired way that she wished 'papa were home.'

'Shall I give you some music while we are waiting, Ernest?' she asked.

'Many thanks, Hetty,' he answered, rising; 'but, if you don't mind, I will go back to the hotel to write a few letters before post-time. If your father wishes to see me, will you kindly say that I will call upon him at his office any time he appoints to-morrow?'

Nothing could be plainer than the young man's meaning, and Miss Stone understood it. His manner conveyed to her that he regarded a certain old prospect as at an end. Hetty looked very uncomfortable, but silently acquiesced in this understanding; and when, with a touch of his old manner, he gave her his hand and said 'Good-bye,' she knew what it meant, and had feeling enough to be ashamed.

Before Fenwick reached the hotel he had finally dismissed Hetty Stone from his mind, and formed the resolution of taking the first train for Torquay. He had nothing else to claim his attention; and the prospect of meeting that girl again exercised a double influence over him from the dismissal which he had received from Hetty Stone. The nameless girl was no longer a lady's maid, but the object of his ardent love.

He found from the time table that the night-mal for the west started in less than two hours, giving him ample time for dinner, for even a lover must dine. But it turned out that he was neither to have dinner nor journey, on account of a singular discovery he made presently, which overwhelmed him with blank dismay.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

Few places in England can have sheltered such various types of population as Princetown, and none has been so much a home of necessity rather than of choice. The hillsides all around are studded with prehistoric remains—circles and avenues, beehive huts, cyclopean bridges, 'kistvaens' or rock basins, and only the extraordinary obscurity of the subject minimises their interest in the eyes of the archaeologist. In the popular mind every remain is connected with the Druids, and even their 'tidy' (potato) market is pointed out near Merivale Bridge, though it is more than doubtful whether Dartmoor was not a terra incognita to the priesthood. At any rate, it has, from the days of the Phœnicians, been an im-

portant centre of the mining industry; and the ridges, especially to the south, are scored deep with 'the scratchings of the old men of the moor.' Within two miles of Princetown rises Crockern Tor, where the Stannary Courts used to meet to administer justice among the miners. The gray pile of granite must have witnessed many a scene of savage justice, for the penalty for debasing the tin was to pour molten metal down the offender's throat. With the decline of the mining industry in the seventeenth century, Princetown must have been given over to a few squatters or the Gubbings and their kin, whose misdeeds are recorded in 'Westward Ho.' However, in 1805 a Commission visited it, which wrought another revolution in its history.

For some years a growing uneasiness was caused by the large number of the prisoners of war confined on board the hulks at Plymouth. Accounts have been left of what hells these ships became when in the evenings the prisoners were all shut up together below for the night. But to the Government they presented a more pressing evil than mere sores of moral corruption. England feared invasion, or, at any rate, attack, and the presence of thousands of prisoners in the great naval arsenal of the west was a very real danger. At the best of times, numbers fell victims to the dirt and misery by which they were surrounded. Escapes were very numerous. Sometimes they would cut their way through the bulkheads and escape in shore-boats. At other times they would set fire to the ship, in the chance of escaping in the confusion; so a scheme was formed of confining in some convenient place inland.

Princetown was suggested, and a Commission was sent to examine the proposed site of the prison. Their report was favourable: 'Water excellent and plentiful; the soil gravel, peat for fuel abundant, with convenient access to the high-road, and an abundant supply of granite for building. The Prince of Wales would give as many acres as were required by the Board, so that the possibility of a garden for vegetables is an additional consideration, which is likely to tend to the health and comfort of the prisoners.' One hundred and thirty thousand pounds were expended on the original buildings, which were erected on the slope of North Hessary, fourteen hundred feet above sea-level in the highest village in England. In December 1808 the buildings were reported finished. The prisons, seven in number, were enclosed at a distance of forty feet by a circular line of palisading, made of stout iron bars with sharp points. Two walls, fourteen feet high, and twenty-two feet apart, with convenient towers for sentries, the whole enclosed by a military road, completed the defences.

The native must have gazed with great curiosity on the motley crowd, drawn from almost every quarter of the globe, who were driven up to inhabit the new buildings. Negroes captured on board American privateers, Eurasians, Malays, and Chinese from the ships of the Dutch East India Company, Danes, French, Dutch, and Americans—nearly ten thousand in all, guarded by a permanent force of five hundred infantry. So far as possible they were sorted according to

their nationality, and the negroes in particular were allotted a special building, because of the peculiar aversion entertained for them by the other prisoners. Of all these, the Danes earned the best character for good conduct, although they felt somewhat aggrieved that they should only receive one shilling a day allowance, while the English prisoners in Denmark were granted twice as much. The Americans behaved with a disorder which culminated in the outbreak of April 1815, when a dangerous mutiny was only quelled by a volley of musketry, which killed seven and wounded thirty-five.

One of the chief difficulties which the jailers had to encounter was the passion for gambling, which was intensified by the loss of so many ordinary interests of life. The prisoners gambled for their rations, and even for their clothes; and it is recorded that some died of starvation through having lost their allowance of beef, peas, and bread for days together; and many were reduced to a terribly emaciated condition. Yellow clothing was issued for those who were convicted of gaming for or selling their garments; but to prevent gambling altogether was impossible, when a wager could be decided by pulling straws from a mattress, by the number of turns the sentry made in a given time, or even of the curls in the doctor's wig. The French prisoners are credited with one peculiarly ingenious device. When the lights were extinguished, and the ship's lantern alone cast a dull glimmer through the room, the rats used to come out of their holes to pick up the crumbs under the hammocks. A peculiarly tempting morsel was put in an open space, and each man selected a champion, for all the rats were known by name. When they crowded into the open to share the spoil, a disinterested spectator would whistle, and the first rat to reach his hole was declared the winner. One peculiarly cunning old gray rat went by the name of *Père Ratapon*.

As may be supposed, these transactions led to many quarrels, and duels were of frequent occurrence. At first, as fencing was allowed, a foil was converted into a very passable small-sword by breaking off the button. But after a while the foils were forbidden, and the ingenuity of the prisoners was taxed to provide a suitable substitute. To an American privateersman and marine belongs the honour of the best invention. Two splinters of hard wood were obtained from the carpenter's shop, tipped with knife-blades, and furnished with tin guards. So effectual did the weapons prove, that the marine was mortally wounded.

That attempts were frequently made to effect an escape is proven by the ominous recurrence of the verdict 'Drowned' in the prisoners' death-roll. The Dart or the Tavy presented no ineffectual barrier to those who were unacquainted with the force of a moor river when in flood, and the jagged rocks with which their beds are studded. But many attempts were successful, and some were not without their romance. One man was engaged in executing repairs in the doctor's house, and succeeded in insinuating himself into the good graces of the maid-servant. With her help he secured the doctor's naval uniform, and was thus enabled to pass the guard on the high-road. He reached

France in safety, and returned the snuffbox and silver-headed cane with many compliments. Another man secreted a soldier's cap and great-coat in a vegetable basket, and thus conveyed them into the prison. Just before lock-up, a fatigue party used to fetch spring-water from beyond the walls. Having put on the cap and coat, he took a pail and walked boldly out, as if he was on duty. Unfortunately, he thought to give a finishing touch to his rôle of careless ease by whistling. The Marseillaise was the only tune he could remember. 'What do you call that?' growled the sentry as he passed the outer gate, being struck by the unfamiliar air. The Gaul understood no English, and fancied himself challenged. He flung himself on the astonished sentry, and tried to obtain possession of his musket. While they were struggling on the ground, they were discovered by some other soldiers. Another man had himself walled up by his chums in a house they were building, and at nightfall easily pushed down the new-built wall and effected his escape. The unsuccessful were immured in a sort of dungeon. One French boy left a pathetic copy of verses, of which the following is one verse:

Oh set me free!
This dungeon deep
Is dark'ning round me.
I dare not sleep.
Unearthly forms in its gloom I see;
They are mocking my sorrow; oh set me free!

The employments of the prisoners were various. Princetown Church is one memorial of their industry. Besides this, they were adepts at making work-baskets, door-mats, hand-screens, and various ornaments out of rubbish, which they used to sell to the country people. The only article they were forbidden to manufacture was straw hats, because of the bounty. That they found their trade not unprofitable, and their sojourn not invariably unpleasant, is proved by the fact that many sold their turn for exchange for trifling sums when embarkation was about to take place; and some returned home with as much as one hundred pounds savings. Among the most profitable trades were false coining and the forging of bank-notes, which were passed into circulation by the connivance of the soldiers.

The system of parole was largely adopted in the case of officers, and certain towns were appointed for their residence, as Tavistock, Ashburton, and Okehampton. Many also were hospitably entertained by the neighbouring gentry.

Hopes were cherished of an invasion of England, and were fed by the alarmist reports of the peasantry. Their fears gave rise to the saying, 'To go to Paignton to meet the French.' On one occasion two French generals living on parole in a cottage near Princetown appeared in full uniform under the impression that a landing had been effected, and that they might expect an early release. When at length peace was concluded, the prisoners could scarcely believe the welcome news, and went about asking, 'Is it indeed true? Shall we see la belle France again?' Truly, to those accustomed to the fertile lands of Normandy, or the vineyards of Champagne, or the South, Dartmoor must have seemed like Siberia. 'For seven months in the year it is a *vraie Sibérie*, covered with unmelting snow.

When the snows go away, the mists appear. Imagine the tyranny of perfide Albion in sending human beings to such a place,' wrote M. Catel in his account of the prison.

PERTH, ON THE SWAN RIVER.

As increased interest in Western Australia has resulted from the phenomenally rich gold discoveries recently made at Coolgardie, it has occurred to the writer that a few sketches of the capital on the banks of the beautiful Swan River might perhaps be worthy the attention of British readers.

Perth is charmingly situated, and the scene it presents when approached from the water is decidedly picturesque. Viewed from that point, it has the appearance of nestling amid luxuriant foliage, for, although the foliage of the surrounding 'bush' cannot be described in these terms, there are the lovely well-wooded gardens of Government House, which slope down to the river's banks; and the vivid green of the trees in the Botanical Gardens, as well as in those of the wealthier residents, whose houses overlook the river, from the slopes of Mount Eliza. This is a broad table-land, which rises about two hundred and twenty feet above the level of the water, to the left of the city. Arrived at Perth, it strikes the 'new chum'—as the older colonists call fresh arrivals—with surprise that the streets have not been more bountifully planted, as, in such a climate, one might reasonably expect shade-giving trees to be cultivated as much as possible. But the city is still in its youth, not having yet quite outgrown the traces of hardship endured in infancy and childhood. One must bear in mind that for many years after it was founded life was full of difficulty and privation to the early settlers, and that, until within comparatively recent years, the colonists were obliged to devote their energies and thoughts to the urgent necessities of existence, rather than to the beautifying of their surroundings.

Seventy years ago, the prospect was as desolate as it is now picturesque and suggestive of prosperity. Then the shores, clothed in primeval 'bush' and scrub, their monotonous olive-green undulations unbroken by any sign of human habitation, were left to the dreary and oppressive solitude characteristic of Australian scenery. The sweet note of the wattle-bird, the whistle of the magpie ('Break o' day boys'), the weird cry of the black swan, or at night the hideous croaking of frogs, were the only sounds to break the spell of silence lying upon these regions. A land untrodden by the foot of man, save when one of those nomad tribes whose miserable descendants still roam about the settled districts paid it an occasional visit, in quest of the teal and ducks which used to breed here in great numbers, as well as the black swan, from which the infant colony took the name it first bore of Swan River Settlement.

Perth is built on the sloping bank of the river, which at this point widens to such an extent as to give quite the appearance of a broad lake. Its opposite shores are still clad with virgin 'bush,' except where a few pretty bungalows and

their surrounding gardens make a bright spot in the gray-green foliage. The waters are usually of a glorious blue, less deep in tone, perhaps, than that of the Lake of Geneva, but harmonising with the azure skies of sunny Australia. The shore on the city side is skirted by a road which, as it winds around the base of Mount Eliza, offers many lovely glimpses of scenery.

Leaving the city by this road, one passes the Recreation Ground, much of which has been reclaimed from the river, and upon the edge of which stands the commodious, if not very ornamental quarters of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, a highly popular institution, as is apparent from the fleet of yachts at anchor, or skimming the blue waters. The handsome new Weld Club, which overlooks the Recreation Ground, must be mentioned as a distinct improvement on the old club-house in St George's Terrace, and one of the many tokens of architectural progress made of late in town and suburbs. Its fine façade, and spacious balconies and verandas, are in striking contrast to the shabby two-storeyed building, not a stone's throw distant, in which the Supreme Court still holds its sittings, and which is a relic of the early days of the settlement.

There is a generous scope for improvement in that portion of road which runs along the base of the slope upon which the city is built. But, doubtless, in the near future the ground now given up to the back-gardens of St George's Terrace and to a few tatterdemalion houses will be occupied by a row of imposing buildings; and instead of the Recreation Ground, we may hope to see spacious quays; for the growth of an Australian city, once started, is rapid.

The situation of Perth is so admirably suited to that of a great commercial centre, that the imagination conjures up a picture of the noble river with ships, flying the flags of many nations, at anchor on its placid surface. The nineteenth century may not see that vision realised; but at the end of this decade the quay and the fleet of ships may begin to seem less chimerical, for already the work of deepening the river mouth at Fremantle, the principal port of the colony, has made good progress; and when shipping can come up to Perth, the increase in trade which must follow will do much to make our dream take shape in reality.

Following the windings of the road past the jetty, the boat-building yards, warehouses, and breweries, with now and then a dwelling surrounded by groves of plantains, oranges, dates, and other subtropical fruits, we approach Mount Eliza. At one point there is quite a precipitous fall from the summit of the hill to the river. Beneath the cliff, the soil, where there is space for cultivation, is wonderfully prolific, owing to its moist character, sheltered situation, and sunny aspect. Dates, pomegranates, loquats, bananas, oranges, lemons, &c., can all be produced in abundance. But as a site for dwellings it cannot be considered a desirable one, as the dampness necessary for the production of teeming vegetable life is not a condition in which the human species thrives. The promontory, at the foot of which stands 'The big Tree,' is a favourite goal for pedestrians from the city. It makes a pleasant halting-place; and from under the boughs of this venerable eucalyptus one can enjoy the view,

which embraces a charming panorama of Perth, the upper reaches of the river, where it narrows above the city, and the purple ranges of the Darling Hills beyond.

The road which we have followed thus far leads to Fremantle; but though an agreeable drive down to the port, it ceases to be specially interesting from the point at which it leaves the river. This is near the entrance to Crawley Park, Sir George Shenton's picturesque residence. The house at Crawley, if approached by the carriage drive, reminds one of a pleasant English country seat, surrounded by trees. The illusion is somewhat dispelled on closer inspection, when one marks that the trees are chiefly eucalyptus, banksia, or wattle, and that the house possesses a broad veranda.

But to return to town across the Mount, which, by-the-way, would be rather rough walking in its present condition, were we to attempt the ascent on this side by any other path than that of imagination. Its breezy heights have been reserved for a public park; but the citizens have already discovered that the Mount offers many sites admirably suited for building purposes; and the houses to be seen on its sunny slopes are in many instances handsome and commodious, and give evidence of the prosperity and good taste of the occupants.

One of the difficulties to be encountered on arriving at Perth—if with a view to settle there—is to find a house of any description to let. Why no enterprising speculator takes upon himself to supply the need for houses is a mystery yet unsolved, for even at a high rent they would soon find tenants. Probably the solution is, that few speculators possessing the necessary capital have as yet explored the colony, and till within the last seven or eight years there was not the demand for houses that now exists.

St George's Terrace is, on a modest scale, the Fifth Avenue of Perth; but if as yet there are no local Vanderbilts to build palatial residences, there are many fine public buildings which do every credit to a young and now rapidly rising community. The Terrace is broad, and rather suggestive of a continental boulevard, with rows of well-grown Cape lilacs on either side. Government House, which faces the Terrace, is one of the most charmingly situated gubernatorial residences in Australia, and its claims to architectural beauty are by no means insignificant. It is, of course, the centre of social life; and in the season, dances, private theatricals, musical parties, dinners, &c., follow one another in quick succession.

The gardens are extensive and beautifully kept; and tennis and croquet parties are frequently given during the fine months. The Botanical Gardens adjoin those of Government House, and although small, they contain a choice collection of rare and beautiful plants and trees.

Opposite are the Government offices and the General Post-office, handsome new buildings erected within the last few years; also St George's (Anglican) Cathedral. In St George's Terrace are likewise the banks, the Stock Exchange, the Victoria Free Library—opened in the Jubilee year—as well as many residences of prominent citizens.

The business streets have been greatly improved

during the last few years; and there are now rows of fine shops and warehouses, where not so long ago stood tin shanties or wretched little tumble-down houses. Hotels, too, are springing up, and prove that business is following in the train of the crowds of 'new chums' and 'other siders,' who, since the Coolgardie gold-rush set in, have been flocking to Western Australia in thousands.

The city is well supplied with churches and chapels, and there are two cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic. There is as yet no theatre, but there are frequent performances by travelling companies; and there is an excellent amateur Operatic Society, which successfully performs such works as those of Suppé, and of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan. The Perth Musical Union has also done good service in the cause of music, and the concerts are most educating to the public. The repertoire includes the Messiah, St Paul, the May Queen, Twelfth Mass, the Creation, and many other well-known works. There is no lack of amusement in this pleasant little city, and life is very sociable, and far more enjoyable and stirring than that in ordinary English country towns. The climate is so delightful that outdoor amusements are very popular; cricket is adored by all classes; but football, and indeed all athletic sports, are also much indulged in; and it goes without saying that with such a river, boating is a very favourite pastime.

THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

WHEN you have lived your life,

When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun

Sets on the darkening world and all its strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry—

When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the far goal but may not enter in—

'Twere better then to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and fast
With glorious life: if you must fail, at last,
Such end were best, with all your hope and all

Your spirit in its youth,
Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists obscure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed by,
To win, by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you strive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boasts and proud regrets,
Remembrance of a past
The world forgets.

A. ST J. ADCOCK.

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RAILWAY FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

THERE is one country which stands, and must ever stand, pre-eminent among all Christian nations and in all Christian communities. That is Palestine—the Terra Sacra of medieval times, the Holy Land of our own. Its soil has been trodden by the feet of many pilgrims, and a sight of Jerusalem is still the desire of many hearts. So long as it was distant and remote, difficult of access, and surrounded by dangers of various kinds, Palestine was not to be attempted by every one; but the advantages of modern travel, and the rapidity with which pilgrims can now be carried over sea and land, may be said to have opened up the Holy Land in a sense which even our grandfathers had never hoped to see. And now to these facilities have been added a railway, which carries passengers and traffic from Jaffa right under the walls of Jerusalem, or from Jerusalem back to Jaffa.

The Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway was opened for traffic more than a year ago. The date is historic, and ought to be given precisely. It was on the 26th of September 1892. Little was known about the matter in this country, beyond chance brief notices in the daily papers. But since then our Foreign Minister has received a Report which was recently printed and laid before both Houses of Parliament. Mr John Dickson, British Consul at Jerusalem, has addressed to Lord Rosebery what he modestly calls 'a few remarks on the construction of the line from Jaffa to Jerusalem.' Consul Dickson's 'few remarks' are of great interest, and upon them we shall draw for the facts here set down.

The idea of connecting Jerusalem by rail with the Mediterranean Sea is not quite a new one. As far back as 1862, an engineer, Mr Zimpel, German by birth, but American by naturalisation, prepared plans for the construction of a harbour at Jaffa, and for the laying down a railway from that port to Jerusalem. The route by which Mr Zimpel proposed to approach the

Holy City was practically identical with that which has been followed in the making of the railway now in operation; indeed, the engineers in making the present line had carefully studied the plans prepared by him. But in Mr Zimpel's mind the project was not to end at Jerusalem. As shown in the plan attached to the Consular Report, a branch line was to run south from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and thence to continue as far as Hebron. Then a third line was to leave Jerusalem on the east, descending the mountains through the wilderness of Judea to the Valley of Jordan, near the head of the Dead Sea. The line would then trend north by Jericho, running upwards parallel with the course of the Jordan, skirting the western edge of the Lake of Gennesareth, as also that of Merom, until it approached the mountains of Lebanon. On the west side it was to send out a branch line to Nablous and another to Nazareth; while on the east side, a third branch would run eastwards and then northwards to Damascus. Such was the scheme of Mr Zimpel; but he foresaw that, without a proper harbour at Jaffa, the traffic with the interior could never be extensive, and so the scheme was abandoned.

A few years later, however, the project was revived, in so far as that a native gentleman in Egypt, named Lutfey Bey, conceived the idea of making a railway between Egypt and Palestine. This scheme recommended itself to Mr Navon, a Jew resident in Jaffa, who placed himself in communication with Lutfey Bey on the subject. He proposed that the latter should obtain a concession for a line to El-Arish, on the Egyptian frontier, Mr Navon to undertake the construction of the remaining part to Jaffa and thence to Jerusalem. Again, however, the project fell through; whereupon Mr Navon proceeded to make arrangements for procuring a concession from the Turkish Government for a line from Jaffa to Jerusalem, with a possible extension to Damascus and Aleppo. This concession was in 1888 granted by the Sublime Porte, for a period of seventy-one years. Mr Navon immediately

offered to sell the concession to various firms in London and Paris; and it was ultimately purchased for one million francs (£40,000) by a company in Paris, under the name of 'Société du Chemin de Fer Ottomane de Jaffa à Jérusalem et prolongement,' or shortly, 'Société Ottomane Anonyme.'

The matter being so far in a fair way of procedure, the company above named entered into a contract with a French engineering firm for the construction of the works, this firm undertaking to complete the railway within two and a half years from its commencement. The first turf was cut at Jaffa on March 31, 1890, and the line was completed within the time specified. The terms of the contract between the Paris company and the engineering firm were, that the former should pay the latter the sum of ten million francs (£400,000), the engineering firm, in addition, to have the right to work the line, after completion, for a period of five years for a stipulated rent to be paid annually to the company. 'The works,' says Mr Dickson, 'were proceeded with vigorously; and although many doubts were entertained as to whether the line would be finished in the time agreed upon, on account of the obstacles to be encountered in the mountains, yet they were completed on September 26, 1892, when the inauguration of the line took place with considerable ceremony.'

Three countries have contributed to make the line—Britain, however, not being one of these. France supported the company who bought up the original concession, and also the engineering firm that constructed the works; Belgium supplied the rails; and the United States the engines and carriages. The five locomotives in use were manufactured at the Baldwin Works, Philadelphia, and are of the ordinary type for narrow gauges (39½ inches). The carriages are lightly built, and suitable to warm climates. As they are broader than the wheel-gauge, they overhang the rails somewhat.

The line, which is a single one, is fifty-four and a half miles in length, and in the course of these fifty-four miles it rises from a little over sea-level at Jaffa to 2500 feet above the level of the sea before it reaches Jerusalem. It has to zigzag up river valleys; consequently, it has the great number of 176 bridges, seven of which are of cast-iron, the rest being of stone. Besides the termini, there are five stations along the line—namely, Lydda, Ramleh, Sejed, Deir-Aban, and Bittir. The different stations are well built, and are provided with all the material necessary for such places, such as telegraph apparatus, tanks for water, &c. Lydda, Ramleh, and Bittir are the only important stations on the line, the former two being small towns of 6000 or 7000 inhabitants each, and the latter the most prosperous mountain village on the line in the vicinity of Jerusalem, and well supplied with water. The station at Sejed was built because His Majesty the Sultan has a farm close at hand; and that at Deir-Aban for the convenience of the Latin Convent, situated on the hills a little to the south.

The construction of the line in the mountains, was, says Mr Dickson, very difficult. While in the plain below Jaffa, the rise is only about 1 in 200, when the line enters the mountainous

district the gradient increases to nearly 1 in 50. And as, for the sake of economy, tunneling was avoided, the permanent way is in some places serpentine in its course, and the cuttings and embankments are very numerous. Many of the cuttings in the rocks were costly, and large quantities of blasting powder were used; but along the plain, where they are also numerous, the work, on account of the line passing through the well-known sand-hills, was comparatively easy. Mr Dickson adds that, at the time when he drew up his Report, in the spring of last year, the permanent way was still in an imperfect condition, and required constant attention, the ground being in many places not sufficiently firm. The result is that the sleepers are apt to sink, especially after rainy weather, causing the wagons occasionally to run off the rails. Many of the curves along the line are also exceedingly abrupt, and require altering, all which he expected would entail much labour for some time to come.

It may interest readers to see the actual time taken between Jaffa and the still more renowned capital of Palestine. There is only one train each way daily.

	P.M.		A.M.
Jaffa.....	dep. 2.20	Jerusalem.....	dep. 7.15
Lydda.....	arr. 2.56	Bittir.....	arr. 7.44
Ramleh.....	" 3.5	Deir-Aban.....	" 9.1
Sejed.....	" 3.39	Sejed.....	" 9.23
Deir-Aban.....	" 4.7	Ramleh.....	" 10.3
Bittir.....	" 5.24	Lydda.....	" 10.12
Jerusalem.....	" 5.55	Jaffa.....	" 10.50

That is, a little over three hours and a half each way. Would you also like to know the fare? Well, if you travel first-class, you pay 15 francs (about 12s. 6d.) for a single ticket, and 20 francs (16s. 8d.) for a return. There are no return tickets in the second class; but in this class you can travel the whole journey either way for 5 francs (4s. 2d.), or at rather less than a penny a mile. Besides the two passenger trains, there are also two goods-trains, which run each way, starting at night from Jerusalem and Jaffa respectively.

Jaffa or Joppa, the terminus of the railway on the west, is a town of great antiquity, and has been noted, not only in Bible history, but in the mythological stories of Greece and Rome, in the great wars of the Crusades, and in the eastern campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte. Lydda, the next station, is about twelve miles distant by rail from Joppa. It was at Lydda that Peter the Apostle cured the paralytic Eneas—one of the saints who dwelt at Lydda; and it was from Lydda he was summoned to the death-bed of Tabitha, 'which by interpretation is called Dorcas'—a woman 'full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.' Lydda lies in a beautiful and fruitful country in the plains, between the sea and the long range of the sandy dunes and the hill-forts. The railway gradually winds round to the east and south-east past Ramleh, and among the sand-hills, until it reaches the torrent called Wady Surar, when it turns again to the east, and follows the latter stream up the mountain-gorge named Wady Ismain, as far as the plain of Rephaim, situated to the south of Jerusalem.

Here, at Rephaim, 'the Valley of Giants,' we

reach the very heart of Old Testament history and heroism. For it was in this valley of the giants that David fought his great battles with the Philistines, and here occurred some of the finest incidents in Jewish history. On two occasions these persistent enemies of David had forced their way almost to the very walls of Jerusalem, and David prepared to attack them, but was warned in one instance that he should not go out upon them until he heard 'the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.' He waited for the sound, and when it came he arose, and 'smote the Philistines from Geba until thou come to Gazer.' The valley of Rephaim was the corn-land of Judah; and on another occasion the Philistines came up thither in the time of harvest to spoil the land. David attacked them, and had a great victory. 'And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem, which is by the gate!' And three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well; but David, when it was brought to him, would not drink thereof, but 'poured it out unto the Lord,' saying, 'Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?'

Travellers by this short railway, with Jaffa at the one end of it and Jerusalem at the other, and this historic vale of Rephaim lying between, cannot but feel something of the strange and mystic as they move along. And to the sleepy inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the Jews lamenting by the great stones of the ruined Temple, the first shriek of the steam whistle must have come with startling effect; the noise and hurry of our modern methods of working being in such strange contrast to the proceedings of the ancient Jews when that great Temple rose in all its original splendour and magnificence, growing silently as a tree grows, for there was 'neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.' But it is the destiny of man to move forward, leaving old things behind and inventing new, and even the Holy Land is not to be free from the modern spirit and its aggressive enterprise.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER III.—MILLIONAIRE AND SAILOR.

WHILE these things were being said of him in the side street in Kensington, Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Earl of Axminster, alias Arnold Willoughby, alias Douglas Overton, was walking quietly by himself down Piccadilly, and not a soul of all he met was taking the slightest notice of him.

It was many years since he had last been in town, and accustomed as he was to his changed position, the contrast could not fail to strike him forcibly. Ladies he had once known dashed past him in smart victorias without a nod or a smile; men he had often played with at the Flamingo Club stared him blankly in the face and strolled by, unrecognising; the crossing-sweeper at the

corner, who used to turn up to him a cringing face, with a 'Gi' me a penny, my lord,' now scarcely seemed to notice his presence on the pavement. 'If you really want to know how insignificant you are,' Arnold thought to himself for the fiftieth time, 'viewed as a mere human being, all you've got to do is just to doff your frock-coat, pull the flower from your button-hole, forget you're a lord, and come down to the ordinary level of worky-day humanity. It's a hard life before the mast, on a Dundee sealer; and it's almost harder in its way, this trying to earn enough to live upon with one's pencil; but it's worth going through, after all, if only for the sake of feeling one's self face to face with the realities of existence. I never should have found out, now, how poor a creature I really was—or how strong a one either—if I hadn't put my worth quite fairly to the test in this practical manner. It makes a man realise his market value. As it is, I know I'm a tolerable A.B., and a very mediocre hand at a paying seascape.'

It was not without difficulty, indeed, that Arnold Willoughby (to call him by the only name that now generally belonged to him) had managed thus to escape his own personality. Many young men of twenty-seven, it is true, might readily shuffle off their friends and acquaintances, and might disappear in the common ruck, no man suspecting them; though even for a commoner, that's a far more difficult task than you might imagine, when you come to try it. But for a peer of the realm to vanish into space like a burnt-out fire-balloon is a far more serious and arduous undertaking. He knows so many men, and so many men know him. So, when Albert Ogilvie Redburn, Earl of Axminster, made up his mind to fade away into thin air, giving place at last to Arnold Willoughby, he was forced to do it with no small deliberation.

It would not be enough for him to change no more than his name and costume. In London, New York, Calcutta, Rio, Yokohama, there were people who might any day turn up and recognise him. His disguise, to succeed, must be better than superficial. But he was equal to the occasion. He had no need for hurry; it was not as though the police were on his track in hot haste; time after time, his disguise might be detected, but he could learn by his errors how to make it safer for the future. His one desire was to get rid for ever of that incubus of an historical name and a great position in the county which made it impossible for him to know life as it was, without the cloaks and pretences of flunkies and sycophants. He wished to find out his own market value.

His first attempt, therefore, was to ship on board an outward-bound vessel as a common sailor. From childhood upward he had been accustomed to yachts, and had always been fond of managing the rigging. So he found little

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difficulty in getting a place on board during a sailors' strike, and making a voyage as far as Cape Town. At the Cape he had transferred himself by arrangement on purpose to a homeward-bound ship; partly in order to make it more difficult for his cousins to trace him, but partly, too, in order to return a little sooner to England. He thus accidentally escaped the fate to which Canon Valentine so devoutly desired to consign him in the Indian Ocean. Arriving home in his common sailor clothes, at Liverpool he determined to carry out a notable experiment. He had read in a newspaper which he found on board a most curious account of one Silas Quackenboss, an American face doctor, who undertook to make the plainest faces beautiful, not by mere skin-deep devices, but by surgical treatment of the muscles and cartilages of the human countenance. The runaway earl made up his mind to put himself through a regular course of physical treatment at the hands of this distinguished American Professor of the art of disguises. The result exceeded his utmost expectations. His very features came out of the process so altered that, as the Professor proudly affirmed, 'India-rubber wasn't in it,' and 'His own mother wouldn't have known him.' It was no mere passing change that had thus been effected; he was externally a new person; the man's whole expression and air were something quite different. The missing earl had arrived at Liverpool as Douglas Overton; he left it three weeks later as Arnold Willoughby, with an almost perfect confidence that not a soul on earth would ever again be able to recognise him.

Of course, he had not confided the secret of his personality to the American quack, who probably believed he was assisting some criminal to escape from justice, and who pocketed his fee in that simple belief without a qualm of conscience. So, when he sailed from Liverpool again in his new character as Arnold Willoughby, it was in the confident hope that he had shuffled off for ever his earldom, with its accompanying limitations of view, and stood forth before the world a new and free man, face to face at last with the realities and difficulties of normal self-supporting human existence. 'Now I live like a man,' Nero said to himself, when he had covered half the site of burnt Rome with his Golden House. 'Now I live like a man,' the self-deposed earl exclaimed in the exact opposite spirit, as he munched the dry biscuit and coarse salt pork of the common sailor on the *Dudley Castle*.

Three years at sea, however, began to tell in time even upon Arnold Willoughby's splendid physique; he had to acknowledge at last that early training to hardships, too, counts for something. His lungs, it turned out, were beginning to be affected. He consulted a doctor; and the doctor advised him to quit the sea, and take up, if possible, with some more sedentary indoor occupation. Above all, he warned him against spending the winters in northern seas, and recommended him, if a land-lubber's life was out of the question, to ship as much as practicable in the colder months for tropical voyages. Arnold smiled to himself at the very different spirit in which the medical man approached the sailor's case from the way in which he would have approached the case of Lord Axminster; but he

was accustomed by this time to perfect self-repression on all these matters. He merely answered, touching an imaginary hat by pure force of acquired habit as he spoke, that he thought he knew a way in which he could earn a decent livelihood on shore if he chose; and that he would avoid in future winter voyages in high latitudes. But as the bronzed and weather-beaten sailor laid down his guinea manfully and walked out of the room, the doctor said to himself with a little start of surprise, 'That man speaks and behaves with the manners of a gentleman.'

When Arnold Willoughby, as he had long learned to call himself, even in his own mind (for it was the earnest desire of his life now to fling away for ever the least taint or relic of his original position) began to look about him for the means of earning that honest livelihood of which he had spoken so confidently to the doctor, he found in a very short time it was a more difficult task than he had at first contemplated. He did not desire, indeed, to give up the sea altogether. The man who carries useful commodities from country to country fulfils as undeniable a service to the State as the man who makes a pair of good shoes, or builds a warm house, or weaves a yard of broadcloth. And of such visible and tangible service to his fellow-men, Arnold Willoughby was profoundly enamoured. He couldn't bear to give up his chosen profession in spite of, or perhaps even because of, its undeniable hardships. Still, he didn't desire to commit what would be practical suicide by remaining at sea through the northern winter. It occurred to him, therefore, that he might divide his time between winter and summer in different pursuits. He had always had a great inherited taste for art, and had studied, 'when he was a gentleman,' as he used to phrase it to himself, in a Paris studio. There, he had acquired a fair though by no means exhaustive knowledge of the technique of painting; and he determined to try, for one winter at least, whether he could supplement the sea by his pictorial talent.

But it is one thing to paint or sing or write for your own amusement as an amateur, and quite another thing to take up any of these artistic pursuits as a means of livelihood. Arnold soon found he would have enough to do to get through the winter at Venice on his own small savings. When he left Membury Castle, near Axminster, three years before, he left it and all it meant to him behind him for ever. He had taken a solitary half-crown in his waistcoat pocket, that being the traditional amount with which the British sailor is supposed to leave home; and he had never again drawn upon the estate for a penny. He didn't want to play at facing the realities of life, but really to face them. If he could fall back from time to time upon the Axminster property to tide him over a bad place, he would have felt himself an impostor—an impostor to himself, untrue to his own inmost beliefs and convictions. Whether he was right or wrong, at any rate he felt so. He wanted to know what he was really worth. He must stand or fall by his own efforts now, like the enormous mass of his fellow-countrymen.

So all that winter in Venice, the resolute young

man, now inured to penury, lived, as Rufus Mortimer put it, down a side canal off Italian *fritura* at three meals a penny; lived, and thrived on it, and used up his savings; and appeared at last in London that spring with the picture he had painted, anxious to pit himself, in this as in other things, on equal terms against his fellow-craftsmen.

As he walked down Piccadilly, gazing somewhat aimlessly into the windows of the picture-shops, and wondering whether anybody would ever buy his 'Chioggia Fisher-boats,' he suddenly felt a hand clapped on his shoulder, and turned round, half terrified, to observe who stopped him. Had some member of his old club, in front of which he was just passing, seen through the double disguise of burnt skin and altered features? But no. He recognised at a glance it was only Rufus Mortimer, tired of the inanities of afternoon tea at Mrs Hesslegrave's rooms, and escaping from the Canon on the Tithes Commutation Bill.

'For what port are you bound?' the young American asked, running his arm spontaneously through his casual acquaintance's; and Arnold liked him for the action, it was so frank and friendly.

'No port in particular,' Willoughby answered with his cheery smile. 'I'm driven out of my course—storm-bound, in point of fact, and scud-ding under bare poles in search of a harbour.'

The American seized at once upon the meaning that underlay this quaint nautical phraseology. 'I suspected as much,' he replied, with genuine good-nature, looking hard at his man. 'It was a disappointment to you, I'm afraid, not getting your picture taken.'

The sailor half-coloured. He was prepared for almost anything on earth, except sympathy. 'Oh, not much,' he answered with his breezy carelessness—the brisk *nonchalance* of the born aristocrat was one of the few traits of his rank and class he had never even attempted to get rid of, consciously or unconsciously. 'I should have liked to have it taken, of course; but if it isn't worth taking, why, it'll do me good to be taught my proper place in the scale of humanity and the scale of painters. One feels at least one has been judged with the ruck, and that's always a comfort. One's been beaten outright, on a fair field and no favour.'

'It's a queer sort of consolation,' the American answered, smiling. 'For my own part, I'm in the same box, and I confess I don't like it. Though with me, of course, it doesn't matter financially; it's only my *amour propre*, not my purse, that's hurt by it.'

Arnold liked this frank recognition of the gulf between their positions. 'Well, that *does* make a difference,' he said; 'there's no denying it. I counted upon selling this picture to go on painting next winter. As it is, I'm afraid I shall have to turn to some other occupation. I can't earn enough at sea in one summer to keep me alive and find me in painting materials during the winter after it.'

Rufus Mortimer gave a sudden little start of surprise. 'Why, I never thought of that!' he cried. 'One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives—in spite of the constant

efforts of the society journalists to enlighten it on the subject. I suppose to you, now, canvas and paint and so forth cost something considerable. And yet one never before so much as thought of them as an element in one's budget.'

'They're a very serious item,' Arnold answered with that curious suppressed smile that was almost habitual to him.

'Then what do you mean to do?' the American asked, turning round upon him.

'I hardly know yet myself,' Arnold answered, still carelessly. 'It doesn't much matter. Nothing matters, in point of fact; and if it does, never mind—I mean to say, personally. One lone ant in the hive is hardly worth making a fuss about.'

'Where are you going to dine?' the American put in with a sudden impulse.

Thus unexpectedly driven to close quarters, Arnold replied with equal truth and candour: 'I'm not going to dine anywhere. To say the plain fact, I didn't think of dining.'

'Why not?' Mortimer persisted.

'Because,' the other answered with a very amused look, 'I don't happen to possess the wherewithal to dine upon.'

'Have a chop with me at the Burlington,' the American interposed with genuine friendliness, 'and let's talk this over afterwards.'

'If I'd meant to accept an invitation to dinner,' the sailor answered proudly—with just a tinge of the earl showing dimly through—'I would certainly *not* have mentioned to you that I happened to be minus one.'

Mortimer looked at him with a puzzled air. 'Well, you *are* a queer fellow!' he said. 'One can never understand you. Do you really mean to say you're not going to dine at all this evening?'

'Sailors learn to go short in the matter of food and sleep,' Arnold replied with a faint shrug. 'It becomes a second nature to one. I'm certain you're thinking a great deal more of it than I am myself this moment. Let me be perfectly open with you. I've reached my last penny, except the few shillings I have in my pocket to pay my landlady down at Wapping. Very well, then, it would be dishonest of me to dine, and leave her unpaid. So I must go without anything to eat to-night, and look about me to-morrow for a ship to sail in.'

'And next winter?' Mortimer asked.

'Well, next winter, if possible, I shall try to paint again. Should that fail, I must turn my hand to some other means of livelihood.'

'What a philosopher you are!' the American exclaimed, astonished. 'And what a lesson to fellows like us, who were born and brought up in the lap of luxury, and complain to the committee if the *chef* at the club serves up our cutlets without *sauce piquante*! But there! I suppose you other chaps get used to it.'

Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Earl of Axminster, smiled once more that quiet little self-restrained smile of his; but Arnold Willoughby it was who replied with good-humour: 'I suppose we do. At any rate, I shall try to ship southward to-morrow.'

'Shall I tell you the truth?' the young American asked suddenly.

'It's the one desire of my life to hear it,' Arnold answered with sincerity.

'Well, I'll tell you what it is; I like you very much, and I admire you immensely. I think you're solid. But I watched those Chioggia boats of yours when you were painting them at Venice. You're a precious clever fellow, and you have imagination, and taste, and all that sort of thing; but your technique's deficient. And technique's everything nowadays. You don't know enough about painting, that's the truth, to paint for the market. What you want is to go for a year or two to Paris, and study, study, study as hard as you can work at it. Art's an exacting mistress. She claims the whole of you. It's no good thinking nowadays you can navigate half the year and paint the other half. The world has revolved out of that by this time. You should give up the sea and take to art quite seriously.'

'Thank you for your kindness and frankness,' Arnold replied with genuine feeling; for he saw the American was doing that very rare thing—really thinking about another person's interests. 'It's good of you to trouble yourself about my professional prospects.'

'But don't you agree with me?'

'Oh, perfectly. I see I still sadly want training.'

There was a moment's pause. Then the American spoke again. 'What are you going to do,' he asked, 'about your Chioggia Fisher-boats, if you mean to sail to-morrow?'

'I had thought of offering them on commission to some dealer; and if nobody rose to the fly, taking the canvas back again to Venice next winter, and painting it over with another picture.'

Rufus Mortimer paused a moment. This was a delicate matter. Then he said, in a rather constrained, half-hesitating way: 'Suppose you were to leave it with me, and see whether I could manage or not to dispose of it?'

A round red spot burned bright in Arnold Willoughby's cheek. He flushed like a girl with sudden emotion. All the rent-roll of the Axminster estates was waiting for him in Lincoln's Inn, if he had cared to take it; but by his own deliberate design he had cut himself off from it; and, sink or swim, he would not now, after putting his hand to the plough, turn back again. He would starve sooner. But the generous offer thus delicately cloaked half-unmanned his resolution. 'My dear fellow,' he exclaimed, turning round to the American, 'how much too good you are! Not for worlds would I leave it with you. I know what you mean, and I am no less grateful to you than if I accepted your offer. It isn't often one meets with such genuine kindness. But for character's sake, I prefer to worry through, my own way, unaided. That's a principle in life with me. But thank you all the same; thank you, thank you, thank you.'

He stood for a moment irresolute. Tears trembled in his eyes. He could put up with anything on earth but kindness. Then he wrung his friend's hand hard, and with a sudden impulse darted down a side street in the direction of St James's. The American gazed after him with no little interest. 'That's a brave fellow,' he

said to himself, as Arnold disappeared round a corner in the distance. 'But he won't go down just yet. He has far too much pluck to let himself sink easily. I expect I shall find him next autumn at Venice.'

REMARKABLE APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY.

ALTHOUGH modern scientific investigators have devoted much attention to Electricity, we are probably as far as ever from knowing what this mysterious power really is. All that has been obtained is a fairly complete knowledge of its ways of working, and with this knowledge has come a rapid extension of its industrial applications, since it has been found to be a natural force which is pre-eminently adaptable and easily controlled. Great improvements may confidently be looked for in the near future, especially in the cheapness of its production, and there is the possibility of discoveries which may appear to us as wonderful as the telegraph and telephone, when these were first introduced. Even now, when electrical engineering may be said to be but in its infancy, electricity is being used in a great variety of minor ways, besides its more prominent uses in telegraphy, telephony, and public and private lighting. As a motor-power it is rapidly taking the place of steam for putting in motion machinery of all kinds, though as yet steam-power has to be used, in the first instance, for its production.

It would be impossible, within moderate bounds, to enumerate all the different purposes for which electricity is actually being used, or for which it has experimentally been found suitable, though not yet put into actual use, and only some of its more interesting applications are here referred to.

The use of electricity for household purposes has hardly got beyond the experimental stage, save in the department of lighting; but enough has been done to show what a transformation may be worked by its aid when it will be possible to have houses heated by it. Then the mere turning on of a switch will suffice; and the current, passing through a suitable heater, which may be as ornamental as means and taste permit, or, if desired, entirely concealed, will do the rest, superseding fires, with all their attendant trouble, smoke, and dust. With regard to cooking, there are numerous appliances already devised, and only waiting for the cheapening of the current to be widely taken advantage of. Each cooking utensil, being constructed with the heating coil as part of it, is its own stove; and the whole array of pots and pans need only to have the connection made, and the cooking can go on under the most perfect control. Some of the possible arrangements even appear to put a premium on laziness, for, with the food put in the cooking utensils at night, and the necessary connections made, the turning of a switch in the morning in the bedroom starts the cooking of the breakfast.

A New York lady is said to have so contrived matters that she can, before getting out of bed,

start a fire in the kitchen by turning on the current; and when she comes down-stairs, finds the kettle boiling and the place comfortably warmed.

The heating powers of the electric current are also turned to account for raising to the desired temperature hand-stamps, curling-irons, branding-irons, and the like; while in large laundries electrically heated irons have been found very economical, as they maintain for hours at a time the exact amount of heat suitable for the work, thus saving the ironers much time and trouble.

The electric light lends itself admirably to household decoration. Among other curious displays is a table decoration in which jelly is illuminated by a light, shining through the mass from the centre; and when the dish, at first hidden by a silver cover and a mass of flowers, is suddenly uncovered, the effect is very striking. Edison is said on one occasion to have had on the table an aquarium in which were gold-fish, each of which had in some way been made to swallow a tiny electric lamp connected with a dynamo by a hair-like wire passing out of its mouth. When the current was turned on, the fish presented a strange appearance, their delicate bodies showing all the minute details of their anatomy. The use of very small secondary batteries provides means for startling effects in personal decoration, by lighting up jewels and flowers, as has been largely done on the stage; and even walking-sticks have been furnished with small incandescent lamps.

Medical science has called electricity to its assistance in many ways. Various surgical instruments are heated by it; and the use of very small incandescent lamps, which give out practically no heat, permits more extended examination of internal parts than is possible in any other way. The use of the microphone has revealed sounds in the heart, lungs, and other organs which have hitherto escaped the most sensitive ear using the ordinary instruments. In Russia a lady was saved from premature burial by means of a microphone placed over her heart, which enabled a medical man to detect a faint beat, which had escaped the ordinary tests.

Though recent experiments have demonstrated the absurdity of much that passes for medical use of magnetism, electricity has been employed as a curative agent in various ways. One of the most curious is the electric-light bath. The virtues of sunlight are well known, and there is supposed to be sufficient similarity between the light of the sun and the electric light to make the electric-light bath serve as a readily available substitute for the sun-bath. A closet of sufficient size to accommodate a person, constructed of polished nickel to give a good reflecting surface, is fitted up with a number of sixteen-candle incandescent lamps, so arranged as to take up the least possible room and afford the largest possible radiating surface, while the temperature can be regulated by passing the current through a resistance coil. As the temperature in the enclosure can be raised in ten minutes to a hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, the result is equivalent to a combined light and

vapour bath. The skin is browned as if by sun-burning, and the effect is claimed to be most salutary.

Another recent development is the use of electricity as a local anæsthetic. Painless operations have been conducted under its influence, and similar applications with suitable apparatus have induced cessation of pain in acute tic douloureux. Remarkable cures have also been obtained in such painful maladies as lumbago and rheumatism by simply pressing a small, specially shaped, incandescent lamp on the skin over the seat of the pain.

It has been found that sufferers from 'shaking paralysis' are much better after a rough railway journey; and the late Dr Charcot of the Salpêtrière, Paris, the famous specialist in nervous diseases, applied this principle in the construction of a bed to which a rapid vibratory movement is given by means of electricity; and this shaking, which to a person in good health would be intolerable, proves quite enjoyable to the paralytic subject, who appears to be refreshed by it. Another French physician has devised a vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headache. It is constructed of strips of steel, put in vibration by a small electro-motor, which makes six hundred turns a minute. The sensation, which is not unpleasant, produces drowsiness; the patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes free from pain. An American inventor has brought out a rocking-chair actuated by electricity, and the sitter can at the same time receive gentle currents by grasping metal handles, or by resting the bare feet on metal pedals.

Remarkable results have been obtained from experiments regarding the influence of electricity on the growth of plants. Professor Spechnoff, at Kiev, by an arrangement of poles connected by wires, condensed atmospheric electricity over the enclosed area; and the ordinary grain crops grown within the enclosure showed an increase of from twenty-eight to fifty-six per cent. in the weight of the yield of grain, and from sixteen to sixty per cent. in the weight of the straw. Potatoes showed an increase of only eleven per cent., but they were free from a parasite which devoured the unelectrified crop. By exposing plants at night to the electric light, thus supplementing sunlight, assimilation and growth became continuous, with consequent great increase in the produce; but it has to be noted that, as in plants under normal conditions assimilation and growth alternate at different periods of the day, the great development of tissues under the double influence cannot be entirely beneficial. Professor Spechnoff also tried the effect of electrifying seeds before planting, and found that when they were subjected to the current for only two minutes the rapidity of their growth was nearly doubled. Electrifying the earth in which vegetables were grown had also a prodigious effect, the harvest of roots being four times superior to the ordinary, and that of the leaves, &c., two or three times.

In France the De Meriten system of treating wines by passing currents of electricity through them has been officially tested, and reported on favourably. This treatment is found to mellow and preserve healthy wines, and to arrest deterioration in those beginning to give way. Alcohol has also been experimented with, show-

ing a considerable hastening of the maturing processes, the objectionable fusel oils, which render new spirits almost undrinkable, being rapidly converted into complete alcohols. Another industrial purpose to which electricity has been applied of late is tanning, in which it much shortens the time required in the ordinary way. Some measure of success has also attended experiments in purifying sewage by its use.

The well-known attraction which light has for fish has induced ingenious fishermen to utilise the electric light as a bait, and it is said that this never fails to bring together large shoals of fish, which swim round the illuminated globe, and are easily caught.

The ingenious Yankee is never behindhand in odd adaptations, and a patent has been taken out in the States for a mechanical pickpocket and coat-thief detector—an electrical apparatus which automatically rings an alarm bell when the bearer's personal property is tampered with. Another inventive genius so combined electricity and photography as to secure a flash-light photograph of thieves at work in his office. When they opened a glass case, they completed an electric circuit which exposed the camera, and simultaneously kindled the flash-light, to the great alarm of the depredators.

There was recently exhibited to the Royal Society an automatic harbour watchman, named the 'hydrophore,' which is so constructed that when a torpedo boat approaches within half a mile, or a man-of-war within a mile, the vibrations of the screw-propeller are detected and transmitted to the signalling station.

Electricity has further been used in the industrial processes of engraving, bleaching, dyeing, the reduction of ores, and the purification of metals. Mainly by its aid, aluminium can now be produced at a price which is no longer prohibitive. Prior to 1855 it sold at three hundred and sixty shillings per pound; by 1862 it had fallen to twenty shillings per pound, while now it costs only a shilling or two. The cheapest chemical methods of producing it cannot compare with the electrical. By the use of electricity for welding, what is in effect a new power has been put into the hands of mechanics and constructors. It was formerly considered that only iron, steel, and platinum could be firmly welded, while now nearly every known metal and alloy has been successfully welded by the help of electricity.

An electric ventilator has been devised for supplying buildings with fresh air, cold or warm, as may be desired. An electric motor sets the ventilator revolving, and the revolution sucks cool air in. When warm air is desired, a current of electricity is sent into a network of fine wire, through which the air must pass, heating the wires, and these impart their heat to the air.

For the detection of underground ores an 'electrical finder' has been devised. The mechanism of this instrument includes a telephone, which is silent in the absence of metal or magnetic ore; but if such be present, induced currents arise, which produce sounds in the telephone which are recognisable by experts.

What should prove a most useful industrial development is the application of electricity to the cleansing and preservation of boilers. The

method employed is the sending of currents periodically through the shell of the boiler. By this means the scale formed on the shell and tubes is disintegrated and easily removed.

THE GIRL FROM MADEIRA.

CHAPTER II.—WHEN A MAN'S DOWN.

FENWICK possessed in his box, as the reader has already been informed, the sum of fifty pounds—not a large fortune, but large enough to start him without an anxiety on a journey to Torquay, after which it would be time enough to think where further supplies were to come from. Fenwick had not opened this box since depositing the notes in it at Cape Town. He found some difficulty in turning the key in the lock now; the key was, in fact, as obstinate as though it belonged to another lock. In a determined and impatient effort to make it go round, he broke the key, leaving one of the wards stuck in the keyhole. This fragment he picked out, and again inserting the broken key, to his surprise it opened the lock now.

'All's well that ends well,' he muttered, throwing up the lid. But one glance into the box caused him immediately to throw up his hands in amazement. It was filled with neatly folded linen garments; and certain suggestive edgings and frills of lace which peeped at places into view threw him into a hot perspiration. Those mysterious articles belonged to a lady, and not to him. How had they come there? He turned down the lid, and there were the initials 'E. F.' plain enough. Hazy visions of practical jokes, of mistakes, of he knew not what, floated before his mind. But his money was at the bottom, and must be got at.

With a good deal of hesitation, and a private sensation that would be entirely out of place in a Customs officer, Fenwick carefully took the garments one by one from the box, placing them on a newspaper as gently as though they were made of thin glass. His astonishment changed to dismay when he discovered in due course that the contents of the box consisted wholly of female belongings—that, in point of fact, he had, in his haste and agitation, taken away another box in mistake for his own.

Fenwick was quick to realise that he was in a 'tight place.' He took from his pocket all the money he had, and, counting it with as much care as a shopkeeper giving back change, he found that it amounted to seventeen shillings and fourpence. Then he drew a long breath. The first indispensable step was to clear out of the hotel. He had as yet incurred little liability, and in ten minutes he was driving away in a cab. He knew a coffee-house near Charing Cross, and there put up for the night, at a charge for bed and breakfast of four shillings. It may be added that, soon after he left the hotel, a note was brought from Mr Stone asking Fenwick to come round to dinner; but the servant had to take back the answer that Mr Fenwick was gone and had left no address.

Next morning, thinking the matter over on a seat in the Embankment gardens, Ernest Fenwick remembered how he had made the

mistake. Among the old lady's luggage there had been a black box similar to his own; and this he must in his confusion have carried away. He had heard the young lady addressed as 'Flint'; Fenwick therefore guessed the box to be the property of that young person; but how to return it to her, or inform her that he had it, was more than a puzzle to him.

What a sad sight it always is to see the workless looking for work, and so often looking in vain. Fenwick bought a morning paper and selected a dozen advertisements, all of which he replied to—naming Mr Stone as a reference, as he knew nobody else. Next day he did the same thing; and on the morning of the third day he found himself so near the end of his money, that if something did not turn up before night, he would either have to sell his spare clothes or spend the hours of darkness under the stars. But when he came down to breakfast his heart gave a bound at the sight of a letter on the table. It was employment. The post which young Fenwick so eagerly welcomed was a very unpretentious one, being that of general clerk and assistant to a 'foreign and colonial outfitter.' He concluded, and rightly so, that it was his experience of two years in South Africa which chiefly recommended his application. After hastily swallowing his breakfast, the young man started for the City to secure the berth which promised him the moderate income of thirty shillings a week. He obtained it; and being required next day, he devoted the rest of this day to looking for suitable lodgings.

It was on a Friday morning that he went to business at the outfitter's. His employer noted with secret satisfaction that his new assistant was a gentleman, and he was shrewd enough to appreciate the value of that fact in his special line of business. Before the day passed, he had proof of it, in a considerable sale effected by Fenwick entirely by force of his manners. On closing at two o'clock next afternoon (Saturday), the outfitter paid him a full week's wages as an encouragement.

Fenwick ascertained, in the course of the following week, that the outfitter had written to Mr Stone about him, and had received a reply. But although the solicitor now knew where a letter would find Fenwick, no communication came from him. He was 'dropped.'

The outfitter's establishment closed at six o'clock, and it was after this hour that Fenwick was unhappiest. His lodging did not invite him to spend his evenings indoors. Nor is the south side of the Thames an interesting district to walk about in. Fenwick therefore used to cross the bridge and wander along the Embankment and into the parks, until nine or ten o'clock, when he returned to his humble quarters and turned in for the night.

One morning, as Fenwick was at breakfast, the landlady made a communication to him at once surprising and inconvenient. The gentleman in the back bedroom, who was an old and respected inhabitant, required the apartment occupied by Fenwick, and under the circumstances the landlady could not see her way to refuse, sorry as she was to inconvenience the 'front bedroom,' which was Fenwick's proper designation.

'Do you mean,' he inquired, a good deal annoyed, for he shrank from the ordeal of looking for fresh lodgings, 'that the gentleman wants to exchange rooms with me?'

'I wish it was only that, sir, for it wouldn't be so bad. But it is for the young lady, his daughter, who has been a-finishing her eddication on the Continent, and is now coming home for good, being finished. That is, sir, the lady will be here in a few days.'

This was singular intelligence, and of so wholly unexpected a nature that the young man took a minute or so to grasp it comprehensively. That the individual asleep in the back room—who rose daily in the early afternoon—should have a daughter, was possible; but that this young lady should have been completing her education on the Continent, and was now coming 'home' to dispossess Fenwick of his chamber, was a fact presenting points provocative of curiosity.

'Well, I suppose,' he answered with some irritation, 'I must look out for another room. Do you happen to know of one whereabouts?'

'Why, that I do, sir, and it's very fortunate. Just across the road, only two or three doors down.' She pointed to the house, the windows of which Fenwick observed with satisfaction had clean curtains; and thither he went forthwith and concluded terms. Next day, therefore, Ernest Fenwick removed his belongings, and before many days he discovered, by the altered appearance of the window lately his, that the young lady had arrived. There were flowers out on the ledge, and white curtains inside tied with ribbon. His interest in the lady went no farther, and he soon forgot her existence.

Fate, however, did not intend him to continue long in this state of indifference. It was on a Sunday morning, a week or two later, reading at his window after breakfast, that he chanced to glance across the way, and saw her watering her flowers. The instant recognition made him spring to his feet. His first impulse was to lean out and attract her notice; but on second thoughts, instead of doing this, he drew his chair back, and sat down to watch her where there would be no chance of being seen by her if she happened to look in his direction. He hardly knew why he adopted this course. Perhaps—very likely—it was owing to some unconscious prompting of that feeling he experienced before—the desire not to meet the girl again. For it was she, beyond doubt.

Then he remembered the black box which was not his own. He had not opened it since the evening at the hotel, and he felt convinced, from the slender fact that her name was Flint, that the initials on the lid represented her name.

Having requisitioned the landlady for a boy to deliver the box, Fenwick sat down to write the following note.

'76 LOW WATER STREET,
June 12.

'Mr Ernest Fenwick, who was a passenger by the mail steamer *Majuba* from the Cape, regrets that on leaving Plymouth he took the accompanying box in mistake for his own, the two being almost identical in appearance. Presuming that this box belongs to the young lady now residing at No. 13, who was also a passenger on the same steamer from Madeira, and who got off

at Plymouth, Mr Fenwick takes the opportunity of returning it. He was in ignorance of her name and address, or he would have done so sooner; and he would take it as a favour if the lady could kindly give him any information concerning his own box.

Having addressed the envelope to 'The Young Lady at No. 13,' Fenwick despatched the boy, and sat well back from the window to observe as much of the result as could be seen from the outside. The boy rang the bell—which was the summons for the first-floor—and the girl immediately rose from her work and vanished. Presently the door was opened, and Fenwick saw a small white hand take the note from the messenger. She seemed an unduly long time in reading it; but at last the boy was admitted with the box, and Fenwick then knew that she was the owner of that article and its contents.

Fenwick made his usual round of the parks, and the clock in Westminster Palace struck six as he was recrossing the footbridge at Charing Cross on his return. His thoughts were so full of the girl now, and of speculation as to the possible results of their discovery of each other in such close neighbourhood, that, on turning into a post-office to buy a few stamps, his heart gave an involuntary jump at seeing her there. She was at the office window, and Fenwick had halted within a foot of her. She passed some ten-pound notes in to the postmaster, who presently gave her back a savings-bank pass-book. Then she turned to go. Fenwick lifted his hat; she betrayed her surprise by a slight start, but granting him no further recognition beyond a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head, she passed out, leaving the young man very red and uncomfortable.

Smarting considerably from this unmistakable indication of the girl's wish not to know him further, Fenwick found the boy waiting at his lodging for the sixpence promised him for his services.

'Oh—you delivered the box and the letter, did you?'

'Yessir, and I brought another box back. It's in your room.'

'Did you get any answer to my letter?'

'The young woman told me to say she was much obliged—that's all.'

Fenwick gave the boy sixpence, and went up to his room with an angry flush on his face, and beheld his box on the floor. She had received back her box, and returned his, in a manner that showed her wish to have no communication with him. In the soreness of his wounded pride, he inwardly declared that in his infatuation for this young person he had made a huge mistake.

From this, with his eyes absently fixed on the box, his thoughts ran back to the rough but kind-hearted fellow who had bequeathed it to him. Jim Roper, it was certain, had been hit badly before he wandered to Africa, and deceived; but though he was no misanthrope, no hater of the female sex especially, his distrust of the latter was profound. 'There's no truth in them, lad,' he used to say sadly; 'not that they mean it so, but they can't help it.'

Poor Jim Roper! He had made a will on a scrap of paper when down with his last fever,

bequeathing his box and all he possessed to his young friend, Ernest Fenwick. The box contained a few odds and ends of the kind such a man was likely to have—not worth twenty shillings in all—but such as they were, Fenwick had kept them, and they were in the box still. Besides these, it contained only a few books, and some clothes he had used when 'roughing it' in South Africa. But there was also the fifty pounds; and Fenwick opened the box to obtain the money, with the help of which he now hoped to lift himself out of his present condition. It was his intention to remove from this neighbourhood without delay, and wipe from his recollection every vestige of the episode which had lowered his self-esteem so deplorably.

But the episode was not over yet. It would be impossible to give an idea of the conflicting and painful emotions which filled young Fenwick when, on opening the concealed pocket in which he had placed the bank-notes, he discovered that they were not there.

In finding a strong verdict against the girl on the two counts, first, of allowing him to fall in love with her when he thought she held the position of a gentlewoman; and secondly, of refusing to recognise him when she ought to have appreciated his generosity in overlooking and forgetting the deception—Fenwick did not in the least remember that his own position was open to somewhat similar criticism.

With curious malignancy, the old woman had continued to harp on the theme of Fenwick's effrontery in coming to shake hands with her companion at Plymouth. 'I had no idea, Miss Flint,' she said fifty times over, 'that in allowing you an hour or two to yourself on board the steamer, you would employ the time in making the young man's acquaintance.'

'It was no harm, Mrs Roscoe; he was a gentleman, and very respectful.'

'Gentleman! respectful! Pray, Flint, what has a person in your position to do with gentlemen?'

For several days Ethel Flint was in a painfully nervous state. Her mistress was aired for two hours every day in a bath-chair, and it was the girl's duty to walk beside her. A hundred times she was startled by the fear that she recognised in the distance the young man who was now the cause of so much misery and shame to her. He had spoken of visiting Torquay. Had she met him, she would certainly have declined to recognise him, but this would not have protected her from the lash of Mrs Roscoe's tongue.

One morning Mrs Roscoe received a letter. She read it with grim silence at breakfast, and put it in her reticule. Several times during her airing out-of-doors she took it forth and re-read it with the same grim look. But she was very quiet all day. This state of unnatural calm fell upon her at rare intervals; but Ethel Flint took little comfort from them, as they generally portended a coming storm of unusual magnitude. On the present occasion, however, the calm portended something still more extraordinary.

'Flint, you are thinking how pleasant and restful it would be to be lying dead at the bottom of yonder sea.'

The girl trembled, and turned away her face. A flow of silent tears came to her relief.

'I had the same thought, once, at your age—no; I was older, and had less cause,' continued Mrs Roscoe, in the same monotonous voice. 'I was rich, and might have made my lover rich—had he deserved it. He was worthless; everybody I knew was worthless; and I thought, like you, there would be rest under the water. And revenge also. I converted all my securities into money, and stuffed the bank-notes into a leather bag; and one night, between England and France, when I thought nobody was looking, I tied the bag to my waist and jumped into the sea.'

The girl was staring at her with a face of fear.

'Unfortunately, I was seen, and they picked me up. I think,' she added, 'it would have been better had they left me where I was. No doubt, in time I should have sunk and been at rest ever since. As far as life goes, I have gained nothing.'

The calmness with which the old woman related this was horrible to her companion.

'It was these people,' she said, tapping the letter to draw the young girl's attention to it, 'who drove me to that. These, and the worthless lover I spoke of. He deceived another woman into marrying him and broke her heart. I daresay he would have done his best to break mine, had I given him the chance. I had money left to me, which they had expected to be divided among themselves; and they nearly drove me mad with lawsuits to break the will. In this they failed in the end, and pretty nearly ruined themselves—the only satisfaction I had out of the business.—I received this letter from them this morning,' she added unexpectedly. 'Read it aloud to me, Flint—slowly—so that I may grasp it fully.'

The girl, astonished, and not a little awed, took the letter in her trembling fingers, and read it slowly and distinctly. It was an answer to one from Mrs Roscoe apparently proposing to spend the few remaining days of her life with her relatives, in peace and reconciliation; a proposal which they accepted with many expressions of acute regret for the causes which had separated them so long.

When Ethel Flint ceased reading, the old lady slowly opened her eyes, and remarked, as if answering an imaginary question: 'Mr Roscoe? Well, Mr Roscoe was a sensible man, whom I was going to get married to about twenty years ago. He manufactured gunpowder—which I thought a nice business—but was blown up along with his factory the day before we were to have been married. Some time afterwards I felt it to be a duty to his memory to assume his name; and I accordingly did so, by a deed poll duly prepared by my lawyer, and registered.'

The reflection seemed to afford great satisfaction to Mrs Roscoe, for she nodded two or three times after speaking, in a manner to indicate approval.

'I start on Monday,' she observed.

This was Friday, and the girl said something relative to packing up next day.

'You had better do so. I want you to write a letter to these people to say I shall come to them on Monday. They live in Wiltshire, which is not so far off. I want that letter written and posted at once.'

Ethel Flint immediately got pen, ink, and

paper, and the old lady dictated to her the following epistle:

'TORQUAY, June 1st.

'MY DEAR NIECE—I have received your letter. As we seem to be mutually desirous of amity and reconciliation, I have decided to travel to your place on Monday next, my time being now very limited. I shall not take my maid with me, as she is going back to her dear father, and you will therefore have to send to meet me at the railway station. My business affairs are all settled, and there remain only the funeral arrangements to discuss, which can be done after I arrive. In reply to your anxious inquiry, I beg to say that, for an invalid, I am fairly well, and will probably continue to go until something gives way, which will be very soon. I shall be glad to see leg of mutton, well cooked, for dinner when I arrive.—Your reconciled relative,

REBECCA ROSCOE.'

When the girl finished this singular letter, and read it over to her mistress, the latter watched her attentively for the space of a minute or two. Of course it was the reference to her own discharge which was most in Ethel Flint's mind. She had had no reason to expect this. Nor was the prospect of returning to that parent to whom Mrs Roscoe had cynically referred as 'her dear father,' in any way pleasant.

'Flint, you look grieved. But you are surely not sorry to part from me?'

For answer, she girl did not speak, but burst into tears. The old lady's astonishment was great, and she waited, without saying a word, to hear what the girl had to say. But Ethel Flint said nothing at all, but sealed the letter and took it out to post. Had she spoken of her sorrow for half an hour, she could not have made such an impression on Mrs Roscoe.

'Flint,' she said presently, 'you have been attentive and obedient, and have never given me any trouble. When I reach those people, I will get one of them to copy out a testimonial, which I will sign and send to you. And for the little space I have now to live—pray, remember it will be a very short time—Mr Hooley, my lawyer in London, will pay you thirty shillings a week. You can live on that, if you do not choose to live with your father. And—well, I think I wronged you in reference to that young man, and you are well rid of him. I might have thought better of him if he hadn't been so manifestly taken aback at discovering that you were my maid. I wonder what may *he* be!' she added with a touch of scorn.

Next day, while the girl was packing up her mistress's belongings, the latter inquired if she were going back to her father.

'Yes,' was the answer. 'Of course I have no one else to go to.'

'How much money have you saved?'

The girl reddened and made no reply.

'I see how it is—I knew it all along. I should not have let you have your salary. But in that case the scoundrel would have had it in a lump. He will not be very glad to see you come back without money, Flint. Depend upon it, he will have no memory for what you have already given him. I should advise you, Flint, not to tell him you are leaving me, but to hire a decent

lodging for yourself, and live on your weekly allowance till you get another place. Hookey shall look after you for me.'

The girl felt that the advice was good, but, unfortunately, it was too late. She had already written to her father that she was coming back. Mrs Roscoe groaned, and let the subject drop.

On Monday, therefore, Ethel Flint accompanied her mistress to the station for the last time, and made her comfortable for the journey, as no one could do so well as she. Mrs Roscoe kissed her, and put something in her hand. The train started, and the girl was alone.

'For your own use. Take care of it.' These words were written on the envelope, which contained two ten-pound notes. The meaning of the injunction was obvious, and Ethel Flint wisely resolved to obey it.

ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

AN interesting and unique volume has lately been issued by the Earl of Crawford, which in an incidental way supplies a large amount of important and trustworthy information regarding the habits, employments, and condition of the people in past times, and the relations subsisting between them and their rulers. It is entitled 'A Hand-list of Royal Proclamations, from Henry VIII. to the death of Queen Anne, 1509-1714.' As it is a privately printed book, and not, therefore, accessible to the general reader, and treats, moreover, of literary materials hitherto untouched by historians and antiquaries, it may be of service, and also of interest, to give some account of it, and of the intention of Lord Crawford in its compilation. It is a goodly volume, the first of five, in small folio form, and contains a list of five thousand five hundred and sixty Royal Proclamations on all conceivable subjects—theology, agriculture, beggars, the coinage, medicine, sumptuary laws, public morality, political disaffection, &c. The present instalment of the work may be regarded as an index to the four volumes that are to follow. It enumerates in chronological order the titles and purport of the whole of the broadsides mentioned above, and states where the originals, or copies of them, are to be found. In future volumes the editor's wish is to furnish a catalogue *raisonné* of the subject, giving a bibliographical account of each proclamation; and in cases of special interest, the document will be transcribed at length. There must be a fund of quaint and pungent reading in many of these old edicts. A few of them mentioned below may be taken as samples of the whole.

The miscellaneousness of the list is perhaps its most prominent feature. Nothing seemed too great or too small for Government regulation, from the proclamation of the capital sentence on Mary, Queen of Scots, to trumpery enactments about the width woollen cloths are to be made, or on 'the outrageous excess of apparel'—feminine excess, presumably. The date of each of the proclamations is carefully given; but in many cases the nature of it is a sufficient indication of the particular reign in which it was issued; this is especially the case in ecclesiastical matters. Thus, a ukase 'against the damnable heresies of Luther and his followers' at once points to

Henry, as also does a subsequent royal order that the 'Scriptures are to be printed.' Elsewhere, we find a special warning 'for disuse of the devilish terms Papist and Heretic,' which no doubt belongs to the times of the English Mary; and there will be no difficulty in fathering on the Lord Protector an injunction 'for Encouragement of Godly Ministers,' another 'prohibiting Cock Matches,' and a third 'forbidding Horse Races for six months.' Among the early entries is one to the effect 'that all enclosures are to be opened, hedges and ditches to be laid'—referring to a vexed question in agricultural economy at that time as to the relative advantages of tilled or pasture land, whether the production of grain or the multiplying of sheep was the more profitable. Another document emanating from Henry VIII. declares 'that Catharine of Aragon,' whose pitiful story Mr Froude has lately told, 'be no longer termed Queen.' There is also one, rather earlier in date, affirming 'Stafford to be a Sanctuary Town instead of Chester and Manchester,' which recalls the fact that during the seventeenth and previous centuries these sanctuary towns were numerous. Many of the prints relate to Mary, Queen of Scots, most of them emanating from the Privy-council of Scotland. In 1565 there is a public declaration that 'the Queen means no hurt to any one for his religion'; and in fatally rapid succession, an announcement of the Darnley marriage, a proclamation against Bothwell as 'the Ravisher of the Queen and the Murderer of Darnley'; and as a climax, a month afterwards, the publication of the 'Letter of Renunciation and Deed of Demission of the Throne,' extorted from the Queen at Lochleven. Under James VI., in whose reign upwards of five hundred and twenty-seven proclamations were issued, there were several against members of leading Scottish families—Hamiltons, Gordons, Douglasses, and others. In 1581 appears a proclamation 'against bringing loose women from Flanders'; others on the observance of Lent, against the use of tobacco, 'against conventicles,' 'against prophaneuess,' and 'Concerning the Healing of the King's Evil.'

In a proclamation of August 13, 1660, an illustrious name in English literature emerges. The object is stated to be the 'suppressing of two books written by John Milton,' which, judging from the date, would probably be the 'Defence of the People of England,' and the 'Eikonoclastes.' Another outstanding name of the period is that of the Earl of Argyle, for whose apprehension a proclamation was issued; and four years later, in 1684, the noted Covenanter, 'Mr James Renwick, a vagabond preacher,' is proclaimed; and a further broadside offers 'a Reward of £100 to any who shall bring in Mr Renwick, dead or alive.' It is somewhat surprising to find the Scottish Privy-council, two years after the Revolution, ordaining a Fast Day once a month, which was actually in force for two years! Another ordinance from the same source is 'For Encouraging the Caird Factory at Leith,' whatever that may have been. There is one of more importance regarding the Excise duties, which two hundred years ago were farmed out, and not collected, as in more recent times, by Government officials. Students of Adam Smith may recollect that he condemns this mode of gathering in the revenue as improvident, and otherwise objectionable. The

proclamation is headed, 'Rouping the Excise of Malt and Strong Waters.' In 1696, there is one relating to the coinage: 'Anent old Fourteens and their Halves, Cobbs, and Forty-penny pieces.' Another, on October 10, 1666, brings before us the Great Fire of London in that year. It is entitled, 'For the rebuilding of London, Wren and Hooke to make a Survey.' This Hooke was a sort of universal genius—chemist, astronomer, mathematician, and eventually the Secretary of the Royal Society.

It may be mentioned in conclusion that, for the objects of this work, Lord Crawford has made researches in most of the great public libraries of the kingdom, including those of the Advocates and Writers to the Signet in Edinburgh. The archives of the Register House, the Gazette offices, and the Privy-council records, have also been laid under contribution. The period selected for illustration closes, as has been observed, with the reign of Queen Anne, probably on account of the curious fact mentioned in the preface, that in subsequent reigns there is much less material; proclamation-collecting had gone out of fashion in the times of the Georges, and indeed ever since. These desultory comments may suffice to show how rich a vein of historical lore Lord Crawford has struck. And the ability and thoroughness which characterise the editing suggests that in the present generation the literary fame of the house of Lindsay is worthily maintained.

THE STRANGE STORY OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

In the palmy days of the Empress Josephine, when she was the centre of the most brilliant Court in Europe, and before Bonaparte had resolved to sacrifice her to his ambition, one of the most striking figures in the gorgeous apartments of the Tuileries was a dusky little maiden whom the Empress had adopted. A curious romance and a strange mystery attach to this personage, who in after-years was called, half-mockingly and half-pityingly, 'La Sultane Indienne,' and who once maintained a little Court of her own in Paris. She was of a distinctly Oriental type, but whether belonging to a Hindu or a Mohammedan race, the conflicting accounts given by those who had intercourse with her do not enable us to decide. She called herself Alina Deldir—two words which she said signified 'Sanctuary of the heart' (and in Persian it seems *dil* does signify heart, and *dir* a shrine, or sacred place). And it was her personality and story, we are told, that suggested the *motif* of a romance published in 1797 under the title, 'La Belle Indienne; ou les Aventures de la Petite-fille du Grand Mogol.'

This is the story she related of herself. She said that she was the daughter of a great Rajah who lived in a splendid palace on the banks of the Jumna; but she could tell neither the exact locality, nor the name of the place, nor the name of her father, because, it was explained, she was so early removed that the sounds had not impressed themselves on her infant brain. At the age of four, she said, she was betrothed to a great Hindu Prince, and the celebration of the betrothal was attended with Oriental pomp,

pride, and circumstance. The baby Princess was dressed for the occasion in cloth-of-gold, and so loaded with jewels that she could not walk without assistance. So dressed for the sacrifice, she was taken out on to the balcony to watch the display and to await her bridegroom. Here her childish attention was caught by the gorgeous procession of boats on the Jumna, which came down the river with bands and banners to announce the approach of the young Prince. The little Princess became so interested and excited at the display that she burst away from her attendants and climbed on to the balustrade, to have a better view. There she overbalanced herself, fell over into the river beneath, and was swept away by the current before the accident was noticed. Some miles below, the boat's-crew of an English ship were attracted by the gleam of her jewels in the water, rowed out into the stream, picked her up, and then took her on board their vessel, which was just on the point of sailing for Europe.

All this was graphically related by Madame Deldir, who, even in her old age—and she lived to a great age—could detail minutely all the incidents of the day, and of her costume, and describe the number, appearance, and symbolism of the various jewels with which she was adorned. Perhaps this observation is more remarkable in a child of four than the fact that she should be unable to remember names, which it might easily be she had never heard in the seclusion of her father's palace.

However this may be, her fortunes were to take another strange turn. The English ship, she said, was captured at sea by a French sloop-of-war, and though it is not stated what became of the prize and crew, she herself was taken to France and presented to the Empress Josephine as an interesting Oriental curiosity. The capricious Josephine took a fancy to the strange little dusky waif, and adopted her as, if not her own child, at least a privileged pet and protégée. The little Indian Princess, in her native costume seated at the feet of the Empress, became one of the sights of the Tuileries. There for a time she was happy, living a life as luxurious and as idle as if she had been in her own Oriental palace—learning just as much or as little as she pleased, so long as she could keep Josephine amused.

In time, however, Josephine was ousted by Marie Louise, and the Indian Princess was once more a waif. If she was not exactly turned out into the streets, she was severely left alone, and was lonely and miserable. At this crisis in her life appeared a deliverer in the person of one Charles Mercier, an ex-captain of the Paris gendarmerie, who had seen and admired 'la belle Indienne' when he was on duty at the palace, and who was now filled with pity for her. Captain Mercier courteously, even deferentially, offered the Princess the shelter of his mother's roof. Later, when the means of subsistence failed her, she consented to accept him as a husband, though she did not take his name, but continued to the end to call herself Madame Deldir.

Strange as was the Princess's narrative of her early adventures, it was implicitly accepted by some Anglo-Indians, including Thackeray's step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, who interested

himself greatly in her affairs, and afforded her frequent pecuniary assistance. And yet there are some points about it very difficult to reconcile.

The Peace of Amiens was signed in 1802, Bonaparte was proclaimed Emperor in 1804, and the Empress Josephine was deposed in 1809. Yet the Indian girl is the prototype of the heroine of a romance published in 1797. Clearly, then, she could not have been brought home and presented to the 'Empress' Josephine, which title did not exist until 1804.

On the other hand, it is said by others that the Indian girl had already been adopted by Josephine when Bonaparte went to Egypt in 1798. He had intentions on India, and he proposed to take the Princess with him, that he might restore her to her own people. Why did she not go? One statement is that she thought it safer to remain in France in the then disturbed state of the world; and another is that she was already married to Captain Mercier.

Concerning the date difficulty, M. Féer, an eminent French Orientalist, has pointed out that the child could hardly have been carried off as she described at a time before the Revolution, when there was no war between France and England. He says, indeed, that she was kidnapped, and carried off to Chandernagore, where she was delivered to the care of the captain of a ship called the 'Bougand de la Foresterie,' bound for Lorient. Then she was taken to Paris, baptised into the Roman Catholic Church, and sent to a convent to be educated, where she was known as a person of consequence. There, however, she was persecuted by the attentions of a gentleman, who tried to carry her off, so that she had to be placed in one of those protective institutions known as a *prison d'état*. As the *prisons d'état* were abolished at the Revolution, she was set free, and was for a time in great poverty. Then she was arrested as a suspect, and threatened with death, but eventually escaped with only the loss of her hair, and afterwards was adopted by Josephine.

This story, it will be observed, differs a good deal from the Princess's own account of herself, but agrees as to the Eastern origin. How then, about her race? If she was born on the banks of the Jumna, and was a bride-elect at the age of four, then she must have been of the Hindu race. But M. Féer says that in 1818, when 'Gulam Mushi-ud-din, envoy of Nabab Ali-Khan-Bahadur,' passed through Paris on a special mission to England, he waited on the Princess, and both then, and afterwards by letter, tried to persuade her to re-embrace Islamism as a necessary preliminary to returning to India with him in search of her rights. We do not remember 'Gulam;' but it is obvious that a Mohammedan envoy would not have troubled himself with a Hindu Princess.

Again, 'Gulam' returned to India in 1821, in which year the Directors of the East India Company, at the request of the Princess, ordered an inquiry to be made into her story and claims. (Rather late in the day, if she was brought to Europe in the last decade of the previous century, according to M. Féer's story.) But, strange to say, they remitted the inquiry to the Governor of Bombay, and not to some official in Bengal within touch of the Jumna. The search proved

fruitless, and yet it is said that the East India Company allowed the Princess a pension of fifty pounds a year down to her death. As to this pension, further doubt arises. That the Princess did receive an annual allowance appears tolerably certain, as also that she regarded it as official recognition of her rights by the Company; but it is also said that the pension was paid not by the Company, but by a few of the Directors and others connected with the Company, out of pity for the Princess, and not in recognition either of the literal truth of her story or of any claim on the corporation. Indeed, it is difficult to see how she could hold the Company responsible for her baby misadventure and subsequent capture; whereas, if she was carried off by Frenchmen, according to M. Féer's version, then her claim would be on the French Government, not on 'John Company.'

While we do not attempt to reconcile these inconsistencies—upon which some light might be thrown by a search in the archives of the India House—we find this Indian Princess remarkable in other ways.

For instance, although she condescended to marry an ex-captain of gendarmerie, she would not allow her husband to associate on equal terms with herself. He was reduced to the position of a slave, as if he were the recipient of her bounty, and not she of his. The good-hearted captain, much older than herself, was never allowed to be seated in the same room with her, but was established in an antechamber, where his time was occupied from morning to night in copying out the reminiscences and essays which she dictated to him. Within her own chamber she received visitors, seated on a sort of dais, and clad in a red chintz robe and a yellow turban. There she would relate with flashing eyes, to appreciative listeners, the story of her infancy, with graphic descriptions of the bridal procession, her gorgeous dress, and splendid jewels.

Captain Mercier, when summoned to 'the presence,' stood at a respectful distance to receive her commands, never daring to enter until sent for, but always required to be in attendance to usher the visitors in and out, and to continue the manufacture of manuscript from her dictation.

It is said that she devoted her little pension, and a small allowance received, intermittently and often with difficulty, from the French Government, to the printing of her works, in which case she must have lived entirely on the captain's half-pay and the bounty of Major Smyth and the people whom he interested in her. Thackeray had not the same belief in her that his mother and step-father had, and positively refused to take up her case; but he was a frequent contributor to her household economy.

Then she claimed, and by many was believed to possess, great magnetic powers. Some very curious cases of cures effected by her were subjects of current gossip in Paris. One was the case of a maid-servant in the family of a great banker, who, after parting with her soldier lover, fell down in a fit opposite the house of the Princess Deldir. That august personage, hearing the commotion in the street, went on to the balcony to ascertain the cause, clad in her usual Oriental garb, and there, stretching out a long wand which she usually carried, called

out to the fainting girl, 'Arise at once, and go thy way!' Immediately the girl arose, re-arranged her dress, and walked quietly away. This was said to be magnetism; but the crowd called it witchcraft, and the Princess had to be placed under the surveillance of the police.

A recent writer has recorded a visit paid to the Princess in her later days. 'On my first introduction to the Princess Deldir, my own impression was that of fear and repulsion. She was seated in a large armchair, the chintz covering of which was ragged and patched here and there with stuffs of different patterns. She was so diminutive in person that she appeared a very dwarf as she sank among the cushions. Her feet rested upon a high stool; and the table at her side was piled high with printed matter, proof-sheets of innumerable essays and articles designed to appear, she herself knew neither when nor where. Her small visage stood out from below the folds of her lofty yellow turban, and from above the plaits of her gaily coloured bedgown; and with its bead-like, restless black eyes, reminded one of some newly caught wild bird seeking concealment amid the feathers of the nest. But as the Princess entered into conversation, all feeling of her weird and gruesome surroundings vanished at once. Here was the true magnetism of the superior being acknowledged on the instant. Her manners were so dignified, yet courteous withal, her speech so measured, her gesture so gentle and high-bred, that it was impossible to avoid recognition of the distinction possessed by the lofty race whose monarchy once governed the Eastern world. (?) As I rose to depart with the friend who had accompanied me, the Princess turned and bent down to the very floor, without, however, moving from the dais. A gentle pressure on the arm on the part of my friend warned me of the custom for which she had prepared me before entering. The Princess Deldir, true to the traditions of her ancestors, would never suffer a stranger to leave her presence without offering a gift, as token of her approbation and good-will. Behind her chair were piled a heap of coals and a sack of wide dimensions. She drew from the heap a lump of coal, which she wrapped in paper and handed to my friend, who kissed her hand in token of acceptance; then, stretching forth towards the sack, she drew out a huge potato, which, enclosed in a sheet of the *Univers*, she presented to me with the same ceremony!'

This curious being then lived in Rue Montaigne, near the Champs-Élysées. There, according to M. Féer, she conducted a Society, called the 'Cercle de Morale Universelle,' the basis of which was faith in Providence. In connection with this Society she established an order of chivalry, called the 'Noble Porte de l'Élysée Deldir,' which had knights, commanders, and various other officers. This order of chivalry, it is said, was 'recognised' by Louis-Philippe, who doubtless regarded the regal airs of 'la Sultane Indienne' as less objectionable than the policies of political societies.

She was also a pronounced disciple of Saint-Martin, the founder of 'le Philosophe Inconnu,' the theory of which was that God's presence is to be found in every object of nature. The Princess professed to hold daily intercourse with

the spirit of the philosopher embosomed in the branches of a tree which waved in front of her window, and she also held communion with the moon and stars. She declared that she heard and was interpreting the voice of Saint-Martin when she was dictating her philosophic essays to her poor husband. Many of her writings were published by the aid of a sympathetic friend, the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban; and a good many remained unpublished. She was also a composer of medicines, and among others invented the 'Racahont des Indes,' which seems to be still known in Paris; and also a 'Vinaigre réparateur' as a preventive of cholera.

At the death of her husband, the Indian Princess was offered an asylum in the house of the Comtesse de Beaufort, where, it is said, she lived to a great age. In what year she died is not stated, but she was certainly alive in 1850. The mystery of her birth has never been unravelled; but whether her story was true or imaginary, the Princess Deldir was certainly a very remarkable personage.

H A S H I S H .

READERS of the daily papers will probably have noticed that the Secretary of State for India recently asked the Governor-general to report on the production of hemp drugs in all the thirteen different provinces of India. A Commission has accordingly been appointed by the Governor-general, and has already begun its sittings in Calcutta, and will probably visit every province in rotation. The importance of this Commission may not be quite understood by many in this country, simply from the fact that very little is known about the hemp drugs outside of the medical faculty. Here, hashish is generally known as a useful, although not much used, medicine; but in many Eastern countries it is known as one of the most potent and maddening intoxicants, influencing the moral and social well-being of the people to a degree equal to if not beyond that of the opium habit itself. A few particulars regarding this somewhat remarkable drug may not in the circumstances be uninteresting.

Hashish or gunjah is the native term applied to the dried flowering tops of the female plant '*Cannabis indica*,' and from which the resin has not been removed. The *Cannabis indica* cultivated in India is now generally considered to be botanically the same with that of the '*Cannabis sativa*' of European cultivation. Whilst, however, the two varieties—if they may be so called—agree thus externally, so that they are reckoned one and the same plant, they differ to an enormous extent in their medicinal activity, the hemp grown in India being infinitely more powerful than that grown in Europe. This may to a certain extent be accounted for by difference in climate, in soil, and probably also in cultivation; for it is noticed that the plant grown even in India does not always exhibit the same medicinal activity, that grown on higher altitudes being generally more active than that grown on the lower slopes. The whole plant seems to be medicinally active; but the most potent principle is undoubtedly the resinous exudation from the

leaves and branches. This resinous principle is called 'churrus;' while the entire plant cut during inflorescence, dried in the sun, and pressed into bundles, is called 'bang.'

The methods for collecting the resinous exudation are various, but all very crude and somewhat filthy. One plan is by rubbing the tops of the plants when ripe, and from which the resin exudes in minute drops, between the palms of the hands, the resin adhering to the hands, and from them it is afterwards scraped by means of a blunt knife. Another plan is for men clothed in leather to brush briskly through the stalks of growing hemp, when the resin attaches itself to the leather, from which it is afterwards scraped, as in the case of the hands. Sometimes the leather is dispensed with, and the coolies are sent through the hemp-fields for the purpose of the resin attaching itself to their naked bodies. Still a third plan is to gently rub the dried leaves and branches, allowing the resin to fall in a more or less fine powder, which is afterwards collected, gently heated so as to soften the resin, and then compressed into lumps.

A favourite sweetmeat is obtained by making an infusion of the plant in hot water, to which butter or oil is added. The resin attaches itself to the melted butter or oil, and, when evaporated, is kneaded with flour and spices into cakes or pastilles called 'majun.' Simple infusions of the leaves and flowering tops are also made and drunk in many parts of India by old and young alike at some of their festivals, just as alcoholic drinks are too frequently used in our own country on similar occasions.

Like opium, however, hashish is chiefly used for smoking, and when thus used, it is almost always used in combination with tobacco. First, a plug of tobacco is placed at the bottom of the bowl of the pipe, and on the top of this a small piece of hashish, and over this, again, a piece of red-hot charcoal. Or the hashish is kneaded with the tobacco by the thumb of one hand working in the palm of the other until thoroughly incorporated, when they are transferred to the bowl and lighted, as in the previous case. Its first effect when thus used is one of intense exhilaration, almost amounting to delirium. The victim loses the power of thought, and will carry on in the most extravagant manner imaginable, alternately laughing, singing, or dancing, all the time believing himself to be acting rationally. The English derivative of the word hashish gives a terrible and too well deserved significance in this connection. Hashash is the term used for one who smokes 'hashish,' and the plural of the word is 'hashasin,' from which our English word 'assassin' is said to be derived. Doubtless, it is in this first stage of hallucination and frenzy that most of the crimes—and they have been many—attributed to the use of this drug have been committed; for the second is one of dreamy enjoyment, finally followed, if the dose has been full, by stupor so dense as almost to amount to a state of catalepsy. It has been said that a fortnight's use of hashish will make its victim a complete slave to the habit; and its end, as in the case of the use of opium, is degradation and ruin, physical, social, and moral.

It is not easy to trace the early use of this drug, as its history is lost in obscurity. By many, the

Nepenthes of Homer, which drowned all pain and suffering, is thought to refer to this drug; while Galenus seems to have been well acquainted with its narcotic power. It is also stated that a Chinese physician, living 220-230 A.D., administered it to his patients to produce insensibility when performing painful operations. It certainly was used in Persia in the middle ages for the purpose of exciting the pugnacity and fanaticism of the soldiers during the wars of the crusades, a purpose so successful that the warriors under its influence struck terror into the hearts of Mohammedans and Christians alike. It was introduced into this country as a new narcotic about fifty years ago, and while it has never replaced opium to any extent, it is still a valuable addition to materia medica, and takes the place of opium as an anodyne and hypnotic, where the use of the latter is contra-indicated. Unfortunately, the great objection to its use medically is the want of uniformity of strength, the varied effects it has produced under different medical administration probably being due very much to this cause. One remarkable feature of hashish is that it entirely fails to produce the intoxicating effects in this country that it does in warmer climates. Whether this is due to differences of temperament in the races or to the loss of some volatile principle in the drug in the course of importation, has not yet been definitely settled. Like opium, the sale of hashish is taxed by the Indian Government, the revenue, however, derived from it being considerably less than that derived from opium.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of the Commission now sitting, it cannot fail to do good by throwing light on the social condition and habits of a large section of the populace of our Eastern Empire. In this as in many other evils, the first step to reformation is to know the very worst about the evil; and the very worst in this instance has probably been realised by very few in this country.

S O N G.

THERE'S beauty in the dawning light;
And twilight fair, or starlit night,
Has each its charm and grace;
But lovelier still on earth to me
The fairest thing my eye can see—
The beauty of thy face.

There's calmness on the ocean's breast,
As deep and blue it seems to rest
'Neath bluer heavens above;
But deeper, calmer, still to me
Than ever sea or sky can be,
Thine azure eyes, my love!

There's music in the running stream,
And music when the woodlands seem
Awake with songs of birds;
But sweeter, dearer, still to me
Than nature's voice can ever be,
The music of thy words.

G. ROXBV.

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AN OLD WAPPING PICTURE.

THERE is an old-world marine flavour about the mere name Wapping sufficient of itself to conjure up a picture reminiscent of the romance of the sea. Black-eyed Susan and Tom Bowling, Billee Taylor and the Midshipmite, not to mention 'sweet Poll' and 'Poor Joe the marine'—all these stand forth on the canvas and pull a greasy front-lock or drop a curtsy. Then the rhythmic 'y'heave ho!' seems to smite the ear, or the burden of William's traditional adieu—

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

The name, indeed, is interwoven in history, and song, and story; it was the little theatre, this grimy island patch of East London, chosen by poet and dramatist as the scene of the most affecting episodes in the lives of their sea-going heroes. Here it was that the typical Jack came ashore, laden with the 'rhino,' got drunk, shivered his timbers mightily, and anon fell a prey to the harpy and crimp. It was from Old Wapping, too, that he hired the trim-built wherry that carried him to the outgoing ship; and it was on the historic Old Stairs that he was wont to part from Poll, or clasp her in his faithful arms on arriving from the Spanish Main. Thus the old ballad:

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Old Wapping Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box mark'd with my name.

There is all this kind of glamour about the place yet, and some of its characteristic incidents are still of daily occurrence; but at the same time Old Wapping is not quite the same as your imagination would picture, or as you will find it in some of the earlier sketches of George Cruikshank. In the old days it was practically the port of London; now it has been elbowed out of its pre-eminence by a round dozen of waterside rivals, from Blackwall onwards to London Bridge. It might have been squeezed

out of all recognition or separate identity perhaps, but for the lucky circumstance that, having been chosen as the main entrance to the London Docks, it has been converted into an island, and so has retained almost intact its old landmarks and not a little of its ancient flavour. What it chiefly lacks is the great tide of motley folks that used to seethe through its alleys; its slopshops, too, and above all its crimping-houses. These latter, for the most part, have been transferred to Ratcliff Highway; so that nowadays Old Wapping is more suggestive of a decaying and half-deserted village, especially in the daytime, than a slice of modern Babylon.

It is for this very reason that a daylight ramble within its precincts has so particular an interest. Once across Shadwell Bridge, the eastern limit of Wapping, the strident din of the streets is altogether abated; you are in a region of silence, broken only by the creaking of a crane, the occasional shuffle of the loafer, or the distant call of the coster. The tall warehouses and dock walls seem completely to shut out the fret and tumult of the busy world beyond. The deep and sullen waterways, guiltless of tide or ripple, that here and there intersect the path, only serve to emphasise the quiet. If at times a stately ship, laden with the spoils of the East, passes into the great docks beyond, its progress is as noiseless as that of a phantom, while the iron gates close behind it with never a note of jarring. You might wonder, this fine sunny morning, whither all the population has gone. Well, it has gone into the City to earn its dinner; or it is quietly sleeping in court and alley until the incoming of the laden ship gives promise of a few hours' labour. And so you pass on from street to street, with everywhere the same pervading calm. It might be thought that in the High Street—always *the* thoroughfare, *par excellence*, of every town or village—some stir would be apparent. But no; the listless shop-keeper stands at his door and yawns; overhead, the untidy matron, with ample arms outspread on the window sill, makes a soporific nod, while

her young brood sun themselves in the adjacent street. At the corner, as you turn into Old Gravel Lane, is the 'Bull's Head,' a hostelry with a history, but just at present without a single customer. Once upon a time it had a notable customer, however, and the landlord is as proud of the fact as he would be if his tavern were full to the door. It was in the year 1688 that Judge Jeffreys, disguised as a common sailor, fled to this retreat in order to escape the penalty of his crimes. He was recognised by a scrivener whom he had once bullied from the bench, despite his efforts to screen his face with the pot of beer from which he was drinking, and narrowly escaped, as we are told, from being torn to pieces by the infuriated mob. For, with all its seeming quietness, Old Wapping had then as evil a reputation as it bears to-day. If proof were needed that the tongue of common fame spoke truth, it might be found in the quaint utterance of Rowland Hill that 'none were sinners too great for being changed by divine grace; no, not even Wapping sinners!' Of these, however, a word or two when the night falls.

In times past this same High Street was as busy and important a thoroughfare as any in the kingdom; and even now, at certain seasons, it emerges from its lethargy. The frequent stairs that thrust their way to the river have most of them a story to tell. Half-way down the street is Execution Stairs, 'the usual place,' according to the antiquary Stow, 'for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers;' next come King James's Stairs, where the Scottish monarch landed in 1603; and then the Wapping Dock Stairs, which tell, in actual printed records, of the history of the past. On the walls leading to this landing-place an industrious naval pensioner, not long since gathered to his fathers, has filled many square yards with patient lettering setting forth an amazing variety of memorabilia. Such odd scraps as these occur: 'Mr Mair and his wife and child was murdered in Ratcliff Highway December 8, 1811. William Williamson and family was also murdered at New Gravel Lane Dec. 20, 1811. A man named [Williamson] was accused of both crimes, and hanged himself in Newgate, awaiting his trial. They buried him at the cross roads, Cannon Street. The tombstone of Mr Mair is in St George's Churchy out;' 'In Edward III.'s time, A.D. 1352, a day's wage at haymaking was one penny;' 'A whale caught off Execution Dock Wharf, in the Thames, nineteen feet long, Oct. 19, 1791.'

Of more immediate interest to the usual frequenters of the place is the following: 'A lucky Waterman. John Broughton, winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge in the year 1721; died in the year 1789. He was champion sculler of England; and for ten years his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, brother to George III., appointed him one of the Yeomen of the Guard, having died worth £70,000.'

The next inscription runs: 'In the year 1817 there was a hundred prisoners under sentence of death in Newgate, and thirty-seven in Lancaster jail.' One other may be quoted, for it was pointed out to the writer by an old waterman with a regretful sigh: 'Beer first introduced into England in the year 1492, when one pot of the best was sold at a penny!'

At a point in the highway just a mile and three-quarters below London Bridge stands Old Wapping Stairs. Its surroundings are quite in keeping with the character of the place. Exactly on the opposite side of the way is the venerable vicarage of St John's, with its dank and silent grounds, serving at once as garden and graveyard, and telling in many a sculptured slab of 'poor Jack' that,

Though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Keeping watch and ward at the top of the Stair itself is the inevitable tavern, redolent of rum and tobacco, and displaying a signboard emblazoned 'The Town of Ramsgate.' Not a biscuit's throw to the right, a row of victualling-shops fronts the water, chief among them being the butcher's establishment once in the possession of that Orton family which is alleged to have presented the once celebrated 'Claimant' to the British public. With such-like environments, not to speak of the forests of shipping that tower on every hand, the wayfarer need have no difficulty in repeopling the scene as fancy directs, and recalling perhaps in the act many of the most picturesque epochs in maritime history. It is quite as well, all the same, not to adventure down the time-worn steps, for they are steep and slippery, and lead nowhere in particular—only to a festering beach, where Jerry the waterman tars his boat, and the mudlark prowls.

The next classic halting-place in the vicinity is Old Gravel Lane meeting-house, for nearly two centuries and a half the home of Old Wapping nonconformity. Here in this age-worn building may still be seen the chains that fastened the sacred writings to the high-backed pews, and the vaults that used to hold the bones of deceased worshippers. It is not more than ten years since the place was tenanted by some four hundred coffins, many of which had rested there for centuries. These at one time were the especial care of an old chapel-keeper who died early in the present century, and whose quaint fancy it was to arrange the bodies as their living occupants were wont to be placed in the church above. Thus, the ministers she put under the pulpit; while those friends who were 'lovely and pleasant in their lives' she ranged side by side, to the end that in death they might not be divided. But the chief interest of the place lies in the fact that it has echoed of old to the preaching of John Wesley, Isaac Watts, Dr Philip Doddridge, Dr John Newton, and Rowland Hill, the last-named of whom here enunciated the remarkable sentiment to which allusion has been made. It is interesting to note that, up till within a few months since, the best traditions of the old meeting-house have been perpetuated in the self-denying work of an Edinburgh gentleman, Mr David Haxton, who, in face of terrors that put even the Salvation Army to flight, has turned many a Wappingite from a savage into a decent member of society.

And here one may not blink the fact that with all its daylight gloss of quiet, of respectability even, Wapping by night is often little better than a pandemonium. It has many exemplary persons, no doubt, among its five thousand of a population, but these are not sufficient wherewith

to leaven the barbarian crowd. Even the poet Cowper, most charitable of men, was constrained to admit that the aboriginal Wappingite was somewhat different from other men, for, in writing to a friend he remarks: 'Wapping *may* contain some of the most amiable persons living, and such as one would go to Wapping to make acquaintance with. You remember Mr Gray's stanza, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, &c."'

If you wander about Wapping by night, you will look in vain, however, for poet Cowper's 'amiable' persons. The lanes and alleys and courts that were erewhile deserted, are now literally alive, and vocal, to boot, with much talk, heavy in calibre and highly spiced as to epithet. The people whom you see brawling at every corner are not of the seafaring class; they are dock labourers, hawkers, bagmakers, thieves, vagabonds—anything you like. They form what the police would call the dangerous classes, and they claim the privilege of doing as they please when at home, as they now are. For example: A stranger heaves in sight. That he is unsuspecting and defenceless is provocation enough. In nine cases out of ten he is forthwith knocked down, and kicked amid the admiring comment of the crowd, the emptying of his pockets following as a mere matter of course. A mere pastime this, however, fit only for the ingenuous youth, or at least the 'prentice hand. It is for crimes of a far darker hue that Old Wapping is notorious—crimes of which, often as not, the record is hid in the swift waters that for ever lip the gloomy highway. Life, indeed, would here seem to be held at a very cheap rate, for, deeds of violence apart, self-destruction is an every-day incident. If you ask the policeman who stands at Old Gravel Lane Bridge why it is he never leaves his post, he will tell you that he is on special duty for the prevention of suicide. Over this bridge, which spans an arm of the dock, hundreds have leaped—two or three sometimes in a day—many of them never to emerge alive.

'Them's my orders, sir,' said the policeman when questioned incredulously on the subject—'never to leave this spot except at the call of murder, and even then not to go farther off than a hundred yards.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER IV.—FRATERNAL AMENITIES.

THE season was waning towards its latter end; Mrs Hesslegrave and Kathleen were on the eve of flight for their regular round of autumn visits in the country, before returning to their winter-quarters at Venice. These autumn visits were half friendly, half professional. It was one of the griefs of Mrs Hesslegrave's life, indeed, that Kathleen's vocation as an artist compelled her to do and to suffer many things which in her mother's eyes were undignified, and almost unlady-like. Foremost among them was the necessity, when visiting in the country, for carrying her portfolio of sketches along with her; for Kathleen's success was merely a private and local

one; she depended largely for selling her pictures upon the friendly appreciation of her own acquaintances. It is true, being a timid and retiring girl, she never thrust her work incontinently upon her hosts; on the contrary, she was nervously shy about anything that looked like self-advertisement or pushing. Still, the fact remained that unless she went a round of country visits in the autumn, she would never have sold most of her pictures at all; and this fact, which gave Kathleen herself no small shrinkings of natural delicacy, covered Mrs Hesslegrave in a very different way with shame and humiliation.

For to Mrs Hesslegrave, it was a painful and disgraceful thing that people should know her daughter had to work for her living at all; in *her* young days, she was wont to say severely, young ladies used to paint for their own amusement, not for filthy lucre: and whenever she said it, with a disapproving toss of the dainty coffee-coloured Honiton head-dress, Kathleen had somehow an unpleasant feeling in the background of her heart that it was really very wrong of her to be so badly off, and that if only she had inherited the feelings and manners of a perfect lady, she would have managed to be born with five thousand a year, and nothing to do for it. Though, to be sure, if she hadn't so managed, after all, it might with some show of reason be urged in extenuation that the fault lay rather at the door of that impeccable Mrs Hesslegrave herself, and the late lamented General of Artillery, her husband, who had been jointly responsible for bringing Kathleen into the world with no better endowment than just a pair of pretty white hands, and an artistic faculty for deftly employing them in the production of beautiful and pleasing images.

On this particular evening, however, Kathleen was tired with packing; her head ached slightly; and she was anxious to be kept as undisturbed as possible. Therefore, of course, her brother Reginald had chosen it as the aptest moment to drop in towards the dinner-hour for a farewell visit to his mother and sister. Reginald was twenty, with a faint black line on his upper lip—which he called a moustache—and he was a child entirely after Mrs Hesslegrave's own heart; in his mother's eyes, indeed, a consummate gentleman. To be sure, the poor boy had the misfortune to be engaged in an office in the City—a most painful position: Mrs Hesslegrave's narrow means had never allowed her to send him to Sandhurst or Woolwich and get him a commission in the army—but *that* the fond mother regarded as poor Reggie's ill-luck; and Reggie himself endeavoured to make up for it by copying to the best of his ability the tone and manner of military circles, as far as was compatible with the strict routine of a stockbroker's office. If collars and cuffs and the last thing out in octagon ties constitute the real criterion of the gentle life (as is the *naïve* belief of so large a fraction of the City), then was Reginald Hesslegrave indeed a gentleman. What though he subsisted in great part on poor Kathleen's earnings, and pocketed her hard-won cash to supplement his own narrow salary, with scarcely so much as a thank-you—one doesn't like to seem beholden to a woman in these matters, you know

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—yet was the cut of his coats a marvel to Adam's Court, and the pattern of his sleeve-links a thing to be observed by the stipendiary youth of Threadneedle Street and Lothbury.

Reginald flung himself down in the big easy-chair by the bow window with the air of a man who drops in for a moment to counsel, advise, assist, and overlook his womenkind—in short, with all the dignity of the head of the family. He was annoyed that 'his people' were leaving town; leave they must, sooner or later, of course; if they didn't, how could Kathleen ever dispose of those precious daubs of hers?—for, though Reginald pocketed poor Kathleen's sovereigns with the utmost calm of a great spirit, he always affected profoundly to despise the dubious art that produced them. Still, the actual moment of his people's going was always a disagreeable one to Reginald Hesslegrave. As long as mother and Kitty stopped on in town, he had somewhere respectable to spend his evenings, if he wished to; somewhere presentable to which he could bring other fellows at no expense to himself; and *that*, don't you know, is always a consideration! As soon as they were gone, there was nothing for it but the club; and at the club, that sordid place, they make a man pay himself for whatever he consumes, and whatever he offers in solid or liquid hospitality to other fellows. So no matter how late mother and Kitty stayed in town, it made Reggie cross, all the same, when the day came for their departure.

'How badly you do up your back-hair, Kitty!' Reggie observed with a sweet smile of provocation, after a few other critical remarks upon his sister's appearance. 'You put no style into it. You ought just to look at Mrs Algy Redburn's hair! There's art if you like. She does it in a bun. She knows how to dress it. It's a model for a Duchess!'

'Mrs Algy Redburn keeps a maid, no doubt,' his sister answered, leaning back in her chair a little wearily, for she was worn out with packing. 'So the credit of her bun belongs, of course, to the maid who dresses it.'

'She keeps a maid!' Reggie went on, with his hands on his haunches in an argumentative attitude. 'Why, certainly, she keeps a maid. What else would you expect? Every lady keeps a maid. It's a simple necessity. And *you* ought to keep a maid, too. No woman can be dressed as a lady should dress, if she doesn't keep a maid. The thing's impossible.' And he snapped his mouth to like a patent rat-trap.

'Then I must be content to dress otherwise than as a lady should,' Kathleen responded quietly; 'for I can't afford a maid—and to tell you the truth, Reggie, I really don't know that I should care to have one!'

'Can't afford!' Reggie repeated with a derisive accent of profound scorn. 'That's what you always say. I hate to hear you say it. The phrase is unlady-like. If you can't afford anything, you ought to be able to afford it. How do *I* afford things? I dress like a gentleman. You never see *me* ill-tailored or ill-groomed, or doing without anything a gentleman ought to have. How do *I* afford it?'

Kathleen had it on the tip of her tongue to give back the plain and true retort, 'Why, by making your sister earn the money to keep you;'

but native kindness and womanly feeling restrained her from saying so. So she only replied: 'I'm sure I don't know, my dear; I often wonder: for *I* can't afford it, and I earn more than you do.'

Reggie winced a little at that. It was mean of Kitty so to twit him with his poverty. She was always flinging his want of ready-money in his face—as though want of money (when you spend every penny that fate allows you—and a little more too) were a disgrace to any gentleman! But he continued none the less in the same lordly strain: 'You dress badly; that's the fact of it. No woman should spend less than three hundred a year on her own wardrobe. It can't be done for one shilling under that. She *ought* to spend it.'

'Not if she hasn't got it,' Kathleen answered stoutly.

'Whether she's got it or not,' Reggie responded at once, with profound contempt for such unlady-like morality. 'Look at Mrs Algy Redburn! How does she do, I'd like to know? Everybody's well aware Algy hasn't got a brass farthing to bless himself with; yet who do you see dressed in the Park like his wife? Such bonnets! Such coats! Such a bun! There's a model for you!'

'But Mrs Algy Redburn will some day be Lady Axminster,' Kathleen answered with a sigh, not perceiving herself that that vague contingency had really nothing at all to do with the rights and wrongs of the question. 'And I will not.' (Which was also to some extent an unwarrantable assumption.)

Reggie flashed his cuffs, and regarded them with just pride. 'That's no matter,' he answered curtly. 'Every lady is a lady, and should dress like a lady, no matter what's her income. And she can't do that under three hundred a year. You take my word for it.'

Kathleen was too tired to keep up the dispute. So she answered nothing.

But Reggie had come round to his sister's that night in the familiar masculine teasing humour. He wasn't going to be balked of his sport so easily. 'Twas as good as ratted, at half the cost, and almost equal to badger-drawing. So he went on after a minute: 'A man doesn't need so much. His wants are simpler. I think I can dress like a gentleman myself—on two hundred and fifty.'

'As your salary's eighty,' Kathleen put in, resignedly, with one hand on her aching head, 'I don't quite know, myself, where the remainder's to come from.'

Reggie parried the question. 'Oh, I'm careful,' he went on, 'very careful, you know, Kitty. I make it a rule never to *waste* my money. I buy judiciously. Look at linen, for example. Linen's a very important item. I require a fresh shirt, of course, every morning. Even *you* will admit' (he spoke with acerbity, as though Kathleen were a sort of acknowledged social Pariah)—'even *you* will admit that a supply of clean linen is a necessary adjunct to a gentleman's appearance. Well, how do you think, now, I manage about my cuffs? I'll tell you what I do about them. There are fellows at our place, if you'll believe it, who wear movable cuffs—cuffs, don't you know, that come off and on the same as a collar does: nasty separate shirt cuffs. I don't call

such things gentlemanly. The fellows that wear them take them off when they come to the office, and slip them on again over their hands when they have to run across with a client to the House—that's what we call the Stock Exchange—or when they go out for luncheon. Well, I don't like such ways myself. I hate and detest all shams and subterfuges. I wouldn't wear a cuff unless it was part and parcel of my shirt. So I've invented a dodge to keep them clean from morning till evening. As soon as I go into the office, I just cut a piece of white foolscap the exact size of my cuffs; I double it back, so, over the edge of the sleeve: I pass it under again, this way. Then, while I stop in the office, I keep the cover on; and it looks pretty much the same as the linen. That prevents blacks and smuts from settling on the cuff, and keeps the wear and tear of writing and so forth from hurting the material. But when I go out, I just slip the paper off, so!—and there I am, you see, with spotless linen, like a gentleman! And he demonstrated triumphantly.

'A most ingenious dodge!' Kathleen answered with languid interest.

'Yes, it's careful of me,' Reggie went on; 'I'm naturally careful. And by such strict bits of economy, I expect in the end—to keep down my expenditure on dress to two hundred and fifty.'

Kathleen smiled very faintly.

'You don't think a fellow can do it on less, do you?' Reggie continued once more in an argumentative spirit.

'Yes, I do,' Kathleen replied. 'I certainly think so. And if he's a man, and can't afford to spend so much, I think he should be ashamed of himself for talking such nonsense.'

'Well, but look here, you know,' Reggie began, 'what's a man to do? You just think of it this way! First, he must have a dress suit, once a year of course; you'll admit that's a necessity. Gloves and white ties—those he *needs* for evening. Then a frock coat and waistcoat, with trousers to match: and a black cutaway lot for afternoon tea: and two suits of dittos for country wear: and a tweed with knickerbockers for shooting and so forth: and a tennis coat, and boating flannels, and'—

'Oh, don't, Reggie!' his sister cried, shrinking away and clapping her hands to her aching head. 'You comb my brain! I'm too tired to argue with you!'

'That's just it,' Reggie continued, delighted. 'You live in wretched lodgings, with no proper food—your cook's atrocious: and you work till you drop at your beastly painting; and you tire yourself out with packing your own boxes, instead of keeping a maid, who'd do it all like a shot for you; and what's the consequence? Why, you're unfit for society! When a fellow comes round to pay you a visit after a hard day's work, and expects a little relaxation and stimulating talk with the ladies of his family—he finds you worn out, a mere boiled rag: while as to music, or conversation, or some agreeable chat—oh dear me, no! not the ghost of an idea of it!'

Kathleen's patience was exhausted. 'My dear boy,' she said, half angrily, 'I *have* to work to keep myself alive, and you, too, into the bargain.

And if you expect me to supply you with two hundred a year to spend upon your wardrobe, why, you must at least consent to give up the pleasure of music in the evenings.'

What Reginald might have answered to this unexpected attack remains an unknown fact in the history of the universe; for just at that minute the neat-capped little waiting-maid of the Kensington lodgings opened the door with a flourish and announced, 'Mr Mortimer!'

The young American entered with undisguised alacrity, and gazed delighted around the room. 'Mrs Hesslegrave is *out*, I hear,' he began with meaning, as he took Kathleen's hand. Then he started a little in surprise as Reginald rose from the chair where he had been sitting, unseen. 'But your brother's here,' he added in a disappointed after-thought, whose distinct tone of regret must needs have struck anybody less self-centred and self-satisfied than the stockbroker's assistant.

'Yes, I dropped round to say good-bye to my people to-night,' Reggie answered with a drawl, caressing that budding black line on his upper lip with all a hobbledehoy's affection. 'They're off on a round of visits in the country just now. Hard lines on me! I shall be left all alone by myself in London!'

Rufus Mortimer surveyed him from head to foot with a comprehensive glance, which seemed to say, about as clear as looks could say it, that whatever he did he wouldn't be much missed anywhere—especially just that moment; but being a polite young man, after his own lights, he failed to put his idea into words for the present. He merely sat down on the divan, not far from Kathleen, and began to talk with her about art (a subject which invariably bored Mr Reginald), taking not the slightest notice in any way all the while of her brother's presence. Before he knew it, almost, they were away in Florence: deep in their Raphaels and Andrea del Sartos, and so forth. Reggie stood it for ten minutes or so; then he rose and yawned. Fra Filippo Lippi had almost choked him off; but Pacchiarotto finished him. He wasn't going to stop and hear any more of this rot. He longed for something sensible. He'd go out and see what the evening papers said of the favourite for the Two Thousand.

But Kathleen called him back anxiously. 'Where are you going to, Reggie?' she asked, with unexpected affection. It wasn't often she seemed so eager for the pleasure of his society.

'Oh, just strolling out for a bit,' her brother answered evasively, 'till the Mums comes back. I thought you and Mortimer seemed to be hitting it off on high art very well together.'

'Don't go just yet,' his sister put in, with a quick look at him. 'I'm sure mother'd be vexed if you went away without seeing her.'

'I meant to come back soon,' Reggie responded with a sigh, his right hand still fingering the knob of the door. 'I expect you won't miss me.'

'Oh, don't let him stay on *my* account,' Mortimer echoed with polite anxiety, giving Kathleen a pleading look half aside in his turn. It was clear from that look he wanted a *tête-à-tête* with her.

But Kathleen was inexorable. 'I'd rather you

stopped, Reggie,' she said in such a decided voice that even Reggie understood, and made up his mind to give way to her. 'Mother'll be here before long, and I *want* you to wait for her.'

Reggie sat down with a bump. 'Oh, as you will,' he answered, dropping back into his easy-chair. 'I'm sure I don't mind. It's all the same to me. Only, I thought you two could run this Fra Angelico business just about as well without me, don't you know, as with me. I don't pretend to excite myself over Fra Angelico, any way.'

So for the next half-hour, poor Rufus Mortimer sat on, still discussing art—which is a capital subject, no doubt, when you want to talk of it, but which palls a little, it must be confessed, if it intervenes incontinently at the exact moment of time when you're waiting to ask the young woman of your choice whether or not she'll have you. Rufus Mortimer, for his part, was rather inclined, as things stood, to put his money on the *not*. For if that delightful English girl had really wanted him, surely she would have managed to get rid, by hook or by crook, of her superfluous brother. Instead of which, she had positively encouraged him in remaining. Which things being so, Rufus Mortimer was more than half disposed to think she desired to avoid having to give him an answer. For that he was really and truly sorry; for he had always liked her very much; and now that she showed some disposition to refuse him, why, he came exceedingly near to loving her. Such is the way of man! The fact that Kathleen Hessegrave seemed to hold him at arm's-length made Rufus Mortimer resolve in his own mind at all hazards to marry her.

After Mrs Hessegrave had returned for a few minutes, somewhat later, the young man rose to go. It was no use waiting now; Kathleen was fenced in, as it were, by a double thorn hedge of mother and brother. Yet he paused by the open door, and held Kathleen's hand for a second in his own, as he said good-bye. 'Then we shall meet in Venice,' he said at last, regretfully. 'In Venice; in October.'

Kathleen looked at him with some concern. 'But you would do better to be in Paris,' she said low. 'It's so much more important for your art, you know!' And she trembled slightly.

'No,' the American answered, brightening up at that little spark of seeming interest in his private pursuits. 'It shall be Venice, Miss Hessegrave. I make it Venice.' Then he paused for a second, as if afraid of going too far. 'There are things,' he said, gazing wistfully at her with his big brown eyes, 'much more important in one's life than art! So Venice it shall be! Let me meet you in Venice!'

As soon as he was gone, Reggie turned to her with a sniggle. 'That chap's awfully gone on you, Kitty,' he said, much amused. 'He's awfully gone on you. For my part I never can understand any fellow being gone on such a girl as you; but he's awfully gone on you. Why wouldn't you let me go out? Didn't you see he was just dying to have ten minutes alone with you?'

'Yes, I did see,' Kathleen answered; 'and that was exactly why I didn't want you to go out that moment. I didn't wish to be left alone with him.'

Reggie opened his eyes wide. 'He's a jolly good match,' he continued. 'And a decent enough sort of fellow too—though he knows nothing of horses. I'm sure I don't see why you should make such bones about accepting him.'

'I quite agree with Reggie,' Mrs Hessegrave put in. 'He's an excellent young man. I'm surprised at what you say of him.'

Kathleen rose from her seat like one who doesn't care to continue a discussion. 'He's a very good fellow,' she said, with one hand on the door: 'and I like him immensely. So much that—I didn't care to be left alone with him this evening.'

And with that enigmatical remark, she slipped away from the room, and ran quietly up-stairs to complete her packing.

RECENT DERELICT SHIPS.

EVERY savage storm that vexes the waters of the North Atlantic is the cause of the abandonment of many a shattered sailing-ship caught in the toils. As a general rule, these cargo-carriers are built of wood, have attained to a ripe old age, and have seen better days. The greedy sea, a destruction for sailors, opens wide their seams; the clanking pumps prove unable to cope with the ever-increasing inrush of water, even though the windmill revolve at its utmost speed; the timber-laden craft become water-logged and unmanageable; and the weary crews are glad to secure safety on some passing ship. The hull is left to drift deviously before every wind that blows, swept hither and thither by the insidious surface-currents of old ocean. Such a derelict, timber-laden, and water-logged vessel, may remain afloat for a year or two, to the extreme danger of ships traversing the vicinity. The North Atlantic is much more frequented by shipping than any other expanse of water, and Derelict Ships are consequently more numerous between the Old World and the New.

The Washington Hydrographic Office has for several years, by means of the Monthly Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic, afforded to navigators of every maritime nation an accurate indication of the geographical position at which each such danger was reported as passed by a vessel at any time before going to press. A very valuable Wreck Chart of the North Atlantic, issued by the above-mentioned department in February last year, clearly shows that during the five years 1887-91 there were no fewer than nine hundred and fifty-seven derelict ships carefully described to the Washington authorities as drifting about between the fifty-second meridian of west longitude and the Atlantic coast of North America. Hence it will be seen that there are at least sixteen derelicts constantly afloat in the region specified. Commander Richardson Clover, United States Navy, the then American Hydrographer, rightly pointed out that this average number of drifting derelicts is doubtless under-estimated, inasmuch as

it was based on only partial information. Others may have been seen but not reported; or passed in dangerous nearness, without being observed at night or in foggy weather. In December last there were fifty abandoned ships, a menace to more fortunate craft in the North Atlantic; and of these, about twenty were directly on the tracks of our large passenger steamships. The Pilot Chart for February last year showed forty-five derelicts, twenty-five of which were in the vicinity of the routes of the transatlantic liners, such as the 'Lucania' or the 'Paris,' bent on making, or breaking, a record. The average life of an abandoned vessel is about thirty days; but some have withstood the buffeting of wind and wave for a much longer period.

The schooner 'Wyer G. Sargent,' laden with a very valuable cargo of mahogany, was left to her fate on the 31st of March 1891, not far from Cape Hatteras, the American 'Cape of Storms,' and was last sighted on the 6th of December 1892, midway between that cape and the Straits of Gibraltar. Her track, delineated on the chart, forms a veritable maze; and during this long interval of six hundred and fifteen days, she travelled no fewer than five thousand five hundred miles. Two similar schooners, the 'Ethel M. Davis' and the 'David W. Hunt,' were abandoned in November 1888 within a few hours, during a heavy cyclonic storm then prevailing near Cape Hatteras. The former disappeared in December 1889, about eight hundred miles west of Cape Finisterre, after a drift of four thousand four hundred miles in three hundred and seventy days. She was reported twenty-seven times during her lonely existence. The 'David W. Hunt' was last seen in November 1889 not far from Madeira. She had been reported to Washington forty-one times during her drift of four thousand eight hundred miles in three hundred and forty-seven days. An Italian barque, the 'Vincenzo Perrotta,' abandoned in September 1887, about six hundred miles north-east of Bermuda, drifted south-west, passed close to that island; and in April 1889, having travelled nearly three thousand miles in five hundred and forty days, she drove ashore at Watling Island, otherwise known as St Salvador, in the West Indies, where Christopher Columbus is supposed by some to have made the land on his first voyage in quest of Far Cathay. A Norwegian barque, the 'Telemach,' left by her crew, in October 1887, nearly four hundred and fifty-five miles west of the Azores, appears to have broken up in April 1889, some ten degrees nearer the American coast, after having travelled three thousand two hundred miles in five hundred and fifty days.

The barque 'Carrier Dove,' abandoned in May 1890, in 47° N. 37° W., proceeded to the eastward toward the English Channel, and was last observed not far west of Scilly, after a drift of over two thousand two hundred miles in five months. Another barque, the 'Carricks,' left derelict in December 1890, in 36° N. 61° W., was last reported

in October 1891, having travelled at least two thousand four hundred miles in three hundred and fourteen days, although her last position was only five degrees west of that whence she first started on her wanderings. The ocean-carrying timber trade from Canadian ports is principally carried on in ships sailing under the Norwegian flag, and it is for this reason that so many derelicts belong to that nation. Some are actually owned by these hardy descendants of the Vikings; others, run off their class as British ships, although owned in this country, are placed under the Norwegian flag in order to avoid expense. One of these, the barque 'Capella,' abandoned in October 1892 in 51° N. 30° W., drifted eastward for eight hundred and fifty miles, and was eventually picked up, and towed to Queenstown last February. Another, the barque 'Vestalinde,' was left lonely in November 1891 in 47° N. 38° W., and vanished from off the face of the waters in April 1892, after drifting two thousand two hundred miles in one hundred and fifty days. A third, the 'Kong Oscar II.,' left disabled near St John's, Newfoundland, in October 1892, was last reported in January 1893 as sighted about ten degrees west of Queens-town.

One of the most remarkable derelicts of recent years is the American three-masted schooner, 'Fannie E. Wolston.' She was abandoned in October 1891 near Cape Hatteras; and four hundred and thirty days later was passed in mid-Atlantic after a drift of three thousand five hundred miles. Her hull then seemed falling to pieces, so that it was presumed she would soon cease to cumber the ocean. She, however, kept together; and just two years from the date of abandonment, she was boarded by a boat's crew from the steamship 'Lord Charlemont,' Captain Magill, in 31° N. 66° W. They tried to destroy her by fire, having taken large quantities of paraffin oil and tar for that praiseworthy purpose, and when last seen on the horizon, she was still smoking. Captain Magill is of opinion that she is too much water-logged to hope for her complete destruction.

The suffering of the crews of water-logged ships is frequently terrible to contemplate, and occasionally lots are drawn to determine who shall die to be his fellows' food. A Norwegian barque, the 'Thekla,' was left derelict in 39° N. 23° W., on the 22d December 1892. The three survivors of her crew were rescued from the rigging sixteen days later by the Danish barque 'Hermann.' The captain and eight members of the crew left the 'Thekla' in an open boat, and perished. Those who took shelter aloft were quite unable to obtain food or fresh water. A Dutch sailor offered to kill himself in order to preserve the lives of his shipmates; but the other unfortunates refused to participate in this fearful feast unless lots were drawn. This was accordingly done; and, strange to relate, the lot fell upon the Dutchman. The latter was thereupon killed by the three Scandinavians, who lived upon the body of their shipmate until rescued, with great difficulty, in a state bordering on madness and incapable of movement. On arrival at Cuxhaven, they were arrested on a charge of cannibalism, but eventually set free, after receiving marks of sincere sympathy. The ill-fated 'Thekla' drove

ashore on the 31st of January at Flores, despite the efforts of boats to tow her into port, and her cargo of petroleum drifted away. A Danzig barque, the 'Johann Wilhelm,' on the 28th of March went on her beam-ends during a strong gale and heavy sea. Her mainmast and foretopmast were carried overboard, taking with them two sailors who happened to be aloft at that instant. The captain and all hands had gathered on deck to repair the damages, when suddenly a huge sea swept over the doomed barque, filled her hold and cabins, and left but one survivor to tell the tale. He took refuge on whatever part of the wreck remained above the sea's surface, lived upon salt pork, and was rescued, one week later, by the steamship 'Electrician' in 32° N. 75° W. Last February the Russian barque 'Impi,' when in 21° N. 32° W., fell in with a Portuguese felucca, the 'Dois Amigos.' The latter vessel had sailed from Santiago, Cape Verde Islands, bound for another port not far distant. A gale blew her out of sight of land; she was without a compass or a navigator, and was unable to return. Her crew of four men, and six passengers, including a young woman aged twenty and a girl of twelve, had been without food for six days when taken on board the 'Impi,' leaving the felucca to the mercy of the elements.

Last October, many vessels were abandoned in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream. The American schooner 'Drisko' became dismasted and water-logged. A mountainous sea swept her decks of everything movable and smashed her cabins. The captain, his wife, and the crew of five men, were compelled to remain huddled together for over five days on the roof of a deck-house, as the hull was entirely submerged. Food was obtained by one of the men diving into the cabin for tinned goods. The captain's wife, aged twenty-one, had lost every article of wearing apparel, and was clothed in some of her husband's when rescued by the steamship 'Mexican,' in 29° N. 77° W. Shortly afterwards, the schooner was sighted by the American warship 'San Francisco' and destroyed by means of torpedoes and the ram. The steamship 'Lisbon' on the 18th of November sighted the Norwegian barque 'Vikingen' with the signal flying, 'I am sinking.' A terrible gale was blowing, so that a boat could not live in the angry sea. The 'Lisbon' stood by all night; and next morning an attempt was made to reach the barque, but without avail. Boat after boat was smashed to atoms, and six of the barque's crew were rescued by dint of sterling seamanship on the part of Captain Trant of the 'Lisbon' and his crew. The remainder of the men could not be prevailed upon to throw themselves into the sea in order to be picked up by the steamer, which was compelled for her own safety to proceed. The poor fellows were subsequently taken off the wreck by another vessel, in 45° N. 7° W.

Mr Macdona, M.P. for Rotherhithe, has recently drawn the attention of the Admiralty to the serious danger that threatens well-found vessels moving over the North Atlantic in the neighbourhood of an abandoned vessel. The United States Wreck Chart shows that no fewer than thirty-eight collisions with derelict ships occurred during the five years 1887-91 inclusive,

or about eight every year on an average. Hence it is unwise to under-estimate the importance of this risk to ships of all sorts and conditions. In 1889 the steamship 'Cuban' ran into a derelict, penetrated her hull about thirteen feet, and received slight damage; the Spanish gunboat 'Paz' struck a similar obstruction near Tarifa, and went to the bottom; the schooner 'Forest Fairy' collided with a submerged hull in 41° N. 34° W., passed completely over it, and was considerably injured. In 1890 the schooner 'W. B. Herrick,' while running before a gale of wind one night about four hundred miles from Bermuda, struck a derelict at right angles to her course and became water-logged. Her crew took to the roof of the after-house, lived on canned goods and brackish water, and after much exertion, brought her to Bermuda. As in the 'Drisko,' so in the 'W. B. Herrick,' the captain's wife was among the sufferers. The steamship 'Glenrath' struck a derelict on the American coast and sank. In 1891 the steamship 'Dubbeldam' was seriously damaged by collision with a derelict in 49° N. 24° W., and put back to Plymouth for repairs. Two months later, the steamship 'Cascapedia' had a similar experience in 50° N. 13° W.

Often the same vessel will pass two or more derelicts while crossing the North Atlantic. The 'Forfarshire,' on the 4th of January 1893, in 34° N. 40° W., rescued the crew of a water-logged vessel, the 'Carl'; and six days later, in 40° N. 37° W., passed close to the dismasted and derelict barque 'Pride of Wales.' On the 6th of January, in 51° N. 18° W., the steamship 'Philadelphia' passed the abandoned vessel 'Kong Oscar II.,' and next day took in tow the similarly situated barque 'Velox,' but had to cast her off when close home, owing to an increasing south-east gale. On the 17th of October, in 36° N. 75° W., the steamer 'Nymphæa' passed a derelict schooner having her decks level with the sea's surface, and both masts still standing; and on the same day, about one degree to the northward, passed another derelict with decks awash, and dismasted. On the 19th of October, in 30° N. 79° W., the schooner 'James Judge' passed an abandoned, dismasted barque, floating high out of the water, and apparently in good condition. Shortly afterwards, she sighted the hull of a brig with her upper works burnt. These examples are sufficient to indicate the danger to safe navigation such derelicts must be during the long nights of winter and foggy weather.

The International Marine Conference, which met at Washington in 1889, discussed the danger to life and property of derelicts in the North Atlantic; and although fully alive to the importance of the subject, were unable to recommend the adoption of a geographical apportionment of the oceans amongst the different maritime nations, in order to divide the labour and cost of removing wrecks and derelicts. They thought that such a course might lead to the supposition that any specified limits circumscribed the sphere of political interests of the respective Governments. With respect to the North Atlantic, however, the Conference proposed that the various maritime powers should come to some agreement as to the removal of derelicts. The United States, since then, has had several warships engaged in the destruction

of these drifting dangers; and at the present time, the American war-ships 'Vesuvius' and 'Kearsarge' are thus employed. Ships of every nation crossing the North Atlantic send reports of derelicts and similar dangers to the United States Hydrographic Office, and thus form an efficient patrol for localising every derelict. That department, highly esteemed by navigators, in return issues a monthly Pilot Chart, giving, with other valuable information, the most recently reported geographical position of derelicts. International co-operation in the destruction of such pests to commerce is now the one thing needful. Would the destruction of these derelicts not afford a commendable and useful form of torpedo practice?

THE GIRL FROM MADEIRA.

CHAPTER III.—DIPLOMATIC.

ETHEL FLINT's train was due at Paddington at five. Her father came to meet her two minutes before that hour. For this interval he retired to the refreshment bar, and emerged again exactly at five. His hat, clothes, and boots presented an appearance of dinginess, which the brushing and polishing they had received rendered more noticeable. His hair was oiled and his moustache waxed; and a more repellent face one could hardly imagine. His daughter he found at the luggage van, and touching her on the shoulder—her back being towards him—he said: 'Well, Ethel, I am glad to see you.'

The girl turned quickly, and the look of her eyes was piteous when she raised them to his face. There was just a moment's hesitation, the embarrassment of which Mr Flint put an end to by turning his attention to his daughter's luggage. So there was no further greeting between them. He had the luggage carried out and placed on a four-wheeled cab.

'Ethel,' he said, as he handed her into the vehicle, 'I shall not be able to accompany you home, as I have a very important business appointment to keep at half-past five. But I shall be home a few minutes after you, and you will find all ready for your reception.—Thirteen Low Water Street,' he called out to the cabman. And with a wave of the hand he disappeared.

It never struck Ethel that her father had started for Charing Cross by the underground railway in order to avoid the office of paying the cabman, or, in the alternative, the unseemly necessity of requesting his daughter to do so herself.

When Ethel Flint arrived at the lodgings, she surveyed her room in silence. There was not much in it to inspect. She put her trunk and box (Fenwick's box) in a corner, paid the cabman, and sat down by the window, staring out in the street. Her lot was a melancholy one. She was nineteen, and already the burden of the sorrows of a long life seemed to weigh upon her. At an age when the golden gates of the future ought to be opening before a vista of light and happiness,

present and future were wrapt in cheerless desolation.

When Mr Flint reached the lodgings, and sat down with his daughter to tea, which she had prepared, he apologised for the poverty of the accommodation. 'The truth is, Ethel, what with one thing and another, my circumstances have not been flourishing lately.—I thought it best,' he added tentatively, 'to take this room for you, provisionally, until I knew more about your circumstances.'

'You know I am out of employment,' she answered quietly.

'Why, yes, of course; but then— Well, in fact, I did not know but that—in fact, you might have some money put by.'

'I hope you received my remittances regularly, father?'

'Yes, yes—quite regularly,' he replied, fidgeting uneasily and avoiding his daughter's eye.

'I have told you, father, I sent you all my salary. I must seek for new employment.'

'Yes, yes; that you must, Ethel. We should have hardly enough to live on here. The rent of two rooms—ahem—the thing is, to scan the papers every morning. I must go out now for an hour or so, and I will send you in this morning's papers.'

She saw no more of him that night. She had breakfast alone next morning, for he was asleep. After this, she went out to make some domestic purchases.

He rose while she was out and looked into her room, half dressed. Not seeing her there, he entered, and regarded the trunk and box attentively. He believed she must have some money, and he wanted some badly. Where did she keep it? The trunk was unlocked, and raising the lid, he narrowly scrutinised its contents without disturbing them. If she had money in the trunk, she would not have left it open. The box, consequently, excited more interest, as it was locked. In truth, it had never been opened since it came into the girl's possession, for, after vainly trying the key in the lock, she perceived that the box was not hers at all.

But the lock was no uncommon one, and Ethel Flint's father soon found a key to open it. At first, he was as much surprised as disappointed. What on earth could his daughter want with those rough earth-stained male garments, and old tobacco pipes, and knives, and other rubbish of the kind? There were a few books in the box, with well-worn covers, and nothing else. But the hungry, inquisitive eye of Flint was struck with the curious way the inside of the box was padded in rough leather, and feeling it round with his finger-tips, he was not long in discovering the pocket. His eyes gleamed as he drew forth the bank-notes and counted them; and after satisfying himself that there were no more of them, he restored them to their place, relocked the box, and slipped back to bed. He seemed to be still asleep when his daughter came back.

Though the man showed somewhat better humour for the next few days, he continued to

manifest his desire that she should obtain another situation. She was as anxious about this herself as he could be; and as soon as she received the testimonial promised by Mrs Roscoe, she addressed herself earnestly to answering advertisements.

Then, after some days, she received that note from Mr Ernest Fenwick, returning her box. Her surprise was great at discovering that he, too, was a lodger in this mean quarter. But the gentle tendency of her thoughts was suddenly stopped by a suggestion that sent the blood leaping to her face. Had he really been in Torquay, and kept her under observation, and followed her to London, and taken a lodging on the opposite side of the street in order to keep in close pursuit of her? It was in the access of indignation caused by this suspicion that she sent back his box to him with mere verbal thanks. It was the same feeling, only stronger, when she met him at the post-office, that impelled her to ignore him.

A few evenings after this, she saw the young man's belongings taken down to the street and placed on the top of a cab. She stood concealed behind the curtains and observed him throw one quick glance up at her window as he got into the cab. Fenwick was gone. She ought to have felt relieved, but she did not. She had come to know that he had occupied the room she was now in for weeks before she came to London—that he was poor, like herself, and unable to afford better. His going away from the neighbourhood was not without reference to herself; she had wronged him, and was very sorry. Something else in connection with his removal gave her pain, when she thought of her father.

She had advertised, in her own name, for a situation, and next morning had a reply, requesting her to call at the office of Mr John Hooley, Adam Street. Mr Hooley was Mrs Roscoe's solicitor; but Ethel Flint had only heard his name incidentally, once or twice, and had forgotten it.

Mr John Hooley's private room was a rather large one for so very small a man. He was in the habit of making appointments, which he was seldom ready to keep just at the time named; and the client or fellow-professional who called under such circumstances was temporarily relegated to the armchair behind a screen, while Mr Hooley finished what he happened at the moment to be doing.

It chanced thus with Ethel Flint when she came, as requested, at eleven o'clock. The little man received her with hurried but old-fashioned courtesy, placed her in the chair, and said he would be ready to talk to her in a few minutes.

She opened a newspaper as another visitor was shown in, and, paying no heed whatever to his name or business, went on reading an account of a shipwreck. Oddly enough, it was a Cape steamer which had come to grief at the Scilly Isles, homeward-bound. This drew her thoughts back to the *Majuba*, and she could not very well recall that voyage without associating the memory of Mr Ernest Fenwick. At this point the name of the latter steamer, spoken either by Mr Hooley or his visitor, she could not tell which, caused her to start with surprise and listen.

'The *Majuba* was it?' Mr Hooley was saying.

'And you spent two years in South Africa. Were you able to save money at all in Africa?'

'I only had fifty pounds coming home,' was the answer, uttered in a low tone.

'And you spent it, I suppose, before you thought of looking for work?'

'No, sir; I lost it.'

'Might I inquire how? I insinuate no reflection of any kind—it is merely curiosity.'

The other hesitated. Then, with evident reluctance, he told the story of the two black boxes, and their eventual recovery by their respective owners. When he opened his, the notes were not there.

'Ah,' observed Mr Hooley, 'I see how it was. That young woman discovered them, and probably thinking she should never find the owner of the box again, she used the money.'

Ethel Flint's face was burning with shame. Her first impulse was to show herself and repudiate the imputation. She stood up; but, held by an intense desire to hear what Fenwick thought of her in the matter, she remained still as a statue. The first flush of shame had passed away, and she was very pale; then another flood of crimson spread over her face as she thought of her father—and of these notes Fenwick must have seen her depositing in the Post-office savings-bank the evening she had returned his box to him.

In truth, do what he would, Fenwick could not expel from his mind the hideous recollection of that banking transaction. Hesitating only a second or two, he answered, in a clear and decisive tone: 'I should be profoundly ashamed, sir, not to think much better of her. My conviction is unalterable that the young lady has never known of that money being in my box. Some one else must have discovered and taken it.'

To this speech Mr Hooley made no answer. After eliciting from Fenwick his history since arriving in London—excepting that portion having reference to Miss Stone—Mr Hooley gave him an encouraging decision. 'You have not, perhaps, all the qualifications I desire, but I think you would try to acquire them. I shall write to you in a day or two; meantime, you had better not give notice to your present employers until you have my final answer.'

'I hope it will be favourable, sir.'

'As far as I can judge, I think it will.—Good-morning.'

A glad cry almost broke from the girl when she heard what Fenwick said about her.

Mr Hooley was now ready to see her, and he led her to the chair which Fenwick had occupied a minute before. A surprise, and a disappointment, awaited her.

'You have written to me, sir, to call here, in answer to my advertisement,' she was saying, when Mr Hooley sat bolt upright in his chair and looked at her through his spectacles with some astonishment.

'Your advertisement, Miss Flint? I know of no advertisement. I wrote to you to call, in consequence of instructions from my client, Mrs Roscoe.'

'Mrs Roscoe? I remember now,' said the girl, blushing. 'She mentioned your name to me, but I had forgotten it. I am very sorry; I really

thought it was an answer to my advertisement for a situation.'

'Mrs Roscoe instructs me to pay you two pounds a week; your need of a situation will not therefore be pressing.'

'She mentioned to me,' said Ethel, hesitating, 'thirty shillings. I think Mrs Roscoe meant it for the case of my living alone.'

'I don't think Mrs Roscoe reckons much on the support you are likely to get from your father, Miss Flint. At all events, her instructions are positive to allow you two pounds a week while she lives. That, of course, may not be long. But— Well, I know something, I am sorry to say, about your father, Miss Flint. I would advise you to let him know nothing concerning this allowance. Call here every week for it yourself. As for a situation'—

'But I should much like to obtain employment somewhere, Mr Hooley,' she interrupted earnestly.

Mr Hooley reflected. Yes; he was at no loss to understand the girl's wish to get away from her father. He knew the man.

'Don't advertise for a place,' he said presently. 'Leave the matter to me. I may be able to find something suitable among my friends.'

She was thanking him gratefully, and preparing to go away, when he stopped her by a gesture. 'Have you forgotten the business on which I sent for you, Miss Flint?'

In truth, for the moment she had forgotten it; but Mr Hooley now rang for his cashier; and in a few minutes Ethel Flint had signed a receipt and been paid four pounds for two weeks' allowance.

As she was rising, Mr Hooley suddenly asked, as the thought just struck him: 'What ship did you come by from Madeira?'

'The *Mayuba*,' she replied, blushing.

'How singular! I don't know whether you overheard the conversation I had with that young man who has just left—he is an applicant for a post as private secretary to a client of mine, and I think he will suit.'

The girl thought it best to tell Mr Hooley all she knew. Mr Hooley was a kind of man to invite confidence. She told him everything, even to her dread that Fenwick must have suspected herself, after that incident of the Post-office bank. The notes she deposited there were the two Mrs Roscoe had given her.

'You heard what Mr Fenwick said?' asked Mr Hooley.

'He is very generous—very noble,' she answered, 'because he had a right to suspect me. I—I wish I could thank him! Would you—please—give me Mr Fenwick's present address?' she asked, with some embarrassment.

'To write your thanks to him? I don't think you need do that.'

'No; I want to repay all I can of the money he lost. I have twenty pounds in the Post-office.'

'I will give you his address, if you wish,' said Mr Hooley, writing it as he spoke, on a slip of paper. 'But you must promise me not to send him any money until I tell you to do so. Will you promise that?'

She gave the promise, although she was at a loss to imagine what it meant.

'A good young fellow—a proper young man,'

soliloquised Mr Hooley as he handed her the address.—'Good-morning, Miss Flint.'

The girl glanced shyly at the address on the slip of paper as she reached the street. It was a place in Battersea, and she knew enough in a general way about London to be sensible that this could be no great improvement upon Low Water Street.

It was a quarter to one as she entered her lodging again. Her father, as she expected, was only up, for he had been later than usual in coming home the previous night, or rather morning.

'Well,' he said, as he sat down to breakfast, 'I see you have been out. Have you succeeded?'

'No; it has been a—disappointment.'

'Pray, why?'

'It is useless to go into all that; I must try again.'

'Oh, very well!' he said bitterly, rising from the table. 'I shall bring a few men home to supper about ten this evening, and be good enough to have suitable preparations made. The liquors I will give you a list of; the rest'—

There had been a rat-tat-tat at the door, and Flint was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a telegram for him. Tearing it open with shaking hand, he read the message. 'Ha,' he muttered, 'this looks good! H'm—three o'clock. Yes; I shall be punctual.'

When he was dressed, and ready to go out, he said: 'I have an important appointment—a very important appointment, which, unless I am much mistaken, will result in something—a—to my advantage. It is of consequence that I should not walk there, and I am—in fact, somewhat short of change this morning.'

She took out her purse and gave him all the silver it contained—seven shillings. He examined the coins with a dissatisfied look, and put them in his pocket.

The telegram was from Mr Hooley the solicitor, and merely said: 'Come here at three o'clock. This is important.—HOOLEY.'

Mr Flint in due time found himself—although he did not take a cab after all—at the solicitor's office.

'I shall not detain you many minutes, Mr Flint,' said the solicitor in a very hard voice, the tone of which was ominous.

'How is—a—your client, Mr'—

'My business with you is at present very brief. Have you fifty pounds handy, Mr Flint?'

The man was amazed. 'I—I fail to understand,' he gasped.

'Have you fifty pounds?' the lawyer repeated.

'Fifty pounds? No.'

'Can you raise fifty pounds?'

'No; certainly not; unless,' he added, with a sickly attempt at jocular, 'you accommodate me yourself.'

'Then I am afraid, Mr Flint,' said Mr Hooley in the same hard ominous tone, 'you are in for some trouble. If you were able to put down fifty pounds, the matter could be arranged.'

'I don't know what you mean?'

'You do—quite well. From a box in your daughter's custody—not her own, but another person's—you stole fifty pounds. The numbers of the notes are known, and they can easily be traced. If you can restore the money at once,

you may get off; if not, a warrant will be applied for.'

Flint for some moments was stunned. It was not the first time he had had to do with Mr Hooley, and probably Mr Hooley was of all men the one of whom he stood most in awe.

'I—I understood the money to belong to—my daughter,' he stammered at last.

'No matter about what you understood,' rejoined the solicitor sharply; 'it didn't belong to her.—I'm sorry,' he added, 'for the additional shame your conviction for this felony will bring upon her—that is, if, after all the shame your life and character have heaped upon her, she is capable of feeling any more on your account.'

'Whose money was it?'

'You shall know when you are arrested and charged.'

'Can—can nothing be done, Mr Hooley?' the man abjectly asked. 'My daughter—her prospects will be injured.'

Mr Hooley regarded the creature narrowly for the space of a minute. 'Look here, Flint,' he said sternly. 'For the sake of your poor daughter, I would compromise my own conscience by helping you out of England—on one condition, which shall be well secured to me—that you never return. The warrant for your arrest will be out in three or four days, and if you ever set foot in England again, it will be executed upon you. I'll send you to Queensland, if you are ready to sail the day after tomorrow. It is, I admit, hardly fair towards the colony to present you to it; but it's the less of two evils.'

Flint, in dread of the police, eagerly agreed to the proposal. Mr Hooley gave him a written order on an outfitter for goods to the amount of twelve pounds, and informed him a steerage passage would be provided for him in the Queensland steamer, sailing in two days. Flint should also be given a letter to the steamship agents in Brisbane authorising them to give him twenty pounds on arrival.

Flint was expressing his thanks in effusive terms, when the lawyer interrupted him. 'That will do. Try and reform when you reach Australia. You had better keep your intended departure very quiet until you are safely off.'

This he felt it would be prudent to do. 'I must mention my departure to Ethel, however,' he reflected as he went towards the outfitter's. 'I must try and squeeze some money out of her. I'll say—let me see—h'm—yes; a diplomatic mission; that will sound highly respectable, and show the necessity of money for outfit, and so on. Yes; diplomatic will fetch her, I fancy.' Then he sought a music hall, whose classic entertainment improved his mind until it was time to move homeward to receive his expected guests. Buying a new pack of cards by the way, Mr Flint directed his steps—which were growing unsteady—towards Low Water Street. Ringing the bell, he got no answer to it. Ringing again, the landlady opened the door.

'Where is—a—Miss Flint?' he demanded, with surprise and indignation. It wanted only twenty minutes of ten, and could it be possible she had not completed the hospitable preparations yet? It was worse than that.

'Your daughter paid me a week's rent for her room, and left here this evening with her things. She is not returning, she said. She left no address.'

FLYING-FISH CATCHING AT BARBADOES.

AMONG the many divers methods of garnering the harvest of the sea, one of the most interesting and peculiar is the *Exocetus* fishery of Barbadoes. Notwithstanding the incredible numbers of Flying-fish (*Exocetus volitans*) that crowd every tropical sea, Barbadoes is the only place where a systematic fishery of them has ever been established. This is the more strange when the ease with which they may be taken, and the pleasant conditions under which the fishery is carried on, is considered, while the succulent delicacy of the fish is certainly a thing to remember. Familiar as the appearance of these wonderful little creatures is to ocean travellers, very little is generally known with regard to their habits, haunts, and mode of life. They are usually the recipients of much misspent pity. Relentlessly pursued by the albacore, bonito, and dolphin, they seek the air in shoals, only to be gaily annexed by hovering birds, or to fall gasping upon the deck of some passing ship. Their fate seems a hard one; but who pities their prey? They in their turn pursue as relentlessly and persecute as ruthlessly the smaller fish; and so the balance is held as truly as nature ever holds it where man does not interfere.

The most common and widely distributed variety of the flying-fish is '*E. volitans*,' whose range is world-wide between the limits of about thirty-five degrees north and thirty degrees south, though most plentifully found within the tropics. They are usually from six to twelve inches in length, body nearly quadrangular, colour of the head and back blue, abdomen silvery, lower lobe of the tail one-half longer than the upper. Some have no teeth, while others are well furnished; and naturalists are unable to agree as to whether they are different varieties, being in all other respects the same. The pectoral fins, or wings as they might well be called, are nearly as long as the fish, folding neatly and compactly into the side of the body while the fish is in the water. The ventral fins are small in this species, but do not appear to be used as wings, merely serving to balance and guide the fish in the air. A very common error made in natural histories where this fish is mentioned is that it does not fly. 'Its supposed flight is nothing more than a prolonged leap; it cannot deviate from a straight line, and cannot rise a second time without entering the water.' This, briefly, is the sort of thing one meets with in text-books where reference is made to this fish.

The simplest way of dealing with it is the Professor's method of answering the query of the

French Academy whether their definition of a crab was correct. The story is so well known that it does not need repetition. As the result of personal observation extending over a good many years, I assert that the *Exocoetus* *does fly*. I have often seen a flying-fish rise two hundred yards off, describe a semicircle, and meeting the ship, rise twenty feet in the air, perpendicularly, at the same time darting off at right angles to its previous course. Then, after another long flight, when just about to enter the water, the gaping jaws of a dolphin emerging from the sea gave it pause, and it rose again, returning almost directly upon its former course. This procedure is so common, that it is a marvel it is not more widely known. A flying-fish of mature size can fly a thousand yards. It does not flap its fins as a bird, but they vibrate, like the wings of an insect, with a distinct hum. The only thing which terminates its flight involuntarily is the drying of its fin membranes, and their consequent stiffening.

A marvellous provision of nature is apparent in the economy of this fish. Its swim-bladder can be inflated so as to occupy the whole cavity of the abdomen. Another membrane in the mouth is inflated through the gills. These two reservoirs of air form an excellent substitute for the air-cells within the bones of birds, and have the additional advantage of being voluntary in their action.

The only other species of flying-fish which is sufficiently distinct to call for notice is 'E. Nigricans,' locally known as 'Guineamen.' They often exceed eighteen inches in length, and weigh two or three pounds. In these the ventral fins are also very large, giving the fish the appearance of a huge dragon-fly as it darts through the lucent air. The markings of the body are black instead of blue, while the fins are black with a transverse band of silver.

Another strange thing about the natural histories that I have been able to consult is that no idea seems to be formed of where and how these fish spawn. Being met with all over the ocean, where its profound depth precludes all idea of their visiting the bottom, the locality of their breeding-places has puzzled the savants. There can, however, be no doubt that they deposit their ova in the massive banks of 'Sargasso bacciferum,' or Gulf-weed, which is met with in such vast quantities as to impede a vessel's progress through it. Through the pleasant groves and avenues of these floating forests, the young fry in millions disport in comparative security, while finding abundant food among the myriad lower forms of life that abound there. Of course, this remark can only apply to the Atlantic. Not having had opportunities enough of observation, I am unable to say where they spawn in the other oceans they frequent. On the coral reefs of the Leeward Islands and the sandy cays of the Caribbean Sea, I have often amused myself by catching the young fry thrown up with piles of Gulf-weed on the beach, and seen masses of the spawn, like huge bunches of white currants, entangled among its close-knit fronds.

Barbadoes, situated in the heart of the north-east trades, is one of the favourite haunts of the

flying-fish. Its steep shore-lines afford the blue depths which the flying-fish loves, and permit it to range very near to land. Thus the fishermen rarely go more than ten or twelve miles from home. When this industry was first commenced by the Barbadians, or what led to its establishment, I have been unable to discover; but it certainly has been for many years the mainstay of a large part of the population, and the source whence the most popular food known on the island is derived. There are about two hundred boats engaged in the fishery. Nowise notable for grace of form or elegance of rig, they are substantial undecked vessels, of from five to fifteen tons capacity, built in the roughest manner, and furnished in the most primitive way. The motive power is a gaff-mainsail and jib, and a couple of sweeps for calms. They are painted a light blue, as nearly approaching the hue of the sea as may be, and every care is taken to make them noiseless.

The fleet leaves the 'canash' (harbour) before daybreak, each skipper taking his own bearings, and making for the spot which he thinks will furnish the best results. As the gorgeous tropical dawn awakes, the boats' peaks are drooped, luffs of sails are hauled up, and the fishermen get to business. The tackle used is of the simplest kind. A wooden hoop three feet in diameter, to which is attached a shallow net with inch meshes; a bucketful of—well, not to put too fine a point on it—stinking fish; a few good lines and hooks, and a set of grains, form the complete lay-out. The fishermen are of all shades, from a deep rich ebony up, by fine gradations, to the cadaverous white so common in the island. Their simple fishing costume is usually one sole garment—the humble flour or potato sack of commerce, with holes cut in the bottom and sides, through which to thrust head and arms.

As soon as the boat is hove-to and her way stopped, the usual exuberant spirits and hilarious laughter are put and kept under strong restraint, for a single sound will often scare away all fish in the vicinity, and no more be seen that day. The fisherman leans far over the boat's side, holding the hoop diagonally in one hand. The other hand, holding one of the malodorous fish before mentioned, is dipped into the sea, and the bait squeezed into minute fragments. This answers a double purpose—it attracts the fish; and the exuding oil forms a 'sleek' or glassy surface all around, through which one can see to a great depth. Presently, sundry black specks appear far down; they grow larger and more numerous, and the motionless black man hanging over the gunwale scarcely breathes. As soon as a sufficient number are gathered, he gently sweeps the net downwards and towards the boat withal, bringing it to the surface by drawing it up against the side. Often it will contain as many fish as a man can lift; but so quietly and swift is the operation performed, that the school are not startled, and it very often happens that a boat is filled (that is, seven or eight thousand fish) from one school. More frequently, however, the slightest noise, a passing shadow, will alarm the school; there is a flash of silvery light, and the water is clear, not a speck to be seen. Sometimes the fleet will return with not one thousand fish among them, when prices will range very

high, until next day, when, with fifty or sixty boats bringing five or six thousand each, a penny will purchase a dozen.

Occasionally, in the midst of a good spell of fishing, the school will vanish, and a crowd of dolphin, albacore, or bonito make their appearance. Then the sport changes its character. Lines are hastily unrolled, a living flying-fish is empaled on the hook and trolled astern, seldom failing to allure an albacore or some other large fish, varying perhaps from twenty to two hundred pounds weight. On one occasion, when I had the pleasure of a cruise in one of the boats, we had very poor sport with the flying-fish, only taking about five hundred by noon. Suddenly the few that had been feeding quietly around us fled in all directions, breaking the water with a sound like a sudden rain-storm, and we were aware of the presence of a huge albacore. The skipper shouted gleefully: 'By king, sah, him de bigges' albacore in de whol' world.' He certainly was a monster; but there was little time to admire his proportions. He promptly seized our bait, and the fun commenced. For over an hour this giant mackerel towed us where he would; and when for a moment the pace slackened and we touched the line, he was off again as hard as ever. Right through the fleet he towed us, and finally yielded to our united efforts in the middle of Carlisle Bay, amongst the shipping. We could not hoist him on board, and so had recourse to the expedient of passing a double bight of the line round his tail and towing him into the harbour. Great was the excitement on the quay, and willing hands not a few worked the crane wherewith we lifted him. He scaled six hundred and forty pounds, the heaviest albacore on record in Barbadoes. Peddled around the town, he realised a much larger sum than a boatload of flying-fish would have done; and so the sable skipper was well content with his morning's work.

THE SECRET OF THE BALL CARTRIDGE.

By HEADON HILL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE Napier parade-ground at Karachi lay deserted under the glowing rays of the morning sun; but a *crescendo* blare of tumultuous music, which came from behind the echeloned barrack blocks, multiplied into something very like discord by the echoes from the great buildings, gave notice of speedy occupation. As the band rounded the farthest block, the echoes ceased, and the full melody of 'The Campbells are comin'' rang out clear and crisp while Her Majesty's 110th Regiment of the Line—better known as 'The Queen's Own Hamilton Highlanders'—defiled in fours on to the parade-ground eight hundred strong. The battalion was returning from practising a new skirmishing drill with blank cartridge on the sandy scrub at the rear of the barracks. When the last files were well clear of the barracks, the Colonel turned his horse aside from the head of the regiment; quarter column was smartly formed on

the leading company, and the word was given to halt and stand at ease. At a sign from the chief, the officers fell out and grouped themselves round him; the men were called to attention, and the parade was dismissed. In a moment the orderly formation was dissolved into a swarming mass of hungry soldiers hurrying to their respective barrack rooms intent on breakfast.

But the Colonel still sat motionless on his horse in the centre of the parade-ground, surrounded by his officers. This was the time at which, if anything had gone wrong with the drill, he would improve the occasion and administer a soldierly lecture to the delinquent; but to-day all the latest joined subalterns had clear consciences—the drill had been performed without a blunder, and there seemed to be no reason why the customary 'Good-morning, gentlemen,' should not be spoken at once. There was no cloud on the Colonel's hard-featured but kindly face; he appeared only thoughtful, and as though he were waiting. As a matter of fact, that is just what he was doing. As soon as the last laggard of the rank and file had passed beyond the possibility of hearing, he looked down on the upturned faces round him and said very quietly: 'Gentlemen, I know you will be sorry to hear what I have to tell you. Twice this morning in the course of the practice I was shot at with ball cartridge.'

Discipline prevailed, and no one spoke; but the little group unconsciously pressed nearer, and the combination of suppressed emotion yielded a sound like a long-drawn sigh. The Colonel, keenly in touch with those confronting him, evidently felt, and was moved by, the angry horror his announcement had called forth; he stooped down and patted his charger's neck before proceeding: 'It is not the first time. On Tuesday I thought I heard a bullet pass close to me; but not being positively certain, I decided, for the credit of the regiment, to say nothing. To-day there was no room for doubt. One ball just cleared my left shoulder, within a couple of inches of my ear; the other, as you see, made its mark. Both shots were fired in quick succession when I was on the rough ground at the rear of the hospital.' He held up his bridle arm, and, plainly visible to every one was a bullet-hole through the sleeve cuff.

The sight was too much for the Senior Major—comrade and trusty friend of the Colonel's since they fought side by side as boy ensigns at Alma. Throwing parade-ground etiquette to the winds, he blurted out: 'Good heavens, Macleod, you're not hit, are you?' while an excited murmur of surmise and suggestion began to be audible among the others.

The Colonel held up his hand again—for silence this time. 'I did not detain you, gentlemen,' he said, 'to discuss the matter here, but merely to inform you of what has happened, so that company officers may endeavour to put their finger on the man who fired at me. At the same time, you are to take it as a positive order not to let a suspicion of this leak out. Tell no one but the Colour-sergeants, and impress it on them that they are only taken into confidence in order to assist your inquiries. If I find that so much as

a rumour gets about among the men or outside, I'll break every Colour-sergeant in the regiment. For the honour of the corps, we must discover the delinquent without any fuss, and that being so, directly you have a clue, you will report to me before making an arrest. In the meanwhile, this is not to be referred to at mess or anywhere in public.—I think that is all, gentlemen; I thank you for your sympathy, and bid you good-morning.'

Colonel Macleod turned his horse towards the officers' lines, and rode off slowly, accompanied by the two Majors and the Adjutant. The unmounted officers strolled after in twos and threes in the same direction, and it was a relief to them to hear the chief, now that the stiffness of 'duty' etiquette was relaxed, explaining to his companions that he was quite unhurt. For Colonel Macleod was adored by officers and men alike. Stern and unbending enough on duty and in the field, in private he was the guide, counsellor, and friend of every one. To all ranks the Colonel's person and the honour of the Hamilton Highlanders were the two most sacred things on earth.

And now both these cherished possessions had been threatened with startling suddenness by the foul deed of the morning. Small wonder was it that those to whose astonished ears the secret had been entrusted should be agitated and anxious as they sought their quarters. The chief point in the minds of all was the utter absence of motive; for 'crime,' in the military sense, was almost non-existent in the happy and contented ranks of the regiment, and punishment, with its consequent heart-burnings, was therefore a rarity. The Colonel had not even had occasion to confine a man to barracks for nearly a year.

'It is the act of a madman; one of the men must have gone suddenly mad,' said Stuart Dalzell, the only subaltern of G Company present with the battalion, as he paced by the side of Alec Frazer, his captain.

'That is the only explanation I can see which would not involve disgrace,' replied the other thoughtfully.

'Is there not the alternative of accident?' asked Dalzell. 'It is not unknown in other regiments for ball cartridge to get mixed with the blank ammunition.'

'That must be left out of the question in this case,' said Frazer. 'The fact of the Colonel having been narrowly missed on Tuesday, and again twice to-day, bars such a supposition. If there had been any mistake in the ammunition, the odds are a hundred to one that some one else beside the chief would have heard, or felt, the bullets. There is some influence at work more dangerous than error, I fear; and if I am right in my judgment, it concerns you and me rather more closely than the other fellows.—Here we are at my bungalow. Come in, Dalzell, and I will tell you what I mean.'

Captain Frazer led the way on to the veranda, where several Bombay chairs were set out ready for guests, after the hospitable fashion of the East. Motioning his companion to be seated, before joining him, he called his Hindu servant and told him to run over to the barracks and tell Sergeant Ferguson to come to the bungalow

as soon as he had finished breakfast. Then he sat down by his friend and subaltern, and put into words a suspicion which was already half formed in the minds of both.

'I see by your face that you have guessed the drift of my hint, Dalzell,' he began. 'The scoundrel or lunatic who is at the bottom of this outrage belongs to G Company as sure as you and I sit here. On us two and on Ferguson—for he must help us—lies the *onus* of saving dear old Macleod from the danger that threatens him. The worst of it is that our success in that direction, which we must move heaven and earth to attain, will most likely mean everlasting ignominy to the regiment and our own company in particular.'

'You arrive at this conclusion from the position of G Company at the time the shots were fired—that is to say, when the Colonel was among the boulders at the back of the hospital?' said Dalzell.

'Quite so,' replied Frazer. 'As you doubtless remember, our company was at right angles to the boulders some five hundred yards away, and was firing hard during the few minutes the Colonel pulled up there. It is true other companies in our half-battalion were firing also; but they were extended much farther out on the plain, and a shot from them would not have pierced Macleod's cuff laterally in a neat hole like that. Had the ball come from either extremity of the line, the sleeve would have been ripped lengthwise.'

The Lieutenant made no reply for a few moments. He sat abstractedly staring at the sandy plain, and then he said: 'All that you suggest is terribly true, Frazer, and yet, somehow, it seems incomprehensible. All the men in our company are such good fellows; even the last batch of recruits are as nice a lot of lads as ever joined us. Before parade this morning, I would have trusted my life to any one of them, and I'm not at all sure that I would not do so still. Is it not just on the cards that there may be some native devilry at the bottom of this?'

'That is a little too far-fetched, I am afraid,' returned Frazer. 'The country all round is as flat as a billiard table, and we used every available inch of cover ourselves. A murderously inclined native, even did such a one exist, could not have passed unnoticed.—But here comes Ferguson; let us hear whether he can help us.'

The Colour-sergeant of G Company was a splendid specimen of the Highland soldier—a great black-bearded man, from whose six feet two of stately growth the drills of twenty years had failed to knock quite all the loose-limbed lissomeness of his mountaineering youth. There were many veterans in the corps who had fought in Afghanistan and in Egypt; but for personal prowess in the field, the record of this stern-visaged warrior out-distanced those of all his comrades. Was it not written in the chronicles of the regiment that his strong right arm had saved the colours at Maiwand; and I was not the ribbon of the V.C. on his breast in token that he had snatched Colonel Macleod, sorely wounded, from among the Arab spears at El Teb? Frazer and Dalzell, watching him step on to the veranda and stiffening visibly as he approached his officers,

could not help thinking that but for the Colonel's injunction, if Ferguson ever had the handling of him, it would go hard with the miscreant who had tried to undo that brave rescue.

The Colour-sergeant halted with a salute in front of the Bombay chairs, and stood waiting. Captain Frazer knew his man too well to beat about the bush and try to break the news to him gently. The soldierly qualities of the veteran required soldierly treatment, and his officer was aware that whether he got it first or last, the shock would be the same, and its effect equally well concealed.

'Ferguson,' said Frazer, 'the Colonel was shot at this morning on parade—with ball cartridge, you understand—and from the position he occupied at the time, I am inclined to think the bullets came from G Company. Can you suggest any clue which may help to trace the scoundrel or madman who fired them?'

The angry glare in the Sergeant's eyes and a quiver of the nostrils were the only sign he gave, except that there was a scarce perceptible tremor in his voice as he made answer: 'It must have been an accident, sir; there's nae lad in G Company—ay, nor in a' the regiment, would willingly put his hand to sic a dastardly deed.'

Frazer hastened to inform Ferguson of the previous attempt on the preceding Tuesday, which had put the idea of accident beyond the bounds of reasonable conjecture.

'It's nae matter,' said the Colour-sergeant. 'Sic an accident as that wad be waur than a crime. I'm glad to ken that it is neither, by your honour's showing. Some puir body among the lads has been stricken daft, and done this thing; but I canna say who—before to-morrow night.'

Both the officers started in surprise. 'You suspect some one, then?' exclaimed Dalzell. 'You have noticed a strangeness in the manner of one of the men, and wish to verify your suspicions?'

'In that case, Sergeant,' added Frazer, 'it is your duty to confide your suspicions to us. This is a serious affair, in which we have the Colonel's positive orders not to act definitely without informing him. It is my belief that if he can see his way to preventing a repetition of the attempt, he will move heaven and earth to hush the whole thing up.'

'I wadna tak' upon mysel to act in the matter except under orders, sir,' replied the Colour-sergeant, 'the mair especially as I hae nae mair suspicion than a bairn. It is just that suspicion I'm after getting, and by your honour's leave, I'll get it to-morrow night.'

'How do you mean to go to work?' asked the Captain.

'I ken nae guid it will do tellin' ye, sir. Seein' that I'll e'en tak the risk o't mysel, ye munn let me hae my ain way, and no speak ae word,' replied Ferguson.

Now, the Colour-sergeant was a privileged old soldier, and might on ordinary occasions have presumed a good deal more than he was in the habit of doing; but under the circumstances, his answer was a little more than the Captain of his company could stand.

'Nonsense, Ferguson,' said the latter sharply. 'You will either inform me at once what steps

you mean to take, or take no steps at all. That is an order, mind; and please, remember that the Colonel's life may depend upon your decision. There will be another blank-firing parade the day after to-morrow, and he is not the man to absent himself because of what happened to-day.'

The Colour-sergeant was still standing at attention, and his fingers clawed convulsively at the seams of his trows as he listened to the alternatives thus plainly placed before him; but he chose the one Frazer had expected, prefacing his explanation with: 'Ye may ca' me a fule, sir; but I ken better than that.' And then he told how he had scraped acquaintance with one Rajab Ali, a native of Surat, who had recently established himself in the Sudder Bazaar, ostensibly as an astrologer, but who, to justify the Sergeant's evident belief in him, must have been a past Master of the Black Art as well. According to Ferguson, Rajab Ali had the means, either by the cards or by the divining rod, of unveiling what was hidden in the past, the present, or the future. He, the Sergeant, had been privileged to test the astrologer's marvellous powers, and he had little doubt but that the latter would be able to cope with the mystery which was puzzling them. He was to meet Rajab by appointment at the rear of the barracks on the following night, when he was to be favoured with a further demonstration, and he would take the opportunity of getting this matter cleared up once for all.

OF LOVE AND TIME.

'When he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a difference there is betwixt life and death.'—*Essays of Elia*.

'DEAD but a month! Yet his smile is gay,
His laughter light as of yore;
How frail is love!' So the idlers say;
'How soon is his sorrow o'er!'

Dead but a month? Nay, the time has flown—
It is surely many a year
Since I left my dear dead love alone,
All alone, on the hillside here.

O love, my love, how can mortals speak
Of 'lately' or 'long ago'?
Let them mete out life by the day or week;
Our love is not measured so.

And what is the difference now to me,
If the moment you went away
Fell ten years since, or one, or three,
Or as men count it—yesterday?

The hours pass; but I care not now
How swift or how slow they glide,
For to me all time fell dead, I trow,
The day that my darling died.

MARY MACLEOD.

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ST ANDREWS.

WHAT is the secret of that resistless and unique charm which 'the gray little town by the northern sea' exercises upon all who have ever visited it, and especially upon men of culture and letters, from the late Dr Robert Chambers, John Blackwood, and Dean Stanley, to the happily still living and active Dr A. K. H. Boyd and Mr Andrew Lang? It seems but the other day that the author of 'Recreations of a Country Parson' completed his two delightful volumes of gossip personal reminiscences, 'Twenty-five Years of St Andrews.' And now we have Mr Lang with a substantial and essentially historical volume on the town in which he spent the first years of his academic life, and in which he still spends his months of leisure. Nor is even this work to be final. For we learn from Mr Lang that 'a History much more elaborate and learned is being written'! No man with an eye and a pen ever spent a day in the old town but has given his impressions of it, from Samuel Johnson with his caustic realism to Dean Stanley with his overflowing enthusiasm for 'mine own St Andrews.' It may be questioned if any town in the United Kingdom, with the possible exceptions of Oxford in England and Edinburgh in Scotland, has evoked so much of the prose poetry of eulogium as St Andrews.

Two partial explanations of this literary phenomenon at once rise to the tip of the tongue—history and golf. 'The world alters,' says Mr Lang, 'and new cries ring above the unceasing brawl of men; but the northern sea with its changeless voice we hear as Eadmer heard it, and St Margaret, Beaton, and Queen Mary, Knox in his chamber in the besieged Castle, and Bruce in the Priory.' St Andrews is no longer in the swim of Scottish national life in the modern sense. But it was not always so. Faint memories of the War of Independence—of Wallace and Lamberton and Bruce—still cling to it. One cannot spend a day in St Andrews without realising the fact that the city was at one time

the ecclesiastical centre of the country. The Castle, the Bottle Dungeon, the 'Martyrs' Monument, the remains of the Cathedral—those 'ruins of ruins,' as Lord Cockburn styled them—tell the story of the struggle of the Reformation and much that succeeded. And yet ecclesiastical life even in St Andrews was not all strife and intrigue. Do not the picturesque Pends gateway and the ruins of Blackfriars' monastery speak of a life of cloistered peace? Does not the tall column of St Regulus—that column to the top of which Sir Walter Scott, till adversity overcame his physical strength, used to ascend to meditate on Scottish history and the one romantic episode in his own life—still rise above the remains of a period later and wealthier than its own, as if to give far-off hints of a reign of peace? The ghost of Mary Stuart still haunts the College; we can still see her in all her beauty, all her dignity, all her sorrow, fighting a hopeless battle against Destiny. A very living personality, too, is that of Montrose. You can picture him rising from his sick-bed to buy expensive golf balls and hie to the Links. Somehow you can more readily imagine him than you can imagine Thomas Chalmers driving a long—though possibly erratic—ball from the first tee.

St Andrews, the Mecca of golf, is of course much more real than St Andrews the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland. For one of the visitors to St Andrews—at all events the summer visitors—who know or care about Wallace or Bruce, Knox or Beaton, Mary or Montrose, Archbishop Sharpe or Balfour of Burleigh, there are hundreds who are interested in Tom Morris, the Nestor of the Royal Game, who, so far from lagging superfluous on the stage, can still be safely backed to beat many a younger man. The hotels which have sprung and are springing up in St Andrews are quite as imposing as the ruins, and are much better patronised. And in spite of enormous and increasing competition, St Andrews still holds its own as the headquarters and supreme training-ground of golf. Both the Open and Amateur Championships are held at

the present moment by unconscious disciples of Allan Robertson and the immortal and invincible 'Tommy.' Other courses, such as Prestwick and Carnoustie, Hoylake and Sandwich, Portrush in Ireland, and St Briac in France, have their devotees, who will not desert them even for St Andrews. Visitors to Dornoch declare the turf on the links to be of as fine a quality as that of St Andrews. Undoubtedly Machrihanish on the Cantire coast has a large and increasing number of admirers, who emphatically pronounce it to be a much finer course than the over-played St Andrews with its too numerous 'bad lies,' and even prefer the great Atlantic rollers to the vixenish northern sea that persistently lashes the cliff beneath the Scores. But it is equally true that most players, who at one period or another have forsworn their allegiance to St Andrews, have also in the long run returned to it, and have declared that all the world over there are no holes to compare with the Heathery Hole and the Long Hole and the High Hole and the 'Hole o' Cross.' Nor can it be doubted that the history and associations of St Andrews have their influence upon the conduct of the game. Here its rigour is still preserved, even though as many as forty couples may be waiting (as is sometimes the case in August) to drive off at the first tee. Here the caddie, in the person not of an ignorant boy, but of an eminently 'responsible' expert, rules the green. Here,

In solemn silence, all
Drive on the good red gutty ball,

although the 'gutter,' like the course itself, has many rivals.

Besides, no golf-course in the world has such a background as that of St Andrews, as it presents itself to the player on the return course—especially if he happens to be in the comfortable position of having five holes to the good—when its ruins, its cliffs, and its harbour are set off by a bright afternoon in late spring or early autumn. No versifier can now write of St Andrews as was written in 1819 :

It is in sooth a goodly sight to see
By east and west, the Swilcan lasses clean,
Spreading their clothes upon the daisied lea,
And skelping freely barefoot o'er the green.

But there is no question that the varied dresses of the visitors in July and August lend a fascination to the Links—a fascination which has many perils at the first and last holes—which is quite as remarkable in its way as that of the vanished Swilcan lasses.

But St Andrews has other attractions than its ancient history and its golf. Its chief charm, perhaps, is that it is a *multum in parvo*. It contains only some 6000 inhabitants. An active-minded American can not only 'do' it, but 'take it all in' with perfect ease in the course of a day. It is but a town of three almost parallel streets, North Street, Market Street, and the boulevardised South Street, and that delightful walk known as the Scores—it can scarcely be dignified with the title of a promenade—which, starting from the Martyrs' Monument, in close proximity to the Royal and Ancient Club-house, winds past the old Castle and round the promontory leading to the pier and the har-

bour, and that Marine Observatory which has done such admirable work in the past, and which promises to do even more valuable work in the future. Yet St Andrews combines in itself three different centres of population—a fishing village, a Cathedral-university town, and a fashionable seaside resort. The pier and harbour recall Ramsgate, though they are not much better than those of much smaller places on the east coast of Scotland, and although it is almost as true of the good people of St Andrews, as when a dryly humorous visitor wrote, that 'their navy consisted of three coal sloops, which lay within a small pier composed of large stones laid rudely though strongly together upon a natural quay of rock.' The Cathedral ruins and the University buildings suggest both Canterbury and Oxford.

But although St Andrews is supremely interesting because it combines the present with the past as is done by no other town of its size in Scotland, or perhaps in the kingdom, the prospects of its future ought not to be forgotten or underrated. It should be remembered that St Andrews has had a sordid no less than a great past. When at its zenith it was the capital of Scotland; but gradually it sank, as Mr Lang reminds us, into a starving and filthy fishing village, redeemed even then, however, from absolute degradation by its University.

But the beauty of St Andrews began to draw visitors to it in spite of its want of sanitation, and a little society came to be formed within it. It is a good many years since one of the shrewdest and most observant of Scotsmen recorded in his 'Journal': 'The gentry of the place consists of professors, retired Indians, saving lairds, old ladies and gentlemen with humble purses, families resorting there for golf, education, economy, or sea-bathing.' This 'gentry' has given the town a character which it still possesses, although in these latter years 'old ladies and gentlemen with humble purses' have found it too fashionable and expensive for them. Then the inevitable reforming Provost made his appearance. 'The town suffered and rejoiced forty years ago under a very energetic reformer, Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair. He swept away "middens" and dunghills; he also swept away ancient remains, "forestairs," and old projecting porches of houses.' Sir Hugh Playfair in fact Haussmanised St Andrews. Its antiquities suffered, perhaps unduly, in the process. But even yet there is nothing in Scotland to compare in picturesqueness with the beautiful pointed arch at the east end of South Street known as the Pends, although there is one lane in Old Aberdeen which has even more of the air of the cathedral close than South Street. But the very worst that can be said of the reforms and reformer of forty years ago is that 'Sir Hugh Playfair found St Andrews picturesque and left it clean.' But the cleanliness of St Andrews may be traced to what may fairly be termed its renaissance—to that, at all events, and the picturesqueness which is still left. Between them, they have made education the chief industry of the town, unless, indeed, the first claim to this position be allowed to be that of golf-club making. 'Not in summer,' we are told, 'among crowds of holiday-making strangers, but in winter, when the scarlet gowns of the students brighten the

dim streets, and the waves fill the roofless fanes with their monotone, is the time to see St Andrews.' But even when the students are absent, St Andrews drives a great trade in education. Its private colleges for the training both of young men and of young women are numerous and flourishing, and draw pupils from all parts of the United Kingdom. Close to the ruins of the Blackfriars' monastery stands a handsome secondary school, the Madras College, founded in 1832 by Dr Andrew Bell, a wealthy Fifeshire man, who made his money in Madras, and at his death left a portion of it for the endowment of various educational centres in his native country.

But the ancient University still, of course, holds the first place among the educational institutions of St Andrews, still maintains for it the title of 'the city of the scarlet gown.' Among its professors and students have been some of the most eminent of Scotsmen. Leaving living but by no means undistinguished men out of consideration, it will be permanently identified with the names of Brewster, Forbes, Chalmers, Ferrier, Tulloch, Shairp, and Sellar. Besides, the University has now emerged from the shadow of what threatened to be a financial eclipse. The result of the action of the latest Scottish Universities Acts has been to place it in every respect on a sound footing; while recent benefactions, including a notably handsome one from Australia, will greatly strengthen it, partly through the endowment of new and much needed chairs, and partly through the establishment of additional and valuable bursaries for the encouragement of those poor students of whose achievements in all the professions, Scotland will, it may be hoped, have as great reason to be proud in the future as it has had in the past. The University College of Dundee is also now affiliated with the University of St Andrews. In addition, the recent admission of women to the privileges of a University education is likely to be more taken advantage of in St Andrews than anywhere else. As things stand, the scarlet gowns that brighten its streets in the dark days of winter are not all worn by students of the male sex.

The present tendency of the renaissance in St Andrews, therefore, is distinctly towards its conversion into a University town as closely approximating to the type of Oxford as the circumstances of life in Scotland will permit. The definitive establishment of a Northern Oxford is an impossibility, even were it desirable. Both the necessary funds and the special wealthy type of students that supports a purely 'residential' college are wanting. But the numbers of students attending the classes in St Andrews, though quite as high, in all probability, as they have ever been, except at extraordinary periods in the history of the University, are still so small as to render it quite possible for professors to devote at least some attention to each individual among them.

Now that the University has been placed on a secure financial basis, it is not improbable that success—greater success, at all events, than has been attained hitherto—will attend the efforts which are being made to establish in St Andrews

Unions and Halls discharging at least some of the functions of the Unions and the Halls of Oxford and Cambridge. Such a *camaraderie*—stimulated by golf in moderation, and tempered by gentle and slack-reined professorial supervision—as has made the academic caste in England so great a power in the professions, and, above all, in politics and in literature, is not altogether out of the question in St Andrews. Then it is as true as it was in the days of Cockburn, that 'if the professors and the youths be not learned and studious, it is their own fault. They have everything to excite ambition—books, tranquillity, and old inspiration. If anything more were needed, they have it in their extensive Links, their singular rocks, their miles of the most admirable hard dry sand. There cannot be better sea-walks.'

One of the advantages of St Andrews, so far as the absolutely essential concentration of the mind of the student is concerned, is that, practically, all its attractions are within itself. The country in the vicinity of the town is singularly flat and unpicturesque. The sea-walks are admirable, especially that which leads, three miles along the cliffs above the shore, to the marvellous Spindle Rock, which the advance of the sea has left an isolated pillar thirty feet in height. A pleasant and profitable excursion may also be occasionally made to the quaint—and curiously Dutch—town of Crail, with its old-fashioned little harbour, and to the East Neuk of Fife, with its memories of tempests and Danish invasions. But on the whole the student in St Andrews will be forced back upon its own resources for supplying relief to his special studies; and if he does not get new readings out of the old stories of St Rule and Eadmer, John Knox and James Beaton, Mary Stuart and Andrew Melville, Montrose and Sharpe, it will, as Lord Cockburn truly says, be his own fault. The renaissance of St Andrews has in truth but begun. That it will ever regain the position of undoubted paramountcy which it once held in the life of Scotland is not to be expected. But that with its unique possibilities in the way of basing the practical upon the romantic, it should again be a most important factor in that life as a centre of intellectual activity, ought to be no mere idle dream. St Andrews has had a glorious and tragic past; it ought to have a valuable and happy future.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER V.—A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

'OCTOBER in Venice is always charming,' Rufus Mortimer remarked, as he leaned back luxuriously on the padded seat of his own private gondola, the *Cristoforo Colombo*. 'The summer's too hot here, and the winter's too chilly; but October and April are perfect poems. I'm so glad I made up my mind to come, after all. I never saw Venice before to such absolute advantage.'

Mrs Hesslegrave gathered her light wrap round her ample shoulders, and settled herself down on the best back bench with an air of unalloyed

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and complete enjoyment. She was thoroughly in her element. 'There's nothing more delightful than a gondola to travel in,' she said with placid contentment in her full round face, looking up at the two sturdy gondoliers in gay costumes, who handled the paddles at prow and stern with true Venetian mastery of the art and craft of the lagoons. She would have said, if she had been quite candid, 'Nothing more delightful than a *private* gondola;' for 'twas that last touch indeed that made up to Mrs Hesslegrave half the pleasure of the situation. It flattered her vanity, her sense of superiority to the vulgar herd. She hated to hire a mere ordinary hack-boat at the steps by the Molo; to entrust herself to the hands of a possibly extortionate and certainly ill-dressed boatman; and to be lost in the common ruck of plain tourist humanity. But what her soul just loved was to glide like this along the Grand Canal in a private craft, with two gentlemen's servants in full Venetian costume—red sash and black jerkin—by the iron bow; to know herself the admired of all beholders, who really couldn't tell at a casual glance whether she was or was not the proprietor in person of the whole turn-out, the eminently respectable family equipage. I don't know why, but we must all admit there is certainly a sense of extreme luxury and aristocratic exclusiveness about a private gondola, as about the family state-barge of the seventeenth-century nobleman, which is wholly wanting to even the most costly of modern carriages and belivered footmen. Mrs Hesslegrave felt as much—and was happy accordingly; for nothing gave her mind such pure enjoyment as the feeling, quite hateful to not a few among us, that she was enjoying something which all the world could not equally enjoy, and was giving rise to passing qualms of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in the ill-balanced minds of casual spectators.

So she glided in placid enjoyment down the Grand Canal, drinking it all in as she went with receptive eyes, and noting, by the mute evidence of blinds and shutters, which families were now back in their stately palazzos from their summer holidays, and which were still drinking 'the gross mud-honey of town' in London or Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

'There's the Contarini-Fasan,' Kathleen cried in delight as they passed in front of one delicious little palace with mouldering pointed Venetian arches of the fourteenth century. 'How lovely it always looks! That exquisite moulding! That rich work round the windows! And those romantic balconies!—I wonder, Mr Mortimer, you didn't try to rent some old place like that, instead of the one you've got. It's so much more picturesque, you know!'

'Do you think so?' the young American answered, looking quite pleased for a second that she should make the suggestion. 'Well, you see I didn't know you'd prefer a medieval one. And the Renaissance are certainly more convenient to live in.'

'Why, my dear child,' Mrs Hesslegrave interposed, with quite a shocked expression, 'what on earth could be more lovely than Mr Mortimer's palazzo? It's *much* the largest and most important-looking house (except, of course, the Prefecture and the foreign ambassadors') on the

Grand Canal. I don't see, myself, how in the world you can find fault with it.'

'Miss Hesslegrave's quite right,' the American answered quickly, with grave politeness, darting a glance at Kathleen. 'Of course, in point of beauty, there can be no comparison between a palazzo like mine, all plain round windows or Renaissance doors, and such crystallised dreams in lace-like stone as the Cà d'Oro or the Palazzo Pisani. One capital of their columns is worth my whole courtyard. It's for those alone we come to live in Venice. But then, they're not always in the market, don't you see; and besides, in many ways they're less convenient to live in. One must think of that sometimes. The picturesque is all very well as an object of abstract contemplation in life; but when it comes to daily needs, we somehow seem to prefer the sanitary and the comfortable.'

'Oh, and what an exquisite glimpse up the side-canal there!' Kathleen exclaimed once more, with a lingering accent on the words, as they passed just in front of an old red tower with bells hung in its archways. 'That's the campanile of San Vitale, that tower. I always love it: it's a beautiful bit. These quaint out-of-the-way places, that nobody else ever paints, I love the best of all in Venice. They're so much more beautiful and picturesque, after all, than the common things all the world admires, and one sees everywhere—the Rialto, and the Bridge of Sighs, and Santa Maria della Salute.'

'The Macdougalls are back, I see,' Mrs Hesslegrave interposed with a glance at a first-floor. 'That's their house, Mr Mortimer. They're charming people, and immensely wealthy. That big red place there, just round by the Layards.'

'And what lovely old windows it has!' Kathleen exclaimed, glancing up. 'Those deep-recessed quatrefoils! How exquisite they look, with the canary-creeper climbing up the great stone mullions to the tracery of the arches! Don't you love the blue posts they moor their boats to?'

'I wonder if they've begun their Friday afternoons yet,' Mrs Hesslegrave went on, following out the track of her own reflections. 'We must look and see, Kathleen, when we go back to our lodgings.'

'There were a whole heap of cards, mother,' Kathleen replied, watching the curl of the water from the paddle's edge. 'I didn't much look at them. But I stuck them all in the yellow Cantagalli pot on the table by the landing. For my part, I just hate these *banal* gaieties in Venice. They interfere so much with one's time and one's painting.'

'Ah yes, poor Kathleen!' Mrs Hesslegrave murmured pathetically. 'It's so hard on her, Mr Mortimer. I'm sure you pity her. She has to work like a slave! She grudges all the time she gives up every week to the natural sports and tastes of her age, and her position in society. It's so different with *you*, of course. You have only to paint just when and where you like. Yours is art for art's sake. Poor Kathleen feels compelled to stick at it for a livelihood.'

'But I *like* it, mother,' Kathleen cried, colouring up to her very ears. 'I love my art. I'd much rather be out painting on one of these lovely, solitary side-canals than cooped up in a

drawing-room talking silly small-talk to a whole lot of stupid people I don't care a pin about.'

Mrs Hesslegrave sighed, and shook her head faintly, with a speaking glance beneath her eyelids at Mortimer. (She was under the impression that she was 'drawing him on' by the pathetic channel.) 'It's so sweet of you to say so, dear,' she murmured half aside. 'You want to reassure me. That's charming and sweet of you. And I know you like it. In your way you like it. It's a dispensation, of course. Things are always so ordered. What's that lovely text about "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb?" I'm sure it applies to you. I invariably think so in church when I hear it.' For Mrs Hesslegrave was not the first to attribute to Holy Scripture that sentimental and eminently untrustworthy saying, which belongs by right to the author of *Tristram Shandy*.

Just at that moment, however, as they turned with a dexterous twirl under a low bridge up the silent little water-way that leads through quaint lanes to the church of the Frari, they were startled by a sudden voice crying out from close by in clear English tones: 'Hullo, Mortimer! There you are! So you're back again in Venice!'

The speaker was *not* in a gondola, whether private or otherwise; and his costume was so unaffectedly and frankly sailor-like, as of the common mariner, that Mrs Hesslegrave was at first sight inclined to resent his speaking in so familiar a tone of voice to the occupants of a distinguished and trimly-kept craft like the *Cristoforo Colombo*. But his accent was a gentleman's; and Mrs Hesslegrave reflected, just in time to prevent her from too overtly displaying her hostile feelings, that nowadays young men of the very best families so often dress just like common sailors when they're out on a yachting cruise. No doubt this eccentric person in the jersey and cap who called out so easily to their host as 'Mortimer,' must be one of these; otherwise, he would surely have known his place better than to shout aloud in that unseemly hail-fellow-well-met way to the occupants of a handsome private gondola.

But Rufus Mortimer looked up at him with a quick glance of recognition. 'Hullo, Willoughby,' he cried, waving his hand to the gondoliers to draw near the bank. 'So you're back again, too! This is better than I expected. I was more than half afraid we shouldn't see you at all at the old perch this winter.'

And even as Mrs Hesslegrave looked up and wondered—oh, miracle of fate!—Kathleen rose from her seat and leant over the edge of the gondola with one hand outstretched in quite kindly recognition towards the sailor-looking stranger. 'Why, it's you, Mr Willoughby,' she cried with clear welcome in her voice. 'I am so glad to see you in Venice!'

Arnold Willoughby held out his hand in return with a slight tremor of pleased surprise at this unwonted reception. 'Then you haven't forgotten me,' he exclaimed, with unaffected pleasure. 'I didn't think, Miss Hesslegrave, you'd be likely to remember me.'

Kathleen turned towards her mother, whose eyes were now fixed upon her in the mutely interrogative fashion of a prudent mamma when

her daughter recognises an uncertified stranger. 'This is the gentleman I told you about, dear,' she said simply, presenting him. 'The gentleman who was so good to me that Taking-away Day at the Academy this spring. Don't you remember, I mentioned him?'

Mrs Hesslegrave froze visibly. This was really too much. She drew herself up as stiff and straight as one can easily manage in a wobbling gondola. 'I have some dim recollection,' she said with slow accents in her chilliest tone, 'that you spoke to me of some gentleman you didn't know who was kind enough to help you in carrying back your picture. I—I'm de-lighted to meet him.' But the tone in which Mrs Hesslegrave said that word 'de-lighted' belied its significance.

'Step into the gondola, Willoughby,' the young American suggested with the easy friendliness of his countrymen. 'Are you going anywhere in particular?—No? Just lounging about reconnoitring the ground for the winter's campaign? Then you'd better jump in and let's hear what you've been up to.'

Arnold Willoughby, nothing loth, descended lightly into the gondola. As he entered, Mrs Hesslegrave drew her gown just a little on one side, instinctively. She had a sort of feeling in her soul that this maritime-looking young man didn't move in exactly the same exalted sphere as that to which she and hers had always been accustomed. He hadn't at all the air of a cavalry officer; and to Mrs Hesslegrave's mind, your cavalry officer was the measure of all things. So she shrank from him unobtrusively. But Kathleen noticed the shrinking; and being half afraid the nice sailor-like painter might have noticed it too, she was even more polite to him than she might otherwise have been, in consequence of her mother's unspoken slight.

Willoughby took a place in the stern, on the comfortable stuffed seat between Mortimer and Kathleen. His manners at least, Mrs Hesslegrave observed with comparative pleasure, were those of a gentleman; though his tailor's bill would certainly not have suited her son Reginald's enlightened views on that important subject.

'Well, tell us all about it,' Mortimer began at once, with the utmost cordiality. 'You're here, we all see. How have you managed to come here? It was only yesterday I was telling Miss Hesslegrave at the station how you weren't sure whether things would turn out so as to enable you to return; and she said she so much hoped you'd manage to come back again.'

'We should be painting so near one another this year, no doubt,' Kathleen said with a pleasant smile, 'we'd be able to see something of one another's work and one another's society.'

Arnold Willoughby's face flushed with genuine and unexpected pleasure. Could it be really the fact that this pretty and pleasant-mannered artist girl was genuinely glad he had come back to Venice? And he a poor painter with only his art to bless himself with? To Arnold Willoughby, after his rude awakening to fuller experience of the ways and habits of men and women, such disinterested interest seemed well-nigh incredible. He glanced at her timidly, yet with a face full of pleasure. 'That was very, very kind of you,' he answered, rather low, for kind-

ness always overcame him. Then he turned to the American. 'Well, it was like this, you see, Mortimer,' he said; 'I sold my picture.'

'Not the Chioggia Fisher-boats?' Kathleen cried, quite interested.

'Yes, the same you saw that day I met you at the Academy,' Arnold answered, with secret delight that the pretty girl should have remembered the name and subject of his maiden effort.

'I thought you'd sell it,' Kathleen replied, really radiant. 'I am so glad you did. Mr Mortimer told me your return to Venice and your future in art very largely depended upon your chance of selling it.'

'Kathleen, my dear,' Mrs Hesslegrave interposed in her chilliest voice, 'do take care what you do. Don't you see you're letting your shawl hang over into the water?'

Kathleen lifted it up hurriedly, and went on with her conversation, unheeding her mother's hint, which indeed fell flat upon her. 'I knew you'd sell it,' she continued with girlish enthusiasm. 'It was so good. I liked it immensely. Such rich colour on the sails; and such delicate imagination!'

'But it rather lacked technique,' the American interposed, just a trifle chillily.

'Oh, technique anybody can get nowadays,' Kathleen answered with warmth—'if he goes to the right place for it. It's a matter of paying. What he can't buy or be taught is imagination—fancy—keen sense of form—poetical colour perception.'

'And how much did they give you for it?' the American asked, point-blank, with his country's directness. (An Englishman would have said, 'I hope the terms were satisfactory'.)

Willoughby parried the question. 'Not much,' he answered discreetly. 'But enough for my needs. I felt at least my time had not been wasted. It has enabled me to come back this autumn to Venice, which on many grounds I greatly desired to do; and it will even allow me to get a little more instruction in that technique of art which you rightly say is the weak point of my position. So, of course, on the whole, I'm more than satisfied.'

'And what have you been doing all summer?' Mortimer continued, with a lazy wave to the gondolier, leaning back at his ease on his padded cushions.

Arnold Willoughby still retained too much of the innate self-confidence of the born aristocrat to think it necessary for him to conceal anything that seemed to himself sufficiently good for him to do. If he could do it, he could also acknowledge it. 'Oh, I just went to sea again,' he answered frankly. 'I got a place as A.B. on a Norwegian ship that traded with Dieppe; deal planks and so forth; and the hard work and fresh air I got in the North Sea have done me good, I fancy. I'm ever so much stronger than I was last winter.'

Mrs Hesslegrave had been longing for some time to interpose in this very curious and doubtful conversation; and now she could restrain her desire no longer. 'You do it for your health, then, I suppose?' she ventured to suggest, as if on purpose to save her own self-respect and the credit of Rufus Mortimer's society. 'You've been ordered it by your doctor?'

'Oh, dear no! I do it for my livelihood,' Arnold Willoughby answered stoutly, not in the least ashamed. 'I'm a sailor by trade; I go to sea all summer, and I paint all winter. It's a very good alternation. I find it suits me.'

This was too much for Mrs Hesslegrave. She felt that Mortimer, though he had a perfect right, of course, to choose his own friends where he liked, ought not to have exposed dear Kathleen and herself to the contagion, so to speak, of such strange acquaintances. 'Dear me!' she cried suddenly, looking up at the big brick tower that rose sheer just in front of them: 'here we are at the Frari!—Kathleen, didn't you say you wanted to go in and look again at that picture of What's-his-name's—Ah, yes, Tintoretto's—in the Scuola di San Rocco?—Oh, thank you so much, Mr Mortimer; we won't trouble you to wait for us. Kathleen knows her way on foot all over Venice. She can get from place to place in the most wonderful fashion, from end to end of the town, by these funny little *calli*. It was so kind of you to give us a lift so far.—Here, Kathleen; step out! Good-morning, Mr Mortimer; your gondola's just charming.—Good-morning, Mr—ah—I forget your friend's name; oh, of course: Mr Willoughby.'

The inevitable old man with a boat-hook was holding the gondola by this time to the bank, and extending his hat for the expected penny. Mrs Hesslegrave stepped out, with her most matronly air, looking a dignified Juno. Kathleen stepped after her on to the slippery stone pavement, green-grown by the water's edge. As she did so, she turned, with her sweet slight figure, and waved a friendly good-bye to the two painters, the rich and the poor impartially. 'And I hope, Mr Mortimer,' she called out in her cheeriest tone, 'you'll bring Mr Willoughby with you next week to our usual tea-and-talk at four on Wednesday.'

As for poor Mrs Hesslegrave, she stood speechless for a second, dumfounded with dismay, on the stone steps of the Frari. What could Kathleen be thinking of? That dreadful man! And this was the very misfortune she had been bent on averting!

(To be continued.)

NOT PROVEN.

A TRIAL on charges of attempted murder and of murder has recently been concluded in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, the highest criminal tribunal in Scotland, and a tribunal from whose decision there is no appeal. The trial lasted ten days, and created great interest not only in Scotland but over England and Ireland. The press was represented by an array of reporters which in ordinary circumstances would have numerically constituted a large audience. The verdict returned by the jury was the Scottish verdict of 'Not Proven' on both charges; and the verdict and the proceedings before and at the trial have led to comments on the marked difference between the modes of conducting criminal proceedings in Scotland and England. On the south side of the Border there would appear, from the remarks of the press, to be a somewhat imperfect knowledge of the Scottish system of criminal jurisprudence and forms, and

it may not be uninteresting to readers on both sides of the Tweed briefly to explain and contrast some of these differences.

The story of the trial and what led to it is a very sad one. A young Englishman living with friends, also English, at shooting quarters in Scotland, was one evening nearly drowned while out in a boat fishing; the next day, while out shooting with his friend, he was shot dead. At first, no suspicion of foul play was entertained. A local medical man certified to accidental death, and the body was removed to England, and buried there. After this, it came to light that heavy insurances had been effected on the young man's life, and that the policies had been assigned to his friend's wife, and other circumstances of a peculiar nature emerged. Suspicion was aroused. The criminal authorities, although somewhat late in the day, took the matter up. This resulted in the apprehension of the friend on charges of attempted murder in the boat, and of accomplished murder by shooting; and some months afterwards the whole facts came before the public in the form of a criminal trial.

The leading question before the jury was, how death was caused. It could be by but one of two things, accident or murder. But which? Only three people were present—the victim, the alleged murderer, and another person, also accused of the murder, who disappeared—it was said, could not be found, and who was outlawed. In Scotland there is no such thing as a coroner's inquest; that is, a public inquiry before the coroner and a jury empanelled to decide upon the mode of the death. But instead, there is a public prosecutor, whose duty it is to inquire into all cases of sudden or violent death; and should circumstances justify it, to bring any person accused to a public trial. The public prosecutor is the Lord Advocate, who is assisted by the Solicitor-General and four Advocates-depute. No prosecutor even with this assistance could supervise all Scotland, and therefore in each county there is a subordinate officer, called a Procurator Fiscal, whose duty it is to report all cases of sudden or violent death to Crown Counsel, to make all necessary investigations, and to act under the orders of the Crown authorities. The Procurator Fiscal examines all witnesses, takes down in writing their statements (called in Scotland 'Precognitions'), and forwards his report to the Crown Office. Should Crown Counsel be of opinion that the accused is guilty, the Procurator Fiscal, under their direction, obtains a warrant for his apprehension; he is then brought before the Sheriff, and emits, if he please, a declaration, and he is either committed for trial or liberated.

If the object of criminal law be the detection and punishment of crime, it becomes a question on which much may be said on both sides, whether the preliminary English system with its open trial, or the Scottish one with its secret inquiry, is more likely to attain the result. A point has been made in the case to which we are referring that had there been a coroner's inquest in Scotland an immediate public inquiry would have cleared up much that is now mysterious; and, at all events, the missing witness would have been examined. It is worthy of note, as appears from one of

the daily papers, that the accused himself after the trial complained that the absence of this put him in a false position and added to the difficulty of his defence. No doubt he is entitled to make this complaint. But even if it be assumed that in this particular case there was a miscarriage of justice, it by no means follows that fault of an official, if fault there be, necessarily proves defect in the system; or that, had there been an inquest at the time, the result would have been different. It must be kept in view that the medical man in attendance thought at the time that it was a case of accident, and he so certified it. What he certified he would have declared to a coroner's jury, and probably their verdict would have coincided with the view then held by the Crown authorities. Be this as it may, the question still remains, whether the truth of a case will not be more surely got at by a private inquiry fairly conducted, and when facts are not disclosed until fully ascertained, than it would be by making everything public before the whole case is or can be known. Scottish lawyers believe in their system, and no doubt English lawyers prefer their own. Probably, they must be allowed to differ. We do not propose to argue the question, but merely to state the difference between the practice in the two countries.

The next peculiarity to be noticed in this case is the verdict of the jury. In England there are only two verdicts, Guilty or Not Guilty. In Scotland there are three—Guilty, Not Proven, or Not Guilty. In theory, there may not be much difference between the two countries. In England every one is presumed to be innocent until *proved* to be guilty, and it is said that if there be not legal proof of guilt, the prisoner is entitled under this presumption to a verdict of Not Guilty. In Scotland the same presumption exists; but it has always been held to be a great relief to a conscientious jurymen who may believe the prisoner guilty, but doubts if there be legal proof of guilt, to give a verdict of Not Proven.

In the case we have been considering, the evidence was purely circumstantial. No witness examined saw the fatal shot fired. Medical men examined by the Crown demonstrated the impossibility of accidental shooting of himself by the deceased. Medical men examined for the prisoner demonstrated the very opposite. Experiments were tried both upon the living and the dead—some of them of the most gruesome description—in support of the contending theories, and to such an extent did this go that one witness declared that his wife let down her back hair, through which he fired a cartridge to ascertain if there was scorching. But after all, a man should not be hanged in support of a theory; and the jury, having listened to the charge by the Lord Justice-Clerk (Lord Kingsburgh), unanimously (although in Scotland, again differing from England, unanimity is not necessary) returned a verdict on both charges of Not Proven, and the prisoner was dismissed from the bar.

But since the verdict was pronounced, there have been somewhat curious doctrines promulgated as to the nature and effect of the verdict as regards the prisoner—many believing, and

among them a high legal authority in England, that if additional evidence be afterwards obtained, the prisoner may again be tried for the same crimes. No countenance is given by the law of Scotland to such a proposition. A prisoner having once, in Scottish legal phraseology, 'tholed an assize'—that is, been subjected to a legal trial—can never again be tried for the same offence. So far as the prisoner is concerned, the verdict of Not Proven, though it may leave a certain slur on his character in the estimation of some people, for ever frees him in this world from conviction of or punishment for the alleged crime. Even if a prisoner so tried, and so discharged, were the next day to confess his guilt in the newspapers, he can never be again brought up for trial on the same charge.

THE GIRL FROM MADEIRA.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND.—CONCLUSION.

THE visit paid by Mr Ernest Fenwick to Mr Hooley was done on 'French-leave.' On mentioning to the outfitter that he wanted an hour's leave, that indignant tradesman flatly refused to grant it; whereupon Fenwick, with a flushed face, took his hat and walked off. He returned within the hour; but, contrary to his expectation, the outfitter's wrath had not subsided, and the young man was paid his wages and immediately discharged.

It was not pleasant to be dismissed while as yet there was no certainty about the new appointment. Fenwick could not help thinking what a comfort the lost fifty pounds would have been to him in the circumstances. As it was, he had not more than fifty shillings.

He waited day by day for a letter from Mr Hooley. At length, on the fifth day, to his great relief it came—merely a brief request to call at three o'clock; but this in itself was enough to justify great hopes.

There was still an hour and a half on his hands, and he calculated that he could just kill that interval by strolling round by way of Low Water Street and coming back by Waterloo Bridge. Crossing the foot-bridge by the railway, he soon found himself in the familiar locality which attracted him so strongly. He walked slowly along the footpath at the side opposite to the lodging of Miss Flint, hardly venturing to raise his eyes. But he did glance up for an instant as he passed, and what he saw caused him to start, stop, and stare at the windows with wide-open eyes. The flowers were gone from the ledge, the pretty curtains from the windows, and against one of the panes was pasted a notice, 'Apartments, furnished, to let.'

While he was looking, and wondering what had become of Miss Flint—wondering, with a sinking of heart at the fear that she was now indeed lost to him—the landlady opened the door and glanced eagerly towards him. Fenwick went over to her and inquired after her health in the manner of an acquaintance.

'I saw you, Mr Fenwick, and I thought as how—I'm sure I'd be glad if it was so—if you was looking for a room again.'

But he shook his head. Had Miss Flint gone,

then? Yes, the woman told him regretfully, the young lady suddenly packed up one afternoon and went away—she did not know where; and the second morning following, Mr Flint also packed up and went away; neither in his case did she know the destination. It was odd, she admitted; but she was fair enough to add that in both cases a week's rent was paid in lieu of notice.

As Fenwick walked away, with his head bent, the buoyancy of spirit inspired by Mr Hooley's invitation and the prospect it held out gave way to a feeling of great depression. Something had gone out of his life, of the full value of which he was only now fully conscious.

When he saw Mr Hooley, and that gentleman in a few words announced to him that he was accepted for the post, Fenwick could hardly suppress a sigh and an inward ejaculation: 'Ah! if I could only find her now!' But he expressed his thanks modestly and warmly, and inquired when he was to commence his duties.

'You have heard of Alderman Sir James Roscoe?' replied Mr Hooley. 'He is a busy man in connection with many movements in London, besides being a member of Parliament. Sir James is your employer. You will like him. He is now in Scotland, but will be back in ten or twelve days. Then you can call upon him—here is his address. Your work will be entirely in London.'

Just another touch of regret; and then he rose to go.

'One minute,' said Mr Hooley. 'When you were here last, you confessed that you had lost fifty pounds. I have ascertained that that was true—not that I doubted you. You were quite right in exonerating the young lady—she knew nothing at all of the existence of the money, and, in fact, on discovering that the box was not her own, had never attempted even to open it. But somebody else opened it and took the notes. I suspected the culprit, sent for him, and made him disgorge.—Here's the money,' he added, handing a roll of notes to the astonished young man.

In an instant Fenwick's thoughts went to the girl's disreputable parent. He said nothing of his suspicions, however, but presently had them confirmed indirectly.

'I—I had some business to-day,' he said, a little shamefacedly, 'at Low Water Street, where I used to lodge, and Miss Flint, I understand, as well as her father, has left the neighbourhood.'

'The father has gone to Australia—for good,' answered Mr Hooley. 'Miss Flint is—well, I believe Miss Flint is in another part of London.' He dipped his pen in the ink-bottle as he spoke; and Fenwick, disappointed of learning any more from the dry little solicitor, took his leave.

Mr Hooley, after the young man had closed the door, glanced in that direction over his glasses with his pen suspended in the air, and muttered: 'Ten to one he finds her. Ten to one, I repeat. If he doesn't'—His lips closed tightly on the rest of the sentence.

To have an unexpected fifty pounds in your pocket instead of a few shillings, and to have exchanged idleness for a gentlemanly post worth three hundred pounds a year, are circumstances of which a spirit ever so dependent on other accounts cannot help taking note. Mr Ernest Fenwick felt more cheerful as he went away

from Mr Hooley's and elbowed along the Strand ; but a good deal of his happiness sprang from the knowledge that Ethel Flint was still in London, as well as freed from her father.

Eating a cake and a glass of milk in a confectioner's at Charing Cross, he ran over in his mind the various places in London where a young girl, having nothing particular to do—which he took to be Miss Flint's case at the moment—would be most likely to be discovered on a sunny afternoon like the present. He was now so buoyed with new hope and good spirits, that, in paying the waitress the sum of fourpence for his refreshment, he surprised that neat and obliging young person by giving her sixpence for herself. Then he walked out, and at the door met—Ethel Flint coming in ! Which of the two faces flushed the liveliest pink, it would be hard to say. Fenwick hesitated, in painful indecision, and was slowly moving aside to allow her to pass, when she suddenly offered him her hand.

'I am glad to have met you, Mr Fenwick. I—I wanted to say something to you,' she said, with a mixture of shyness and earnestness that was very charming.

'May I come in with you ?'

'Thank you,' she answered.

He held open the glass door for her, and they sat down at a little round table in a corner. This was very pleasant to Mr Fenwick ; but, better still, she allowed him masterfully to order her tea and select her cake—in paying for which he gave the smiling waitress another sixpence for herself, that young person not appearing so much surprised now.

'Mr Hooley, a solicitor,' said Miss Flint, before touching the tea, 'told me about the loss of your money. I was so deeply sorry, and distressed too ; but—but—Mr Fenwick, what you said about me was very, very generous and noble. That is what I have been anxious to thank you for—and I want to repay you some of the money. I cannot repay all, because I have not enough at present ; but I shall always be grateful to you for what you said to Mr Hooley.'

'What else could I have said, or thought, Miss Flint ? Pray, do not think of that at all. And Mr Hooley got back the fifty pounds, and gave it to me an hour ago.'

In proof whereof, he produced the notes and showed them to her. Miss Flint coloured a little again, and looked thoughtful.

'I should like,' he said softly, 'if I am not too intrusive, to know why you refused to recognise me in Low Water Street ?'

'I had three reasons,' she answered, with a good deal of hesitation. 'You have a right at least to know one of them, because I discovered soon afterwards that I had wronged you.'

'And that one ?' he asked, thinking that he could guess the other two.

'On the steamer,' she replied, looking down, 'you spoke of visiting Torquay. When we were there, I was always afraid—for a reason—of meeting you. Then I came to London, and after a while, found that you were lodging in the same street. Mr Fenwick, I thought you were following me.'

'Why, Miss Flint, the very room you lodged in had been mine before you came !'

'I learned that afterwards. Then I knew I had wronged you, and I was very sorry.'

'Let me guess at one at least of the other reasons,' he said, reddening. 'I behaved shamefully at Plymouth. I did, I freely confess, feel vexed at hearing you addressed as a servant—indignant is the right word,' he added courageously. 'But if it be any expiation of my conduct, I felt keenly ashamed and sorry before I was half-way to London.' Which was sufficiently true, perhaps, under the circumstances. 'And when I came to London,' he went on, 'I was as poor as Job—not that the lost money would have done more than stave off the evil day for a little bit—a very little bit indeed, Miss Flint, because, thinking of you, I was preparing to start back to Torquay, when I discovered that I had no money. Then I was glad to get a mean place at thirty shillings a week, and a lodging in Low Water Street.'

She had turned her face a little away from him, and seemed to be quietly wrestling with some impulse. But Mr Fenwick was not observant. She was thinking of the appointment he had come to see Mr Hooley about, and she wished to know the result.

'I suppose,' she said timidly, 'you are still in the same place ?'

'Oh no,' he answered quickly. 'I have obtained a secretaryship through Mr Hooley, at three hundred a year.'

'That is very nice, Mr Fenwick. Is it in London ?'

'Yes, Miss Flint ; I shall be always employed in London.—Of course,' he added, 'I may reside outside London, in some of the pretty suburbs, and run in every day.'

He meant nothing by this remark, and did not notice the quick glance the girl directed at him and the blush which followed it. As she lived in Chelsea, he walked with her across the park and only parted from her at the end of Eaton Square.

Having nothing to do next day, he amused his fancies by wandering round the same route he had taken the day before. He went on across the bridge and past Mr Hooley's office, thinking over everything that had happened yesterday. Going into the confectioner's for another light lunch, the waitress greeted him with an intelligent smile.

'Wouldn't it be odd, now,' he thought, 'if she came here again by some chance'—It was certainly odd ; for there she was, at the same little table in the corner, looking at him with a pink face expressive of innocent surprise.

To give these young persons justice, although each was thinking of the other, neither had a thought of meeting, and it was only the associations of the restaurant which attracted them there. During the fortnight that elapsed before Fenwick took up his new duties, they met every day ; and most readers know how much may happen in a fortnight, conditions on both sides being favourable.

So much progress had been made that, a week or ten days after Fenwick was settled down at his work and quite fitted into the place, these two young persons were holding an anxious conference by the water-side in St James's Park one evening. The subject-matter of this conference

will suggest all the rest. The question was one of taking a certain pretty and withal cheap cottage in a charming suburb, and the anxiety was involved in the furnishing of it. The joint resources amounted, as the reader knows already, to seventy pounds; and it was at last reluctantly felt that, even if a cottage could be furnished on such a sum, it might not be prudent or comfortable to commence housekeeping with an empty purse. On this matter the girl brought much more good sense and experience to bear than Mr Fenwick could command; and she successfully led him to the conclusion that, until they could save some more money, it would be wiser to live in apartments.

The apartments were hired, and, by arrangement, the young man moved into them first. Ethel Flint had not mentioned to him that she received an allowance from Mrs Roscoe, though he had often wondered—privately, as it was her own affair—what business relations the girl had with Mr Hooley. But as soon as she and Fenwick came to the important understanding precedent to looking for a place to live in, Miss Flint went to Mr Hooley and told him all about it. He listened without surprise, because he had expected it, and agreed with her that it would be proper to inform Mrs Roscoe that the allowance might now be discontinued. Mr Hooley wrote to his client to this effect, and received a reply, which he handed to the girl the next time she called.

'DEAR MR HOOLEY,' the old lady wrote, in a horrible hand that ran diagonally across the paper, 'if the young idiots are going to marry, the girl had better continue to receive the allowance. She will soon find that she will want it to keep bread in her cupboard. If alive—which I doubt—I am coming up to see you on business three weeks from next Tuesday.'

REBECCA ROSCOE.

Ethel Flint looked perplexed, and even distressed, after reading this singular epistle. The solicitor waited for her to speak.

'Mr Hooley,' she said at length, with a nervous tremor in her voice, 'I—hope—Mrs Roscoe is not vexed with me?'

It looked very like a smile which the lawyer made a grimace to conceal; but he answered in his ordinary dry way: 'Why, no; I think not, Miss Flint. In fact, I do not think so at all. You had better continue drawing the allowance, or you will surely vex her.'

Ethel knew enough of Mrs Roscoe to be aware of the truth of this, and she went away with the happy feeling that, at any rate for a while, there would be some addition to income to put by for accumulation.

That evening she met the young man as usual and told him all about the allowance.

'What!—that dreadful old woman?'

'She is dreadful, but she suffers a great deal, and has a very kind heart.'

'Well, I admit she has, Ethel.' He was thinking busily on this theme, and several observations made by Ethel fell upon deaf ears.

'What are you thinking of, Ernest?' she asked at last, curiously.

He drew a deep respiration. 'You are such a sweet little being,' he answered solemnly, 'that

I cannot wonder at the old lady having a deep affection for you. So have I, in fact.'

'Really?'

'Yes. And mind you this, Ethel: if we could see all the correspondence between Mr Hooley and his client, I fancy we should find ourselves the subject of some of it.'

She glanced up with surprised interest.

'Now, mark these points. When I answered the advertisement, why did Mr Hooley bring me there, and question me the way he did, with you sitting—as you have told me—behind that screen, listening to every word? And more than that; I suspect the advertisement was only a bait thrown out to catch me. Alderman Sir James Roscoe never used a private secretary before; he has two score of clerks in the City. And do you guess who he is? The brother of the late lamented, who was blown up with his powder-mill. He bears himself towards me more like a friend than an employer. When I told him we were going to be married, he heard me with the kind of smile a man wears who is expecting it. Anyhow, Ethel, you are mine now—and that's the whole thing!'

Then he took her home to her lodgings. They were very silent all the way, and very happy.

Three weeks or so afterwards, these two were quietly married one forenoon; and on reaching the apartments with no wedding company save their own full hearts, they received a surprise of a startling character. In an armchair in their front room, facing the door, sat Mrs Roscoe, stern and silent. Not even when they stood before her, astonished, did she utter a syllable. But in her new happiness Ethel's heart went out to the aged sufferer.

'Oh, Mrs Roscoe, I am so glad to see you again!—And—and—this is my husband,' she said, blushing crimson at the word, 'and we have only just been married!'

Ethel knew the old lady better than to fall into two mistakes which would have had ill effects on Mrs Roscoe's temper—namely, to inquire concerning her health, and to thank her for the allowance.

'And you call yourselves the bridal procession, I suppose?' Mrs Roscoe observed sardonically.

Ethel modestly explained that they had no friends to invite, and were very happy by themselves.

'Why don't you speak?' Mrs Roscoe demanded of the bridegroom. 'You have seen me before, haven't you?'

'I am glad to see you again, Mrs Roscoe—for Ethel's sake,' he honestly replied. 'You have been very kind to her, and for that I will venture to thank you most heartily.'

'Rubbish!' muttered the old woman, not very angrily, however. 'This is your home, I suppose? Do you ever hope to have a house to yourselves?'

'Certainly, Mrs Roscoe,' answered Fenwick proudly, 'and very soon, too. We could nearly do it now, but we do not want to spend our money till we have more saved. That's all.'

'Quite enough, too. Humph!—Flint,' she said suddenly, 'make me a cup of tea; I have not had any fit to drink since you left me. Those people in Wiltshire—faugh!'

The bride quickly, and in her wonted noiseless

way, which Mrs Roscoe knew so well, proceeded to make the tea. It was soon prepared, and the old lady drank it with much apparent relish. 'Now,' she said, 'fling something out at that cabman's head, to wake him. I am going to see my lawyer.—Good-day to you both.—Flint, help me down to the cab.—No; on second thoughts, I'll take the young man's arm; he's stronger than you.'

Fenwick gave her the support of his arm down to the street, and gently handed her into the cab. She just turned as he closed the door, not to thank him, but to say, with an expression in her suffering eyes that was intensely pathetic: 'Be good to her. She is worth it. That's all.'

The visit of Mrs Roscoe, whom neither of them should probably ever see again, threw over the happiness of their wedding day a shade of pensiveness, and subdued their bliss to that lower level at which it is most fully felt and appreciated. They were very happy indeed; Fenwick most of the time watching his young bride moving about the apartment, and the latter transforming everything into the aspect of home with little touches of her cunning hand. How she achieved that effect, Fenwick was puzzled to understand; but the fact was evident that, after half an hour's attention from Ethel, it was no longer the same room.

She had stopped at a window—the room contained two—looking at some object half hidden beneath the bottom of the curtains. It was the battered black box, with the initials E. F. on the lid.

'Ah! you remember that, Ethel?' said Fenwick, laughing. 'It is more precious to me than ever now.'

She blushed, and, after some hesitation, asked him to show her the inside of it. Accordingly, he took the box on his knees and opened it. The various odds and ends belonging to its former owner were still there, and the empty pocket. Ethel inserted her fingers into the pocket. 'I have always thought, Ernest,' she said, 'that it was from Mrs Roscoe the fifty pounds came back to you. What Mr Hooley told you was not the exact truth; but he must have informed her, and she understood.—Oh!' she suddenly exclaimed, drawing her finger from the pocket and holding it up, bleeding; 'I have scratched it against something.'

Binding the little wound with a piece of linen, Fenwick began to explore the pocket for the cause of the scratch. There were no nails in that part of the box, and the leather padding was all sewn in lozenge-shaped sections. 'I certainly feel something sharp,' he observed. 'I wonder what it can be?'

What was it? He opened the pocket as wide as he could and turned it round to the light. Peering into it, a peculiar scintillation caught his eye, which made him start. 'Ethel! he exclaimed, 'hold on a bit till I see what this is!'

His penknife was immediately applied to the stitches and the padding torn open. Inside was cotton-wool, and wrapped in the wool were—diamonds! Diamonds in every part of that leather padding, as, one by one the sections were ripped open—diamonds, large and small, glittering as only diamonds can do—the slow results of poor Jim Roper's years of labour in South Africa,

and bequeathed to his young friend and companion, Fenwick.

'Ethel, we are actually rich!' said Fenwick, when the glittering stones were spread out on a tray. 'Poor Jim! Only fancy him hiding them in such a place, and never telling me a word about them! Why, nine men out of ten would never have taken Jim's box out of his hut!'

'But you were the tenth, Ernest,' she answered softly; 'and perhaps Jim believed you loved him well enough to take care of even so valueless a possession as an old box—just for his sake!'

'Perhaps so,' said Fenwick thoughtfully.

It was not yet three o'clock. In half an hour they were in Bond Street; and Fenwick gave the diamond merchant the history of the diamonds. The merchant called in an assistant, and together the two slowly examined the stones, one by one, noting the results in hieroglyphics upon slips of paper. This done, they compared their totals.

'I take it you desire to sell the stones, Mr Fenwick? They are nearly all of very good quality, but some will require a good deal of cutting. They are worth, in our opinion, five thousand pounds; but perhaps you would like to submit them to another valuation elsewhere before deciding?'

'No,' said Fenwick, after a minute's thought. 'I have no hesitation, Mr Adler, in accepting your valuation. Give me a receipt for them, and you can forward the cheque when you have satisfied yourself with my references.'

They drove back in silence, too full for talking. Only when they were in their sitting-room again, 'We shall have the cottage, after all,' he said; 'and I am so glad, for my darling's sake. These lodgings have been a burden on my thoughts!'

It was long before Fenwick and his wife knew the whole secret of Mrs Roscoe's life. She had told Ethel of the lover she had repudiated, and who had broken another woman's heart. And it was Mrs Roscoe who, in the hope that brighter days would dawn for his daughter when he was gone, had employed the agency of Mr Hooley to send him to the other end of the world, whence, it may be added, he never came back.

Mrs Roscoe ended her sufferings a few months after her visit to London; but, while Ernest Fenwick and his wife were having the diamonds valued, the old lady was executing, at Mr Hooley's office, a codicil to her will, which was a surprise to that young couple when in due time it was made known to them.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE busy merchants of Copenhagen are viewing with natural suspicions the projection, the official sanction, and the actual cutting of the great Baltic Ship Canal from the mouth of the Elbe to near Kiel. Even though primarily designed for the convenience of German ships of war, this new Canal once open to the world's commerce must obviously interfere with traffic on the old trade-route from the North Sea to the Baltic through the Cattegat and the Sound. The people of Copenhagen, therefore, supported by the Danish Government, propose to counterbalance any disadvantage

arising out of the Baltic Canal by the construction of a great free haven at Copenhagen. They seem justified in hoping that a staple place or entrepot at the entrance to the Baltic may attract much trade, as a convenient meeting-place for the trade from America and Western Europe with the trade of Scandinavian and Baltic lands. One great point in favour of Copenhagen is that it is practically free of ice in winter. Last winter was an exceptionally severe one; the Baltic ports were completely blocked; yet an ice-breaking boat kept open the traffic between Copenhagen and Malmoe almost all the winter through. Hence Copenhagen will be an admirable place for the warehousing of goods from South America intended, say, for Riga or Reval until the spring thaw opens these ports. The extensive basins to the west of the present harbour (one of them thirty feet deep), with all their breakwaters, moles, lighthouses, quays, sheds, stores, cranes, and hydraulic machinery, will be outside the Danish Customs area, and separated from the rest of Copenhagen by elaborate walls and fences; inside, no Customs duties will be paid, but only harbour dues and fees for warehousing. One great German line has undertaken to make Copenhagen the terminus of its steamers from Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Bahia, as soon as the free haven is available, instead of Hamburg as heretofore. And it is expected that much new trade will spring up. The cutting and excavation of the basins were begun immediately after the passing of the law sanctioning them in the spring of 1891; and the new harbour is expected to be ready in September this year.

The sending of coals to Newcastle can hardly seem more needless and bootless than the exportation of raw cotton to the United States. And yet such exportation has begun, has increased rapidly, and is so threatening to the heretofore monopoly of the Southern cotton-planters, that it is expected an outcry will soon be raised in the Southern States for protection by tariff against the import of foreign-grown cotton. This is one of the unexpected consequences of the British occupation of Egypt: it is Egyptian cotton, grown on cotton plantations established by English capitalists, with the express encouragement of English officials, that is disturbing the equanimity of the American cotton-grower. Egyptian cotton has long competed, to a certain extent, with American cotton and European markets; but it is only since 1889 that it has actually invaded American markets. And between 1889 and 1893 the quantity imported more than quadrupled in amount and value (in 1893, 43,381,952 pounds, worth 4,688,799 dollars). The Americans admit that this Egyptian cotton is equal in all respects to the best sea island cotton of the Southern States.

The well-known astronomer, Professor Barnard, reports that he was fortunate enough to obtain in October and November last a splendid series of photographs of Brook's Comet. This comet was never visible to the naked eye, and it promised little when viewed in the telescope; but photographically it proves to be one of the most remarkable comets yet observed. In the telescope, the tail of the comet could hardly be traced

at all; but the negatives define it well, and show some strange alterations in its form from time to time. Thus, on October 21st it would appear that the comet's tail was 'badly shattered' by collision with some outside and obstructing medium, and the position angle of the tail also shows rapid and remarkable changes when the photographs are compared. In several of the pictures, independent cometary masses are seen near the tail, and passing meteors are recorded by straight lines of light. One of the most remarkable of these is the heavy trail left by a magnificent meteor which shot across the field of view on November 14th.

At a recent meeting of the Royal United Service Institution, Colonel Gouraud gave an account of Boughton's system of electric signalling. Very little advance, he said, had been made in signalling for naval and military purposes since the battle of Trafalgar. The famous signal, 'England expects every man will do his duty,' was made from the 'Victory' with thirty-three flags in thirteen hoists; and to-day, could not be made with fewer than twenty-five flags and nine hoists. The heliograph would do it quicker, but this was only available when the sun shone. In the new method of signalling, fifty-three incandescent lamps, each with a reflector and lens, are carried on a straight shaft twenty-seven feet long, which can be placed either vertically or horizontally. These lamps are connected with a source of electric energy, such as a dynamo worked by an oil engine, and are connected together in groups which are governed by a keyboard. The well-known Morse alphabet is employed; or, of course, a secret code of the same kind might be used, the sole condition being that the letters are formed of dots and dashes. A dot is indicated by two lamps in line, and a dash by ten lamps. For instance, the letter O is expressed in the Morse alphabet by three dashes, and this would be produced in this system by causing the whole of the line of lamps to be illuminated, with the exception of two intervals of darkness. It may be remembered that at the Naval Exhibition, a few years ago, a somewhat similar arrangement was shown, but the lamps formed Roman letters, not dots and dashes.

The photographic camera has recently proved a very valuable witness in a certain law-case in the United States, which has been before the courts for some years. The dispute was to decide the ownership of certain land, and it centred upon a deed which bore the signatures of four out of the five heirs of the testator. It was held by one side that the sale was not completed because of the omission of this one signature; but the other side maintained that the signature had been there, and pointed out that there was a space on the document evidently intended for it. Not a sign of any writing could be seen on this mysterious blank portion of the deed until some one hit upon the expedient of photographing it, when, upon the resulting negative, the signature of the dead hand became clearly apparent. Instances are multiplying in which the light sensitive film can see that which is quite invisible to the human eye.

A somewhat discordant note seems to be touched when we hear that the waters of Zem-

zem, the sacred well of Mecca, have been sampled and subjected to chemical analysis in London. Forty years ago the late Sir Richard Burton made his way to Mecca disguised as a pilgrim. Had he been discovered, he would as an 'infidel' inevitably have been murdered; but he luckily escaped recognition, and brought back with him a sample of the water from the holy well, which has remained in hermetically sealed tin cases ever since. Every pilgrim is supposed to drink of and wash in this well; but as the supply of water is limited, this devotional exercise resolves itself into a drenching of each applicant as he stands at the brink of the well, and he catches a few drops in his mouth as the water is thrown over him. The analysis showed that the water was abnormally hard; but of living organisms, as might be expected after forty years' deprivation of air, there was none. A modern specimen of this water would be far more interesting, and would probably show that it is one of those sources of cholera infection to which so many pilgrims to Mecca fall victims.

The consumption of tinned meat, soup, &c., from Australia is now so large that it is interesting to know how the business of preserving the meat is carried on. An Australian paper recently published some information on the subject, from which we learn that the meat, after being boiled, is tinned while hot and soldered up without delay, the tin and solder both being imported from Britain. The liquor forms the basis of soup, or it is reduced to extract in condensing pans. The fat is turned into butterine; and such refuse as remains is boiled down for tallow. The larger bones are exported, together with the horns, hoofs, and tail-hair; the rest of the bones being dried and crushed into dust for fertilising purposes. The blood seems to be the only constituent of the beast not turned to some account.

A remarkable lecture on 'Sanitation as taught by the Mosaic Law' was recently delivered by the chief Rabbi (Dr Adler), in which he pointed out the value of the weekly day of rest and the great importance of cleanliness. The Mosaic injunction 'to break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house,' should be adopted, he considered, in regard to the rotten tenements which still disgraced the metropolis. The Jewish dietary code, while not strictly hygienic, had made the Hebrew race frugal and temperate; and abstention from certain foods had not only been beneficial to health, but had given them the practice of self-control. With regard to the method of slaughtering animals adopted by the Jewish people, he maintained that it was both humane and expeditious. The great object carried out by it was the provision of meat free from all taint of disease. The comparative immunity of the Jewish race from tubercular disease was, according to high medical authority, due to the careful precautions taken in killing and examining animals used for food. Dr Adler recommended that the same precautions should be taken at slaughter-houses in general, so that the flesh of all tuberculous animals should be rejected.

Eastwood's 'Presto' Stereotyping Matrix Process represents a recent simplification and improved method of obtaining a paper mould from type. In order that general readers may com-

prehend the importance of this process, we must remind them that newspapers are not printed from type direct, but from metal plates called stereotypes, which are usually semi-cylindrical in shape, so as to fit the modern rotary printing-press. These stereotypes are cast from paper moulds obtained by a somewhat protracted process from the original 'forme' or page of type set up by the compositor. In the new process the forme, together with the platen above it, is heated in a special kind of press. Between the two is laid a sheet of dry prepared paper, or 'flog,' and the heated platen is brought down upon it, and allowed to remain for half a minute. The sheet is then withdrawn, and is found to be a wonderfully sharp and exact mould of the type, ready at once for the casting machine. Of course, saving of time is one of the first considerations in newspaper printing, and for this reason the new process is attracting attention.

In the year 1890, Professor Flinders Petrie examined in South Palestine a remarkable mound called Tel-el-Hesi, and he stated his belief that this place would prove to be one of the most important finds in the history of exploration. This surmise proves to be correct; and Mr Bliss, at a recent meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, described its most interesting feature. This is an iron furnace with air-passages so arranged as to give the advantage of a hot blast. If this theory be correct, we have before us the strange spectacle of a process which was credited to Neilson, and patented in 1828, being known and worked fourteen hundred years B.C.

An interesting experimental trial of a new method of coaling ships at sea was recently made by two vessels of the United States Navy, one representing the ship to be coaled, and the other the collier. The plan adopted is for the ship to tow the collier with as short a hawser as possible, while some yards above the hawser a steel wire-rope, or jack-stay, is rigged between the two vessels, its termination on the collier being several feet higher up than on the vessel to be coaled. The coal is contained in bags suspended from trolley-wheels which hang on the steel rope, so that each sack of coal runs from one vessel to the other by the force of gravity. We give the bare outline of the method adopted; but in practice there are many minor points to be attended to, one of which is to keep the jack-stay at a convenient tension by means of a counterpoise.

Our attention has been called to an interesting paper on 'Water and Air Pollution from Natural Causes,' which was read by Mr Irvine at the last meeting of the Health Congress at Edinburgh. In this paper, Mr Irvine shows how certain constituents of the soil, innocuous in themselves, will under conditions which commonly arise lead to chemical action which results in evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen. Inhalation of this gas is most injurious to animal life; and although malarial fever is generally associated with a bacillus, he thinks that most probably the gas acts injuriously by lowering the system until it becomes vulnerable to that microscopic organism. Drainage and cultivation are the most effective remedies for dealing with land where these unsanitary conditions prevail.

It must be evident to any one who has watched a seagull or any other bird of similar or larger

size, that it is possible for it to rise in the air, or to travel in any desired direction without apparent movement, and by aid of the wind alone. This is called soaring, in contradistinction to flying. A German experimenter, O. Lilienthal, believes that these graceful evolutions are rendered possible by the wind, which, owing to friction against the surface of the earth, becomes heaped up, and an upper stratum of air is therefore inclined upwards. He also believed that it would be possible for a man to soar in a similar manner, if only he were provided with suitable wings. Reducing theory to practice, he designed wings having a curved surface; and taking a running jump from a platform about sixteen feet above the ground, but situated on an eminence, he was able to soar through the air for a distance of two hundred and fifty yards or so. Instantaneous photographs, taken at Steglitz near Berlin, show this daring voyageur in mid-air, with his umbrella-like wings, and the pictures are well reproduced in *Nature*, December 14th.

Railway men do not seem to appreciate the tests for colour-blindness which have been formulated by the Royal Society and the Board of Trade as a protection against accidents which occur through failure to discriminate between the different signals now in use. The test requires that candidates for railway employment shall properly name the colours of various skeins of wool submitted to their inspection, and a goodly proportion fail to do so. A meeting of railway men has recently been held at Gateshead, at which they warmly protested against this system. They argue, and with some justification, that many men who fail to pass the test can readily distinguish between red and green signals, and that as this is what is actually required, the skein method is theoretical, and not practical.

THE SECRET OF THE BALL CARTRIDGE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

FRAZER smiled incredulously, and then his face was clouded with a shade of disappointment. He had been pinning his faith to the practical assistance of his shrewd old subordinate, and now the latter had nothing to offer but a rather out-of-date sample of Highland superstition. What was worse, the Captain was half inclined to think that Rajab Ali and his divining rod were only being exploited as a substitute for more sensible methods of detection, because Ferguson obstinately refused to believe in the possible guilt of any member of his company.

'Come, Ferguson,' said Frazer; 'this is no time for tomfoolery of that kind. Besides, you forget the Colonel's orders not to blab the affair to any one. You will best show your zeal by going back to barracks and checking the amount of ball cartridge in your charge. By comparing the result with the musketry sergeant's register of every shot fired on the ranges, it may be possible to trace the cartridges that were used. There must be at least three short somewhere. At any rate, that will be a more sensible way of going to work than questioning a native impostor whose first task will be to bandy a garbled account of the case about the bazars.'

'I didna mean heckling the body, or confidin' onything to him, sir,' replied Ferguson ruefully. 'I should only ask him to show me what I most desire to see—same as he showed me my auld mither's face in a pool of ink in his hand a while ago. Mayhap, this time I should behold the daffie who did this deil's wark.—I will make a return of receipts from magazine and ammunition in stock and bring them with the musketry registers, sir,' added the Sergeant quickly, noting the growing impatience on his officer's face.

'Let me have them by noon,' said Frazer shortly; and Ferguson, seeing that the interview was at an end, saluted and retired with knitted brows. The Captain and Lieutenant watched him striding away across the parade-ground, and it was not till he had passed far beyond hearing that Dalzell broke silence.

'I suppose you were right,' he said, 'to put a damper on his ardour in that direction; but do you know I have got a sort of feeling—I won't go to the length of calling it a presentiment—that perhaps this fellow Rajab might after all put us on the right scent.'

Frazer stared at his subaltern in astonishment. 'You don't mean to tell me, Stuart, that you believe in magic and such-like?' he exclaimed.

'No,' said the other; 'I do not; and yet the motive—not the reason—which sets me hankering after this Surati astrologer's acquaintance is pretty nearly the same, I expect, as that which makes the Sergeant so keen on consulting him. I mean that Ferguson has absolute faith in the lads of G Company, and will clutch at any straw rather than try of his own initiative to fasten suspicion on any one of them. That is precisely my case. I suggested just now that native mischief might somehow be at the bottom of the attempt on Macleod. I do not believe in Rajab Ali's magic; but I know that if he is as cunning and omniscient as the majority of the rascals of his profession, it is just on the cards that he may hold the key of the situation. The mere fact, too, of finding a native of that class on a friendly footing in the barracks, seems to me, under the circumstances, to be itself worthy of investigation.'

'What do you propose, then?' asked Frazer.

'With your leave,' replied Dalzell, 'I should like to be with Ferguson at the interview which it is very plain our obstinate old friend means having with Rajab to-morrow night. If I can work it so as to be myself unseen by the native, so much the better, and at any rate my presence would be a guarantee that the Colonel's wish for secrecy was respected.'

'Have it your own way,' said Frazer. 'I think you will waste your time; but I cannot see any harm in the idea. And now we had better tub, and go and get some breakfast at mess.'

The five great stone barrack blocks stood out gaunt and clear in the silver beams of an Indian full moon. In front, on the parade-ground side, there was bustle and life in plenty; for, though the sun had set two hours ago, it was not yet late, and the canteen and recreation rooms were still open. But in the rear, where the sandy wilderness stretched right up to the barrack walls, all was deserted and silent, save for the

cries of the jackals in the distant scrub waiting for the 'lights-out' bugle to encourage them for their nightly prowling round the cook-houses. These necessary offices consisted of small detached buildings placed behind, and some little way from the main blocks, so that the smells and the refuse should not be a danger and an annoyance to the soldiers. At this time in the evening the Portuguese cooks had long since gone to their homes in the bazaar; and in the ordinary course the cook-houses would have been locked up and left to themselves till it was time to prepare the men's breakfasts in the morning.

To-night, however, it appeared that the *bobaji khana* belonging to G Company was to be in request for a rendezvous. The gong at the quarter guard had just struck eight, when two men came round the corner of the block and entered the cook-house. Dalzell had found the Sergeant quite willing to allow him to witness his interview with the astrologer, and even eager to adopt a course which he evidently regarded as certain to obtain another convert to the mystic art. For Ferguson placed more reliance than ever on his preceptor Rajab, seeing that the scrutiny of the ammunition and of the registers had failed to yield further information than that four ball cartridges were missing from the company chest, but that every man had properly accounted for each round served out to him.

The Colour-sergeant ushered his officer into the cook-house, and pointed out how he could see and hear everything that passed by stationing himself at an unglazed window at the back.

'The chiel has eyes like search-lights, sir,' he said as he prepared to go outside; 'sae ye must e'en keep yoursel in the shadow. Mayhap he would refuse to display his quality, if so be as he thoct he was o'er-lookit.'

'How did you first pick this chap up, Ferguson?' asked Dalzell, settling himself in his hiding-place.

The Sergeant paused on the threshold, and for a moment seemed puzzled to find an answer. 'It was he that picked me up, sir, I suppose—when I come to think of it,' he replied at last. 'I was walking in the bazaar a month back, and he came up and said in Hindustani he should be pleased to read me the voice of the stars. They a' ken in barracks that I am partial to speerin' after spirits and sic things. Mayhap he had heard it frae some of the lads.—But whisht!—here he comes.'

Ferguson stepped into the open, shutting the door behind him; and Dalzell crouched by the window, to watch for the upshot of events. He had not long to wait. Half a minute later the Colour-sergeant came into view, conversing in Hindustani with a tall lithe native, whose white garments and carefully arranged turban proclaimed him to be of better substance than the usual run of mendicant jugglers. As they came into line with the window, Ferguson halted, and suggested that there, under cover of the cook-house, they would be free from observation—a proposition to which Rajab, after a hasty glance round, gave his assent. The moonlight fell full on his face, and Dalzell, peering from his lair, not six feet away, thought he had never seen such wonderful eyes before. There was nothing shift or snake-like about them; they were calm

and steadfast enough; but they glowed like two balls of liquid fire.

'And what does the Sergeant Sahib order his slave to show him to-night?' began Rajab, when they had finished their greetings. 'The moon is in the ninth house, and the period is very favourable for seeing visions.'

'Show me the countenance of the man I most desire to see,' replied Ferguson, speaking in the vernacular, with which his ten years' Indian service had familiarised him.

Taking a phial from the fold of his garment, Rajab poured the inky contents into the Sergeant's outstretched palm, bidding him at the same time fix his eyes on his own. Dalzell, watching closely, noticed a strange dreamy look spread over Ferguson's face, while his eyes began to wear a dazed, scared expression.

'The beggar is hypnotising him!' thought the Lieutenant to himself. 'I wonder if— But no; it cannot be.'

His train of ideas was interrupted by the voice of the astrologer addressing the Sergeant in tones of low but peremptory command. 'There is a Colonel's parade to-morrow,' began Rajab. 'You will provide yourself with two rounds of ball cartridge from the company chest. In the course of the drill, you will aim at Macleod Sahib's heart, taking care that you are unobserved. If the first bullet fails its mark, you will use the second. And you will dismiss from your mind all knowledge of what you are doing and whence you received these instructions. Except that you will carry out these behests, you will be in all respects as an innocent man. You are to believe that the ball cartridges which you fire at the Colonel Sahib are blank, both before and after the deed.—Will you do my bidding?'

Dalzell, listening horror-struck, heard Ferguson's voice make answer in far-off sounding tones: 'I will do your bidding.'

'Now look into your hand,' said Rajab.

The Colour-sergeant obeyed.

'What do you behold?'

'I behold my own face.'

'That will serve as well as another,' proceeded the juggler, removing his gaze for the first time. 'You can return to the lower world.'

Slowly and heavily, Ferguson blinked his way back to sense and self-control again. When the juggler had given his victim time for recovery, he asked in his original servile tones: 'And was a vision vouchsafed to the Sergeant Sahib?'

'No,' was the reply—'at least not the one I sought. I beheld but my own face reflected in my hand. You have failed to-night, Rajab.'

'Something you heard while you were looking at the fluid may have distracted you?' suggested the native.

'It couldn't have been that,' replied the Sergeant. 'Why, I only gazed for a moment, and you did not speak the while.'

'Tis well,' said Rajab. 'The failure is not of man, but of the stars, and their poor servant is not responsible. Perchance on the next occasion they will be more propitious.—And now, fare you well, for it is getting late, and I have other work to do.' And with a deferential salaam to the Sergeant, he turned and glided away towards the native city.

Ferguson waited till he had gone some way,

and then joined Dalzell at the door of the cook-house. The two walked towards the barracks together. The Lieutenant did not speak; he was thinking with all his might.

'A failure to-night, sir,' remarked the Sergeant, after waiting vainly for his superior's comment. 'My ain face, too! Had he just been pokin' fun at me, he couldna weel hae jokit mair reasonably.'

They had reached the point where Dalzell's way would lead to the mess. 'Get back to your quarters,' he said rapidly. 'You must not be missed. I am sorry our errand has been fruitless; but I did not expect much from it. Good-night;' and in his hurry to rid himself of the man he wished to spare, he almost pushed the other away. Ferguson disappeared into the barrack, wondering at his officer's haste to return to mess.

The moment he was out of sight, Dalzell changed his course, and running back behind the barracks, started in pursuit of the vile wretch whose scheme he meant to frustrate. His mind was made up. He must overtake Rajab at all hazards, and compel him to come before the Colonel, whose first feeling, he felt sure, would be sympathy for the innocent instrument. How to punish the criminal without letting Ferguson know how nearly he had slain his beloved chief, was a nut for Macleod to crack; but Dalzell knew he would move heaven and earth to manage it, for to a man of the Colour-sergeant's temperament, a revelation of his unconscious act would mean madness or suicide.

The young officer came up with the fitting white figure just beyond the jail, where the road begins and the desert gives way gradually to the habitations of half-caste camp followers. The man saw that he was pursued, and quickened his pace; but Dalzell's long legs gave the quarry no chance. Two minutes after Rajab knew that he was followed, the Lieutenant's grip was on his shoulder. 'Come back with me, Rajab,' said Dalzell quietly; 'you are wanted at the Colonel's bungalow.'

The Surati was panting violently; but he appeared in no way disconcerted, and tried hard to fix his captor with those fatal eyes. Dalzell, knowing his danger, kept his own averted; he thought it advisable, too, to show the revolver he had brought with him. Rajab bowed meekly and obeyed; but for half a second, unseen of the other, his hand was plunged into the bosom of his white robe.

For some distance they walked in silence, and it was not till they were nearing the cantonments that Dalzell decided to put two questions to his prisoner. 'Your only chance of life is to speak the truth,' he said; 'for your wickedness is known. What have you against our Colonel that you have done this thing?'

Rajab caught his foot in a stone and staggered as he made reply, and his voice sounded weak and thin. 'The Colonel Sahib was President of the court-martial which sentenced my brother, Gholam Bux, of the 3d Bombay Cavalry, to penal servitude,' he said. 'I have sworn to avenge him, and I use my gift—that is all.'

'And what,' pursued Dalzell, 'will be the effect on the Sergeant of your treatment of him? Now that he will be prevented from doing your scoundrelly

work to-morrow, will he always remain under the spell, and make further attempts on other occasions?'

Rajab made no answer; and Dalzell looking down at him, saw that he was shivering as if ague-struck. 'Nearly dead with funk,' thought the young officer, and repeated the question.

'The spell only refers to to-morrow,' replied Rajab very slowly. 'You need have no fear. Allah has willed it that the Colonel Sahib should live, and that I, Rajab, the son of Hyder the juggler, should die.' And even as he spoke, he fell—a heap of crumpled white linen—on the sandy road. Dalzell, stooping over him, caught a whiff of the deadly *churru*—the concentrated and strongly poisonous form of Indian hemp or hashish—and knew that his prisoner had solved the difficulty he had foreseen. The question of punishment would not arise, for Rajab Ali, self-slain, had gone to his own place.

Half an hour later, Dalzell related his evening's experience to Frazer, and together they sought the Colonel, who at once decided that Ferguson must never know his share in the dead man's misdeeds. Colonel Macleod went on the sick list, and was absent from parade next day; while the finding of the dead body of a native in the cantonment road was matter of very little moment to any one except to the Colour-sergeant of G Company, who to this day deplores the untimely end of the seer, who would, sooner or later, he feels sure, have shown him the 'daftie who fired at the Colonel.'

TO MY VALENTINE.

The summer wind may sing a song,
A song of life and love;
The skylark's trill, so sweet and strong,
May echo it above:
The western sky in golden haze
Reflects the setting sun,
And bright and fair the moon's still rays
Shine where clear waters run.

Thus youth and beauty live again
Within the poet's heart,
And love's sweet echo shall remain,
Though love and he may part.
The sunset sky, the brook may yield
Reflection bright and true,
But not more fair than that concealed
Within my heart—of you.

NORA C. USHER.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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THE GREAT BELT IN WINTER.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

EVEN in summer the interposition of the Great Belt between the Danes west of Zealand and their friends in Copenhagen must often seem a tiresome arrangement of nature. The passage is some eighteen or twenty miles. The water may be rough, of course. To us of Great Britain it would at any rate seem most annoying if all Britons north of Rugby had to submit to a sea-voyage of an hour and a half ere they could reach the metropolis. This Great Belt passage is bound to be taken in hand by the engineers as soon as the art of constructing bridges over very wide stretches of water has got fairly established.

In winter its trials are now and then very genuine. Not annually does it freeze solid, or even try to, in defiance of the mighty ice-boats which ply to and fro between Korsør on Zealand and Nyborg on Fünen. More often than not, moreover, when it does try, it is defeated by the untiring energy of the skippers of the heavy little boats with engines strong almost out of all proportion to their size. History tells us how, in 1580, the Great Belt was frozen over. This is not a solitary instance. And among the most recent of such occurrences the event of the winter of 1892-93 well deserves mention. For a day or two all traffic was stopped completely. The old-fashioned way of bringing passengers and mails—including hundreds of tons of accumulated parcel-post matter—to the capital had to be taken up. Barges were laden and pushed across the terrible white expanse in the nipping air. Harder work can scarcely be imagined, or a more anxious trip for an ordinary passenger. For it must not be supposed that the Belt freezes into a surface like a London pavement. Quite otherwise, for the most part. Ere the final grip of frost closes the water-way, the passage has been churned by ice-boats. The currents, too, have drifted the floes

from the Cattegat and piled them one on another, or hung them edgewise, in which position they have frozen fast. The nature of the crossing under these conditions, and its slowness, may be imagined. The rest midway on the little islet of Sprogø is almost a necessity, and the lookout thence is about as arctic as anything within the circle from latitude sixty-six degrees north.

For my part, I was fortunate enough to cross the Belt in January 1893, just two days before the temporary suspension of steamboat passages occurred. There was a hint of what might be in the state of Esbjerg's harbour, as we steamed into it. The night was very cold and still. For the last hour of our journey we had been cutting through ice. There was a pallid moon among the clouds overhead, and now and then it gleamed upon us, and cast lustrous lines athwart the ice-field in the midst of which we cracked our way. It was dangerous to move about the deck, so slippery was it. And at Esbjerg's harbour, where new snow lay deep over old snow, we had to shout and adjure for long ere we could get the necessary help for fastening.

This was at ten o'clock. The temptation to go right on to Copenhagen that night was not at all strong; nor did it seem that such mad haste might be advisable. But at the crowded little inn the polyglot chatter soon told of the dilemma of the Belt. A winter like that of 1892-93 is Esbjerg's opportunity. With the Sound frozen and Frederikshavn up by the Skaw also ice-blocked, all Denmark's foreign trade gets concentrated on Esbjerg. The port is a new one, but its harbour-works are of a size that show how much reliance is placed upon it. Lying as it does on the west coast of Denmark, and within thirty hours' steam from Harwich, with a regular passenger service, Esbjerg must soon become better known to Englishmen than it is.

From the midst of the aroma of punch, sausages, and coffee, with the smell of tobacco-smoke—thick clouds of it—pungent over all, there was a great babble of tongues. The Danish Boniface civilly exerted himself to tell me the news in

my own language while I ate my supper. He had a room full of English coalers on the other side the passage: did I not hear them singing *The Sweet By-and-by*? They were all extremely busy in Esbjerg just then, unloading coal and lading other vessels with the sides of bacon and tubs of butter which England craves from Scandinavia. Some hundreds of tons of these latter goods had gone to us by a very circuitous route: from Denmark to Sweden, in fact, thence by that long railway journey to Trondhjem, whence they were carried to Hull easily enough. 'The frost had become a public enemy,' said my landlord, and he pointed to the paragraphs in the daily papers about it. The type could not have been much larger if an invasion by the Germans was being discussed, instead of the phenomenal lowness of the temperature. Amid the clicking of billiard balls and the fumes of many things, I began to see dimly that travelling in Scandinavia in winter might become a trial instead of a pleasure. However, I duly went under my blue feather-bed for the night, bewailed the length of my legs, shivered whenever I woke, and was at seven o'clock roused in earnest by the girl who lights the stove and puts coffee and rusks by your bedside. There was a radiant sun in the heavens. Esbjerg's expanse of snow and ice, with the picturesque green hulls of certain ships stuck up in her inner harbour, and the blue sky over all, looked fair enough. There were about twenty degrees of frost going. It seemed mighty cold work for the fishermen prodding with their long-handled tridents in the water of the harbour by holes cut in the ice.

The morning paper told how *one* passage of the Great Belt each way was all that had been accomplished the previous day. It told also of the rapid disorganisation of things in general, due to the frost. Clearly, delay was inadvisable; and so I took my ticket by the first train bound for the capital. The talk *en route* all centred on this one topic: should we get through? or was the passage of the evening before—a long and laborious business—the last of the season before the breaking-up of the frost?

The Little Belt was reached and traversed without difficulty. This channel is but a mile or two across. The massive, lumbering iron ferry-boat had a comparatively easy task to keep it open. The cold here was intense: five degrees below zero, with a keen wind. During the quarter of an hour of our exposure on the ferry-boat's deck, eyelashes froze together, the icicles of one's moustache built on to one's beard, and the latter welded itself into the fur of one's overcoat. Still, in spite of the discomfort, the scene was a pretty one. Fünen's winding white shores, with a fair amount of woodland just here, looked well, contrasted with the green and blue ice boulders which littered them, and the sun's fire-red glow in the west. But I never saw such

a sorry set of purple noses and half-iced mortals as we were when set ashore to stumble into our new train. Happily, this was warm as a toast, and our temperature soon ran up.

Then the darkness descended upon us. We crossed the island of Fünen, hoping almost against hope that we should be in time for the evening's boat. But we were not. At Nyborg, on the Great Belt, a hundred disappointed travellers were received with shoulder-shrugs and excuses by the railway officials, and told to possess their souls in patience until the morrow. The cold had again become most searching. One felt the wind from the eighteen miles of ice of the Belt like so many stabs at the marrow.

I accounted myself fortunate in getting a bed at one of Nyborg's inns. Already the little ferry town was populous with travellers of all kinds—recent arrivals like ourselves; timid arrivals of a day or two back, whose courage was not equal to the thought of what might happen in attempting the passage, and who tarried, praying for a thaw; newspaper agents and others, making copy out of Denmark's predicament; and the largely increased staff of postal authorities. I had strolled in the dusk down to the harbour, and seen there a mountain of mail-matter shovelled into a heap like so many oyster shells. It was not comforting to think of the inconvenience and worse which this dislocation of custom meant.

Every train made things more lively in Nyborg. By bedtime the little town was almost hysterical. The inns did royally: there was no moving-room in their parlours. The westward steamer had not come in. It was five or six hours out; the thermometer showed forty degrees of frost; and there was no telling what might not have happened. When I went to bed, they were quite uproarious in the parlour below my room. But in a smaller parlour on the other side of the corridor I had noticed a much-furred gentleman, his wife, and children, whose silence and doleful air told of the strain their feelings were suffering. Even dominoes seemed powerless to win smiles to their faces.

The following day broke also clear and cold and bright. At breakfast the news of the ice-boat's safe voyage in the night was discussed and applauded. It had not been a very nice voyage, from all accounts. Instead of an hour and a half, it had taken eight hours, and there had been spells of stillness in midway which must have tried the spirits of the more nervous travellers. Still, the feat had been accomplished; and from the frost-rimed window of the room we looked with approval at the stout little ship, smoking hard from its funnel, and preparing for the next passage. We were to take our adventure in that next passage.

Down at the wharf no one knew anything definitely about the time of this voyage. More trains and letters had come in from Hamburg and the south generally. One heard a good deal of forcible and impatient German in the mouths of travellers who were boarding and leaving the steamer. They had not, like us, matriculated in the school of Nyborg's adversity. They were not yet philosophical enough to accept matters as they stood, and to eat, drink,

smoke, and take exercise in the meantime, as though these pastimes were the primary objects of their existence.

From the wharf, with its wintry lookout and bleak air, I strolled afresh into Nyborg. For Denmark it is quite an interesting little town, not nearly so new as its name might imply. Indeed, its townhall, set in a considerable public square, bears externally a sixteenth-century date, and an architectural style that stamps it as of the era of Christian IV. A Christian the IVth style in Denmark is as emphatic as our own Queen Anne's style. It is rather prim and homely; yet, with the crimson sun-flash upon its red bricks, this Nyborg townhall was good for the eyes, after the infinite reach of white ice and snow of the Belt, and carried with it a suggestion of warmth that the weather lacked. Two or three of us seemed to find the townhall under this glow fully as cheering as the extremely hot and smoke-clouded cafés in which travellers of half-a-dozen nationalities sat all day discussing portents and possibilities over 'schnapps' and punch.

As the day dawdled on from dawn to noon, and from noon towards sunset time, and no word yet of the steaming hour, it was good to see the Belt under the roseate hue of early evening. I took my *kodak* and tried to catch some of its effects; but of course it was a hopeless attempt. I got numbed fingers instead, and excited more attention among the already sufficiently perturbed youth of the town than either I or my camera merited.

West of the town is a slight eminence, wooded, with a windmill on it. Considerately enough, the sun chose this admirable locality for its place of retirement from the clear heavens of our hemisphere. The mill was transfigured. Crimson ribbons of cloud radiated from its crest, and seemed to extend a score or two of consecrating (or minatory) arms over the white, bound waterway. A thin vapour rose from the harbour where the steamer's wake still showed in comparatively slight congelations. This also blushed for a few goodly moments. It was like hallowed incense from the ice-tied earth to the pale-blue heavens of the zenith. The snow added to the beauty of our surroundings. It took the faint but gracious violet hue that a bright severe winter gives it. Nor must the translucent green of the ice-floes be forgotten. Add to these varied colours the strong dark red of the houses, the black of the hulls of many barques in port, quite resigned to their fate, and the weak blue of the sky at the back of the crimson, and it will be seen we had some compensation in our tedious dalliance at Jack Frost's heels.

But it was such very fleeting compensation! Hardly had we begun to enjoy it, when the steely glitter of the stars was overhead, and the increased rigour of moustaches and increased tingling of fingers and toes reminded us of our dubious plight.

At five o'clock I took up my abode in the cabin of the steamer, in company with a few more sage spirits. At any rate, thus the boat could not well leave us behind. As steamers go, this ferry-boat deserves praise. Like all inhabited places of the north during the winter

solstice, it was as scorchingly hot within as the outer air was cold. But it had a well-spread table in its saloon, and its seats of crimson velvet were broad and soft and sleep-inducing. Its dome of white and gold yet further satisfied the eye. And the civility of stewards and officers, under trying conditions, was what one expects only in a land whose people are well disciplined in courtesy.

We were to start when the next mail from the south arrived. At length it came, late of course. With it came, puffing and blowing, another fifty or so individuals—studies in sables and cat-skin, sealskin, astrakhan, and bearskin. These simple folks knew nothing of the enigma that had grown old to us. They thought the official time table was to be trusted to the minute. It was thus a positive pleasure to us who had surfeited on delay, and been made testy by it, to enlighten them with the gloom of our superior knowledge; and we found great enjoyment of a sardonic kind in the ejaculations which broke from them at the sequel.

At this juncture the night clouded and it began to snow. The snow was whirling thickly from the north when the engines gave their first snort of renewed effort. Supper was served as we moved. Rather more 'schnapps' than usual seemed offered at the meal. It was a time, I suppose, for heartening, even with Dutch courage.

The worst of the struggle was during the first hour and a half. For one bad half-hour the issue hung in the balance. There was a short jet-black line on the horizon, visible even through the falling snow. This was a small island only a mile or two out. For half an hour we could not get that morsel of land astern of us. Crunch as we might, and charge as best we could through the ice, the inevitable stoppage came in less than a minute. It was 'Full speed ahead' and 'Full speed astern' in brisk succession, with occasional pauses of inactivity and official conference and consultations of the chart, which were not encouraging to us of the laity.

Eventually, the ship's course was altered. The ice-floes of the previous passages had welded together in such obstinate masses that it seemed likely we might do better by charging the virgin ice. This, in fact, is what we did. For ten miles or more the powerful bows of the boat clove their way, slowly enough, where an army might have marched. It was a novel and fascinating method of locomotion, though it seemed to increase the odds against our ultimate success. To those of us who stayed on deck and accepted such buffets as the weather gave us, it was rare to mark the long cracks that yawned reluctantly in the ice, and to hear the discord of its groans as it acknowledged us its master.

The lights of Korsör on Zealand gradually came to gladden us. What if it was past midnight, and we still about three hours from Copenhagen? You would, to have heard them, have thought these Danes of the north as impulsive and excitable a people as the Neapolitans—so eager in congratulations were they! Nor was it quite without reason. Forty hours later, the Great Belt was closed—for a day or two. The ice was temporarily victorious.

A little experience of this kind makes its

record on the mind better than the best of geography books. Henceforth, the Great Belt will always be a very real part of the world to me.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.—A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

BUT the cup of Mrs Hesslegrave's humiliation was not yet full. A moment's pause lost all—and lo! the floodgates of an undesirable acquaintance were opened upon her.

It was charity that did it—pure feminine charity, not unmingled with a faint sense of low *noblesse oblige*, and what dignity demands from a potential Lady Bountiful. For the inevitable old man, with a ramshackled boat-hook in his wrinkled brown hand, and no teeth to boast of, who invariably moors your gondola to the shore while you alight from the prow, and holds his hat out afterwards for a few loose *soldi*, bowed low to the ground in his picturesque rags as Mrs Hesslegrave passed him. Now, proper respect for her superior position always counted for much with Mrs Hesslegrave. She paused for a moment at the top of the mouldering steps in helpless search for an elusive pocket. But the wisdom and foresight of her London dressmaker had provided for this contingency well beforehand by concealing it so far back among the recesses of her gown that she fumbled in vain and found no *soldi*. In her difficulty, she turned with an appealing glance to Kathleen. 'Have you got any coppers, dear?' she inquired in her most mellifluous voice. And Kathleen forthwith proceeded in like manner to prosecute her search for them in the labyrinthine folds of her own deftly-screened pocket.

On what small twists and turns of circumstance does our whole life hang! Kathleen's fate hinged entirely on that momentary delay, coupled with the equally accidental meeting at the doors of the Academy. For while she paused and hunted, as the old man stood bowing and scraping by the water's edge, and considering to himself, with his obsequious smile, that after so long a search the *forestieri* couldn't decently produce in the end any smaller coin than half a *lira*—Rufus Mortimer, perceiving the cause of their indecision, stepped forward in the gondola with his own purse open. At the very same instant, too, Arnold Willoughby, half forgetful of his altered fortunes, and conscious only of the fact that the incident was discomposing at the second for a lady, pulled out loose his scanty stock of available cash, and selected from it the smallest silver coin he happened to possess, which chanced to be a piece of fifty *centesimi*. Then, while Mortimer was hunting among his gold to find a franc, Arnold handed the money hastily to the cringing old bystander. The man in the picturesque rags closed his wrinkled brown hand on it with a satisfied grin; and Mortimer tried to find another half-franc among the folds of his purse to repay

on the spot his sailor acquaintance. But Arnold answered with such a firm air of quiet dignity, 'No; thank you; allow me to settle it,' that Mortimer, after a moment of ineffectual remonstrance—'But this is my gondola'—was fain to hold his peace; and even Mrs Hesslegrave was constrained to acquiesce in the odd young man's whim with a murmured, 'Oh, thank you.' After that, she felt she could no longer be frigid—till the next opportunity. Meanwhile, when Kathleen suggested in her gentlest and most enticing voice, 'Why don't you two step out and look at the Tintoretto's with us?'—Mrs Hesslegrave recognised that there was nothing for it now but to smile and look pleased and pretend she really liked the strange young man's society.

So they went into the Scuola di San Rocco together. But Rufus Mortimer, laudably anxious that his friend should expend no more of his hard-earned cash on such unseasonable gallantries, took good care to go on a few paces ahead, and take tickets for the whole party before Mrs Hesslegrave and Kathleen, escorted by the unsuspecting Arnold, had turned the corner by the rearing red church of the Friari. The elder lady arrived at the marble-coated front of the Scuola not a little out of breath; for she was endowed with asthma, and she hated to walk even the few short steps from the gondola to the tiny piazza: which was one of the reasons, indeed, why Kathleen, most patient and dutiful and considerate of daughters, had chosen Venice rather than any other Italian town as the scene on which to specialise her artistic talent. For nowhere on earth is locomotion so cheap or so easy as in the city of canals, where a gondola will convey you from end to end of the town, without noise or jolting, at the modest expense of eightpence sterling. Even Mrs Hesslegrave, however, could not resist after a while the contagious kindness of Arnold Willoughby's demeanour. 'Twas such a novelty to him to be in ladies' society nowadays, that he rose at once to the occasion, and developed at one bound from a confirmed misogynist into an accomplished courtier. The fact of it was he had been taken by Kathleen's frank gratitude that day at the Academy; and he was really touched this afternoon by her evident recollection of him, and her anxiety to show him all the politeness in her power. Never before since he had practically ceased to be Earl of Axminster had any woman treated him with half so much consideration. Arnold Willoughby was almost tempted in his own heart to try whether or not he had hit here, by pure accident of fate, upon that rare soul which could accept him and love him for the true gold that was in him, and not for the guinea stamp of which he had purposely divested himself.

As they entered the great hall, Campagna's masterpiece, its walls richly dight with Tintoretto's frescoes, Arnold Willoughby drew back involuntarily at the first glance with a little start of astonishment. 'Dear me,' he cried, turning round in his surprise to Kathleen, and twisting his left hand in a lock of hair behind his ear—which was a trick he had whenever he was deeply interested—'what amazing people these superb old Venetians were, after all! Why, one's never at the end of them! What a picture it gives one of their magnificence and their wealth, this

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sumptuous council-house of one unimportant brotherhood !'

'It is fine,' Mortimer interposed, with a little smile of superiority, as one who knew it well of old. 'It's a marvel of decoration. Then, I suppose, from what you say, this is the first time you've been here?'

'Yes, the very first time,' Arnold admitted at once with that perfect frankness which was his most charming characteristic. 'Though I've lived here so long, there are in Venice a great many interiors I've never seen. Outside, I think, I know every nook and corner of the smallest side-canal, and the remotest *calli*, about as well as anybody; for I'm given to meandering on foot round the town; and it's only on foot one can ever really get to know the whole of Venice. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but there isn't a single house on all the islands that make up the town which can't be reached on one's own legs from every other by some circuit of bridges, without one's ever having to trust to a ferry-boat or a gondola. But of course you must know the tortuous twists and turns to get round to some of them. So, outside at least, I know my Venice thoroughly. But inside—ah, there! if you except St Mark's and a few other churches—with, of course, the Academy—I hardly know it at all. There are dozens of places you could take me to like this that I never stepped inside yet.'

Kathleen was just going to ask, 'Why?' when the answer came of itself to her. In order to gain admittance to most of these interiors, you have to pay a franc; and she remembered now, with a sudden burst of surprise, that a franc was a very appreciable sum indeed to their new acquaintance. So she altered her phrase to: 'Well, I'm very glad at least we met you to-day, and have had the pleasure of bringing you for the first time to San Rocco.'

And it *was* a treat. Arnold couldn't deny that. He roamed round those great rooms in a fever of delight, and gazed with the fullness of a painter's soul at Tintoretto's masterpieces. The gorgeous brilliancy of Titian's Annunciation, the naturalistic reality of the Adoration of the Magi, the beautiful penitent Magdalene beside the fiery cloud-flakes of her twilight landscape—he gloated over them all with cultivated appreciation. Kathleen marvelled to herself how a mere common sailor could ever have imbibed such an enthralling love for the highest art, and still more how he could ever have learned to speak of its inner meaning in such well-chosen phrases. It fairly took her breath away when the young man in the jersey and blue woollen cap stood entranced before the fresco of the Pool of Bethesda, with its grand far-away landscape, and mused to himself aloud as it were: 'What a careless giant he was, to be sure, this Tintoretto! Why, he seems just to fling his paint hap-hazard upon the wall, as if it cost him no more trouble to paint an Ascension than to sprawl his brush over the face of the plaster: and yet—there comes out in the end a dream of soft colour, a poem in neutral tints, a triumphant pæan of virile imagining.'

'Yes; they're beautiful,' Kathleen answered: 'exceedingly beautiful. And what you say of them is so true. They're dashed off with such

princely ease. You put into words what one would like to say one's self, but doesn't know how to.'

And, indeed, even Mrs Hesslegrave was forced to admit in her own mind that, in spite of his rough clothes and his weather-beaten face, the young man seemed to have ideas and language above his station. Not that Mrs Hesslegrave thought any the better of him on that account. Why can't young men be content to remain in the rank in life in which circumstances and the law of the land have placed them? Of course there were Burns, and Shakespeare, and Keats, and so forth—not one of them born gentlemen: and Kathleen was always telling her how that famous Giotto (whose angular angels she really couldn't with honesty pretend to admire) was at first nothing more than a mere Tuscan shepherd boy. But then, all these were geniuses; and if a man is a genius, of course that's quite another matter. Though, to be sure, in our own day, genius has no right to crop up in a common sailor. It discomposes one's natural views of life, and leads to such unpleasant and awkward positions.

When they had looked at the Tintoretto through the whole history of the Testament, from the Annunciation down-stairs with the child-like Madonna to the Ascension in the large hall on the upper landing, they turned to go out and resume their places in the attentive gondola. And here a new misfortune lay in wait for Mrs Hesslegrave. 'Twas a day of evil chances. For as she and Rufus Mortimer took their seats in the stern on those neatly-padded cushions which rejoiced her soul, Kathleen, to her immense surprise and no small internal annoyance, abruptly announced her intention of walking home over the bridge by herself, so as to pass the colour-shop in the Calle San Moïse. She wanted some ultramarine, she said, for the picture she was going to paint in the corner of the Giudecca. Of course, Arnold Willoughby insisted on accompanying her: and so, to complete that morning's mishaps, Mrs Hesslegrave had the misery of seeing her daughter walk off, through a narrow and darkling Venetian street, accompanied on her way by that awful man, whom Mrs Hesslegrave had been doing all she knew to shake off from the very first moment she had the ill-luck to set eyes on him.

Not that Kathleen had the slightest intention of disobeying or irritating or annoying her mother. Nothing, indeed, could have been further from her innocent mind; it was merely that she didn't understand or suspect Mrs Hesslegrave's objection to the frank young sailor. Too honest to doubt him, she missed the whole point of her mother's dark hints. So she walked home with Arnold, conscience free, without the faintest idea she was doing anything that could possibly displease Mrs Hesslegrave. They walked on, side by side, through strange little lanes, bounded high on either hand by lofty old palaces, which raised their mildewed fronts and antique arched windows above one another's heads, in emulous striving towards the scanty sunshine. As for Arnold Willoughby, he darted round the corners like one that knew them intimately. Kathleen had flattered her soul she could find her way tolerably well on foot through the best part of

Venice; but she soon discovered that Arnold Willoughby knew how to thread his path through that seeming labyrinth far more easily than she could do. Here and there he would cross some narrow high-pitched bridge over a petty canal, where market-boats from the mainland stood delivering vegetables at gloomy portals that opened close down to the water's edge, or wooden men from the hills, with heavily-laden barges, handed fagots through grated windows to bare-headed and yellow-haired Venetian housewives. Ragged shutters and iron balconies overhung the green water-way. Then, again, he would skirt for a while some ill-scented Rio, where strings of onions hung out in the sun from every second door, and cheap Madonnas in gilt and painted wood sat enshrined in plaster niches behind burning oil-lamps. On and on he led Kathleen by unknown side-streets, past wonderful little squares or flag-paved *campi*, each adorned with its ancient church and its slender belfry; over the colossal curve of the Rialto with its glittering shops on either side: and home by queer byways, where few feet else save of native Venetians ever ventured to penetrate. Now and again round the corners came the echoing cries, '*Stali*,' '*Premè*,' and some romantic gondola with its covered trappings, like a floating black hearse, would glide past like lightning. Well as Kathleen knew the town, it was still a revelation to her. She walked on, entranced, with a painter's eye, through that ever-varying, ever-moving, ever-enchanted panorama.

And they talked as they went; the young sailor-painter talked on and on, frankly, delightfully, charmingly. He talked of Kathleen and her art; of what she would work at this winter; of where he himself meant to pitch his easel; of the chances of their both choosing some neighbouring subject. Confidence begets confidence. He talked so much about Kathleen, and drew her on so about her aims and aspirations in art, that Kathleen in turn felt compelled for very shame to repay the compliment, and to ask him much about himself and his mode of working. Arnold Willoughby smiled and showed those exquisite teeth of his when she questioned him first. 'It's the one subject,' he answered—'self—on which they say all men are fluent and none agreeable.' But he belied his own epigram, Kathleen thought, as he continued: for he talked about himself, and yet he talked delightfully. It was so novel to hear a man so discuss the question of his own place in life, as though it mattered little whether he remained a common sailor or rose to be reckoned a painter and a gentleman. He never even seemed to feel the immense gulf which in Kathleen's eyes separated the two callings. It appeared to be to him a mere matter of convenience which of the two he followed. He talked of them so calmly as alternative trades in the pursuit of which a man might, if he chose, earn an honest livelihood.

'But surely you feel the artist's desire to create beautiful things?' Kathleen cried at last. 'They're not quite on the same level with you—fine art and sail-reefing!'

That curious restrained curl was just visible for a second round the delicate corners of Arnold Willoughby's honest mouth. 'You compel me to speak of myself,' he said, 'when I would much

rather be speaking of somebody or something else; but if I must, I will tell you.'

'Do,' Kathleen said, drawing close, with more eagerness in her manner than Mrs Hesslegrave would have considered entirely lady-like. 'It's so much more interesting.' And then, fearing she had perhaps gone a little too far, she blushed to her ear-tips.

Arnold noticed that dainty blush—it became her wonderfully—and was confirmed by it in his good opinion of Kathleen's disinterestedness. Could this indeed be the one woman on earth to whom he could really give himself?—the one woman who could take a man for what he was in himself, not for what the outside world chose to call him? He was half inclined to think so. 'Well,' he continued with a reflective air, 'there's much to be said for art—and much also for the common sailor. I may be right, or I may be wrong; I don't want to force anybody else into swallowing my opinions wholesale; I'm far too uncertain about them myself for that; but as far as my own conduct goes (which is all I have to answer for), why, I must base it upon them; I must act as seems most just and right to my own conscience. Now, I feel a sailor's life is one of undoubted usefulness to the community. He's employed in carrying commodities of universally acknowledged value from the places where they're produced to the places where they're needed. Nobody can deny that that's a useful function. The man who does that can justify his life and his livelihood to his fellows. No caviller can ever accuse him of eating his bread unearned, an idle drone, at the table of the commonalty. That's why I determined to be a common sailor. It was work I could do; work that suited me well; work I felt my conscience could wholly approve of.'

'I see,' Kathleen answered, very much taken aback. It had never even occurred to her that a man could so choose his calling in life on conscientious rather than on personal grounds; could attach more importance to the usefulness and lawfulness of the trade he took up than to the money to be made at it. The earnest-looking sailor-man in the rough woollen clothes was opening up to her new perspectives of moral possibility.

'But didn't you long for art too?' she went on after a brief pause; 'you, who have so distinct a natural vocation, so keen a taste for form and colour?'

Arnold Willoughby looked hard at her. 'Yes,' he answered frankly, with a scrutinising glance. 'I did. I longed for it. But at first I kept the longing sternly down. I thought it was wrong of me even to wish to indulge it. I had put my hand to the plough, and I didn't like to look back again. Still, when my health began to give way, I saw things somewhat differently. I was as anxious as ever, then, to do some work in the world that should justify my existence, so to speak, to my fellow-creatures; anxious to feel I didn't sit, a mere idle mouth, at the banquet of humanity. But I began to perceive that man cannot live by bread alone; that the useful trades, though they are, after all, at bottom the noblest and most ennobling, do not fill up the sum of human existence; that we have need, too, of books, of poetry, of pictures, statues, music. So

I determined to give up my life, half-and-half, to either—to sail by summer, and paint by winter, if only I could earn enough by painting to live upon. For my first moral postulate is that every man ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't win wage enough by his own exertions to keep him going. That is, in fact, the one solid and practical test of his usefulness to his fellow-creatures—whether or not they are willing to pay him that he may keep at work for them. If he can't do that, then I hold without doubt he is a moral failure. And it's his duty to take himself sternly in hand till he fits himself at once for being the equal in this respect of the navy or the scavenger.'

'But art drew you on?' Kathleen said, much wondering in her soul at this strange intrusion of conscience into such unfamiliar fields.

'Yes, art drew me on,' Arnold Willoughby answered; 'and though I had my doubts, I allowed it to draw me. I felt I was following my own inclination; but I felt, too, I was doing right to some extent, if only I could justify myself by painting pictures good enough to give pleasure to others: the test of their goodness being always saleability. The fact is, the sea didn't satisfy all the wants of my nature; and since we men are men, not sheep or monkeys, I hold we are justified in indulging to the full these higher and purely human or civilised tastes, just as truly as the lower ones. So I determined, after all, to take to art for half my livelihood—not, I hope, without conscientious justification. For I would never wish to do anything in life which might not pass the honest scrutiny of an impartial jury of moral inquisitors.—Why, here we are at the Piazza! I'd no idea we'd got so far yet!'

'Nor I either!' Kathleen exclaimed. 'I'm sorry for it, Mr Willoughby—for this is all so interesting.—But at any rate, you're coming with Mr Mortimer on Wednesday.'

Arnold Willoughby's face flushed all aglow with pleasure. The misogynist in him was thoroughly overcome; nothing remained but the man, chivalrously grateful to a beautiful woman for her undisguised interest. He raised his hat, radiant. 'Thank you so much,' he answered simply, like the gentleman that he was. 'You may be sure I won't forget it. How kind of you to ask me!'

For he knew it was the common sailor in rough clothes she had invited, not Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Earl of Axminster.

TRUSTS AND TRUSTEES.

AMONG the frequent legal changes which the increasing complexities of civilised existence necessarily from time to time force upon the consideration of our legislature, few have been more urgently required than those affecting the laws relating to Trusts and Trustees. Since 1859, trustees and executors have had various minor concessions granted them, principally consisting in the conferring upon them by Act of Parliament of the various safeguards which lawyers were in the habit of inserting in every properly drawn trust deed or will, so that trustees who

happened to become so by mere operation of law had the same amount of protection as their more expensively created brethren rejoiced in. It was not, however, until the Trustee Act of 1888, and the Trustee Investment Act of the following year, that a decided attempt was made by Parliament to increase the powers and lessen the liabilities of this long-suffering race, harassed on the one hand by their beneficiaries to increase their income; and on the other, sternly forbidden, by the judges of the High Court, to travel out of the exact instructions of their trust deed, on pain of replacing the lost fund, should such a contingency follow their defection from the right path. What family solicitor does not know the tearful woman who comes to beg him to allow the trustees of her marriage settlement to advance her a portion of the capital fund in order to save her from ruin—gambling debts, most probably—and how she flashes from pleading to invective when gently but firmly assured that nothing of the kind can be permitted? What will she not promise—what will she not sign in the way of indemnity, if only the trustees may let her have the money; and what will she not subsequently bring in the way of actions against those unhappy men, should they disregard the solicitor's advice and weakly listen to her entreaties?

Happily, the legislature, compassionating their feebleness, and realising the extent of the temptation, resolved in 1888 to extend a partial *agis* over the effects of their kindness in this and similar matters. A case decided in 1883 (*Speight v. Gaunt*, 53 L. J. Chanc. [House of Lords] 419) illustrates the extent to which even then it was sought to make trustees liable for what may be termed innocent negligence. A trustee in the execution of his duties handed to his broker, in the usual course of business, a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds to complete the purchase of some stock for the trust fund. The broker absconded therewith; and it was sought to make the trustee replace the amount, on the ground that he ought to have taken special precautions in the matter. The judge before whom the case was first tried found that the trustee was liable for negligence, and must replace the stock or money; but the Court of Appeal and, subsequently, the House of Lords, reversed this decision, holding that the trustee had taken all ordinary care in the matter; and that, unless a certain amount of confidence were reposed by men in one another, business transactions would be impossible. The trustee was therefore saved from this heavy loss; but his private costs to his own lawyers for the three trials must have been considerable.

Another case, which shows how careful trustees should be in their investments, was decided in 1888 (*Whiteley v. Learoyd*, 57 L. J. Chanc. [House of Lords] 390). Here trustees had power to invest on freeholds; and, under the advice of competent surveyors, advanced three thousand pounds on mortgage of freehold brickfields, and two thousand pounds on freehold cottages. To the lay mind, there appears to be nothing wrong about these investments; but the eye of the law is keener for a blot. The mortgagors failed, and the property deteriorated in value; and the trustees were called upon to replace the lost

amount. Here the Court of Appeal and House of Lords agreed with the ruling of the Vice-chancellor before whom the action was first tried, holding that, with regard to the brickfields—as it was the brick business and not the land itself which constituted the value of that part of the security—the investment was not strictly a freehold one, as demanded by the trust deed, and therefore the trustees must replace with interest the difference between the land value and that of the business; while, as to the cottages, the depreciation was a natural one, which could not have been guarded against; and the trust fund must bear that loss. No one can deny that this judgment was in absolute accordance with law and equity; but it was an expensive legal lesson for the trustees.

A month or two after this case was decided, the Trustee Act of 1888 was passed, wherein the decisions in that and the previously cited case received the authority of Parliament; as, however, this Act expired at the end of 1892, and is now superseded by the Trustee Act, 1893, which does not extend to Scotland, we need not further consider the provisions of the extinct statute. This new Act is intended to consolidate the laws relating to trustees and their investments. By it, trustees—in whom are included executors and administrators—have a very extended field upon which to place their trust funds; but let not the eager beneficiary hastily conclude that he can now force his trustee to obtain for him seven or eight per cent. security; all the authorised investments are sound and good ones, and good investments need never borrow at a high rate of interest; these increased powers only confer a wider range of safety, to avoid the necessity of what is generally known as placing too many eggs in one basket, and also for convenience in dividend-receiving. To append a list of all these authorised investments would be to occupy valuable space; but, as a specimen, we may instance—besides the usual Government funds—guaranteed and metropolitan stocks, certain railway and canal stocks in Great Britain and Ireland, divers Indian railway stocks, debenture, guaranteed or preference stock of municipal corporations, redeemable stocks, &c.; and where trustees have powers to invest on freeholds, they may, without committing a breach of trust, lay out their money—if they see fit so to do—upon leaseholds also, provided such leaseholds have at least two hundred years to run, and the rental does not exceed one shilling per annum.

Many people imagine still that a demise (or lease) for a hundred years will constitute a freehold; and cite the fact of building leases being so generally for ninety-nine years as an instance thereof. As a matter of fact, a demise for any number of years, say a thousand, from a certain day would by English law be only a leasehold interest; while a demise for a man's life is a freehold one; the distinction between freehold and leasehold here not consisting merely in the payment of a rent, but in the certainty of the date of termination of the granted term. Where this is known on the execution of the deed, as in a lease for a thousand years, the interest is only leasehold; where, however, the ending of the term is stated, but the actual day thereof is

unknown, as in the demise for a life, the estate is a freehold one, though rent be paid as in the other case. The ninety-nine years' term common in building leases may be accounted for by the fact that the stamp duty on a lease for a hundred years and over is exactly double that on one for ninety-nine years, and therefore it would not be worth while paying twice the amount thereof for one year more.

Where trustees have already power to invest on bonds, shares, and similar securities, they will find an extra list thereof submitted for their inspection by the new Act; but it is provided therein that all these increased investing powers are not to be exercised, nor are any acts to be done or omitted by trustees, where the same would be in contravention of the deed or will appointing them; so that it is open to any donor of a fund to 'contract himself out of the Act'—a phrase we have heard a good deal of lately—if he desires so to do.

As regards the liabilities of trustees in the execution of their trusts, it is enacted that where they, on the advice of competent valuers, advance money on property—such advance not exceeding two-thirds of such valuation—they shall not be answerable for any subsequent fall in its value; and where they have advanced more than they should have done, the security shall be good for the proper amount; and instead of having the whole investment thrown on their hands, as in the old days, they will only be liable to replace the excess with interest.

The fearful pleader is also attended to, for the legislature, acknowledging the aforesaid temptation and weakness, has enacted that in cases where trustees commit a breach of trust at the instigation or request or with the written sanction of a beneficiary, the Court may order such beneficiary's income to be impounded towards making up the loss which the trust fund may thereby sustain. A case was decided on this provision—which is in the Act of 1888—not very long ago, no doubt to the grievous astonishment of the life-tenant.

A very useful power—namely, that of appointing solicitors to conclude purchases for them, or receive money payable to them by insurance offices—is now conferred upon trustees by section seventeen of the new Act. Before the Conveyancing Act of 1881 came into operation, it was customary, on the day for concluding a purchase, for vendors and purchasers to meet at the vendor's solicitor's offices and pay over the money and receive the deeds. This being occasionally found to be inconvenient, the parties were in the habit of giving written instructions to their own solicitors to receive the money or deeds respectively; and where the solicitors were known men, few objections were made to the adoption of this course. The legislature, however, thought it could simplify matters, and by section fifty-six of the 1881 Act declared that if the vendor's solicitor on completion day produced a duly executed deed having thereon or therein a proper receipt for the purchase money, that of itself should be sufficient authority for the purchaser's solicitor to pay over the amount to him. Matters accordingly proceeded in this way till June 1883, when the case of *re Bellamy* (52 L. J. Chanc. [App.] 870) burst like a shell in the midst of

all this guileless confidence. In this case the customary process had been followed; but the vendors were trustees, and the Court of Appeal held that according to the legal maxim, 'delegatus non potest delegare,' trustees could give no such implied authority, but must personally attend and receive the money; which they accordingly had to do until the 1888 Act placed them on the same footing as ordinary beings in this respect, the section being retained in the coming Act.

Trustees can also appoint a solicitor or banker to receive insurance moneys for them; but they must be careful not to leave the amount in such agent's hands longer than is absolutely necessary, or they will be liable to replace the amount if it should happen to be thereby lost; and they may, like the general public, plead the Statute of Limitations in bar of an old claim, unless the same has arisen from a fraudulent breach of trust.

As to the appointment of fresh trustees on death or retirement of any of the number, their powers of paying their trust fund into Court, and of obtaining the Court's opinion upon knotty points, and similar provisions, we need not touch thereon, as lawyers are invariably employed to attend to such matters; and this paper has been merely written to give those numerous persons who have accepted a fiduciary appointment a slight insight into the Act of Parliament whereby their future conduct must be guided if they desire to do their duty by their beneficiaries and avoid unnecessary trouble and expense.

THE BURGOMASTER VAN TROON.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a dismal evening in early October, with a cold rain falling, and little errant gusts of wind blowing now from one point of the compass and now from another. The lamp-lighters had started on their rounds, and the main London thoroughfares were beginning to outline themselves in points of yellow flame. For the last day or two nearly every train had brought back holiday-makers by the hundred. Presently the huge pendulum of workaday London would be once more in full swing. Everything spoke of the death of summer.

In nowise out of keeping with the cheerless evening looked Edgar Fairclough, as, with gloomy brows, and hands buried deep in the pockets of his lounging jacket, he slowly paced the drawing-room of the pretty little flat occupied by himself and his wife in Pendragon Square, S.W. The lamp had not been lighted; the grate as yet was innocent of its first autumnal fire; the windows were blurred with raindrops. The dreariness outdoors was matched by the dreariness within.

But even had the time been the most brilliant of autumn evenings, and the scene one of those from which he had lately returned, Edgar Fairclough had 'that within' which might well furnish food for despondency of the deepest. He had just got back, several days before his holiday was at an end, from the south of France,

where he had left behind him, in the pocket-book of Captain Verschoyle, a little document in which he acknowledged his indebtedness to that gentleman in the sum of six hundred and fifty pounds. The scrap of paper in question represented the amount of his losses at the gaming tables, less his own ready-money, which had been the first to be swept up by the croupier's rake. But for the cursed chance which had brought Verschoyle across his path, he should perforce have fled the scene of his temptation the moment his own pockets were empty; but, alas! he had not been strong-minded enough to refuse the Captain's pressing offer of a loan, coupled as it was with the comforting assurance that, if he only persevered long enough, his luck would be sure to turn. Well, he had persevered, the Captain cheerfully backing him up with one loan after another, till the sum-total reached the amount named; but the luck had never turned, or only spasmodically and just sufficiently to tempt him still further on the downward path.

Then, one evening, in the solitude of his bedroom, Fairclough had taken a solemn oath that he would go near the tables no more. The Captain had seen him off next morning by train, his last words being: 'I shan't be long after you, dear boy. I'll drop you a line as soon as I arrive in town, and you can look me up at the Corinthian.'

Fairclough had understood quite well what looking-up the Captain at his club meant. On the very first occasion of their meeting the latter would look to him to redeem his IOU. Should he by any chance fail to do so, he knew that before he was a dozen hours older the story of his defection would have been whispered in a dozen ears. Verschoyle, as he was well aware, was one of those men who look for no quarter in the battle of life, and who are careful to give none when the advantage rests with them.

Edgar Fairclough was a Civil Service clerk on a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, which income was supplemented to the extent of three hundred pounds more by Mr Titus Bengough, a retired merchant, and his uncle on his mother's side. He had been married four years, and this was the first time since that event that he had gone for his annual leave without taking his wife with him. Clara had gone down to Devonshire to help to nurse a sick sister, and he had been under the compulsion to take his holiday alone, with what result we have already seen, for there could be no doubt that, had his wife been with him, he would not have gone within miles of Monte Carlo.

His marriage had not, perhaps, been a very prudent one from a worldly point of view, for he came of a good stock on his father's side, and all his friends had said that he ought to have looked higher, which, put in other words, meant that he ought to have married somebody with a good deal more money than the one thousand pounds which was all that Clara Denison, the orphan daughter of a country rector, had brought for dowry. But they had loved each other, and that of itself had seemed an all-sufficient reason for uniting themselves in the bonds of matrimony, nor had they yet seen

cause to regret their temerity in so doing. Uncle Titus had stuck to them all through like the 'brick' his nephew avouched him to be, and his money it had been which had gone far towards furnishing the flat in Pendragon Square.

Clara's thousand pounds, when she married, had been left intact in the bank, where it had been accumulating at interest since her father's death. There had been a sort of tacit understanding between the young people that it should be reserved as something against a possible rainy day—as a provision against one or other of those unforeseen contingencies from which not even the most fortunate of us can claim to be exempt. But we know what often befalls the best-laid plans of mice and men. At the end of four years a balance of seventy pounds was all that remained to the credit of Mrs Fairclough, the fact being that from the first the young couple had lived considerably beyond their means, and, as a consequence, had been under the necessity of drawing on the nest-egg from time to time in order to wipe off certain accumulations of outstanding debts. At length, however, they had begun to realise the folly of which they had been guilty, and only a few days before Fairclough set out on his holiday, he and his wife had sat in committee, and had then and there drawn up a scheme of retrenchment, which they had promised themselves in all sincerity that they would begin to put into practice from the day of their return to Pendragon Square. Then Fairclough had started for his scamper on the Continent, and if his purse was light, his heart was no less so; and then that terrible thing had happened, the result of his own insensate folly, which had brought him home before his time, and now found him desperate and alone in the chill October dusk, with the demon of suicide lurking, a baleful shadow, in some inner chamber of his brain.

Had his debt to Captain Verschoyle been of any other nature than that which it was, he might, perhaps, have summoned up courage to go to his uncle, lay his case before him, and appeal to him for help; but that he should do so under present circumstances was wholly out of the question. A debt which was the result of almost any other kind of folly he might have been persuaded to condone, but a gambling debt never. The fact was that Fairclough's father had been an incorrigible spendthrift and gamester, and had died miserably. Ever since he could remember had this terrible example been held up to Edgar as a warning by his uncle, and it had been impressed upon him again and yet again that in order irrevocably to snap the tie between them, he had but to take the first step on that pleasant but fatal road which had led his father to destruction.

By-and-by the housemaid, who had been vainly waiting for her master to ring, ventured, of her own accord, to bring in a lighted lamp, and therewith Fairclough's cogitations for the time being came to an end. By that the bitter truth had forced itself on him that there was one way and one only of extrication from the *impasse* in which he had landed himself. He must break up the pretty home where he had

been so happy, sell his furniture to the highest bidder, and settle down with his wife in some cheap suburban lodgings. By those means, and the practice of rigid economy, he ought to be able in the course of a couple of years to clear off his debt to Verschoyle to the last shilling. But that would by no means stop the latter's tongue; indeed, he would have just cause for complaint at having to wait so long for the final settlement of a debt which had been contracted on the tacit understanding that it would be paid in full in the course of a few weeks at the most. Of course for Verschoyle to blurt out the truth about the affair, as he undoubtedly would, practically meant social extinction for Fairclough and his wife. Most of us have our own little world of friends and acquaintances, a circle, however restricted, in which socially we live and move and have our being, and to be ostracised from that circle, however low the value may be at which we rate its privileges, can never be other than a painful process.

He rose and crossed to the window, and peered out into the deepening gloom. He could see, by the unbroken reflection of the lamplight on the wet roadway, that the rain had ceased. He did not expect his wife home for a couple of days, and, lacking her presence, the place was intolerable. He would dress and go down to his club—as yet there was no fear of his coming across Verschoyle—and dine there. Not much longer would he be privileged to do so.

He proceeded leisurely with his dressing. He had reached that frame of mind when to have settled on a definite plan of action, and to have sternly forced one's self to confront the worst that can happen, comes as a positive relief to the state of mental torture one has had to go through before arriving at it. He was in the act of manipulating his white tie, when a certain fact flashed across his memory, which, till that instant, he had absolutely, but most unaccountably, forgotten. For a few seconds the colour faded from his face, and he sat down on the nearest chair to recover himself. While he had been worrying himself almost to the verge of suicide, there had lain all the time close to his hand the means which would enable him to meet Verschoyle with a smiling face and redeem his IOU. What an idiot he must have been not to have called to mind before that his wife's diamond necklace was locked up in the safe in the bedroom, as it had been from the day he and Clara set up housekeeping in Pendragon Square!

The necklace in question had been the gift of Clara's godfather, Major Stainforth, on her twenty-first birthday. There had been no stipulation attached to the present, but merely a request that the necklace should not be disposed of except under the pressure of necessity, it having originally belonged to the donor's mother, and so valued by him accordingly. To Clara such a request had all the force of a command; but her husband was inclined now and then to grumble a little at the uselessness of the gift. They were in a measure debarred from finding a customer for it, and adding the proceeds of its sale to their modest

banking account; while for a person in his wife's position to have decked herself out in an article which a countess might have been proud to wear, would have merely served to excite envy and provoke invidious comments among the circle of her acquaintance. Besides, although the stones which composed the necklace were of the first water, the setting was altogether rococo and out of date.

There, then, in its velvet-lined case in the small safe—built into the bedroom wall by a previous occupant of the flat—the necklace had reposed for the past four years, seldom looked at and rarely thought about. No one knew of its presence there except the two people concerned; consequently, they had no fears as to its safety.

What Fairclough now proposed to himself was, not to sell it—in point of fact, it was not his to dispose of—but to pawn it for the exact sum in which he was indebted to Verschoyle. He would tell Clara immediately on her return what he had done, and—although the confession would be a painful one, and one which would inevitably lower him somewhat in her eyes—explain to her the dire compulsion under which he had acted. That she would shed some tears he did not doubt, but at the same time he felt assured that he could count on her forgiveness.

The mental reaction was so complete and overwhelming that presently he caught himself laughing aloud as inanely as he might have done had he partaken of too much wine. Then it struck him that it might be as well to make himself absolutely sure of the presence of the necklace. There were two keys to the safe, of which his wife held one, and he the other. A minute later the necklace was in his hands, scintillating and flashing back a many-coloured radiance as he held it up in the lamp-light. He gave a great sigh of satisfaction as he replaced it in the safe. That night—the first time for many nights—Edgar Fairclough slept as soundly as a man who has not a care in the world.

The clocks were striking eleven next morning as he discharged the hansom which had brought him from Pendragon Square. After walking a little way farther along the Strand, he turned down one of those side streets leading to the Embankment, which at that hour of the day are comparatively deserted. Then presently, after a quick precautionary glance round, he dived into a narrow semi-dark passage, and pushing open at random the first door he came to, found himself in one of those mysterious boxes the like of which are to be met with at one class of establishment only.

It was not the first time he had been engaged on a like errand. More than once in his salad days he had 'outrun the constable,' and been driven to negotiate a temporary advance on some of his portable belongings; but all such transactions had been of trifling account in comparison with the one on which he was now engaged. He knew that it would have been useless for him to attempt to borrow the sum he was in need of from any of the ordinary class of pawnbrokers, and he had accordingly brought the necklace to one of the

well-known establishments of Messrs Lippmann, who may be termed the Rothschilds of their peculiar business.

Extracting the morocco jewel case from the breast-pocket of his coat, Fairclough pushed it across the counter to the gentlemanly-looking assistant on the other side. 'How much?' queried the latter in the blandest of tones as his fingers closed over the case.

'Six-fifty,' responded Fairclough in a voice which he scarcely recognised for his own.

The assistant opened the case, took out the necklace, and carried it away with him beyond the other's limited range of view. He was away so long that Fairclough began to fidget with impatience. At length he came back, and bending over the counter, said with a sort of mystery in his tone: 'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you required an advance of six hundred and fifty pounds on the necklace?'

'That is the sum I asked.'

'In that case, sir, you can hardly be aware that the stones which compose the necklace are nothing but paste.'

A VEGETABLE WITH A PEDIGREE.

Of all the plants used for food, there is none which has been so long known, or has had, so to say, so distinguished a lineage as Asparagus. Its record, in fact, reaches back to almost the commencement of authentic history, as it is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died about 425 B.C., and was a contemporary of, though slightly older than, Aristophanes. Among the Romans also, the tasty vegetable was held in high esteem. Cato the Elder—not the gentleman who was of opinion that Plato reasoned well, but his great-grandfather, who insisted upon the destruction of Carthage, and who was born 234 B.C.—wrote a work, which is still extant, *De Re Rustica*, and in it he treats at length of the virtues and proper cultivation of asparagus. Pliny also in his *Natural History* (about 60 A.D.) has much to say on the subject. 'Of all the productions of your garden,' he feelingly observes, 'your chief care will be your asparagus;' and he devotes several chapters and parts of chapters to its many beneficent qualities and the best modes of raising it. He asserts that, even in his day, the soil about Ravenna was so favourable to its production, that three heads grown in that district had been known to weigh a Roman pound. As, however, this pound seems to have been equal to only about eleven of our ounces, it would apparently have required four of the stalks to reach a pound of our weight; but this result, considering the state of horticulture in those days, may be looked upon as wonderful enough, and has in point of fact only been equalled in our own times.

It is possible, however, that, asparagus being essentially a southern plant, the original stock found in Italy was of a more vigorous growth than that of more northern climes. It occurs all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and branches off into four or five distinct species

besides the one ordinarily used for edible purposes. In Britain we have in a wild state only the latter, and even that is confined to a few favoured districts. With us, it is never found away from the sea-coast; and although, according to old botanical books, it extended in former times all along the Channel, and even up to the latitude of London, Cornwall and Devonshire seem to be now the only counties where it can be met with. Withering declares that in his day (1812) it grew not only at Harwich, but also at Gravesend, and even at Greenwich. It is needless to say that at present it would scarcely repay a botanist to look for wild asparagus at Greenwich, nor would Harwich or Gravesend be much more likely places. Probably the only remaining spots where it could now be discovered with any certainty would be about the Lizard and one or two other places in Cornwall. Opposite Kynans Cove, in the latter county, the so-called Asparagus Island is yet covered with it, and offers a pretty spectacle as the tall feathery stalks wave to and fro in the breeze.

In France and Germany, however, the plant is much more common; nor is it confined entirely to the coasts. Gillet says that it grows also in woods and sandy meadows; and with regard to Germany, Wagner gives as its habitat 'hedges, bushy places, and fertile mountain meadows.' In some parts of the Russian steppes it is said to grow so abundantly that the cattle eat it like grass; but it must be remembered that in all these countries more than one kind of asparagus is found—sometimes three or four different kinds—and it is quite possible that some of them may be occasionally mistaken for the veritable or edible article.

Of late years, the cultivation of asparagus has, especially in France, arrived at great perfection. In England, its headquarters are still, as they have been for years, about Mortlake, Richmond, and along the valley of the Thames, the alluvial soil of which—probably mixed with a good deal of sand—seems to suit the plant admirably. The English growers, however, can scarcely compete with the French as regards the size and flavour of the heads produced. In France, one of the chief centres of the trade is at Argenteuil, a village on the Seine, near Paris, and which formerly had a reputation for producing an extremely formidable wine, much dreaded by the *gourmets* and frequenters of the Parisian restaurants. This wine, it was alleged, was always served when entertainments extended to a late hour, no matter what especial *craû* had been ordered. Large quantities of it are still produced; but some years ago the proprietors of the vineyards came upon the idea of increasing their revenues by planting asparagus between the vines. This succeeded so well, that at present large tracts of ground, exceeding altogether a thousand acres, are given up entirely to the cultivation of the vegetable, and the Paris

market draws the best, or at least the most highly esteemed, portion of its supplies from there. If the accounts given by some of the gentlemen engaged in this occupation are to be believed, the speculation must be extremely profitable, for it is said that the average returns of the thousand acres more or less exceed a million francs or forty thousand pounds. Some growers indeed estimate their 'takings' at even a higher figure. One firm gives the cost of planting, keeping in order, and all the expenses of labour, at about thirty pounds an acre, and the average annual value of the crop at something like one hundred and twenty pounds. Against this, however, as he says, he has to reckon the loss of his capital for some four years. An asparagus bed, newly laid, produces nothing whatever until the third year, and then only a very small amount, systematic cutting not being commenced before the fifth year after planting. It is estimated that after this age each stock, or root, will give about ten heads every year, and that this yield will continue, under favourable conditions, for some twenty or five-and-twenty years.

Asparagus is raised from seed, which is generally sown in spring; and the plant thrives best in a rich, fresh, and sandy soil—such as the sandy meadows in which it is found wild. In England it is usually planted in rows, at distances varying from one to two and a half feet apart, in beds that have been previously prepared by deep trenching and rich manuring.

Some kinds of French asparagus have within the present decade reached a perfectly abnormal size. We have seen that Pliny was much impressed by the fact that heads could be grown which could run four to the pound; and some five-and-twenty years ago, one of the growers at Mortlake announced with much jubilation that he had produced three which reached the same weight. At Argenteuil, we are told, it is by no means uncommon for each head of a certain kind to be half an inch in diameter, and to weigh a pound or even more. That, however, this 'giant' asparagus is greatly inferior in flavour to the old-fashioned and less bulky sort no amateur of asparagus will probably be disposed to deny. Of course the growers at Argenteuil maintain that this is quite a mistake, and that the pleasant taste of asparagus depends more on its freshness than on any difference of size. There can, however, be little doubt that that kind which is now only found in old gardens, and of which the stalk is green in colour and eatable down to the base, is much more palatable than that of which the edible portion is scarcely an inch long, and the remainder woody and fibrous. Probably the very best asparagus which can be eaten in the present day is that which is grown among the vines in South Germany, and this, almost without exception, belongs to the 'green' kind, and, in fact, is so called by the German gardeners in contradistinction to the white.

The march of civilisation has no doubt improved most things; but, as regards asparagus,

'progress' seems to have consisted in producing a very large stick, which looks well in the shop windows, but which, beyond its size, has little else to recommend it.

A BIMETALLIC MYSTERY.

'WHAT did that nasty man say, father dear, when he called this afternoon? You have looked so serious ever since.'

'Nothing, sweetheart—at least, nothing of any consequence at this moment.' Which meant that, whatever it was, Mr Fielding, chief of the banking firm of Fielding, Fielding, & Scott, intended to communicate no particulars even to his eldest and favourite daughter. She was the head of his household; but she knew that her father never intruded business affairs into their domestic circle, and the reply satisfied her that the matter which caused him to wear such a pre-occupied expression during dinner was of a nature outside her ken.

'Don't be long, Harry,' she cried to her *fiancé*, an artillery officer presently spending a month's leave on a visit to the house. 'We have a lot to rehearse yet; and there are only four more days before we have to astonish the brilliant and distinguished audience which Eskminster always sends to amateur theatricals.'

Captain Colquhoun made a smiling reply, and turned to speak to his host when the door had closed on the ladies.

'You need not remain here, Harry,' said Mr Fielding. 'I am going to the library to look over some papers. When the girls have retired for the night, would you mind joining me there for a cigar and a chat? I want your advice in a question that I do not care to trust entirely to my own judgment.'

The request puzzled Colquhoun considerably. Evidently the conversation would not relate to himself, for his account at Cox's was all right; but he held Mr Fielding in wholesome dread. In his own words to his mother: 'My prospective father-in-law is a first-rate chap, a thorough gentleman, and he thinks the world of Gladys; indeed, who wouldn't? but he is a very stern man of business.'

When he entered the library, he found Mr Fielding immersed in a pile of documents. These were not to be the subject of discussion, however, as the banker folded them into packets, locked them in a safe, took down a box of cigars, and asked Colquhoun to help himself and sit near the fire. He drew his chair close, and at once plunged into the topic which had apparently disturbed him.

'You know Lester, my cashier? Well, his full name is Charles Jamieson Lester—Jamieson being his mother's maiden name. She was a sort of distant relative of ours. Thirty-one years of age. His father died long ago; and when he was sixteen I took him into the bank, where he has steadily progressed to his present position, which is one, I need hardly say, of great responsibility and trust, especially as he is also a sort of deputy-manager, attending to all details, and leaving me free to deal with more important matters. He is a capital financier, and I have

always had implicit confidence in him. I pay him four hundred pounds a year; and he lives in good style, for a bachelor, in his own house, left him by his mother when she died four years since. He keeps a dogcart and horse, plays moderate whist at the club, and does not, I should imagine, get through the whole of his annual income. His private account at the bank stands, as well as I remember, at something over seven hundred pounds, which is as it should be.' Mr Fielding gave these details with the calm concentration of a prosecuting counsel. He was looking at his cigar smoke as he talked, but happening to notice Captain Colquhoun's amazed expression, he continued: 'All this is quite relevant to the affair at issue, as you will soon perceive.'

'Nearly six months ago I was invited to join the London Directorate of a very sound and paying gold-mining company at the Cape. I accepted; and some time afterwards, when up in town on its business, the Secretary said to me: "Your cashier, Assheton, must be very well off; he holds three thousand pounds of our stock."—I laughed as I replied: "My cashier's name is not Assheton; he is called Lester; and is certainly not in a position to command so much capital."—"But," said the Secretary, "I had occasion to get some money at your bank last week when in Eskminster, and I am quite sure I saw Assheton there."

'At that moment we were interrupted; and although I felt sure that the Secretary was mistaken, I gave private instructions that the next audit at the bank should be most thorough in every respect. As I anticipated, our books and balances were in perfect order. Our notes in circulation were checked in the usual careful manner, and our gold weighed and counted. We find that thirty thousand pounds is ample for our ordinary turnover; but, to be absolutely on the safe side, I keep a reserve of twenty thousand sovereigns, in ten boxes, in one portion of our strong-room, to which only myself and Lester have access. There was absolutely nothing wrong anywhere; nor is it, so far as my knowledge goes, scientifically possible for any discrepancy to exist without detection. To-day, however, the Secretary of the gold-mining company again chanced to be in this town. The mysterious Assheton purchased another thousand pounds of stock last month, showing himself to be a thoroughly well-informed speculator by so doing; and the Secretary, out of sheer curiosity, made it his business to call at the bank, where he again identified Lester as Assheton, and only refrained from addressing him by name lest a precipitate action should weaken my hands in discovering the source whence my cashier derives his funds.

'Now, this dilemma has the usual pair of horns. Lester, if he be Assheton, may have come by his money in some quite legitimate way unknown to me. In that case, I would never forgive myself for even indirectly suspecting his honesty. On the other hand, if he really is a scoundrel, and has robbed the bank in a marvellously ingenious manner—for it can be none other—the exposure and subsequent prosecution will be a serious blow to us as a bank. Both aspects of the affair are extremely awkward, and I must confess that I have never before been so

unable to decide upon a course of action and pursue it.'

'From what you have said, I take it that you are aware of no reason why Mr Lester should desire to defraud you or anybody else?'

'Not the slightest.'

'Well, I suppose there is no hurry for a day or two. He has some relatives in the same part of India as my battery was in before we came home, and he asked me to dine with him to-morrow evening in order to talk over Indian affairs. I do not care much about the man personally, and intended to have made some excuse; but now I shall accept. At any rate, I shall have an opportunity of learning a little concerning his tastes, and this may be some slight guide to us.'

When approaching Lester's house, Captain Colquhoun surveyed the fortress with soldier-like care. It stood by itself, at the end of a suburban road, and appeared to be a charming little residence. It was neat and effective in design, was not cramped for space, and the sharp outlines of the brick walls were artistically broken by a small clump of trees which stood near the gable end. The villa consisted of two lofty storeys, with attics over the main block, and the gable first-floor chamber terminated in a turreted roof. There was nothing whatever in the appearance of the place to call for comment.

Colquhoun was warmly welcomed by his host; and after dinner the conversation turned upon some important experiments which Captain Colquhoun had recently witnessed in Woolwich. They were intended to ascertain what amalgam of metals gave the highest degree of resistance to projectiles, combined with the minimum of weight. In discussing the topic, Lester showed unusual knowledge of dynamic principles. 'The great difficulty,' he said, 'that even scientists have to contend with is to disabuse the mind from inalienably associating certain properties with certain metals. By the introduction or destruction of an element, or a change of proportion of the component elements, you create an entirely fresh set of conditions. I should like very much to see the Report of the investigating Committee.'

'I am afraid that is impossible, as it is sure to be a confidential one.' Then Colquhoun received an inspiration. 'It is all very well to talk of positive open-mindedness in these researches, but the attribute of weight, for instance, cannot be created. You cannot make iron as heavy as gold, you know.'

Lester seemed to be about to reply, but checked himself, and at last said lightly: 'That may be so; but it is a matter I know very little about. I am fond of dabbling in chemistry, but have no time to devote to it except an occasional hour before bed.'

'Have you any sort of laboratory?' inquired Colquhoun.

'No.—By the way, let me show you some rare prints I picked up recently in town.'

Later in the evening, when the Captain had quitted the house, he stopped in the road to light a cigar. He did not greatly relish the notion of enjoying a man's hospitality for the purpose of finding out whether or not he was a scoundrel;

but he was labouring to avert a threatened scandal, which might seriously affect the fortunes of his affianced wife and her four sisters. This thought served to stifle any aversion he felt towards the work in hand, and, as the night was fine, he resolved to watch the proceedings of Mr Lester until that gentleman had retired to rest. Barely five minutes had elapsed before the lights in the dining-room were extinguished; and as the servants had gone to their rooms an hour before Colquhoun's departure, Lester had locked and bolted the house door himself. He obviously went straight to his bedroom, which was over what the soldier conjectured to be the drawing-room. In a very short space of time the light disappeared, and Colquhoun concluded that he had kept his vigil for nothing, when suddenly the turreted chamber in the gable was lit up.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the watcher gazed at the window, of which the venetian blinds were closed; and it seemed to him that at intervals the light in the room became momentarily brighter. This fancy gained such a hold upon him that he determined to get a closer view, and consequently he re-entered the grounds and examined the trees beside the gable. One of them, the nearest to the wall, was comparatively easy to climb, even by starlight; so he essayed the task, and without much difficulty found himself on a level with and about twelve feet from the window. Even from this favourable position he could not see an inch of the interior; but the periodic glowing effect was now most noticeable, and he thought he could distinguish a sound like heavy breathing, followed by an almost imperceptible thud. Could he but reach the window ledge, he might possibly discover some chink which commanded the interior, and, as a matter of fact, the topmost slide of the blind was not so oblique as the others; but he felt that it would be out of the question to get his eyes on a level with it without making such a noise as would probably attract the attention of the person inside. At all events, nothing more could be done that night; so the Captain climbed down again, and walked home, thinking as hard as he knew how.

After breakfast, he asked Mr Fielding to await further developments, as he had a scheme in his mind which might fail, but which would do no harm, and perchance contained the germ of the required information. Whilst assisting Gladys to train a vine in the greenhouse, he came upon the very article he needed—a light but strong gardener's ladder, some fourteen feet in length, which, when laid in a horizontal position, bore his weight easily. This he hid amongst some laurels in the shrubbery; and subsequently purchased a coil of stout rope, and a small double circular mirror opening like a locket. At night he went to the Club, and on returning to the banker's house, he shouldered the ladder and marched off to Lester's abode. On the way, having to dodge a policeman, he felt curiously like a burglar in the act. Determined, however, to proceed with his task, he found, as he expected, the room in the gable occupied when he reached the villa. Attaching the rope to the top of the ladder, he rested this against the tree, and then rapidly gained his position of

the previous night. Fixing himself firmly on the forked branch, he carefully drew up the ladder until it rested in front of him, and then it was an easy matter to steady it by means of the rope and shove it forward until the farther end rested securely on the window-ledge. Tying the ladder with the spare piece of rope to the tree, he promptly crossed the bridge thus formed. The foothold afforded by the sill and ladder combined was ample; but, search as he would, he could not find a crevice in the blind which gave a wider view of the rooms than to the extent of a couple of feet of the floor, and this space was crowded with jars of chemicals. There were also some odd bits of machinery lying about, and a large bag, containing dross-refuse as from a furnace.

The gunner being a man of resource, now brought his circular mirror into service. He opened it to an obtuse angle, and rested it against the upper framework of the window, opposite the highest panel of the blind, where a narrow beam of light stole out. It was some time before he could piece together the details of the series of small reflected pictures thus obtained, but at last they assumed a definite shape. Lester was moving about the centre of the room, attired in a rough blouse, a garment which probably accounted for his visit to the bedroom on the preceding night. On a table were two piles of sovereigns, perhaps five hundred in all, and a larger quantity of some other metal, with a pair of delicate, finely-balanced scales, and some small implements. Near the table stood two machines, one a chemical retort, which Colquhoun knew to be of extremely high power; and the other an odd-looking press with elaborate multiplying cranks capable of producing tremendous weight-energy.

No mechanical engineer ever worked with greater neatness and expedition than did Lester. He went through a distinct series of operations. In the first place he weighed some of the rough metal and fused it in the retort, afterwards moulding it into small thin discs, smooth and shiny. Then a number of sovereigns were also weighed out and fused at a lower temperature. The thin discs were immersed in this gold bath, cooled, and weighed until he was satisfied as to the exactness of each. The gold-coated discs having been reheated to a certain extent, were then placed one by one in what appeared to be a stamping-press, from which the disc came out bright and shining, and bearing the semblance of a sovereign. It was again placed in the scales, carefully examined, and, in all but one case, added to the other pile of gold on the table.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the observer outside could satisfactorily note all these details, and at the end of that time he felt so exhausted from the cold and the physical effort of maintaining his cramped position, with his right hand holding the mirror aloft and his head awkwardly twisted, that he was very glad to be astride the ladder again. He retired as cautiously as he had come, reached the banker's house unobserved, and wrote a full account of what he had seen before seeking his pillow.

In the morning, when Mr Fielding was placed in possession of the facts, his indignation was so

great that Colquhoun feared exposure must inevitably follow; but common-sense prevailed, and the banker was superbly bland when at ten o'clock he despatched Mr Lester on some necessary mission to a branch office in the neighbouring market town. By mid-day an expert metallurgical chemist was in Eskminster, and had in his possession selected coins from each division of the bank's stock of gold. Next day his report arrived. All the samples from the current money were pure; so were the contents of seven boxes of the reserve fund; but in three of the boxes the whole of the coins were base. The only perceptible external difference between these coins and minted money was that they were larger, but in so slight a degree that it required most elaborate metrical tests to prove the divergence. Each sovereign, however, had yielded to the coiner an appreciable amount of gold, the percentage of gold thus extracted being replaced by a clever amalgam of the heavier metals.

Mr Fielding was at the outset determined to call in the officers of the law; but Captain Colquhoun opposed this course.

'If the public once feel suspicious that the gold obtained from your bank is spurious,' he said, 'it will be almost impossible to regain their implicit confidence; and the results might be terribly serious to yourself and your family.' He did not add that an odd feeling of chivalry prevented him from sending to penal servitude a gentlemanly villain whose bread he had eaten, but this was the predominant feeling in the captain's mind. 'Besides,' he added, 'we may fairly estimate the amount stolen as being about the sum invested in the mining company; and if we force him to transfer this sum to you, plus the expense of getting the gold reminted, or sold, as a safer expedient, all will be well, and he must clear out of the country.'

Colquhoun went off to his amateur theatricals, where he performed with surprising vigour, fresh as he was from the scenes of a drama in real life.

Next morning, Lester was brought to the banker's library, and Colquhoun told him his story and its results. After the first shock of discovery, Lester remained cool, almost cynical.

'You unmitigated scoundrel'—burst forth Mr Fielding.

'Steady, sir; no hard names. You are compounding a felony, you know. However, I have not the slightest desire to visit Portland, so I accept your terms. I have taken, stolen if you like, four thousand seven hundred pounds. My house is worth a thousand, and that stock is worth more than five thousand pounds. I will go up to London with you now, and transfer the stock, and the house will follow in due course, if need be. My current account in the bank will suffice to convey me to South Africa. I am ready when you are.'

Considerable time, trouble, and expense were requisite before Mr Fielding was assured that his bank paid only legal tender; and some curiosity was evoked among the employees by the frequent transfer of gold to and from the establishment. At the end he sent Captain

Colquhoun a two-hundred-pound hunter as the 'net profit of the speculation;' and the latter christened the animal 'Investigator,' explaining to inquisitive friends that he was acquired in order to find out the weak points of his brother-officers' cracks.

ITALIAN GRANITE.

ITALIAN marble has long been known in this country, and the trade carried on in its import has attained to considerable dimensions; whilst, curiously enough, the granite resources of Italy have for some reason been almost entirely overlooked, and Italian granite has remained to the present day almost entirely ignored in the United Kingdom. Under these circumstances, the attempts now being made to place Italian granite on the British markets, and to render it a commercial and economic success, call forth considerable interest, and have induced us to lay before our readers some succinct account of what may with justice almost be described as a new product in our industries, together with some brief notes of its mode of occurrence in Italy and the methods in which it is quarried and worked.

The most important seat of the granite industry in Italy is the group of quarries in the province of Novaro, situated around Baveno and Alzo. Here not only is the quarrying of the granite carried on, but the turning, polishing, and general execution of all work in connection with the finished product is also performed. The granite of the district is of two distinct classes—red and white or gray granite. The former, according to a Report by Professor James Geikie—who has, after a careful megascopic and microscopic examination, pronounced an opinion on the rocks which form the subject of this article—is composed in nearly equal proportions of felspar and quartz, with a relatively small admixture of mica; whilst the latter has a similar structure and texture, but with the orthoclase or potash-felspar of a white instead of a red colour. Both varieties of granite have a medium grain, take a fine polish, and whilst admirably suited for ornamental purposes, are eminently serviceable in the arts owing to their durability and strength.

The principal quarries are situated on the western shore of Lago Maggiore, whose scenery is well known to all lovers of the picturesque. A feature of interest is the mode of working adopted, which consists in detaching enormous masses of granite by huge blasts. At the Monte Grassi quarry, in 1885, a charge of six tons of gunpowder was fired by electricity; whilst four months later, a similar blast, with eight and a half tons of the same explosive, was carried out. It was, however, in the autumn of 1886 that a monster blast was executed, when seventeen tons of blasting-powder and half a ton of Nobel dynamite were exploded simultaneously, displacing something like five hundred thousand cubic yards of granite; while some twenty or thirty blocks, ranging from one thousand to six thousand five hundred cubic yards each, were carried fully three hundred yards by the explosion. So much interest attached to these phenomenal blasts, that in the interests of science the

Italian Ministry of War deputed a Major of Engineers to be present and to fully report thereon.

The position of this quarry on a mountain side attaining an altitude of about two thousand feet is particularly advantageous, as the material descends by the action of gravity to the finishing and polishing works below, whence it passes to the harbour adjoining the works, and is shipped to its destination.

Another famous quarry in this district is the white quarry of Alzo, situated on the western shore of Lago d'Orta, a small lake some nine miles in a westerly direction from Lago Maggiore. This granite takes a high polish, is that employed in the construction of the docks at Spezzia, as well as in the famous St Gothard Tunnel. A brief examination of old buildings in the district bears abundant testimony to the durability of the granite under consideration.

No better evidence of the power of Italian granite to resist the ravages of time can be adduced than by mentioning the famous palace on the 'Isola Bella,' which was erected in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Borromeo with granite from Monte Grassi. This spot forms a favourite resort of tourists in North Italy; and the material of the old palace, though exposed for over three centuries to the great extremes of heat and cold here found, exhibits no signs of weathering or decay.

A feature of interest in connection with the working of Italian granite is the cheap cost of production. Wages are low in Northern Italy, and the wants of the workers being few and the necessities of life cheap, both skilled and unskilled labour is readily obtainable at lesser rates than rule in other granite-producing countries.

Viewing the cheapness of labour, the unlimited stores of granite, and the easy methods of transport by means of water, there appears little doubt that Italian granite will ere long force its way to the front, and by enabling all persons in this country to obtain supplies of an unequalled building material at low rates, will confer lasting benefits on architectural engineering and kindred industries, and through these on the public generally.

ENTHUSIASM.

He who would move the world must stand apart,
Above it and beyond; must from him toss
All which that world doth give, accounted dross
At one implacable summons—'Lo! thou art
To do this thing, none other!'—noise of mart,
Murmur of household clear it rings across—
And as he listens, suffering and loss
Are empty threats to this disdainful heart.

He gains his life who so his life doth lose;
Holds joy inviolate when most forsworn;
Wins far-off plaudits in men's present scorn;
Not theirs, not his, to say what path to choose
Through thorny deserts where his lone soul strays,
And bleeding tracks the Future's broad highways.

MARY GEOGHEGAN.

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A RIDE TO LITTLE TIBET.

DR LANSDELL must be reckoned among the most fortunate of travellers. Wherever he goes he seems to receive a welcome, and to be hospitably entertained, and he is generally permitted to go where others are forbidden. His recent ride across Asia, through Chinese Turkestan, and so by Little Tibet into British India, was one of the most interesting feats in modern travel, and it is doubtful if any one less of a *persona grata* with the Russian authorities than Dr Lansdell is, could have achieved it—certainly not without considerably more difficulty, discomfort, and detention. In the two delightful volumes—*Chinese Central Asia: a Ride to Little Tibet* (Sampson Low & Co.)—recording the incidents of this memorable journey is to be found much bright description and out-of-the-way information.

Of course everybody knows how Dr Lansdell has in past years traversed Siberia, has peered into Siberian prisons—which he saw through different spectacles from Mr George Kennan—and has at different times careered over most of Russian Central Asia. It was while on his last journey, in 1882, that he received from the Marquis Tseng, the great Chinese statesman and Minister, letters to some of the governors of the remote border States of China. He was not able to make use of these letters at the time; but they caused him to think over and subsequently to plan a third journey thither, which he began in February 1888. The general object in view was to spy out the land for missionary purposes—not to engage in missionary work himself, but to examine the country and study the peoples, to see if openings could be made for missions to follow.

He first went to St Petersburg, so as to get specially commended to Russian officials along the Trans-Caspian Railway and up to the Chinese frontier. He crossed the Caspian Sea, and, favoured and made comfortable by officials, went by the famous railway as far as it could then take him, namely, Tugai-Robat. This was

at that time the end of the line, eight hundred and twenty-eight miles from the Caspian. At Tugai-Robat, therefore, where the railway journey ended, the ride began.

Here also—or rather at Tashkend—occurred one of the troubles of travellers in remote regions—the problem of money. Neither in London nor in St Petersburg had Dr Lansdell been able to obtain letters of credit for Chinese Turkestan, and at Tashkend he had to load himself with rouble notes. This money question is always a serious one for travellers beyond the range of banks and post-office orders, and Dr Lansdell's further monetary experiences may be here briefly referred to. Light baggage he found it cheaper to send by parcel post from St Petersburg to Kuldja in packages not exceeding a hundredweight each, than to carry with him. Extra luggage between London and St Petersburg alone costs eightpence per pound; but book packages—and he wanted many books for consultation, Bibles for distribution, &c.—could be sent all the way to Kuldja, a distance of four thousand six hundred miles, for fourpence per pound. At Jarkend he had to exchange his rouble notes for silver bullion in big lumps called 'shoes,' which were divided into half-shoes, quarter-shoes, &c., for small change. At Kuldja, a small steelyard had to be procured in order to weigh out the silver in Chinese currency. Payments of large sums were simple enough; but when it came to small purchases the business was bewildering in its complications. Change for ten liang, or about two pounds, being sought at one place, a donkey had to be sent to the bazaar to carry back the small money—no fewer than four thousand seven hundred and fifty small copper coins!

Dr Lansdell sums up the situation thus: 'With English pounds were purchased roubles in London, St Petersburg, and Tiflis, at a different price in each. At Jarkend roubles were turned into lumps of silver, of value differing according to their standard of purity. This silver purchased "cash" at prices varying from four

hundred and seventy-five to three hundred and fifty to the ounce; after which, what mathematician would undertake to state exactly in £ s. d. the price of an article purchased? The problem is certainly an interesting one for students of the Silver question!

The journey through the Russian Asiatic territories was made pleasant by the courtesies of Russian officials, to whom Dr Lansdell was commended in advance by persons in authority. The rough places were not made quite so smooth for him in Chinese Central Asia, by which is meant the portion of the Celestial Empire lying outside the Great Wall. The portion traversed by Dr Lansdell may be roughly described as lying to the westward of the Great Gobi Desert—a sort of horseshoe depression, bounded on the north by the Tian-Shan Mountains; on the south by the Kuen-Lun; and on the west by the famous Pamirs—‘the Roof of Asia.’ This region has been known by various names, but is now preferably called Chinese Turkestan.

Jarkend is the last place in Russian territory at which our traveller tarried. Thence escorted by the Russian governor, he drove to the river Khorgos, which here forms the boundary between Russia and China. Here, as he expresses it, Dr Lansdell had to knock at the remote back-door of the Celestial Empire, with considerable doubts, freely shared by British officials before he left home, whether he would be allowed to enter at all. But armed with one letter from the Pekin Government, and another from the Chinese Minister at Berlin, as well as with a Russian passport, he boldly approached the gateway, guarded by Chinese soldiers, which is built on the bridge that spans the Khorgos. What he had most to fear was the ignorance of the soldiery and inferior officials, of whose language he knew not a word. What happened?—

‘I produced my Russian letters and asked the officer (of the last Russian outpost) to lend me a couple of Cossacks for an escort to Kuldja. A few minutes sufficed for their preparation, and with these I charged the *p'ai fang*, or gateway. What the Cossacks said or did I know not; but the great doors, with “warders,” or painted dragons, flew open, my tarantass rolled majestically through, without my being stopped, or, so far as I remember, asked for my passport, and in five minutes we were calmly driving through the fields of the Flowery Land and among the Celestials, quizzing their pigtailed, and feeling on excellent terms with ourselves and the world in general.’

Thus was the frontier crossed, and Kuldja—which a few years ago occupied so prominent a place in international politics—was reached next day. At Kuldja the travellers were really in China, although only, as far as mileage goes, midway between Moscow and Pekin. This is extra-mural China, which at one time probably extended to Bokhara, if not beyond—but that was long ago. Kuldja, which was occupied by the Russians in the ‘eighties,’ is now once more under Chinese rule, but the seat of government of the region has been transferred

to Siuting. At Kuldja, however, remains a considerable amount of civilisation. Siuting is larger and more thoroughly Chinese, surrounded by a high wall, with brick-built gates and fortifications. It has numerous streets and bazaars, and a population of five or six thousand.

At Siuting Dr Lansdell breakfasted with the Kah-i-Chang, or political officer in charge of Russo-Chinese affairs, and the incidents will interest many. The repast began with yellow tea and fruit, served in an anteroom. Then the party were taken into an inner room and seated on the floor at a table a foot or so high. Saucers were then placed on this table to the number of nineteen, arranged in rows of three, four, five, four, three. After which more were brought and placed on the top of the others. ‘Some of the dishes were extremely nice, notably the little shreds of mutton, excellently seasoned, such as I learned ever after to call for with confidence at Chinese inns. On the other hand, the chicken was made uneatable, and the eggs on this occasion, I am bound to say, were inexpressibly nasty. The taste for them as eaten in China had need to be acquired, no doubt, for I had been told at Vierny of the wonderful pains and expense at which Chinese gourmands preserve their eggs till they are black and putrid, and of which they are as proud, when many, many years old, as an English squire of his crusted port. . . . The rissoles of pork sausage were tasty, and so were the French beans, peas, the hearts of cabbage stalks cut in slices, and the Mandarin oranges preserved in syrup. We helped ourselves to these delicacies as we pleased; but our host every now and then with his chop-sticks placed on the plate of one or other of his guests a choice morsel, which, mercifully, it was not a matter of unbending etiquette that one should eat. It was polite, of course, occasionally to return the compliment and help him to tit-bits with one’s knife and fork.’

From Kuldja the route taken was by the Pass of Chapchal and the Great Muzart Pass in the Tian-Shan Mountains, in order to reach Kashgar and Khotan and the road into Kashmir, if not into Great Tibet. The climb up the Chapchal Pass was very steep and very difficult, although easy compared with the work that was to follow—and the actual top is computed at nine thousand feet. ‘Here, at the summit, which took us two hours from the camp to reach, was raised an “obo,” consisting of five heaps of stones with poles, whence might dangle and flutter tails of yaks or horses, and pieces of calico inscribed with Tibetan or Mongolian writing. In the country of the Buriats I have seen on similar spots sweetmeats and copper coins scattered about, but not so here; though, on arriving at the place, my Chinese attendants all dismounted, each to add a few stones more to the heaps, and to make their obeisance in Chinese fashion; perhaps also to say a prayer, but of this I am not sure. It was not easy to get from them information on the subject, though they told me that these were graves of two celebrated lamas who lived thirty thousand years ago!’

The descent from this Pass on the south is less precipitous, and continues through a beautifully wooded defile, where picturesque camps of Kalmuks were seen, with their flocks and herds, which here find abundant rich pasture.

One of the most memorable episodes in Dr Lansdell's journey was the crossing of the Tian-Shan Mountains—a range which is some fifteen hundred miles long, and is joined by a number of smaller ranges running in different directions. This mass of mountains is computed to occupy an area of four hundred thousand square miles, or as much as the area of France and Spain together. The highest peak of the Tian-Shan Mountains is more than half as high again as Mont Blanc; there are innumerable peaks overtopping by more or less the highest Alpine summits; and there are some eight thousand glaciers of vast extent. Strangely enough, this huge snowclad range gives birth to few rivers of importance, and to not one that reaches the ocean.

Through this wild and beautiful country the only travellers seem to be occasional bands of Kalmuks and Kirghese. These nomads drink a concoction called tea, which reaches them in the form of twigs, coarse leaves, and dust, pressed into the shape of bricks or tiles, and which they boil with milk and flour, salt, millet, and a piece of fat. (See an article in No. 408 of this Journal describing the manufacture, &c., of 'Brick Tea'.)

Among the mountain experiences the most eventful is the crossing of the Ice Pass, where five glaciers meet. The crest of the Pass is saddle-shaped, some eleven or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. The descent is very perilous down the ice-cliffs, and watching the transit of the horses, Dr Lansdell describes it as the 'most horribly dangerous' piece of progression he had ever witnessed, or will probably ever again witness. In this dreadful Pass it is said that sometimes as many as thirty horses perish in a month.

Down the Muzart Valley to Aksu, Dr Lansdell pursued a route practically unknown to Europeans, but over which space forbids us to follow him. From Aksu southward the course was easier, but scarcely of less interest, among the quaint and curious inhabitants of Chinese Turkestan. Kashgar was duly reached, and little known as this city is to English readers, it was practically the goal of the journey through the wilds.

Kashgar is a city covering some fifty acres of ground, and is enclosed within a wall said to be three miles long. On the inner sloping side of the wall is kept clear a narrow road, leading to various posts of observation, store-houses, &c. The city, about four thousand and sixty feet above the sea, has none of the marble mosques and stately palaces usually associated with an Oriental city, and instead of sparkling fountains embedded in greenery, has a few square muddy pools for the accommodation of both bathers and water-carriers. The population, we are surprised to learn, is estimated by Dr Lansdell at forty thousand, which seems an excessive estimate. Kashgar is one of the two commercial centres of the trade of Chinese Turkestan, the other being Yarkand.

Yarkand, again, is one of the ancient cities of Tartary, and has many mosques and colleges. Although a trade-centre, Dr Lansdell was not impressed with the commercial activity of the place. At Yarkand our traveller diverged to the east, into the interesting kingdom of Khotan, but he could not carry out his plan of crossing into Tibet, and so reaching China proper. Like many a disappointed predecessor, he was not to be allowed to approach the sacred city of Lhasa.

At Khotan were famous jade mines, yielding several varieties of the much-prized mineral. The price of jade in Kuldja, we learn, ranged from one shilling to eight guineas per Russian pound! The most expensive kind is the pale transparent variety, used by the Chinese for carving into elaborate vases, the making of one of which will take a man a lifetime. According to Dr Lansdell, however, the glory of the Khotan mines has departed, and some gold-mines are now being worked.

But on the borders of India we must leave Dr Lansdell, referring the reader to his most interesting volumes for the rest of his wanderings.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER VII.—MAKING THEIR MINDS UP.

THAT winter through, in spite of Mrs Hesslegrave, Kathleen saw a great deal of the interesting sailor who had taken to painting. Half by accident, half by design, they had chosen their pitches very close together. Both of them were painting on that quaint old quay, the Fondamenta delle Zattere, overlooking the broad inlet or Canal della Giudecca, where most of the sea-going craft of Venice lie at anchor, unloading. Kathleen's canvas was turned inland, towards the crumbling old church of San Trovaso, and the thick group of little bridges, curved high in the middle, that span the minor canals of that half-deserted quarter. She looked obliquely down two of those untrodden streets at once, so as to get a double glimpse of two sets of bridges at all possible angles, and afford herself a difficult lesson in the perspective of arches. Midway between the two rose the tapering campanile of the quaint old church, with the acacias by its side, that hang their drooping branches and feathery foliage into the stagnant water of the placid Rio. But Arnold Willoughby's easel was turned in the opposite direction, towards the seaward runlets and the open channel where the big ships lay moored; he loved better to paint the sea-going vessels he knew and understood so well:—the thick forest of masts; the russet brown sails of the market-boats from Mestre; the bright reds and greens of the Chioggia fisher-craft; the solemn gray of the barges that bring fresh water from Fusina. It was maritime Venice he could best reproduce; while Kathleen's lighter brush reflected rather the varying moods and tessellated floor of the narrow canals which are to the sea-girt city what

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Money gives a man a pull; and Arnold Willoughby felt it, when every morning Kathleen floated up to her work in Rufus Mortimer's private gondola, with Mrs Hesslegrave leaning back (in her capacity of chaperon) on those well-padded cushions, and the two handsome gondoliers waiting obsequious and attentive by the marble steps for their employer's orders. But it was just what he wanted. For he could see with his own eyes that Mortimer was paying very marked court to the pretty English girl-artist; and indeed Mortimer, after his country's wont, made no attempt to disguise that patent fact in any way. On the other hand, Arnold perceived that Kathleen seemed to pay quite as much attention to the penniless sailor as to the American millionaire. And that was exactly what Arnold Willoughby desired to find out. He could get any number of women to flutter eagerly and anxiously round Lord Axminster's chair; but he would never care to take any one of them all for better, for worse, unless she was ready to give up money and position and more eligible offers for the sake of Arnold Willoughby, the penniless sailor and struggling artist.

And indeed, in spite of his well-equipped gondola, Rufus Mortimer didn't somehow have things all his own way. If Kathleen came down luxuriously every morning in the *Cristoforo Colombo*, she oftenest returned to the Piazza on foot, by devious byways, with Arnold Willoughby. She liked those walks ever so much: Mr Willoughby was always such a delightful companion; and, sailor or no sailor, he had really picked up an astonishing amount of knowledge about Venetian history, antiquities,

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'Vustu che mi te insegna a navigar?
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but when her glance fell on Arnold Willoughby, she looked up at him with a merry twinkle in her big brown eyes, and dropped him a little curtsy of the saucy Southern pattern. 'Buon giorno, sior,' she cried, in the liquid Venetian *patois*. And Arnold answered with a pleasant smile of friendly recognition, 'Buon giorno, piccola.'

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Kathleen was conscious of a distinct thrill of surprise, not unmixed with something like horror or disgust. She had grown accustomed by this time to her companion's rough clothes, and to his sailor-like demeanour, redeemed as it was in her eyes by his artistic feeling, and his courteous manners, which she always felt in her heart were those of a perfect gentleman. But it gave her a little start even now to find that the man who could talk so beautifully about Gentile Bellini and Vittore Carpaccio—the man who taught her to admire and understand for the first time the art of the very earliest Venetian painters—the man who so loved the great Romanesque arcades of the Fondaco dei Turchi, and who gloated over the details of the mosaics in St Mark's—could consent to live in a petty Italian shop, reeking with salt cod and overhanging the noisome bank of a side-canal more picturesque than sweet-smelling. She showed her consternation in her face; for Arnold, who was watching her close, went on with a slight shadow on his frank sunburnt forehead: 'Yes, I live in there. I thought you'd think the worse of me when you came to know it.'

Thus openly challenged, Kathleen turned round to him with her fearless eyes, and said perhaps a little more than she would ever have said had he not driven her to avow it. 'Mr Willoughby,' she answered, gazing straight into his honest face, 'it isn't a pretty place, and I wouldn't like to live in it myself, I confess; but I don't think the worse of you. I respect you so much, I really don't believe anything of that sort—of any sort, perhaps—could ever make me think the worse of you. So there! I've told you.'

'Thank you,' Arnold answered low. And then he was silent. Neither spoke for some

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She might have guessed it before: yet, now she knew it, it frightened her. Was it right of her, she asked herself over and over again, to let herself fall in love, as she felt she was doing, with a common sailor, who could live contentedly in a small Italian *magazen*, whose doors she herself would hardly consent to show her face inside? Was it lady-like? was it womanly of her?

She had her genuine doubts. Few women would have felt otherwise. For to women the conventions count for more than to men; and the feelings of class are more deep-seated and more persistent, especially in all that pertains to love and marriage. A man can readily enough 'marry beneath him'; but to a woman it is a degradation to give herself away to what she thinks an inferior. An inferior? Even as she thought it, Kathleen Hessegrave's mind revolted with a rush against the base imputation. He was not her inferior; rather, if it came to that, be he sailor or gentleman, he was her superior in every way. The man who could paint, who could think, who could talk as he could, the man who cherished such high ideals of life, of conduct, of duty, was every one's equal and most people's superior. He was her own superior. In cold blood she said it. He could think and dare and attain to things she herself at her best could but blindly grope after.

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It was a pretty enough window in its way, too, that leaded lattice on the high fourth floor in the Calle del Paradiso; and, as often happens in Venetian side-streets, when you mount high enough in the skyward-clambering houses, it commanded a far more beautiful and extensive view than any stranger could imagine as he looked up from without at the narrow chink of blue between the tall rows of opposite stonework. For it gave upon a side-canal full of life and bustle; and it looked out just beyond upon a quaint round tower with a Romanesque staircase winding spirally outside it, and disclosing glimpses in the farther distance of spires and domes and campanili innumerable. But it wasn't of the staircase, or the crowded canal, or the long shallow barges laden with eggs and fruit, that Arnold Willoughby was just then thinking. His mind was wholly taken up with Kathleen Hessegrave and the new wide problems she laid open before him.

He knew he was in love with her. He recognised he was in love with her. And what was more, from the way she had said those words, 'I respect you so much, I don't believe anything on earth could ever make me think the worse of you,' he felt pretty sure in his own mind she loved him in return, and had divined his love for her. Even his native modesty would not allow him to deceive himself on that score any longer. For he was a modest man, little given to fancying that women were 'gone on him,' as Mr Reginald Hessegrave was wont to phrase it in his peculiar dialect. Indeed, Arnold Willoughby had had ample cause for modesty in that direction; Lady Sark had taught him by bitter experience to know his proper place; and he had never forgotten that one sharp lesson. She was a simple clergyman's daughter near Oxford when first he met her; and he had fallen in love at once with her beauty, her innocence, her seeming simplicity. She rose quickly to an earl. He believed in her with all the depth and sincerity of his honest nature. There was nobody like Blanche, he thought; nobody so true, so simple-minded, so sweet, so trustworthy. A single London season made all the difference. Blanche Middleton found herself the belle of the year; and being introduced to the great world, through Lord Axminster's friends, as his affianced bride, made the best of her opportunities by throwing over one of the poorest earls in England in favour of one of the richest and most worthless marquises. From that moment, the man who had once been Albert Ogilvie Redburn, Earl of

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'You know her?' Kathleen asked, half wondering to herself how her painter had made the acquaintance of the little golden-haired Venetian.

'Oh, dear yes,' the young man answered with a smile. 'That's Cecca, that little one. She knows me very well.' He hesitated a moment; then on purpose, as if to try her, he went on very quietly: 'In point of fact, I lodge there.'

Kathleen was conscious of a distinct thrill of surprise, not unminged with something like horror or disgust. She had grown accustomed by this time to her companion's rough clothes, and to his sailor-like demeanour, redeemed as it was in her eyes by his artistic feeling, and his courteous manners, which she always felt in her heart were those of a perfect gentleman. But it gave her a little start even now to find that the man who could talk so beautifully about Gentile Bellini and Vittore Carpaccio—the man who taught her to admire and understand for the first time the art of the very earliest Venetian painters—the man who so loved the great Romanesque arcades of the Fondaco dei Turchi, and who gloated over the details of the mosaics in St Mark's—could consent to live in a petty Italian shop, reeking with salt cod and overhanging the noisome bank of a side-canal more picturesque than sweet-smelling. She showed her consternation in her face; for Arnold, who was watching her close, went on with a slight shadow on his frank sunburnt forehead: 'Yes, I live in there. I thought you'd think the worse of me when you came to know it.'

Thus openly challenged, Kathleen turned round to him with her fearless eyes, and said perhaps a little more than she would ever have said had he not driven her to avow it. 'Mr Willoughby,' she answered, gazing straight into his honest face, 'it isn't a pretty place, and I wouldn't like to live in it myself, I confess; but I don't think the worse of you. I respect you so much, I really don't believe anything of that sort—of any sort, perhaps—could ever make me think the worse of you. So there! I've told you.'

'Thank you,' Arnold answered low. And then he was silent. Neither spoke for some

moments. Each was thinking: 'Have I said too much?' And Arnold Willoughby was also thinking very seriously in his own mind: 'Having gone so far, ought I not now to go farther?'

However, being a prudent man, he reflected to himself that if he could hardly pay his own way as yet by his art, he certainly could not pay somebody else's. So he held his tongue for the moment; and went home a little later, to his single room overlooking the side-canal, to ruminate at his leisure over this new face to his circumstances.

And Kathleen, too, went home—to think much about Arnold Willoughby. Both young people, in fact, spent the best part of that day in thinking of nothing else save one another; which was a tolerably good sign to the experienced observer that they were falling in love, whether they knew it or knew it not.

For when Kathleen got home, she shut herself up by herself in her own pretty room with the dainty wall-paper, and leaned out of the window. It was a beautiful window, on the Grand Canal, quite close to the Piazza, and the Doges' Palace, and the Riva degli Schiavoni; and it looked across the inlet towards the Dogana di Mare, and the dome of Santa Maria, with the campanile of San Giorgio on its lonely mud-island in the middle distance. Beyond lay a spacious field of burnished gold, the shallow water of the lagoon in the full flood of sunshine. But Kathleen had no eyes that lovely afternoon for the creeping ships that glided in and out with stately motion through the tortuous channel which leads between islets of gray slime to the mouth of the Lido and the open sea. Great red lateen sails swerved and luffed unnoticed. All she could think of now was Arnold Willoughby, and his lodgings at the salt-fish shop. Her whole soul was deeply stirred by that strange disclosure.

She might have guessed it before: yet, now she knew it, it frightened her. Was it right of her, she asked herself over and over again, to let herself fall in love, as she felt she was doing, with a common sailor, who could live contentedly in a small Italian *magazen*, whose doors she herself would hardly consent to show her face inside? Was it lady-like? was it womanly of her?

She had her genuine doubts. Few women would have felt otherwise. For to women the conventions count for more than to men; and the feelings of class are more deep-seated and more persistent, especially in all that pertains to love and marriage. A man can readily enough 'marry beneath him;' but to a woman it is a degradation to give herself away to what she thinks an inferior. An inferior? Even as she thought it, Kathleen Hessegrave's mind revolted with a rush against the base imputation. He was not her inferior; rather, if it came to that, be he sailor or gentleman, he was her superior in every way. The man who could paint, who could think, who could talk as he could, the man who cherished such high ideals of life, of conduct, of duty, was every one's equal and most people's superior. He was her own superior. In cold blood she said it. He could think and dare and attain to things she herself at her best could but blindly grope after.

In her diary that afternoon (for she had acquired the bad habit of keeping a diary) Kathleen wrote down all these things, as she was wont to write down her inmost thoughts; and she even ended with the direct avowal to herself, 'I love him! I love him! If he asks me, I will accept him.' She locked it up in her safest drawer, but she was not ashamed of it.

At the very same moment, however, Arnold Willoughby for his part was leaning out of his window in turn, in the wee top room of the house above the salt-fish shop in the tiny side-street, with his left hand twisted in the lock behind his ear, after that curious fashion of his, and was thinking—of what else save Kathleen Hessegrave?

It was a pretty enough window in its way, too, that leaded lattice on the high fourth floor in the Calle del Paradiso; and, as often happens in Venetian side-streets, when you mount high enough in the skyward-clambering houses, it commanded a far more beautiful and extensive view than any stranger could imagine as he looked up from without at the narrow chink of blue between the tall rows of opposite stonework. For it gave upon a side-canal full of life and bustle; and it looked out just beyond upon a quaint round tower with a Romanesque staircase winding spirally outside it, and disclosing glimpses in the farther distance of spires and domes and campanili innumerable. But it wasn't of the staircase, or the crowded canal, or the long shallow barges laden with eggs and fruit, that Arnold Willoughby was just then thinking. His mind was wholly taken up with Kathleen Hessegrave and the new wide problems she laid open before him.

He knew he was in love with her. He recognised he was in love with her. And what was more, from the way she had said those words, 'I respect you so much, I don't believe anything on earth could ever make me think the worse of you,' he felt pretty sure in his own mind she loved him in return, and had divined his love for her. Even his native modesty would not allow him to deceive himself on that score any longer. For he was a modest man, little given to fancying that women were 'gone on him,' as Mr Reginald Hessegrave was wont to phrase it in his peculiar dialect. Indeed, Arnold Willoughby had had ample cause for modesty in that direction; Lady Sark had taught him by bitter experience to know his proper place; and he had never forgotten that one sharp lesson. She was a simple clergyman's daughter near Oxford when first he met her; and he had fallen in love at once with her beauty, her innocence, her seeming simplicity. She rose quickly to an earl. He believed in her with all the depth and sincerity of his honest nature. There was nobody like Blanche, he thought; nobody so true, so simple-minded, so sweet, so trustworthy. A single London season made all the difference. Blanche Middleton found herself the belle of the year; and being introduced to the great world, through Lord Axminster's friends, as his affianced bride, made the best of her opportunities by throwing over one of the poorest earls in England in favour of one of the richest and most worthless marquises. From that moment, the man who had once been Albert Ogilvie Redburn, Earl of

Axminster, was never likely to overestimate the immediate effect produced by his mere personality on the heart of any woman.

Nevertheless, Arnold Willoughby was not disinclined to believe that Kathleen Hesslegrave really and truly loved him. Because one woman had gone straight from his arms to another man's bosom, that did not prove that all women were incapable of loving. He believed Kathleen liked him very much, not only for his own sake, but also in spite of prejudices, deeply ingrained prejudices, natural enough under the circumstances, and which almost every good woman (as good women go) would have shared to the full with her. And he began to wonder now whether, having gone so far, it was not his duty to go a step further and ask her to marry him. A man has no right to lead a woman's heart up to a certain point of expectation, and then to draw back without giving her at least the chance of accepting him.

But how could he ask her? That was now the question. He certainly wasn't going to turn his back upon his own deliberate determination, and to claim once more the title and estates of the earldom of Axminster. Having put his hand to the plough, as he so often said to himself, for very shame of his manhood he must never look back again. One way alone shone clear before him. Every labourer in England could earn enough by his own exertions to support at need a wife and family. Arnold Willoughby would have felt himself a disgraceful failure if he could not succeed in doing what the merest breaker of stones on the road could do. He made up his mind at once. He must manage to earn such a living for himself as would enable him without shame to ask Kathleen whether or not she liked him well enough to share it with him in future.

From that day forth, then, this aim was ever present in Arnold Willoughby's mind. He would succeed in his art, for the sake of asking the one woman on earth he could love to marry him. And oftener and oftener as he paced the streets of Venice, he twisted his finger round the lock by his ear with that curious gesture which was always in his case the surest sign of profound preoccupation.

THE SKILL OF SAVAGES.

THERE are few terms more difficult to define than that of 'savage.' Originally applied to people living in woods (Latin *silva*, a wood), it came to be associated with cannibalism and a total absence of any form of culture. As the knowledge of primitive people increased, however, it was seen that these generalisations were unsound; and it is now customary to apply the term loosely to any people to whom the ordinary arts of civilisation are unknown. Thus it is that authorities on savagery seem much more at home in telling us what the state does not imply than what it does; there seems to be hardly a single positive characteristic which applies to all savages alike. As a matter of fact, though savages of course represent the lowest stage of human culture, it is truly instructive to note the high degree of excellence they attain in such primitive arts as

they employ. Let us glance at these arts in the order of their importance.

With man, as with other animals, the first question is how to sustain life, and it is in answering this that the ingenuity of the uncivilised man is most conspicuous. Accustomed to lifelong observation of the habits of wild animals, and living under conditions eminently favourable to the quickening of all the bodily senses, he attains a degree of skill in the chase far in advance of that of his more cultured descendant. Take, for instance, the people inhabiting the interior of Brazil. All travellers agree that the Botocudo hunter knows every sign of bird or beast. The remains of berries and pods show him what creature has passed by a certain spot, and approximately how long since; he will infallibly distinguish the track of an armadillo from that of a snake or tortoise, and follow it to its burrow. He is a skilful imitator of the cries of birds and beasts, and by this means will bring them within reach of his poisoned arrow. Creeping noiselessly through the underwood, he will go long distances through the trackless forest, finding his way back by the position of the sun, and twigs which he has bent back for way-marks.

In the pursuit of game the savage is a master of the art of deception. Deer-stalking among the Dogrib Indians is managed by a skilful counterfeit of the animal. Two hunters walk together, the man behind with bent body, the one in front carrying a stag's head. The legs of the men serve very well for the fore and hind legs of the animal. In this way the hunters get almost in the midst of a herd of deer before these are aware of danger. The ostrich is hunted in a similar way by the Bushmen of South Africa; and the Eskimos sometimes come to close quarters with seals by dressing themselves in sealskins and dexterously mimicking the style of swimming and 'flopping' so characteristic of the animal. The Indians of the Central Plains (North America) get amongst a herd of bison by covering their bodies with the skin of the prairie-wolf; whilst, by the Hottentots, the buffalo has himself been trained to hunt, being guided by a string attached to his horn, the hunter meanwhile crouching behind him. In Australia the natives bring the wallaby or young kangaroo within the range of the spear by suspending a small bird's skin and feathers from the end of a long rod and imitating the bird's cry. The artfulness of the Australian is also shown by his method of taking waterfowl. The coast-people are usually excellent swimmers, and they will get amongst a flock of ducks by swimming long distances under water and breathing through a reed; or they will merely cover the head with weed and swim, without causing a ripple, until they are within reach of the birds, which they quietly pull under one by one without giving alarm to the rest of the flock. This latter is perhaps the simplest form of duck-hunting, and seems to have been noticed in other parts of the world.

In the use of arms and implements, the uncivilised man shows equal skill. Amongst the North American Indians the bow and arrow attained its highest development, and it is said on excellent authority that such is the force employed, the arrow may be sent right through a horse, or even a buffalo. The Australian will

frequently kill a pigeon with his spear at a distance of thirty paces; and on the Murray it is a favourite feat to dive into the river spear in hand and come up with a fish upon it. The Hottentot, again, seldom fails to kill a hare with his rackum stick at thirty or forty yards; and the Bechuanas and Zulus bring down birds on the wing with a throw of their round-headed club or 'knobkerry.' In Brazil, in addition to the bow and arrow, the natives—even the children—everywhere use the 'gravatana,' or blowpipe, with great dexterity. This may be said to be the characteristic weapon of the South American tropics. It consists of a perfectly straight palm-stem, in which a small arrow is placed and forcibly expelled by the breath. The tubes vary in length from a few inches to twelve feet, and internally are carefully cleaned and polished. The arrows are made to fit the bore by a slight binding of tree-cotton round the lower extremity, and the points are made extremely sharp and tipped with *curari* poison. From the facts that the blowpipe is absolutely silent, that, owing to the care bestowed on its manufacture, it is exceedingly accurate, and that the slightest puncture by the poisoned arrow generally proves fatal, the weapon is formidable; and it is used with great effect against small animals and birds, and occasionally in war.

Another curious weapon, the bolas, is found in only two parts of the globe, Greenland and Patagonia. The South American form is merely a cord of some yards in length with a heavy stone attached to either end. The hunter whirls one stone several times above his head, and throws it with great force at his victim, round whose body the cord becomes tightly wound. The Patagonians are said to use the weapon effectually at a distance of eighty yards whilst going at full speed on horseback. In the use of the lasso also, the Indians of the Pampas are hardly inferior to the most skilful of Mexican herdsmen, no animal of less speed than a horse having the slightest chance against them.

Most savages are excellent fishermen, and some practise arts which are unknown to civilisation. The Fuegians, for instance, who are amongst the very lowest specimens of mankind, have succeeded in training their dogs to dive and, acting in concert, to drive the fish into long nets, held by hand. A favourite method with the people of the Amazon and Orinoco and in Tahiti is to inebriate the fish by dropping into the water certain leaves and fruit which possess narcotic properties: the fish soon appear in a stupefied condition on the surface, and are removed by hand.

As to manufactures, we find that in the supply of their limited wants uncultured men do not fail to make the most of such materials as they have. The Australians and Society Islanders make baskets of a hundred patterns, of reeds, bark, and grass; the Hottentots, from similar materials, vessels to contain milk; the Fijians the best of nets from the creepers of sinnet. The Eskimos, Hottentots, and North American Indians all sew very neatly, though an awl and sinews have to take the place of needle and thread. The Tahitian fishing-lines, made of the bark of the erowa, a kind of nettle, have been described as the best in the world. The tribes

of the Amazon show great ingenuity and some taste in their peculiar feather-work, an art in which they are greatly aided by the possession of numerous small birds of bright plumage. But one of the most remarkable articles of manufacture connected with savage life is that of a kind of cloth made by the Tahitians, a people of special interest to sociologists, as affording the nearest approach to a purely indigenous civilisation that is known. This cloth is made from the bark of the paper-mulberry or bread-fruit tree. The bark is peeled off longitudinally, laid in layers, and beaten into a pulp with a flat wooden instrument; in this manner it may be made as fine as muslin. The cloth may be washed and wrung out, and may be readily repaired by pasting on a patch with a gluten obtained from the root of the pea, the joining being imperceptible. The material is light and pleasant to the touch, being even softer than our English broadcloth.

The skill of savages on and in the water is well known. In the art of swimming perhaps the most remarkable feat is that of catching fish under water either by hand or with the aid of a net. We have many trustworthy accounts of this being performed by the Patagonians, Brazilians, South Sea Islanders, Andamaners, and New Zealanders. The Californian Indians also strike fish under water, and, as already mentioned, the Australians of the Murray spear them. As a sailor, the dexterity of our savage is probably largely owing to his peculiar fearlessness; and it is doubtless true that loss of life is little regarded; all the same, however, his proficiency is noteworthy. Of its kind, the Eskimo 'kayak' is an admirable craft, the canoe of the civilised man being little more than a reproduction of it in different materials. It is built of skins stretched on a framework of whalebone or wood, and is usually about eighteen or twenty feet in length. It is completely covered in, with the exception of a small hole in the middle just large enough for a man's body. Thus seated in his canoe, paddle in hand, the Eskimo, if he can keep clear of drift-ice or timber, is at home in the roughest of seas. Under ordinary circumstances, the kayak cannot take water, and if overturned, may be instantly righted by a stroke of the paddle; indeed, such is the dexterity attained, that the turning of somersaults, sideways, is quite a common feat.

It is in the islands of the Pacific, however, that we find the greatest development of skill in navigation. The Polynesians are essentially a nation of sailors; and in the art of canoe-building the natives of Fiji and the Society Islands are unequalled. Some of their canoes are one hundred feet long, and hold fifty men. The bottom of the canoe usually consists of a single plank; the sides are neatly dovetailed, and the joints closed by the gum of the bread-fruit tree, or laced with sinnet or cocoa-nut fibre. When it is remembered that until recently the builders were entirely without metal implements, the remarkable character of the work will be realised. The canoes are invariably narrow; and to overcome the liability to capsizing, these people have invented an elaborate system of outriggers, by means of which, also, the craft is enabled to carry a large sail. The outrigger—which is commonly formed of a beam of some light and strong wood

such as the hibiscus—is connected with the canoe by a platform, along which the navigator can walk, and thus balance his frail vessel. In these outrigger canoes the natives of the oceanic islands embark on long voyages, and have frequently been met with hundreds of miles from any land. At one time, all the Polynesians had large fleets of war-canoes, Captain Cook having estimated the number possessed by the Society Islands alone at seventeen hundred, manned by sixty-eight thousand men; but with the advent of European civilisation and the cessation of war, the art of canoe-building has declined.

Of all the arts, that of acting is probably the first to suggest itself to the mind of man; hence the child imitates long before he invents, and the uncivilised man mimics long before he thinks. The way in which savages copy the manners, &c., of civilised folk has been a subject of frequent amusement to travellers, and sometimes indicates a degree of skill little suspected. Thus, the Fuegians, according to Darwin, could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence addressed to them, and remember such words for some time; and the Australians could imitate the gait of a man so accurately that he would be at once recognised. Similar talent is also possessed by the Eskimos, who, having some sense of humour as well, have much quiet fun at the expense of Europeans by mimicking them. This faculty of imitation is of great service to the primitive man as an aid to intercourse with his fellows, and has given rise to a gesture-language not unlike that employed by deaf-mutes. In this art the greatest excellence has been attained by the North American Indians, whose numerous tribes use as many different languages or dialects. It is asserted that an animated conversation can be carried on without the aid of a single spoken word; and even among people speaking the same tongue, conversation in the dark is always avoided when possible. Thus it is that throughout North America the natives have little difficulty in making themselves at once understood. For instance, 'to see' is expressed by darting the finger from the eyes; 'to come,' by beckoning towards one's self; 'to eat,' by moving the jaws; 'to fear,' by putting the hand to the ribs and showing how the heart flutters. 'Mounting a horse' is represented by making a pair of legs of the first two fingers of one hand and straddling them over the finger of the other hand; 'a stag,' by putting the thumb to the head and spreading out the fingers; 'fire,' by imitating the flames with the fingers; 'I,' 'thou,' 'he,' by simply pointing to the persons in question; and so forth. In this way all the incidents of a day's adventure in the chase or in war are both rapidly and vividly portrayed. Indeed, the only difficulty which the sign-language cannot overcome is the expression of purely abstract ideas; but amongst uncivilised people such ideas are comparatively few and ill defined.

Closely allied to gesture-language is the art of picture-writing, which is seen in its rudest form also among the redskins. Each tribe has its totem or tribe-sign—as a crow, snake, wolf—whilst the chiefs also take their names from the material world, as Big-elk, Storm-cloud, Image-stone. In writing, the tribe or chief is repre-

sented by a drawing of the object from which the name is taken; ordinary warriors by strokes or rude outlines; and other things by fairly accurate sketches. The writing is often found on trees from which the bark has been peeled, wood-coal mixed with bear's grease taking the place of ink. In this way warning is given of the movements of a hostile force, information as to the whereabouts of friends, prospects of game, &c. The writing is also commonly used on the gravestones of chiefs to record deeds in battle; and Sir John Lubbock, in his 'Origin of Civilisation,' gives a specimen of a petition from a number of tribes to the United States Government for permission to fish in certain lakes, a prayer which seems to be clearly enough expressed.

In the art of drawing, proper, the savage mind has not advanced far, and it is doubtful whether the spirit shown in some few prehistoric sketches on bone is equalled by any modern people in a similar stage of culture. The Eskimos, however, are fond of drawing, and have sometimes given our travellers maps which have turned out to be substantially correct. Many of the bone implements of these people are ornamented with fairly well executed sketches representing incidents of the chase or remarkable occurrences. Some of the state clubs of the South Sea Island chiefs also show fair skill in carving, considering the primitive character of the implements employed; but as a broad rule it may be taken that what we understand by the fine arts do not appear until the civilised stage is reached.

Civilisation is now spreading so rapidly over almost every part of the globe, that in a short time the perfectly unsophisticated savage, unaffected by contact with the higher races, will be as extinct as the mammoth or woolly rhinoceros. While we yet have him with us, therefore, we should be careful to preserve all trustworthy accounts of his mode of life, arts, and ideas, for it is mainly from such materials that we have to form our picture of primeval man.

THE BURGOMASTER VAN TROON.

CHAPTER II.

So dumfounded was Fairclough, that for a few moments he could do nothing but stare at the assistant like a man whose faculties have been suddenly paralysed. 'Paste?' at length he gasped. 'It is impossible—wholly impossible.'

'No, sare; it is not impossible—it is a fact,' said an elderly keen-eyed man who came up at that moment, holding the necklace between his thumb and finger. 'These stones are simple *articles de Paris*—nothing more, sare, I give you my word.'

'But—but,' stammered Fairclough, 'I had this very necklace valued by Fretin of Bond Street only four years ago, when he offered to buy it of me for twelve hundred pounds.'

The elder man's shoulders went nearly up to his ears. 'Then all I can say, sare, is that Monsieur Fretin must have been out of his mind when he made you any such offer. Perhaps, sare, you will be still further surprised when I tell you that the setting of your neck-

lace is as much an imitation as the stones themselves. It looks very pretty, but it is not gold.'

With that he replaced the necklace in its case and pushed it back across the counter. As a man in a dream, Fairclough put it in his pocket, and as a man still in a dream, he made his way back to Pendragon Square.

Two hours later he telegraphed to his wife to return at once. By this time her sister was so far recovered that she could be left without danger.

He met Clara at the terminus; but scarcely were their greetings over before Mrs Fairclough, laying a hand on her husband's arm, said in a tone of alarm: 'There's something the matter, Ted—I can read it in your face. You have had some bad news, perhaps, or else'—She stopped abruptly, a sort of questioning terror in her eyes.

'She is afraid that I have found out about the necklace,' he said to himself. Then aloud: 'Whatever my news is, I suppose it will keep till we get home.' He spoke coldly, and not more than a dozen words passed between them till they reached Pendragon Square.

Since the discovery at the pawnbroker's, Fairclough had been as one held in the grip of a hideous nightmare. As regarded his difficulty with Verschoyle, he was in precisely the same position as before; but, as if that were not burden enough for a man to bear, there was now superadded this intolerable mystery of his wife's necklace, which, the more he strove to unravel it, the darker became the possibilities which were thereby conjured up in his mind. A hundred times his heart had grown faint within him when he thought of what he might be fated to listen to when he and his wife met.

'It is about your necklace that I want to speak to you,' he began, having waited till she had taken off her outdoor things and rejoined him in the drawing-room.

'Ah!' she exclaimed with a little gasp. 'As soon as I set eyes on you my heart told me what it was you had to say to me. You have discovered'—She caught her breath and pressed her hand to her side. Her lips had turned blue. Fairclough half rose from his chair, but restrained himself.

'I have discovered,' he said, 'that your so-called diamond necklace is a sham and an imposition, that its stones are paste, and that even its setting is not the gold it professes to be. But what I have not discovered is the process by which the necklace, for which, four years ago, I was offered twelve hundred pounds, has, in the interim, been transformed into the worthless thing now locked up in the safe.'

'I, and I alone, am to blame,' exclaimed the young wife as she cast herself on her knees at her husband's feet. 'I did it to save my brother.'

'To save Frank! What had he done that necessitated his being saved by any one?'

The story Mrs Fairclough thereupon told may be summarised in a few sentences.

Frank Denison was a clerk of several years standing in a London bank. Some rash speculations on the Stock Exchange had resulted in saddling him with losses amounting in the

aggregate to between four and five hundred pounds, which he had no means whatever of meeting. It was a state of affairs which, had it come to the ears of his employers, would have involved his instant dismissal. In this predicament he had appealed to his sister to allow him to raise a sufficient sum on her necklace to cover his losses. It was an appeal she found it impossible to resist, and the necklace was handed over to him.

'It was your own to do as you liked with,' said Fairclough, when his wife had reached this point of her confession. 'But I still fail to understand why, when the genuine article was gone, it was thought requisite to put a sham one in its place.'

'Have you forgotten, dear, that my godfather in his last letter said that he should be in London some time in October, and would not fail to look us up?'

'I certainly had forgotten. So, you had the sham necklace made in order to deceive the dear old boy.'

'You did not let me finish,' said Clara with a shade of reproach in her voice. 'It was Frank who had the sham necklace made without saying a word to me about it; and although he persuaded me to put it in the empty case and lock it up, and assured me my godfather would never detect the difference, I should never have attempted to palm it off on him as the real article. I had, in fact, long ago made up my mind to tell him everything, should he ask, as he most likely would, to see the necklace.'

'You did not, however, think it worth while to take your husband into your confidence.'

'It is the first secret I have ever kept from you, and you will never know how many unhappy hours it has cost me. Many and many a time I was tempted to tell you, but at the last moment my heart always failed me. You have always set your face so sternly against gambling of every kind, I have so often heard you denounce it in the strongest possible terms, that I was afraid you would never forgive Frank for what he had done, and that you might even go so far as to forbid him the house, and insist upon my never speaking to him again.'

Edgar Fairclough got up suddenly and crossed to the window. He had his own confession still to make, and what a shameful one it was! He who—with the recollection of his father's fate burnt ineffaceably into his memory—had, following his uncle's example, times and again, inveighed against gambling as against a juggling fiend whose one aim was the ruin of his victims, had himself fallen at the first touch of the tempter's finger. How the thought made him loathe himself! Frank Denison's act of folly looked almost blameless by the side of his. And he must confess everything to his wife; there was no getting out of that. Never could he be again in her eyes the *preux chevalier* she had hitherto believed him to be. He had lost caste. The idol of gold had betrayed its feet of clay.

Fairclough got through his confession somehow. There are episodes in the lives of most of us which we do not willingly dwell upon afterwards, even in the privacy of our own

thoughts, and of such was this with him. He spared himself in nothing, seeming, indeed, to take a sort of cynical pleasure in deepening the shadows of the picture more than was absolutely needful, and wound up by saying that the only course left them was to sell up their home and go into some cheap lodging, where they would be unknown to every one.

Clara had uttered no word while he was speaking; but when it became apparent that he had nothing more to say, she rose, and, crossing to where he stood by the window, put her arms about his neck and drew his face down to hers. 'Let us thank Heaven, dearest, that it is no worse. It is only that our means will be straitened for a while, and that we shall have to give up a lot of things to which we have been used, but which we can really very well do without. Oh, there are many ways in which it might have been very much worse!'

Fairclough felt strangely comforted. His wife's optimism was infectious. He drew fresh courage from her fearless, straightforward way of confronting the future. He by no means underrated what they would have to go through; he recognised to the full the sharp trial that was before them, and that for his wife—leaving himself out of question—there were slings and arrows in store of which as yet she knew nothing; but for all that, he was now able to look at the future with a steady eye, and to feel that he could meet Captain Verschoyle with some degree of confidence.

In the course of next day, which was Saturday, Fairclough arranged with an expert in such matters for an early appraisal of his goods and chattels. He and Clara spent a sad Sunday together. It would be their last in the only home they had known since their marriage. Part of the day was passed in selecting and setting aside sundry articles—wedding presents and other things—which they felt it would be a desecration to allow to come under the auctioneer's hammer.

Early on Monday they set out to hunt for apartments. They had already cut out a number of likely advertisements from different newspapers. Six o'clock saw them back at home, tired out and, so far, unsuccessful in their quest. Any one whose fate it has been to go house or apartment hunting in London will not fail to accord them a meed of sympathy.

Dinner passed off sadly enough. Clara had a headache, and neither she nor her husband was in a mood for conversation. The meal was at an end, and the servant had come in to clear away the things, when, without any preliminary notice, the dining-room door was flung wide, and in marched a tall, gaunt, elderly woman, with a long fallow face and gray hair, and with something that was almost military in her gait and bearing. She was dressed plainly, but in excellent taste, and with no attempt to make herself look younger than her years. No one could take her for anything but a gentlewoman.

Clara sprang to her feet with a little cry.

'Aunt Sarah, by all that's wonderful!' exclaimed Fairclough. 'Clara has been longing all day to see you, and now you are here. A clear case of mental magnetism,' he added as he advanced and shook Miss Wimbush cordially by

the hand. Clara's arms were already round her aunt's neck.

'Well, my children, and how are you both?' queried the spinster as she glanced keenly from one to the other. 'You do not look over-cheerful, neither of you, I must say.' Then, after a stare round the room, the walls of which had been denuded of their etchings and the overmantel of its china, she added quickly: 'And, pray, what's the meaning of this "most admired disorder?" Don't tell me that you are about to flit.'

'That's just what we are about to do, Aunt Sarah,' replied Fairclough.

'We have been out all day, trying to find a place to suit us, and we are both of us dead beat,' whimpered Clara.

'Then I must say that you are a pair of nincompoops,' rejoined the spinster with some asperity. 'But some folk never know when they are well off.'

'And some folk cannot always help themselves,' retorted Fairclough, a little grimly.

'Eh! What's that? Cannot?'—Then, as for the second time she keenly scanned the faces of the young couple, she added: 'Evidently there's more here than meets the eye. Come and sit beside me, my dear, and tell me all about it—for that you have something to tell me I feel sure.'

'Yes, tell your aunt everything—it is the best thing you can do,' said Fairclough, and with that he left the two ladies to themselves.

Clara having seated herself on the sofa by her aunt, incontinently burst into tears. Her nerves were overwrought, and physically she was tired out.

Miss Wimbush, beneath whose somewhat repellent exterior beat one of the warmest of hearts, soothed her niece and made much of her; and before long the latter was sufficiently composed to tell her tale.

And yet it was by no means an easy one to tell. Two people, both dear to her, were each grievously to blame.

It was no use trying to explain away the fact that her brother's difficulty had been brought about by reckless speculation on the Stock Exchange; nor did Clara attempt it. Aunt Sarah merely groaned and held up her hands at the recital, as one who, although shocked, was not greatly surprised at the news. Truth to tell, Frank Denison had never been much of a favourite with his aunt. When, however, it came to her husband's case, Clara contrived to soften so far the particulars as to lead her aunt to infer that Fairclough was far more sinned against than sinning. She frankly told her, however, that the gaming-table had been at the bottom of all the trouble. He had been lured and beguiled into it by a man much richer than himself—one to whom all scruples of morality were unknown. Weak and too easily led away, he might have been, but not otherwise blameworthy. In any case, the lesson was one which there was no danger of his forgetting, and in so far it might prove beneficial to him.

Clara then went on to tell her aunt how

her husband and she had decided upon selling their furniture, going into cheap lodgings, and living with the strictest economy till the sum due to Captain Verschoye had been paid to the uttermost farthing.

Miss Wimbush sat in silence for some time after Clara had brought her narrative to an end. Then she said: 'It will be a great comedown for you, my poor dear, and you will feel it far more than you have any notion of at present. And your husband too—but one can't feel any pity for him; indeed, if he alone were the sufferer, I for one should say, "Serve him right."'

Clara winced, but did not speak. What her aunt would have said had she known the full extent of Edgar's delinquency, Clara durst not even surmise.

'Gladly would I help you,' resumed the spinster, 'were it in my power to do so; but, as you are aware, years ago I sank every shilling of my capital in an annuity, all of which I, somehow or other, manage to get through, so that I have really next to nothing put away.'

Clara knew that the whole of her aunt's income was by no means spent on herself, but that a quarter of it at the very least was given away in charity.

At this juncture Edgar re-entered the room, and as he did so, Miss Wimbush rose to go. 'Clara has told me everything,' she said. 'You have been a very weak and foolish boy, to say the least of it; but it is to be hoped the lesson won't be thrown away on you. However, I am not going to scold you: that would do no good whatever. What I say to you is: Don't take another step in this business till you see me again.' She ended with three emphatic nods, as if to lend emphasis to her words. 'I shall look in upon you in the course of to-morrow.'

Edgar accompanied her down the lift, and saw her safely deposited in a cab.

'What can aunt possibly mean, dear, by asking us to do nothing till she sees us again?' burst out Clara the moment he returned. 'She told me herself that she has only her annuity to live on, which I knew before, and that she has nothing saved up.'

If there be such a thing as comic annoyance, Fairclough's face was a study of it at that moment. 'You know how your aunt sometimes drops into the way of thinking aloud,' he said. 'Well, from a word or two I chanced to overhear when we were in the lift, I rather fancy it is her intention to dispose of the "Burgomaster."'

'Oh, I hope not,' exclaimed Clara. 'It would almost break her heart to have to part with it.'

Fairclough gave vent to a bitter laugh. 'It is of course awfully good of her to think she can get us out of our difficulty in the way she proposes; but the moment she endeavours to get rid of the "Burgomaster," she will find that, instead of the fifteen hundred guineas she so persistently avers it to be worth, it will hardly fetch more than as many shillings. What did Piljoy, the great art critic, say about it? That most assuredly it was not the genuine lost Rubens, but an indifferent copy by a quite modern hand, and that for his part

he would not give it wall-space. It will be a terrible disappointment for your aunt, who certainly is a little bit "off" as far as the "Burgomaster" is concerned. While, as for us, little one, we shall neither be better nor worse off than we are now.'

GREAT CORK FORESTS.

WHEN experts in the science of forestry discourse upon Cork Forests, they generally confine this significant nomenclature to the cork forests of Spain and Portugal, which are reckoned the largest and finest cork-producing forests in the world. The scattered groups of cork-trees growing throughout the northern coasts of Africa rank next in priority to those of Southern Europe; but they do not appear, even in the aggregate, to deserve the appellation conferred upon some of the groups of the latter Continent.

The Americans, many years ago, took active steps to propagate extensive cork plantations for themselves; and by way of experiment, a large quantity of Portuguese acorns were transmitted in the year 1859 and planted in selected parts of their country; and the result, eleven years after, proved satisfactory so far as the growth was concerned. Some of the trees attained to a height of thirteen feet, and the stem to a diameter of eleven inches, including the bark, which attained a thickness of one inch. This evidently rapid growth would infer that the American zone was all that could be desired for the favourable rearing of cork-trees. But, strange to say, this was not the case; although the growth of the tree had been exceptionally strong, the quality of its salient product turned out to be of an inferior character. The cork generally improves with the age of the tree; in this instance, however, even after years of maturity, the cork harvested did not improve to any great extent, and, indeed, is still of a second-rate quality.

Before the present supplies from the home-growth in America, the primitive material used for bottle-stoppers consisted of the roots of liquorice, which were cut and formed to the shape of corks. The spongy substance of another tree, called 'Spondias lutea,' which abounds throughout the marshy regions of South America, and there called 'Monbia,' was also used in the same way. The roots of liquorice are still often used in North America for the making of bottle-stoppers; as also another product called 'Myssa,' which contains some of the component elements akin to cork.

In Spain and Portugal, where the cork-tree, or 'Quercus Suber,' is indigenous, it usually grows in densely packed groups, and attains to a height varying from thirty-five to sixty feet; and the trunk to a diameter of thirty to thirty-six inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with wide-spreading branches, clothed

with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath, and the edges slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of a yellowish colour, succeeded by the acorns, which are oval nuts, fixed by their base into rough, closely fitting permanent cups. They ripen in the autumn, and serve as an article of food, resembling chestnuts in taste.

In order that the reader may form an idea of the vast extent of the cork forests of Southern Europe, and general magnitude of the cork industry, we propose doing this to some extent by illustrating the present state of the cork industry in Spain and Portugal. In the first place, we may add that the cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square acres, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups, and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. The second area in extent has within its confines several groups in the south, which converge into a gigantic belt of territory, occupying the entire district lying to the south of the Guadiana, and part of Estremadura, between the Tagus and the Guadiana rivers. In the latter region the forests are extremely dense; but the quality of cork harvested is inferior to that produced in the districts of Catalonia, where the cork is of a firmer and more compact texture. Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth, and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid, and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation in the open market which the cork of Catalonia does.

In grouping the chief cork forests in the province of Gerona, we include a great area of territory, stretching northward towards the Pyrenees to the valley of the Muge and Ter, and southward to the boundary of the province. The whole of this area consists of ancient schist formation. In those parts of the Spanish cork forests where the trees approach the seaboard, the cork suffers from a fungous growth which renders it useless for the production of corks. It is exported to this and other countries, and often used for rustic-work, such as the adornment of ferneries and other horticultural adjuncts.

The cork or bottle-stopper trade is still the chief cork-consuming factor; but this branch of the industry is not free from encroachments of rivalry, which so often check a monopoly of this kind. In this trade several new inventions are introduced to the public with the object of facilitating the trouble sometimes experienced in drawing the cork bottle-stopper. Some of these new stoppers certainly possess this advantage over the cork-stopper. The specific qualities, however, of the cork-stopper are too unique in themselves ever to admit of their being totally annihilated. Imperviousness to air and water is a rare quality which cork possesses over any other known material; besides, they convey no disagreeable taste or flavour to the liquid they retain. These, coupled with such other qualities as compres-

sibility and elasticity, are virtues which it would be difficult to find in any substance outside the range of cork.

The application of cork as a bottle-stopper for liquid vessels is said to be of great antiquity; the earliest record extant of its use in Europe is that mentioned by Horace, who asserts that the Romans had cork as stoppers for their wine amphore. Certain of the uses of cork were known to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians; but whether they used cork for stopping the mouths of their liquid vessels history does not say. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that the Spaniards first commenced to work their cork-woods with some degree of regularity for the making of 'corks.'

Although, perhaps, corks were more or less in use from the time glass bottles were first invented, which Beckmann asserts to have been in the fifteenth century, yet it was not until two and a half centuries later that the Spaniards began to prepare cork for bottle-stoppers, which they did in a forest situated at the north-east of the Tiguerras, on the Muge. The cork industry has since gradually risen to be one of the first magnitude, its chief centre in Spain being in Catalonia, where, at the present, a population of 8228 persons are employed, who in the course of each year turn out about 188,000 hundredweight of cork grown in the province; 144,000 hundredweight of cork grown in other provinces of Spain; besides 47,000 hundredweight of cork exported from Algeria. The revenue from the cork industry of Spain amounts to £1,073,880 per annum.

Considering the number of newly invented stoppers now in use, it would be reasonable to anticipate a *pro rata* decrease in the consumption of cork. On comparing the past with the latest trade returns of Spain and Portugal, no perceptible change appears to have taken place in this respect. Probably we can account for it in this way, by taking into consideration the increasing progress in some branches of science, and the large draughts made upon cork to supply the demand from this source, which may more than counterbalance any falling-off in the supply to the principal branch of the cork industry.

The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are pretty much the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during this operation, which takes place when it has attained the fifteenth year of its growth. After the first stripping, the tree is left in this juvenescent state to regenerate, subsequent strippings being effected at intervals of not less than three years; and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upwards of a hundred and fifty years. If the bark is not removed artificially, it will on maturity split and dismantle itself; this is caused by the fresh growth of bark forming underneath.

The cork of the first barking is termed *Corcho bornio*—*bornizo*, or virgin cork; the cork of the second stripping is called *Pelas*, or secondary cork. The work of removing the bark from the tree is performed in summer by men, who are paid at the rate of two shillings and sixpence a day. The instruments used for the work are

an axe, a lever, and a hand-saw for the cutting of transversal incisions.

The first process through which the bark passes after stripping is that of boiling. This is sometimes done in the woods, but more frequently in the cork factory, in large, specially constructed caldrons, in which the bark is left to boil for upwards of an hour. This seething process increases the thickness and elasticity of the cork; and at the same time the tannin and other feculent substances generally existing in the bark are desiccated.

The various uses of cork in this country are pretty generally known, and do not require recapitulating; but some of its applications where it is indigenous are not perhaps so universally known: it may therefore be interesting to mention some of them. In Spain, beehives, kitchen pails, and other culinary utensils, are made of cork, including pillows. In Italy, images and crosses are carved out of it, and footpaths are paved with it. In Turkey, it forms cabins for the cork-cutters, and coffins for the dead. In Morocco, it appears in the form of drinking-vessels, plates, tubs, and water conduits. In Algeria, shoes, armour, and boats, and various articles of furniture, consume their share. Cups made of cork have been recommended for the use of hectic persons. One familiar article in which a great deal of cork is used in our own country is the cork jacket, an adjunct to the outfit of the mariner which cannot be dispensed with. This life-protecting apparatus, although no doubt a vast improvement on the original, cannot be classed among modern inventions; for Plutarch, in his *Life of Camillus*, mentions that the messenger sent by that general to his fellow-citizens when besieged in the Capitol, used a cork jacket in swimming across the Tiber, the Gauls being in possession of the bridge. The Portuguese use cork for structural purposes, such as roofing houses and lining wells, as well as in articles of domestic use.

With regard to the cork forests of Portugal, our data are unfortunately too meagre to enable us to estimate what exact proportion of the 34,000 square miles of country occupied by Portugal is devoted to the cultivation of cork. The reason assigned for the non-existence of this statistical detail by the Government is, that the cork forests of the country are in the hands of private individuals, the State forests being very few in Portugal. In the absence of a Government Statistical Report as to the area covered by cork forests, the only idea which can be formed of the magnitude of the Portuguese cork industry is that obtained from the trade returns of that country.

The total quantity of cork exported in the year 1890 is stated to be 453,650 hundredweight of cork in the rough, and 42,427 hundredweight of cork manufactured into articles of commerce. The geographical formation of Portugal is extremely favourable for the rearing of cork-trees; indeed, every evidence of this characteristic is well marked by the densely thick groups of cork-trees to be seen in certain regions, especially in the valley of the Tagus and the Sierra de Portalegre, which are the chief cork-bearing centres of the country. The cork-tree virtually abounds in every part of Portugal, with the exception of

a section of territory at the extreme south and extreme north, where a calcareous strip of country exists, separating the cork-trees of the valley of the Tagus from those of the valley of the Douro.

A FRENCH TICHBORNE CASE.

HISTORY repeats itself, and it is not the Tichborne Case only which proves that it is a 'wise woman that knows her own children:' the following story, taken from the French '*Causes Célèbres*' of the seventeenth century, teaches the same moral.

At Saumur, in Poitou, lived one Guy de Verré, Seigneur de Champigny, and his wife, Marie Petit. They had two sons, Claude and Jacques. The elder, Claude, when a boy of fourteen years, was taken with a desire for army service, and in 1638 left home to enter a regiment, then serving in Normandy. For many years, nothing was heard of him, and during his absence his father, Guy de Verré, died, leaving his widow and one son. Years passed on, and this younger son Jacques was regarded as sole heir to the property, when in 1651, at a siege of Saumur, there happened to be present a regiment of soldiers, one of whose officers was accidentally seen by the widow, Madame de Champigny. She was at once struck by his likeness to her lost son: she felt instinctively drawn to him; and his brother, her son Jacques, fully shared her feelings. Accordingly, she, of her own free-will, sought an interview, and questioned him as to whether he was not her son. It was true that the regiment in which he was serving was not the one in which her son had enlisted; but what might not have happened in thirteen years? Again, it was true that Claude had a scar on his forehead, the mark of a burn accidentally received by him when a child; but might not this have passed away in so long a time? So she met the officer with effusive affection. The first day he failed to recognise her, and looked on those who claimed to be his mother and brother with simple astonishment. Then, apparently impressed by the importance of the situation, he begged for a night in which to recall his thoughts and recover from the suddenness of the shock. The next day he again visited Madame de Champigny, said that he had been too much taken aback on the previous day to collect his thoughts, and declared that now all had come back to him, and that he clearly recognised her as his mother, and Jacques as his brother.

The long time during which he had been thought to be lost was easily explained by the necessities of military service; the mother naturally rejoiced in the recovery of her boy; the brother unselfishly shared her joy, and returned, willingly enough, to the position of younger son. It was not to be expected that all the family should as easily receive Claude as his mother and brother had done; and one of his uncles, M. de Piedfélon, at once demurred to accepting his new nephew. The absence of direct proof, and especially of the scar, weighed heavily with him; but he was unable to prevent the new-comer from being received into the family circle.

However, military duty would not allow the

newly-found son to stay long with his mother, and he had to go on with his regiment to serve in Normandy. With him went Jacques, with two objects—to see service, and to learn to know his brother. What happened in Normandy is not very clear from the records, important though it is on the bearing of the story. This much appears, that in one of the towns of Normandy the two young men were quartered in the house of a M. de Dauplé, and there the elder fell in love with the daughter, Madeleine. The father consented to their betrothal; and a marriage contract was signed, witnessed by Jacques, as brother of the bridegroom, and deposited with a notary. Apparently a valid marriage was effected; the banns were published for the first time, and a dispensation procured for the second and third times of asking. On the other hand, the contract was privately and not publicly signed; and in it was inserted a somewhat unusual clause, in which the possibility of a separation was contemplated, and in that case the husband covenanted to pay a large sum to the bride as compensation.

Once more the call of military service comes in to separate man and wife as it had before separated mother and son. The regiment is called to active service in Belgium; the bride cannot be taken with her husband, and is left with her family, while the young men pass on to the wars.

The next act of the drama begins with the return of the sons to their mother at Saumur, and the resumption of the old family life. The mother wished to see her son settled in life, and proceeded to hand over to him and his brother their shares of the family property, saddled only with an annuity to herself, and suggested to Claude the propriety of his marrying and settling down as a Seigneur. But the young man naturally felt hampered by his marriage in Normandy. How much or how little he told Madame about this affair does not appear; Jacques, at any rate, must have known all about it. One day he showed Jacques a letter he had received from Normandy announcing his wife's death; and he put on the usual widower's mourning, and after the customary period considered himself free to take his mother's advice. He soon became affianced, with her consent, to a Poitevin lady, Anne Allard by name; and with every possible formality was married to her on the 16th of March 1653, two years after his reappearance. Mother and brother were present at the wedding, and both signed the marriage contract as witnesses.

For several years the family lived together in mutual confidence and peace. Two children were born; and no shadow of doubt seems to have entered the minds of any of the party that the lost son had been restored, when, like a bolt from the blue, in 1656 a soldier of the Guards appeared upon the scene. Accidental circumstances had brought him into the neighbourhood; there he had heard from common talk how the elder son of Madame de Champigny had been lost and found again, and how the partition of the family property had already been made. On hearing this, he thought it high time for him to come forward and declare that the *soi-disant* Claude was an impostor, and he himself the real person. He, like his rival claimant, had been detained by the necessities of military service;

he had been taken a prisoner at the siege of Valenciennes, and had remained long in prison. Naturally, Madame regarded him as an impostor, who had been attracted by the notoriety brought about by her recognition of the first claimant. Both she and Jacques refused to have anything to say to him, and he was forced to call in the aid of the law. Application was made to the local court, and the 'Lieutenant Criminel' ordered that the mother, with her recognised claimant and his unrecognised rival, should all appear before him. In investigating the case for trial, the 'Procureur du Roi' heard how the uncle, M. de Piedfélon, had failed to recognise the first claimant as the true Claude. Accordingly, he ordered the new claimant to be presented to the uncle, with the astounding result that M. Piedfélon at once recognised him as his nephew, and especially called attention to his having on his forehead the exact scar which he had always declared that the true Claude would have whenever he was found.

The case came on for trial before the 'Lieutenant Criminel'; and so strong was the evidence produced that even the mother could no longer withstand it. Finally, the sentence of the court was, that the husband of Anne Allard was not Claude, but one Michel Feydy, Sieur de la Lerauderie; and further, that the Guardsman was the son of Guy and Marie de Verré. So he received an award of all the goods which the first claimant—whom we may now call Michel Feydy—had unjustly appropriated. Feydy himself was convicted as an impostor, and on the 12th of March 1657 sentenced to death. This worthy had, however, for some time seen how things were tending, and thinking the state of affairs too hot to hold him, had disappeared once more, and this time for good. His wife was left with full powers to act in his absence, and she sought in a superior court to recover the money which, in accordance with the sentence, had been given to the Guardsman. Hence she entered an appeal, claiming that her husband's conviction be quashed, and twenty thousand livres paid to her as damages.

So far, then, we have simply an action on the part of Anne against the family of De Verré; but the case became speedily complicated by the unexpected arrival of Madeleine de Dauplé. The whole story of her death and the letter had been concocted by the first claimant, with or without the connivance of Jacques; and while she was waiting her husband back from the wars, the news of the first trial revealed to her how badly she was being treated. Accordingly, she claimed to be received as a party in the suit, and demanded an annuity of five hundred livres a year! Here comes in the most comic incident of the whole proceedings: she further entered a claim, amounting to fifteen hundred livres, against Madame de Verré for the board and lodging of Jacques during his stay in Normandy for seven months. Certainly Jacques does not come out of it with clean hands, for he signed papers carelessly if not falsely, and also slipped off to Belgium without paying his hotel bill.

Thus two women became rivals in the suit, both claiming to be the wife of a man who had already been sentenced to death and forfeiture of goods. Cases are not unknown in which a woman has been sufficiently devoted as to marry

a man under the very shadow of the gallows; but it would be difficult to find another case in which two women disputed for the hand of a man already condemned to be broken on the wheel. To make the confusion worse confounded, others joined issue and became parties. First, the records tell us that in February 1658, the two children of Anne were admitted parties with their mother; they claimed the succession to the property through their father, and the right to bear the arms of the house of De Verré. Then Jacques, finding that, by his disinterested compliance in bearing witness to anything in general that was asked of him, he was placed in an awkward position, thought it time to have new tables and start afresh; so, having now become as decidedly on one side as he had been before on the other, he asked the court to grant him the rescission of both his signatures at the two weddings stating Michel Feydy to be his brother. Lastly, the uncle, with others of the family, claimed a right to cut in, in defence of the family rights.

It is easy to imagine the opportunities which this confusion of parties must have given to the lawyers; apparently, the case is finally tried as one between Anne Allard and her children as appellants on the one side, and Claude, his mother, his brother, his uncles, and his first wife on the other as respondents. Here arises a question of identity: which man is sued—the real Claude, alias the Guardsman, or the fugitive man who also claims the name? Apparently the former, as no counsel appears on behalf of the other. The poor old lady is in an awkward fix, opposed to the only one with whom she can have had much sympathy; for the Guardsman, even if he be proved to be her son, she cannot be supposed to care, seeing that he has dragged her from court to court; for the condemned man, who, she now sees, has played upon her feelings and deceived her, she certainly has no love left; but for the poor girl whom she has unintentionally injured by choosing as her daughter-in-law, and for her children, there may have been some glimmer of affection remaining.

The great trial came off at the Tournelle Criminelle with an array of counsel that would have done credit to the winding-up of a City company. First, the counsel for Anne: how noble, he argued, must be her action, seeing that to save her honour she claims to be the wife of a man condemned to death. It is easy to imagine the point which a French barrister might make of this, especially if the fair eyes of the lady were there to aid his eloquence. One argument seems remarkable: a case is quoted in which an illegitimate child was upheld as heir because the father and the legitimate brother signed the marriage contract, and thereby recognised him as legitimate; similarly, it is argued, somewhat illogically, that the action of the mother and the brother in this case has turned the wrong man into the right one. It is difficult to see how A can be made into B because C and D once said so, whereas now they unsay it.

Scarcely more weight would the arguments for Madame have had with a modern court: her advocate quoted the case—somewhat obsolete, it must be admitted—of *Abraham versus Abimelech*, in which the royal defendant is acquitted on the ground that he was misled as to the facts by the

Patriarch. If Madame and Jacques had by their want of caution contributed to the loss of Anne's 'dot,' they could not plead another person's fraud to escape liability. The advocate for Madeleine had to establish the first marriage, and to get over the alleged informalities in the marriage contract, and especially the unusual clause awarding damages to the lady in case the union was not permanent. Naturally, the lawyer for the Guardsman pleaded that he was not liable in any way for damages to Anne or her children; he, at any rate, had neither married the one nor been the father of the other. After hearing speeches on behalf of the other parties, the *Avocat-général* summed up the whole evidence. His line was decidedly against the respondents as to the question of identity; but he recommended that Anne should receive back her dowry out of the property of Michel Feydy, to be paid before the fine on him was levied. Thus the mother would have got off scot-free, and, like most similar cases now, costs would have fallen on the estate. But the Court differed in some points from him; and the last we hear of the case is the decree of June 31, 1659, by which both the appeals of Anne and Madeleine are dismissed; the children of Anne and Michel are declared legitimate, and all the property of Michel Feydy awarded to her; and payment made to her in respect of all the liabilities she had incurred, from a belief that her husband was the real Claude, in preference to the true Claude or any other creditors. Jacques was set free from the consequences of his signatures; but Madame de Champigny was condemned to pay to her discarded daughter-in-law damages to the amount of two thousand livres.

Truly, a decision worthy of a French court! The lovely wife, soon to be a widow, the victim of most untoward circumstances, would appear to have swayed the court, just as, in another notable case, the arrival of Widow Bardell and her boy in court visibly affected even Mr Justice Stareleigh, and indirectly conduced to send Mr Pickwick to the Fleet.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

A RED sunset glows through the bare stems of the trees, and throws a dull crimson shade on the heaped-up leaves beneath. It touches the yellow of the bracken into gold and orange. The air has a sharp crispness in the open; but in the shelter of the woods is only pleasantly fresh. Down in the hollow, a thick white mist is rising, and slowly, bit by bit, the fields and hedgerows are obscured, till only the tops of the trees are visible, as if rising from a sea. A gray mantle shrouds the hills. The sun has sunk below the horizon, and night has folded the earth. At the keeper's lodge, the firelight gleams redly through the uncurtained windows. The fitting shadows of children can be seen on the walls and ceiling; laughing voices are heard as the outer door is opened, and a woman's dark figure is silhouetted a few moments in the ruddy light as she peers into the gathering darkness under the trees.

Though the days are of the shortest, there are pleasant hours nearly all through the winter: the mornings often clear and bright, with just enough frost to make a brisk walk enjoyable. The white crystals are on road and fence, and every

blade of grass glistens in the slanting sun. There is a sense of alertness about the man who is covering up the root-pits with straw. The water-courses have been dug out, gates rehung, hedges mended and trimmed, and banks made ship-shape for the winter. On the heath, the gorse is still in bloom, and the birds are busy amongst the shining berries of hip and haw. After mid-day, the atmosphere changes; clouds gather ominously in the north; a keen wind springs up, and sweeps suddenly through the leafless trees. But the early sunshine has brightened the day, and left its impress on the world.

In the town, the morning may be cold and raw, the atmosphere be heavy with smoke, the roads greasy, the pavements slippery; people pass each other with a barely civil greeting; the time spent in shop and office seems long and dreary; business dull and unprofitable. But when, in the afternoon, the clouds suddenly lift and roll apart for an hour, how sad faces brighten, knitted brows clear, and work is lightened of half its weariness! What if the wind is keen and sharp? They have had the sunshine; and when night closes in, and men and women leave shop and office to spend their leisure hours by the cosy fireside, the stars shine clear and bright, 'unchanged in glory;' the advent bells ring out cheerily; and in the warm rooms young sunshiny faces glow with happiness.

Go into the dim old woods some afternoon when the ground is hard, and a black frost has withered up every green thing; when the chill wind whistles fiercely through the long sweeps of undergrowth, and roars with hollow sounds in the tall forest trees; when the firs and pines moan weirdly in the gathering storm, the air thickens, and the woods grow dusky as the sharp pellets of icy sleet rattle down on the dead leaves. The naked twigs seem to shrink and shiver as the wrathful blast drives hissing through the darkened woods. But it does not last long; the heavy storm-cloud rolls away; faint gleams of blue sky are visible above the woods; stray shafts of light glimmer through the tree-tops; and on reaching the open valley, a stormy sunset brightens the distant hills, where ragged-edged clouds are sharply defined in the orange light of the north-west.

Winding Lane is perhaps a mile long. In the summer it is deliciously cool and shady, full of sweet scents and bird-voices; the high hedges tangled with roses and honeysuckle, the banks with violets and stitchwort. In the winter it is warm, and sheltered by the high banks and hedges from both wind and weather; mosses and lichens flourish in the damp corners and on old stumps. Here the hungry birds find a plenteous meal for many a long day, so abundant are the berries, the vivid crimson of hips and haws, and the shining black stores of dogwood and sloe, privet and ivy.

Mount the bank on the west side, and a stretch of snowy country is visible for miles, the black stems of the trees alone breaking the view. Over the other bank, the ground is wild and broken with unused gravel pits, that, piled irregularly with snow, have the appearance of a miniature Switzerland. Farther along, in the hollow, are the brickfields. The warm smell from the kilns is distinctly noticeable, and the

huge fires look warm and comfortable in the fading daylight, the red gleams throwing lurid crimson light on the grotesque figures and weather-beaten faces of the men, as they pass to and fro tending the fires. It is not a bad employment for the cold weather; and their low-roofed, single-storeyed cottages look warm and cheerful, planted under the shelter of the worn-out clay-pits.

Winding Lane terminates at the mill bridge, and on the other side is the frozen mill-pond. Some young people are still skating in the dusky gloaming; a bright half-moon is rising behind the trees, and shines softly through the willows; the clear voices of the girls and laughing tones of the men mingle blithely together in the frosty air, and suddenly is trilled out the merry glee:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
For it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring the deer to bay—
To bring the deer to bay.
Tan-tarra, tan-tarra, tan-tarra.

From these charming pictures of winter sunshine, let us glance an instant to the Northern counties, where winter is sharper and more gloomy than in the South, where the disastrous strike had rendered thousands homeless and destitute, and had also acted indirectly on the manufacturing towns of the South and Midlands, where silk and lace mills were working half-time, factories and foundries perhaps less; and in like manner upon the railway employees. In these suffering districts there is no time for enjoyment, except in the exercise of self-denial and loving care and charity to the sick and suffering. Here men and women go up and down the dark streets and alleys, and help the wan, half-starved people as best they can, carrying blankets to the sick and old, meals and warm clothing to women and children; for under this widespread calamity the hearts of the English people have grown very tender to the innocent sufferers, who bear so bravely the cold, want, and discomfort for so many weeks of enforced idleness; and at this season, may there be found many more willing to help with generous hands to bring into the bare, cold, and broken homes of the toiling colliers a little of that blessed sunshine that is embodied in 'Peace on earth—good-will to men.'

A R O U N D E L.

WHEN first we met, I thought you fair

Beyond all I had looked on yet;

You came with such a winsome air

When first we met.

I shall not readily forget

Your glance, your smile, your voice so rare,

Your lustrous eyes of living jet.

But soon you stood revealed, and there

I saw a conquering coquette:

Ah, would that I had been aware

When first we met!

MORTIMER MANSELL.

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A NEW LAND OF PROMISE.

At noon on Sunday, in July last, the barque 'Royal Tar' sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, carrying two hundred and thirty-nine passengers bound for Paraguay, in South America, there to establish a Socialistic colony on Communistic principles. In the history of the world, no movement of the same kind in its principal feature has been recorded. From countries with dense populations, co-operative bodies have gone forth in search of work, or of Utopias in which work would be unnecessary: in quite recent times the Kaweah Colony settled on the Pacific slope; Adams' American Colony pushed off to Palestine; the Credit Foncier Company moved to Mexico; the Patagonian Colony to the Chubbart River; and the Gonzales Colony to Paraguay. But the emigrants from Australia were circumstanced as none of these were. The total population of their island continent is just over three millions; while the area of land at their disposal may be reckoned at a square mile per head. Queensland alone, which contributed the majority of the emigrants, contains 668,000 square miles—an area equal to the German Empire, France, Denmark, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, all together. It contains, as has been computed, the area of three Austrian empires, or six kingdoms of Italy, or nearly four French republics. South Australia contains 914,730 square miles; and West Australia, 978,298; and both colonies combined possess fewer inhabitants than a tenth-rate city of Europe.

Why, with so much unoccupied land around them, did these people set forth for Paraguay? In the first place, the leaders of the expedition, determining to make the movement a success, selected a spot from which the difficulty of a return would be particularly great. They knew the capabilities of the thousands of square miles of Australian land which have never been put to industrial use; but they knew also

that if they settled on any part of Australian territory, they would from time to time be encroached upon by friends or tempted to revisit old scenes. Going to Paraguay amounted to burning their boats. In the second place, the land allotted to them in Paraguay was highly reported upon. It was described by their own advance agents as lying one hundred and ten miles east from Asuncion, near Villa Rica, and within fifteen miles of a railway. The Tibicuari River, which flows through it, is navigable for boats or rafts; and numbers of small streams run through the country. Besides, the terms granted by the Paraguayan Government were considered more favourable than any likely to be obtained in Australia. The authorities in Paraguay engaged to hand over to the colony one hundred leagues of country, free of all charges, with free railway conveyance of persons and goods from Asuncion to the nearest point to the proposed settlement.

If the exodus were to end with the July departures, the movement would be remarkable; but those who have gone are merely the pioneers of a still growing party. Provision is already made for the transfer by barque and steamer of fully five thousand persons. A brief sketch of the main features of a scheme which thus affects so many will therefore be interesting.

Three years ago, Australia was plunged into a labour strike such as, for extent and intensity, it had never before experienced. The strike extended from the steamers around the coast to the shearing sheds in the interior. Labour organisers put forth all their abilities, and the workers all their resources. The Governments of the various colonies just managed to keep the combatants within the law. The organisers were not the ordinary type of working-men; indeed, the fold of labour in Australia includes men of all orders of mind and degrees of education. The hap-hazard conditions of the land bring it about that barristers are miners, doctors-of-medicine store-keepers, and classical scholars

butchers and bakers. Clergymen are found shearing, and bank managers scratching for gold in abandoned gullies. A strike on a large scale in Australia produces, accordingly, a volume of intellectual force not usually in evidence at such junctures in other countries. In the strike referred to, the intellectual activity resulted in disaster. The strike leaders were obliged to recognise the fact; but the question remained, Would they submit? The journalists of the party—and most of the educated men were, one way or another, writers to the newspapers—began devising and publishing schemes whereby the bitter fate might be averted. Gradually an idea of quitting the field in a body shaped itself. Bit by bit it was perfected, and at last stood out boldly as a feasible project.

When the design reached this stage, a propaganda for its general adoption was begun. William Lane, an Englishman by birth, an American by education, and an Australian of several years' standing, who had edited a couple of democratic newspapers in Queensland, led the movement. Around him enthusiasts gathered. Hearers in all parts were inoculated with the idea of breaking away and founding a New Australia. The bush-workers were easily won. Difficulties were stated and frankly discussed. It was made clear that the colony was not to be established or maintained on any merely benevolent footing. Probabilities were estimated, and sixty pounds was fixed as the sum each volunteer should pay towards the cost of the venture. Volunteers might be worth one thousand pounds or more, and if so, all they possessed was demanded of them; but no one on any account whatever was eligible unless he bound himself to pay over sixty pounds before embarking. Volunteers were also obliged to supply proof of sound physical health and of upright moral character, and to satisfy the leaders that they never 'black-legged' in any Australian strike.

The preamble to the agreement signed by each member contains the creed of the community, and though rather diffuse, explains their motives and objects so fairly, that it may be quoted literally:

'Whereas, so long as one depends upon another for leave to work, and so long as the selfishness induced by the uncertainty of living prevents mankind from seeing that it is best for all to ensure one another against all possibility of social degradation, true liberty and happiness are impossible; and whereas the weakness, ignorance, and doubts of society at large are the great barrier in the way of the establishment of such true social order as will ensure every citizen security against want and opportunity to develop to the full the faculties evolving in humanity: Therefore it is desirable and imperative that by a community wherein all labour in common for the common good, actual proof shall be given that under conditions which render it impossible for one to tyrannise over another, and which declare the first duty of all to be the well-being of all, and the sole duty of all to be the well-being of each, men and women can live in comfort, happiness, and intelligence unknown in a society where none can be sure to-day that

they or their children will not starve to-morrow. With this end in view, an Association of workers is hereby instituted, and the accompanying basis for co-operative organisation and articles of Association agreed upon, the signatories intending and expecting to emigrate to another country, there to devote to the movement their possessions and their best endeavours.'

The basis for co-operative production here referred to is stated to be ownership by the community of all the means of production in exchange and distribution, the conduct by the community of all production in exchange and distribution, and the superintendence by the community of all labour-saving co-operations; it also determines the maintenance by the community of children under guardianship of parents, and maintenance by the community of all sanitary and educational establishments, the saving of all capital needed by the community, and the division of remaining wealth-production among all adult members of the community equally, without regard to sex, age, office, or physical or mental capacity.

The community binds itself to obey in the first instance the laws of the State in which the colony shall be established, and to manage its own local affairs under a system determined by a ballot vote of all its adult members. It sets out with a director, elected by a two-thirds majority of a general ballot, and superintendents elected by a two-thirds majority of departmental ballot. All offices are to be vacated annually, and whenever occupants cease to retain the confidence of their constituents. Machinery for the settlement of disputes is provided, and even expulsion may be decreed by a five-sixths majority of all adult members. Religion will not be officially recognised by the community, but the individuality of every member in all matters where the individuality of others is not affected will be held inviolable. Without prejudice to the liquor question, members pledge themselves to teetotalism until the initial difficulties of settlement have passed and the constitution has been established.

Thus the colony of New Australia makes its beginning. The materials, physical and otherwise, with which it starts give it advantages over similar undertakings. The men of the first batch average five feet nine inches in height and eleven stone in weight. Almost every trade and profession is represented among them. There are farmers, agricultural labourers, engineers, carpenters, smiths, plumbers, medical men, journalists, and schoolmasters. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is not one lawyer, and a clause in the constitution declares the ineligibility of any members of that body.

The character of their Paraguayan home matches, as far as is at present known, the experiences the emigrants were educated into on Australian soil. Timber there is, abundant and of good quality. The land is capable of producing rice, tobacco, coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, sweet-potatoes, and maize. Fruits are easy of cultivation. Oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, guavas, pine-apples, and all the other products of the old Australia may be made to abound. Cattle may be raised, and sheep-breed-

ing carried on, and every hand may find congenial work. The difficulties to be encountered will, of course, be numerous at the first. They will troop in upon the little band from all quarters and in all shapes. Prophecies of evil may verify themselves, and sunny hopes fade. The real may shame the ideal. The die is cast, however. New Australia has taken its own life in its hands, and will prove 'what the future holds in it.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER VIII.—DIGRESSES SOMEWHAT.

In London, meanwhile, Mr Reginald Hesslegrave, to use his own expressive phrase, was 'going it.' And few young gentlemen with an equally exiguous income, knew how to 'go it' at the same impetuous pace as Mr Reginald Hesslegrave. That very same evening, indeed, as he walked down the Strand arm in arm with his chum, Charlie Owen—the only other fellow in the office who fulfilled to the letter Mr Reginald's exalted ideal of 'what a gentleman ought to be'—he stopped for a moment opposite the blushing window of a well-known sporting paper to observe the list of winners in the first race of the season. Mr Reginald, as is the wont of his kind, had backed the favourite. He drew a long breath of disappointment as he scanned the telegram of results. 'Amber Witch wins in a canter,' he murmured with marked disgust to his sympathising companion. 'A rank outsider!'

'Pipped again?' Charlie Owen inquired in the peculiar dialect at which they were both experts.

And Reginald Hesslegrave answered: 'Pipped again! For a tanner!' with manly resignation. He was sustained under this misfortune, indeed, by the consoling reflection that the 'tanner' he had risked on Yorkshire Lass would come in the end out of Kathleen's pocket. It's a thing to be ashamed of, for a gentleman, of course, to have a sister who is obliged to dabble in paint for a livelihood; but, from the practical point of view, it has its advantages also. And Reggie found it a distinct advantage during the racing season that he was able to draw upon Kathleen's earnings for unlimited loans, which were never repaid, it is true, but which were described as such in order to save undue wear and tear to Mr Reginald's delicate feelings. It doesn't 'look well' to ask your sister point-blank for a present of a ten-pound note; but a loan to that amount, from time to time, to meet a pressing temporary emergency, is a form of advance that never grates for a moment upon the most refined susceptibilities.

'That's a nuisance,' Charlie Owen responded, with a sympathetic wry face; 'for I suppose you counted upon it.'

Now, this was exactly what Mr Reginald had done, after the fashion of the City clerk who fancies himself a judge of horse-flesh; but he wasn't going to acknowledge it.

'It never does to count upon anything in the

glorious uncertainty of racing,' he answered with a bounce, swallowing his disappointment in that resigned spirit which is born of a confident belief that your sister, after all, will have in the end to make good the deficit. 'Though, to be sure, I *was* in need of it; for I've asked Florrie Clarke and her mother to run round to the Gaiety for an hour with me this evening; and I can tell you it comes heavy on a fellow, and no mistake, to settle for the grub for Florrie's mother! She is a dab at lobster salad!'

'Then you're taking them to supper afterwards!' Charlie inquired with admiration. One young fool invariably admires another for his courage and nobility in spending the money he hasn't got, to somebody else's final discomfort and detriment.

Reginald nodded a careless assent. 'To Romano's,' he answered, with justifiable pride in the background of his tone. 'When I do the thing at all, I like to do it properly; and Florrie's the sort of girl, don't you know, who's accustomed to see things done in the very best style; so I mean to go it.'

'What a fellow you are!' Charlie Owen exclaimed with heart-felt admiration. 'After a knock-down blow like this, that would dishearten most chappies!'

Mr Reginald smiled a deprecatory smile of modest self-approval. 'Well, I flatter myself I *am* a bit of a philosopher,' he admitted with candour, like one who glides lightly over his own acknowledged merits. 'Why don't you come too? There'd be room in my box for you.'

'Does it run to a box, then?' Charlie Owen asked, open-eyed.

And Reggie answered, with an expansive wave of his neatly-gloved hand: 'Do you suppose I'd ask Florrie and her mother to go in the pit? I imagine I know how to do the thing like a gentleman.'

'Well, of course, if you've got a box,' Charlie assented with alacrity, 'one more or less doesn't count. But still—there's the supper!'

Mr Reginald dismissed the sordid suggestion with another dainty wave of his well-gloved left. 'When a gentleman asks another gentleman to sup with him,' he observed with sententious dignity, 'it isn't usual for his guests to make inquiries beforehand as to the cost of the entertainment.' After which noble rebuke, Charlie Owen felt it would be positive bad manners not to accept with effusion; and was lost in wonder, delight, and awe—as Reggie intended he should be—at the magnanimity of a chappie who, after a loss like that, could immediately launch out into fresh extravagance by inviting a friend to a quite unnecessary and expensive banquet. What a splendid creature the fast young man really is, after all! and how nobly he dispenses unlimited hospitality to all and sundry on his relations' money!

So that evening at eight saw Mr Reginald Hesslegrave in full evening dress and a neat hired brougham, stopping at the door of the Gaiety Theatre to deposit Mrs Clarke and her daughter Florrie. The party, to be sure, was nothing if not correct; for Mamma was there to ensure the utmost proprieties; and Miss Florrie herself, who was a well-conducted young lady, had no idea of doing anything more decided than accepting

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a box for nothing as affection's gift from the devoted Reggie. Miss Florrie's Papa was an eminently respectable West-end money-lender; and Miss Florrie and her Mamma were practically used, in the way of business, partly as decoy ducks for unwary youth, and partly as a means of recovering at once, in presents and entertainments, a portion of the money advanced by Papa on those familiar philanthropic principles of 'note-of-hand at sight, without inquiry, and no security,' which so often rouse one's profound esteem and wonder in the advertisement columns of the daily papers. Unfortunately, however, it is found, for the most part, in this hard business world of ours, that philanthropy like this can only be made to pay on the somewhat exorbitant terms of sixty per cent., deducted beforehand. But Mr Reginald, as it happened, was far too small game for either Miss Florrie or her Papa to fly at; his friendship for the young lady was distinctly a platonic one. She and her Mamma used him merely as an amiable young fool who could fill in the odd evenings between more serious engagements, when Papa's best clients took her to the opera with Mamma, and presented her with a brooch or an amethyst bracelet out of the forty per cent. which alone remained to them from Papa's munificence. Not that Miss Florrie's conduct was ever anything but the pink of propriety: with a connection like Papa's, it was always on the cards that she might end (with good luck) by becoming My Lady, in lieu of accumulated interest on bills renewed; and was it likely that Miss Florrie was going to fling away a first-rate chance in life like that by ill-timed entanglements with a penniless clerk in a stockbroker's office? Miss Florrie thought not: she knew her market worth too well for such folly: she might flirt, but she perfectly understood where to stop flirtation: meanwhile, she found Mr Reginald Hesslegrave an agreeable and harmless companion, and an excellent wedge of an unobtrusive sort for attacking the narrow opening into certain grades of society. It 'looks well' to be seen about with Mamma in the company of an excellently connected young man of no means at all; people can never accuse you, then, of unmitigated fortune-hunting.

Miss Florrie and her Mamma were most charming that evening. Mrs Hesslegrave herself would have been forced to admit they were really most charming. The Mamma was as well dressed as could reasonably be expected—that is to say, not much more over-dressed than in the nature of things a money-lender's wife must be; and her diamonds, Charlie Owen remarked with delight, were greatly noted and commented upon by the feminine occupants of neighbouring boxes. As for Reginald Hesslegrave, he felt the evening was what he would himself have described as 'a gigantic success.' 'It's all going off very well,' he observed with nervous pride to Charlie Owen as they paced the corridor, cigarette in mouth, during the interval between the acts.

And Charlie Owen, patting his back, made answer emphatically: 'Going off very well, man! Why, it's a thundering triumph! What a fellow you are, to be sure! Ices in the box and everything! Clinking! simply clinking! The eldest son of a Duke couldn't have done the thing

better. It's made a distinct impression upon the Clarkes, I can tell you.'

'You think so?' Reggie asked, with a proud flush of satisfaction.

'Think so?' Charlie repeated once more. 'Why, I can see it with half a glance. Florrie's gone on you, that's where it is. Visibly to the naked eye, that girl's clean gone on you!'

Mr Reginald returned to the box feeling half an inch taller. He knew himself a lady-killer. And he noticed with pride that Miss Florrie and her Mamma were on terms of bowing acquaintance with a great many people in the stalls and dress circle; the very best people; gentlemen for the most part, it is true, but still, a sprinkling of ladies, including among them Mrs Algy Redburn, who ought by rights to be Lady Axminster. And though the ladies returned Miss Florrie's bows and smiles with a tinge of coldness, and seemed disinclined to catch the eagle eye of her Mamma—who was a stoutish matron of a certain age and uncertain waist—it was an undeniable fact that those who did catch it were for the most part women of title and of social distinction, in the fastest set: so that Mr Reginald felt himself in excellent society.

As they were leaving the theatre, while Mrs Clarke and Florrie went off in search of their wraps from the ladies' cloak-room, Reggie drew Charlie Owen mysteriously aside for a moment. 'Look here, old fellow,' he said coaxingly, in a whispered undertone, button-holing his friend as he spoke; 'you're coming on to supper with us. Could you manage to lend me a couple of sovereigns for a day or two?'

Charlie Owen looked glum. He pursed his under lip. Like Bardolph's tailor, he liked not the security. 'What's it for?' he asked dubiously.

Reggie made a clean breast of it. 'Well, the brougham and things have run into a little more than I expected,' he answered with a forced smile; 'and of course we must open a bottle of cham.; and if Mrs Clarke wants a second—she's a fish at fizz, I know—it'd be awkward, don't you see, if I hadn't quite cash enough to pay the waiter.'

'It would so,' Charlie responded, screwing up a sympathetic but exceedingly doubtful face.

'Do you happen to have a couple of quid about you?' Reggie demanded once more, with an anxious air.

Charlie Owen melted. 'Well, I have,' he answered slowly. 'But mind you, I shall want them on Saturday without fail, to pay my landlady. She's a demon for her rent. Raises blazes if it runs on. Will insist on it weekly. Can you promise me faithfully to let me have the oof back by Saturday?'

Reggie drew a sigh of relief. 'Honour bright!' he answered, clutching hard at the straw. 'It's all square, I assure you. I've remittances coming.'

'Where from?' Charlie continued, not wishing to be hard, but still anxious for 'the collateral,' as Florrie's Papa would have put it.

'Oh, I've telegraphed to-day to my people at Venice,' Reggie responded airily. But 'my people' of course was a euphemism for 'my sister.'

'And got an answer?' Charlie insisted. He

didn't want to seem mean, but business is business, and he desired to know on what expectations precisely he was risking his money.

'Yes; here it is,' Reggie replied, drawing it out, somewhat sheepishly, from the recesses of his pocket. He didn't like to show it, of course; but he saw too well that on no other terms could he be spared the eternal disgrace of having to refuse Florrie Clarke's Mamma a second bottle of Veuve Clicquot, should she choose to demand it.

Charlie ran his eye over the telegram. It was short but satisfactory. 'Entirely disapprove. Am sending the money. This is the last time. Remember.—KATHLEEN.'

'She always says that,' Mr Reginald interposed in an apologetic undertone.

'Oh, dear yes; I know; it's a way they have,' Charlie responded with a tolerant smile, as one who was well acquainted with the strange fads of one's people. 'How much did you ask her for?'

'A tenner,' Mr Reginald responded.

Charlie Owen drew the coins with slow deliberation from his dress waistcoat pocket. 'Well, this is a debt of honour,' he said in a solemn voice, handing them over impressively. 'You'll pay me off, of course, before you waste any money on paying bills or landlords and such-like.'

Reggie slipped the two sovereigns into his trousers pocket with a sigh of relief. 'You are a brick, Charlie!' he exclaimed, turning away quite happy, and prepared, as is the manner of such young gentlemen in general, to spend the whole sum recklessly at a single burst on whatever first offered, now he was relieved for the moment from his temporary embarrassment. For it is the way of your Reggies to treat a loan as so much cash in hand, dropped down from heaven, and to disburse it freely on the nearest recipient in light-hearted anticipation of the next emergency.

The supper was universally acknowledged to be the success of the evening. It often is, in fact, where the allowance of Veuve Clicquot is sufficiently unstinted. Mrs Clarke was most affable, most increasingly affable; and as to Miss Florrie, a pretty little round-faced *ingénue*, with a vast crop of crisp black hair, cut short and curled, she was delightful company. It was her rôle in life to flirt; and she did it for the love of it. Reginald Hesslegrave was a distinctly good-looking young man, very well connected; and she really liked him. Not, of course, that she would ever for a moment have dreamed of throwing herself away for life on a man without the means to keep a carriage; but Miss Florrie was one of those modern young ladies who sternly dissociate their personal likes and dislikes from their matrimonial schemes; and as a person to sup with, to talk with, and to flirt with, she really liked Master Reggie—nay, more, she admired him. For he knew how to 'go it'; and ability for 'going it' was in Miss Florrie's eyes the prince of the virtues. It was the one that enabled a man, however poor in reality, to give her the greatest amount of what she lived for—amusement. So Florrie flooded Reggie with the light of her round black eyes till he was fairly intoxicated with her. She played her

crisp curls at him with considerable effect, and was charmed when he succumbed to them. 'Twas a pity he wasn't the heir to a hundred thousand pounds. If he had been, Miss Florrie thought, she might have got Papa to discount it offhand on post-obits, and have really settled down to a quiet life of balls and theatres in his agreeable society.

So much smitten was Reggie, indeed, that before the end of the evening, under the expansive influence of that excellent Veuve Clicquot, he remarked chaffingly to Florrie, at a moment when Mrs Clarke was deep in talk with Charlie Owen: 'I tell you what it is, Miss Clarke—or rather Florrie—I shall call you Florrie—some day, you and I will have to make a match of it!'

Miss Florrie did not resent this somewhat abrupt and inartistic method of broaching an important and usually serious subject. On the contrary, being an easy-going soul, she accepted it as a natural compliment to her charms, and smiled at it good-humouredly. But she answered none the less, with a toss of the crisp black curls: 'Well, if we're ever to do that, Mr Hesslegrave, you must find the wherewithal first; for I can tell you I want a carriage and a yacht and a house-boat. The man for my heart is the man with a house-boat. As soon as you're in a position to set up a house-boat, you may invite me to share it with you; and then'—she looked at him archly with a witching smile—'I may consider my answer.'

She was a taking little thing!—there was no denying it. 'Very bad style;' so the ladies in the stalls remarked to one another, as they scanned her through their opera-glasses; 'but awfully taking!' And Reginald Hesslegrave found her so. From that moment forth, it became his favourite day-dream that he had made a large fortune at a single stroke (on the turf, of course), and married the owner of the crisp black curls. So deep-rooted did this ideal become to him, indeed, that he set to work at once to secure the large fortune. And how? By working hard day and night, and saving and investing? Oh, dear me, no! Such *bourgeois* methods are not for the likes of Mr Reginald Hesslegrave, who prided himself upon being a perfect gentleman. By risking Kathleen's hard-earned money on the Derby favourite, and accepting 'tips' as to a 'dark horse' for the Leger!

BANK-SAFES AND BURGLARS.

In one of his sensational detective stories, M. Du Boisgobey, the French novelist, hatches an intricate plot which turns on an attempt to break into a banker's safe in Paris. One of the burglars was a lady, who, on touching a piece of the machinery securing the safe, caused it to operate and hold her in its vice-like grasp. Her comrade in crime cut off her hand rather than let her be caught in the act of robbery; and so the tale takes its name from the main point of interest, and is known as 'La Main Coupée' (The Severed Hand).

It is a long way off from the complex and powerful mechanism of the modern safes, which are constructed to defy alike burglars and fire,

to the times when man could not trust his fellow-man, but must needs hide his possessions for safety in secret places. There is no surer test of civilisation than the measure of pecuniary confidence which members of a community repose in one another. With half-civilised peoples like the Hindus gold is either buried or worked into ornaments.

The Emperor of Annam has hit on a peculiar device for keeping the royal reserve secure against burglars, and even against himself. This is the plan of the uncivilised potentate: he causes his treasure to be placed in hollowed-out trunks of trees, which are thrown into a pool of water within his palace walls. In the water are kept a number of absolutely incorruptible guardians in the shape of crocodiles, which will eat alive any person who attempts to meddle with the submerged treasure. When it becomes indispensable to draw on this novel style of bank, the crocodiles have to be killed; but this can only be done with the Emperor's permission, and after the matter has been duly approved by the Minister of Finance.

In past days in Scotland, when the 'Old Bank,' as it was termed, was located in Gourlay's House, Old Bank Close, Edinburgh, precautions were evidently adopted to secure the safety of the cash in the bank's strong-chest. When the 'Old Bank' house was taken down in the first quarter of the century, it was found that all the shutters communicated by wire with a row of bells in an attic, which was assumed to be a plan put in practice long ago of sounding an alarm in the event of burglary. This bank had also a guard armed with flintlocks and bayonets as an outside protection.

The Bank of England is watched nightly by a guard of about fifty men from the Household troops, under the command of an officer, who usually march from Wellington or St George's Barracks. They patrol the spacious quadrangles of the bank, and do sentry-duty over allotted spaces till the morning, when they are relieved on the arrival of some members of the bank's staff. The officer in command is allowed dinner for himself and a friend, including the provision of a bottle of the bank's special old port. The men are also supplied with the needful refectation. Besides this military guard, two clerks remain on duty all night at the bank, as well as all day on Sunday, and these 'Watch Clerks' must not go to sleep. Their duty is to move about from building to building inspecting the various rooms, to see that all goes well. Several of the higher officials also sleep on the premises, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice.

The Bank of France is also guarded by soldiers, who do sentry-duty outside the bank, a watch being likewise kept within its precincts. A former practice of protecting this bank was to get masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar so soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on, and kept running until the cellar was flooded. A burglar would thus be obliged to work in a diving-suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officers arrived each morning,

the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened.

The Bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified military fortress at Spandau is kept the great war-treasure of the Imperial Government, part of the French Indemnity, amounting to several million pounds.

In the United States there are thousands of banks, which are all on a much smaller scale than in Great Britain, as the banks in the States have no branches. The amount of bonds payable to 'bearer' is so considerable, that American financiers, as well as bankers, largely make use of safes for their custody. Among various plans devised to keep out the burglar, one is employed in America, where large strong-rooms or safe-deposits are so arranged as to be filled with steam at a moment's notice in time of riots. This is a form of burglary which the Americans greatly fear; for when a lawless mob get the upper hand in a city, it takes very little to divert their energies to the pillage of a place where cash is kept. Another plan in use for preventing a burglar from entering a cash-safe is to arrange for a malodorous compound issuing out when the burglar attempts to tamper with the safe.

Many devices have been adopted for rendering safes burglar-proof. The material used in their construction must be, as Mr Harry W. Chubb remarked in a recent lecture before the Society of Arts in London, 'sufficiently hard to resist drilling or other cutting instrument, and yet at the same time sufficiently tough so as not to become fractured under percussion or pressure.' Cast-iron safes and doors were formerly in vogue, but gave place to those made of rolled iron. Steel is now used, plates or slabs of that metal being made after the model of warships' armour—that is, with layers of high carbon welded and rolled in between layers of iron or steel.

The Americans appear to believe in rolled plates of varying degrees of hardness riveted or bolted together for their safe-doors. The round bolt is in almost universal use with them, these bolts being secured by two or more keyless combination locks, and by a chronometer lock, commonly called a 'timer.' Mr Chubb says that no American bank or other safes of any importance are without 'timers,' and he computes the number of those in use at no fewer than from fourteen to fifteen thousand. The combination lock bears a certain number; but if the 'timer' be wound up for the night, the burglar cannot force an entrance till the hour for which the 'timer' has been set arrives. Another kind of combination lock is one which has several movable steel buttons, upon which are engraved all the letters of the alphabet. To open the safe, one must, before inserting the key, replace the letter on the buttons in the exact order in which they stood when the safe-door was locked.

It may be asked what agencies burglars employ for breaking into safes. The older methods were by drilling, blowpipes, gunpowder, tunnelling, and such-like; but the more modern methods of these *chevaliers d'industrie* are

by the application, where possible, of nitro-glycerine and dynamite. The difficulty attending the use of the two last-named agents is the noise of the explosion they cause, so that they can only be resorted to in out-of-the-way places. In order to introduce nitro-glycerine through the door of a safe, the burglars used to press or wedge in the spindles of the locks or the bolt handles, so as to leave sufficient space for injecting the yellow fluid. Then piling books and office furniture in front of the door, they calmly awaited the blow-up. Science, however, has enabled safe-makers to dispense with spindle-holes, and to work the main bolts by the aid of powerful springs enclosed in a box mounted inside the safe-door. The apparatus for throwing and bringing back the bolts is self-acting, and highly successful in its operation, so that the burglar cannot now carry on 'his felonious little game' of introducing nitro-glycerine into safes so protected.

If it be further asked, What of the burglar's ordinary tools and equipment?—we may reply in the words of Sir George Hayter Chubb, Chairman of the well-known Chubb & Sons' Lock and Safe Company, who thus answers the question in his interesting contribution to burglar literature entitled 'Protection from Fire and Thieves:' 'A professional burglar's tools comprise skeleton keys, silent matches, a dark-lantern, a wax taper, a palette knife used for opening windows by pushing the fastening back; a small crowbar, generally made in two pieces to screw together, and with one end forked; a centre-bit, and a carpet bag. If the object of attack is a safe, then to these must be added chisels and steel wedges of different sizes, an "alderman," or large crowbar, a "Jack-in-the-box," some aquafortis, and sometimes gunpowder for blowing open locks. Besides providing himself with tools, the burglar will often wear a "reversible," or a coat which can be worn inside out, each side being a different colour, so that, if he happened to be noticed, he will turn his coat in some quiet corner, and become another man to all outward appearance.'

As a rule, burglars work in gangs when engaged in safe-breaking. First, the situation of the safe to be operated on is ascertained, then the nature of the safe itself, whether wholly lined with steel or iron, or with stone walls; then the character of the precautions adopted by the owners of the safe for its protection, such as sentries and electric alarm bells. When it has been arranged to proceed to active measures, the various duties are assigned to the respective 'cracksmen,' one important rôle being that of watching the police guardian as he goes his rounds. Sometimes it is a work of months to get to close quarters, everything depending on the difficulties to be surmounted. Some years ago, it took about half a year before a gang of robbers succeeded in first winning the confidence of and then corrupting the office-keeper of a bank in New York. He possessed the outer keys which gave admission to the interior, and put the thieves within striking distance of the safe-door. The robbers thus admitted plied their burglarious instruments from a Saturday afternoon till Monday morning.

By far the most ingenious and daring class of burglaries is that which has been accomplished by means of tunnelling or mining. This operation implies long-sustained and arduous toil, not to speak of danger, while the scientific qualities displayed are really admirable and worthy of a better use. There is a spice of romance about safe-breaking by tunnelling, and we may therefore narrate one unsuccessful and two successful instances of this kind of robbery.

A few years ago a cashier in one of the National Banks of the United States, in New Mexico, was busy at work one evening in the office when his quick ear detected some curious sounds. They seemed to proceed from a subterranean region; and he was not long in concluding that robbers must be tunnelling from an adjoining building to the vault in the bank. Guards were immediately posted in and around the building. Those within observed the masonry of the bank to be giving way. Meantime, the robbers appeared to be hard at work, and quite unaware that they were being watched. At one in the morning, a Mexican volunteered to descend into the bank cellar so as to discover the actual situation. Scarcely had he gone a few paces down the stairs, when he met some one coming up. The Mexican fired without saying a word and shot the man dead. It was observed that he was one of the masons who had built the bank, and therefore was acquainted with its vulnerable points. The report of fire-arms alarmed his accomplices, for they fled, and escaped. The tunnel gave evidence of long and patient work on the part of the robbers. It was sixty feet in length, constructed on scientific principles, contained provisions, water, and a full outfit of mining tools, and must have been three months in making. The robbery appeared to be planned for the time of the month when the bank received large remittances of currency and coin.

An extraordinary and daring robbery was that which took place at the Central Bank of Western India, Hong-kong, in 1865, when the thieves succeeded in getting clear off with gold and specie to the extent of nearly fifty thousand pounds. The robbers must have been at work for some weeks before they entered the bank's treasury. Their principal labour was in constructing a tunnel of sixty feet from an adjacent drain to a spot exactly below the floor of the bank's treasury-vault. A perpendicular shaft of ten feet of sufficient diameter was then made, to permit of the passage of one man to reach the granite boulders on which the floor of the vault rested. These gave way through being undermined; and a flag being forced up, entrance to the vault was at once obtained. Two boxes were removed containing gold bars or ingots marked with the bank's stamp, as well as all the paper money, some bags of dollars, and a box of ten-cent pieces. No fewer than between twenty and thirty men were arrested on suspicion. One of them had six thousand dollars in his possession, and two bars of gold bearing the bank's mark. The robbery was effected between a Saturday and Sunday; and the first thing that roused suspicion was the fact of a little boy

trying to sell a bar of gold to a hawker in one of the bazaars in Hong-kong. A gentleman who was passing asked where he got the gold, and the boy replied that it had been found at a certain place. He gave the youth what he asked for it—namely, a dollar—and then informed the police.

Some years ago, an equally daring robbery took place at the late Cape of Good Hope Bank, Kimberley. One Sunday morning the manager of this bank opened his cash-safe to get a parcel of diamonds which were under his custody, when he found several loose bags of money lying about the safe floor. This rather puzzled him; but on looking around, he spied an opening in the wall of the safe, and came to the conclusion that a burglar had been at work. The police were applied to; and they found that the opening in the wall communicated with a large street drain in the vicinity. The total sum abstracted from the bank was about four thousand pounds; but on the drain being explored, about fifteen bags of silver, of the value of one hundred pounds each, were recovered.

Naturally interested in everything affecting not only the fabrication of bank-safes but also burglarious breaking into them, the Messrs Chubb of London sent a representative to Kimberley to gather up any details of the robbery which would be of service to science in coping with crime. This gentleman reported that the strong-room in question was composed of masonry, and that it was considered one of the strongest in South Africa. The walls of the room were three feet thick; and to get to these walls the burglars had first to penetrate through an outer wall four feet thick, and through three foundation walls each two feet thick, all these walls being constructed of solid cement and brickwork. There was also about twenty feet of earth to tunnel through; and the hole could not be made in a direct line, but had to be constructed with various turns, so as to enable the burglars with miners' tools to get through the softest places. The large drain through which the burglars approached their task opened out into a street, so that the thieves were provided with a convenient outlet. It was believed that a large retriever dog helped in the robbery, as it was seen to run out of the culvert with something hanging round its neck; but after being followed for some distance, all trace of it was lost.

The conviction is forced on one that as wooden vessels have given place to iron or steel plated armour ships, so, in the construction of bank-safes, stone walls, however thick, must now yield to those of steel. No masonry, be it ever so good, is proof against undermining or assault, and true security consists in having a safe that will withstand all the attempts of the burglar from whatever quarter they arise. In a recent attack on a bank-safe in Paris, there were observed in front of the safe-door the fag-ends of numerous cigarettes, and the fragments of a feast, several empty wine bottles, chicken bones, &c., all testifying to the delicacy of the French burglar's palate and his love of good cheer. They also

evidenced that the burglars had been many hours engaged in their attempt, but had been foiled because the safe-door and safe-lock which they assailed was of good, solid, English make.

THE BURGOMASTER VAN TROON.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

MISS WIMBUSH was a confirmed nomad. Since her father's death, when she was quite a young woman, she had had no fixed home. Much of the Continent was as well known to her as her own country; but of late years her peregrinations had been mostly confined within the limits of the United Kingdom. She was acquainted with numbers of people, at all of whose houses she was a welcome guest. Her visits among her friends were varied by pleasant little intervals of Bohemianism on her own account, when, accompanied by Mitcham, her maid, who had long ago arrived at years of discretion, she would take up her quarters for a brief while at this hotel or the other boarding-house, and revel in the luxury of making fresh acquaintances, and in studying the whims and humours of the heterogeneous mob of strangers with whom at such times she was brought into temporary contact.

But wherever Miss Wimbush went, on all her travels both at home and abroad, she was accompanied by one article which was altogether outside the scope of an ordinary traveller's baggage. The article in question was a picture, presumably painted by none other than the great Peter Paul Rubens himself, seeing that it bore his monogram, with the date of 1620, in one corner of the canvas, and was said to be a portrait of the Burgomaster Van Troon. It was a well-ascertained fact that Peter Paul painted two portraits of the functionary in question, one of which was to be seen any day in a certain gallery at the Hague; while the other, which was said to be the superior of the two, had been lost sight of for the last seventy or eighty years; neither had any of the numerous Exhibitions of the last quarter of a century, consisting of pictures brought together from far and wide, sufficed to reveal its whereabouts. Consequently, could it be proved that the picture Miss Wimbush carried about with her was really the missing 'Burgomaster,' then did she possess a prize which she might well value and deem worthy of every possible care.

As we have learned, however, the verdict of Mr Piljoy, the eminent art critic, was wholly opposed to such a belief. Neither was he alone in his opinion, which had been backed up by other connoisseurs of repute who had been allowed as a great favour to examine the portrait. That it was a forgery and of a comparatively modern date, they were all pretty well agreed.

Meanwhile, Miss Wimbush went serenely on her way, wholly indifferent to the opinions of Mr Piljoy and his *confreres*. The 'Burgomaster' was one of several pictures bequeathed her by her father. The others she had promptly disposed of; but the supposed Rubens she had made up her mind to keep. She knew that her father had had a very special admiration

for it, and had regarded it as the gem of his small but choice collection; and for his sake she determined never to part from it, unless some unforeseen necessity should one day compel her to do so.

Therefore was it that wherever Miss Wimbush went the picture went with her, it being Mitcham's special and particular duty to look after its safety *en route* from one stopping-place to another. It was enclosed in a mahogany case, the key of which the spinster never let out of her own possession. As a matter of course, her singular infatuation for what was commonly reported to be a worthless daub caused her to be laughed at behind her back; and Edgar Fairclough was by no means singular in thinking that, however sane and clear-headed Aunt Sarah might be in all other matters, she was undoubtedly 'a little bit cracked' as far as the burgomaster's portrait was concerned.

On quitting Pendragon Square, after listening to her niece's tale of woe, Aunt Sarah was driven to the boarding-house where she was in the habit of taking up her quarters when in town. In the sitting-room, busy with her needle, she found Mitcham, whom long years of faithful service had almost elevated into the position of companion. Miss Wimbush sat down on the nearest chair, and, although the evening was a chilly one, fanned herself for some seconds without speaking. Then all at once she said, in a voice which was not without a touch of tragic pathos: 'Mitcham, the "Burgomaster" and I are going to part.'

If some one had fired off a pistol close by Mitcham's head, she could hardly have been more startled. She gave a half-jump off her chair and a great gasp. 'Law! ma'am, I hope not, I'm sure,' she said. 'Whatever can have happened to make you think of such a thing? I always felt sure he would keep us company for the rest of our mortal lives.'

'I cannot tell you what it is that has happened; it is not altogether my own affair.—But there is no other way—none whatever.' Her voice broke a little as she finished speaking. Save for a sympathetic sigh, Mitcham remained silent. She was one of those invaluable people who know when to speak and when to hold their tongue.

Presently Miss Wimbush said: 'I am tired, and shall retire at once.'

'About supper, ma'am?' ventured Mitcham. It was her mistress's favourite meal.

'Pray, pray, don't talk to me about such things as suppers,' quavered the poor lady. 'I feel as if I should never want to eat another as long as I live.'

If her mistress could have seen Mitcham three minutes later, she would have opened her eyes very wide indeed. A broad smile of satisfaction lighted up the waiting-woman's usually impassive features. 'So we shall get rid of you at last, shall we, you ugly, good-for-nothing old noonsance,' she said aloud. 'And a precious good riddance, too, for I've had a sickener of you, and no mistake.'

It was close upon noon next day when a cab stopped at the door of Mr Henriques, a well-known picture-dealer. From it alighted

Miss Wimbush, to whom the precious 'Burgomaster' in its case was then handed by Mitcham. The dealer and the spinster were already known to each other. It was to Mr Henriques that the latter had sold the pictures bequeathed her by her father—that is to say, all save the so-called Rubens.

'Good-morning, Mr Henriques,' said Miss Wimbush as she marched into the fine-art emporium. 'It is some years since we met, but it is possible that you have not quite forgotten me.'

'I have by no means forgotten you, madam,' replied the dealer with a smile and a deferential bow. 'The reminiscences of our last interview were of too agreeable a kind to allow of my readily doing that.'

'Which means, I suppose, that you made a very agreeable profit out of your transaction with me.'

'Ah, ha!' laughed the dealer softly, with the air of a person who has just been told a good joke, and with that he drew forward a chair for his visitor. He was a little dried-up man, with a hook nose and very bright beady eyes, and with something about him that put people in mind of an ancient bird of prey.

'I have at length made up my mind to dispose of my precious Rubens,' went on the spinster—that is to say, of the portrait of the Burgomaster Van Troon by that great genius, with a view of which I favoured you on the occasion of our last meeting.'

The dealer rubbed his hands and bowed again. He was a man of many bows. 'Hem—I have not forgotten the work in question,' he remarked with a dry smile.

'I should think you have not, indeed,' said Miss Wimbush with decision. 'Well, here it is,' she added, as she proceeded to unlock the mahogany case. 'Now, examine it carefully, and then tell me how much that elastic article you call your conscience will allow you to offer me for it.' With that she planted the open case on an opposite chair, and sitting bolt upright, stared frowningly at the little dealer.

Apparently there was no need for Mr Henriques to examine it carefully; he had done that in days gone by. All he did now was to satisfy himself that it was the same picture he had seen before. Then he turned to his visitor.

'Really, madam, with all deference to you, you must permit me to say that this is not a class of article such as I am in the habit of dealing in. My patrons want originals, not copies. Still, in consideration of the fact that madam and I have done business on a prior occasion, I do not mind offering a ten-pound note for this—this copy.' He spoke deferentially, but firmly.

'So, you dare to call it a copy, do you?' snapped Miss Wimbush.

The dealer bowed.—'And not a first-rate copy either, if madam will allow me to say so.'

'Well, Mr Henriques, you are right. It is a copy and a daub into the bargain; and so I made sure that nobody would think it worth stealing. Be good enough to lift it out of its case, and then take the canvas out of the frame. I have a special reason for asking this.'

Wondering somewhat, the dealer did as requested. 'Now,' said Miss Wimbush, 'although you may not be aware of it, you hold two canvases in your hands. If you will carefully separate the upper one from the lower, you will see what you will see.'

With deft fingers Mr Henriques proceeded to do as he was bidden. On the upper canvas being removed there was disclosed to view the undoubted original, of which that had been merely an inferior copy. And how immense was the difference between the two! Now for the first time one seemed to know what sort of man the Burgomaster Van Troon had really been. Such as Rubens had conceived him to be, there he was for all the world to become acquainted with. It was a face to dwell in one's memory for years (with its peaked beard, its furred gown, and its gold chain and badge of office); plain to the verge of ugliness, if one merely had regard to the features; stern and severely composed, and yet informed through and through with a spirit of high resolve and determined majesty. It may have been that the artist discerned in the face of his sitter a force of latent possibilities such as circumstances had never brought fully into play, but which yet were there, awaiting an hour which perchance might never strike, although the man himself might only be dimly aware of that which was clear to the intuition of genius.

Having placed the canvas on an easel, the dealer fell back a pace or two and drew a deep breath. He knew a masterpiece when he saw it, no man better, and for a little while he remained lost in admiration. 'Madam,' he said at length, 'we have here in verity the celebrated "Burgomaster" which has been lost to the world for so many years. I will not be so impertinent as to ask by what happy chance it came into your possession; it is enough to know that it is here. Am I to understand, madam, that it is your intention to honour me by placing this *chef-d'œuvre* in my hands with a view to finding a purchaser?'

What Mr Henriques was presently given to understand was, that Miss Wimbush had no immediate intention of disposing of the 'Burgomaster' out and out. What she wanted was an immediate advance of a thousand pounds on the security of the picture, with the proviso that should she not be in a position to repay the amount in full, with interest, by the end of a couple of years, the Rubens should in that case become the absolute property of the dealer.

After a little demur, Mr Henriques assented to the proposed terms. An agreement was thereupon drawn up, signed, and witnessed—to be stamped an hour later at Somerset House—and presently Miss Wimbush went her way, taking with her a cheque, made out to 'bearer,' for one thousand pounds. Mitcham and the cab were in waiting, and from the dealer's they drove direct to the bank. The spinster's face was hidden in part by her veil, but the spasmodic twitching of her mouth did not pass unnoticed by the waiting-woman, nor the two large tears which, a few seconds later, dropped into her lap.

At the bank, Miss Wimbush changed her

cheque for notes, and was driven thence to Pendragon Square. Fairclough had left home an hour before. It would be a painful thing for Aunt Sarah to have to confess that the belief of years was irrevocably shattered, and that her cherished Rubens was condemned as an undoubted fraud, and he had no desire to be a witness of her humiliation. Besides, in his own more personal matters, he found room enough for bitter thoughts. That morning had brought him a note from Verschoyle asking him to dine with the Captain at his club on the morrow, which was equivalent to intimating that a settlement there and then between the two would be looked upon as a necessity. He was depressed and miserable. The morrow would see his home broken up; and the absolute need of coming to an understanding of some kind with Verschoyle a few hours later, weighed heavily upon him.

The street lamps had been lighted a full hour when he got back home, by which time Aunt Sarah had come and gone. Of the joyful surprise which awaited him we have no space here to tell. The sudden revulsion tried his manhood as it had rarely been tried before. Miss Wimbush had left behind her not only money enough to enable him to settle with Captain Verschoyle, but enough to pay for the redemption of the necklace as well.

It was November before Major Stainforth put in an appearance at Pendragon Square; and when he did, it was to ask his god-daughter to return him the diamond necklace and accept in lieu of it a bank-note for a thousand pounds. There had been a feud of many years' standing between himself and his sister, which had now been made up, and as a proof that it was so, he was desirous of presenting her with the necklace, which, as having at one time belonged to her mother, might almost be looked upon as hers by right.

The note had not been more than twenty-four hours in Clara's possession before the 'Burgomaster' was redeemed and carried in triumph to Pendragon Square, where for the future it found a home. Miss Wimbush, to the secret joy of Mitcham, having decided no longer to run the risk of losing, or being robbed of, so precious a possession in the course of her many journeyings to and fro.

IN SEARCH OF AN OLD CHURCH.

THE afternoon of our search for Narrowseas Church was fine and warm: one half of the sky was a deep tranquil blue; the other half of pure fleecy white, in shape like an archangel's pinion. A church is not ordinarily an object to be easily overlooked in that part of Southern England where the downs slope fold after fold, like so many petrified waves, towards the Channel. There were no cliffs to shelter, no 'chines' to conceal it. On our right the view was unobstructed to the low chalk range on which Hardy's Monument is a landmark: on our left the country fell away to the Little Sea or Backwater, beyond which rose the famous Pebble Beach; while still farther off glittered the blue waters of the West

Bay. It was not until St Mildred's Chapel with its Beacon Tower began to be well defined against the western horizon, that one of the travellers ventured to express to the driver a doubt of the route he had chosen. But, as he expressed himself with all the confidence of untrammelled ignorance, the searchers relapsed into contented enjoyment of the sunny fields, hedgerows, and pastures, in some of which the steam plough was busy 'huzzin and mazin' them; while in others the haymakers were turning and tossing the late haycrop.

It was after exchanging salutations with a row of merry sunburnt children perched on a high gate, within which their elders were seated on the grass enjoying their 'four-hours' rest and refreshment—it was immediately after this ovation that, descending a sharp hill and turning abruptly to our left, we entered quite unexpectedly, but not quite unannounced, into an unmistakable farmyard. Dogs barked, geese hissed, a flock of pigeons rose *en masse*, as the cab came perforce to a stand-still, a five-barred gate in front of it, and no room to turn the vehicle in. Here the driver—a young fellow, with weak Champagne-bottle shoulders, and a feeble flickering smile—confessed he was a stranger to these parts, but thought he had followed the directions his master had given him.

Presently, our embarrassment was relieved by a woman who appeared from an outhouse milk-pail in hand. It was like getting a view through a tunnel to catch a sight of her face in the depths of her sun-bonnet, until she shaded it up with her hand as she exclaimed: 'Narr'seas Church! What did you do a-comin' on heraway for Narr'seas Church? You do have left it miles thereaway behind-like.' She then opened the gate, and told the driver to drive 'un in, and turn un round-like.' This being accomplished, she showered advice upon us and our crest-fallen Jehu, the latter part of which—'You've o'ny t'ask as you do goo; any vool ull tell ye'—we acted upon religiously.

Men, women, and children were interrogated: the men mostly answered with a jerk of their shoulders and a gruff 'Down yender;' the women—Heaven bless them!—answered with a diffused politeness that generally made it necessary for them to hold on to the vehicle while they explained that there were two roads by which we might reach Narrowseas Church; only, one possessed the drawback of being impassable for carriages. The children simply gaped wide and ran away, reminding us of a cock we once saw speeding off open-mouthed, after having dipped his beak into an egg full of mustard, artfully prepared to cure this Saturnian fowl of his trick of devouring his own offspring.

Having retraced our steps some considerable distance, we were directed to drive through a pair of iron gates set wide open, and with pillars of iron surmounted by the bent arm and clenched gauntlet that told of baronial ownership. A very short distance brought us to a row of stone-built, thatch-roofed cottages. Having descended to make inquiries for the still invisible church, we were encouraged to find that we had only to 'go for'ard.' Forward we accordingly went,

admiring the taste of some of the cottagers who, having scanty front gardens on which to expend their care, had planted hardy flowers on the bank on the opposite side of the road to their dwellings. After the row of cottages came a low wall topped by the green plumes and pink blossoms of the tamarisk. The wall was pierced by a locked iron gate, looking through which we at last perceived the object of our search. The herbage grew tall above the sill of the east—and only—window; and ivy so shrouded the walls that very little masonry was visible.

Hearing a shuffling behind us, we turned, and found that an old man, in a sailor's blue serge suit, was hurrying after us, key in hand, as fast as a pair of list slippers, as large as young cradles, would permit. He had a fortnight's growth of silver bristles on his chin, powdered with lichen-like patches of snuff; a pair of faded, watery, yet keen blue eyes; and ears that looked like nests, they were so overgrown with woolly hair. When he spoke, his voice was so hoarse and wheezy—he began and left off so abruptly—that it was as though some one capriciously 'played' him after the fashion of a barrel organ. Unlocking the iron gates, he shuffled through, and led the way round to the farther or west side, where was an arched door framed in clustering ivy. We could now perceive that the chancel alone was standing, the whole body of the church having vanished utterly. Pausing before opening the door, our guide pointed with his keys to a silvery streak scarcely a stone's cast away, which he told us, huskily, was the Backwater or Narrowseas. Beyond rose the pebble terraces of the famous Beach, one of the three examples of a natural breakwater which the world possesses. When a westerly gale is blowing, and the tide rushes with a swing round the cup-like West Bay, any unfortunate vessel that has got 'embayed' has little chance of escape. All the help the coast-guard can render is to plant a red flag, to indicate the least dangerous spot for her skipper to beach her, and to get the rocket apparatus ready.

Should the stormy waves toss the tormented pebbles hither and thither, the next tide leaves the terraces in nearly the same order as before the storm broke; yet these pebbles remain as exactly graduated in size, lessening towards Sydport, as they did in the days when the smugglers landing their booty in darkness, could tell their whereabouts by the size of the stones, and could hide, and find, the 'ankers of hollands' by the same ineffaceable tokens. So much our guide told us, adding: 'There be none on ut neow: wuss luck. Us used to git a drop o' summat short in thim days. Passun he do say as we's better wi'out ut—us don't b'lieve ut.' He looked so aggrieved and aggressive as he said this, slapping the palm of his under hand with the keys he held in the other, that one of the travellers was moved to hope that at least he got his glass of beer now and then. If ever we saw outraged dignity depicted on a human face, it was when our guide, having sullenly fitted the key in the lock, turned it, and then himself round upon us, and said, threateningly: 'Look 'ee 'ere; us ain't got no fault to find wi' passun: o'ny un likes his larn tennus and his champagne, doan't un?—and us ain't findin' no fault o' beer,

o'ny ye doan't git no for'arder wi' ut—ye doan't git no for'arder."

After this summary exposition, he condescended to open the door and allow us to enter the dismantled chancel, dismantled of everything save some inscriptions on the floor, and some fine brasses on the walls. Looking through the arched doorway, our view was bounded by the tamarisk hedge and the beach beyond; and standing thus, we listened respectfully to the old man's tale of how sixty-eight years ago, when he was a boy of twelve, living in one of the cottages up the lane, they woke one morning—or, rather, were awakened by minute-guns from some vessel in distress in the bay; that they had heard the storm gathering in force all night, the waves in the West Bay thundering continuously against their rampart; how that the salt spray had so thickened on their lattices that they could not see through them, but that, going out into the lane to look for the vessel, they found their own lives in danger. Not only was the Backwater overflowing high-water mark, but the waves in the outer bay were showing angry crests above the top terrace of their protecting beach, while the spume was flying 'sky high.' Even as they looked, the first breach was made, and through came the waves like a pack of hungry wolves, lashed to madness by the howling blast that urged them on.

There was a stampede for the boats—flat-bottomed punts used by the men in crossing the Backwater; and in this way their lives and those of their families were saved. One after another the windows of the church were forced in, then the walls cracked, the roof heaved, and after a minute's conflict, the building yielded to its pitiless assailants, and, save the chancel, not one stone was left upon another. We had noticed that not a stone marked the resting-places of the dead; these, too, had been overthrown, and for ever lost sight of beneath the rush of sand and débris that followed the final ebb of that disastrous tide.

Pointing to two grassy mounds, the old man concluded his narrative thus: 'Zee them two graves? They be of a man an's wife. Forty odd years them was marr'ed; and that marnin' as I'm a-tellin' o' you about, I seed he take she out o' a winder into a boat over yender, just a minnut afore the cottage went slap! Seed ut myself.—The vessel? d'you say? That wur the "Ryal Suvrin." The waves carr'ed her slap on to the top o' the beach, and theer her stuck.—Many a one's bin grounded into matches agin our beach; but o'ny one, as I knows on, 'as bin carr'ed to the top on ut and left theer.'

He paused so long that we prepared to take our departure; the sun had already taken his, and the shadows were turning on the beach to a deep purple. The old fellow had talked himself almost into geniality, to which we attributed his parting piece of advice, tinged though it was with a spice of professional jealousy: 'You kin goo and zee the Noo Church up yender, if you like; but 'tis all noo-like—open t' anybody; and no un to talk and tell 'ee nothin about nothin.'

Accompanied by the cradles, their owner emitting an occasional gruff bar or two to intimate he was still on duty, we returned up the lane. Our driver—his knocking knees matched

his weak shoulders—freely proffered to conduct us to the New Church, as he let down the steps of our vehicle. To his evident relief, as also to the evident gratification of our late guide, who lingered to hear the result, we declined further questing of churches, for that day at least. As we turned to give a last look, Narrowses Church had again apparently sunk into the earth; but we could hear the lulling voice of its ancient enemy plashing rhythmically against the pebble terraces of its rampart.

DEAD LEAF GULLY.

By REGINALD HORSLEY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE SQUIRE'S SILVER SERVICE.

'DEAR SERGEANT SPARKS,—Come over and see me as soon as you can. Ben Drake, one of my stockmen, tells me he is positive that he recognised Flower in the township yesterday; and if the latter is really in the neighbourhood, we may expect trouble before long.'

So ran a note which I received early one morning from Mr Ingram, and I lost no time in making preparations for my departure.

'Tom,' said I, hailing Foster, 'I am going over to see the Squire. There is a rumour that Flower is about again, and I must get all possible information.'

'Am I to come with you?' asked Foster.

'No; there is no necessity for that. I shall return early to-morrow morning, or to-night, if the information justifies it.'

Two or three hours later, I rode up to Toomburra, and after stabling my horse, joined the Squire in his gunroom, where he sat cleaning up his firearms.

'Why, you look as if you were preparing to give battle to a very host,' I said with a laugh as we greeted one another.

'Nothing like being in good order,' responded the Squire; 'though I hardly suppose Flower will come this way.—Still, there may be mischief brewing. It is wonderful how things get about.'

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'What has got about?'

'Well,' replied the Squire, 'as you know, my nephew has recently returned from India. He visited us here, and brought my wife as a present a very valuable silver tea and coffee service of heavy Indian workmanship, seven pieces in all, and worth, I should say, at least a couple of hundred pounds. It is not at all the sort of thing we can make any use of here, and I think of sending it over to the bank at Toongong, to be taken care of.'

'Ah! and you suppose that Flower may take a fancy to it as it is on the way.'

'No; for, as I have kept my intention to myself, he naturally can know nothing about it. But what I anticipate is that he may pay me a visit here.'

'You suppose, then, that he has got wind of your new possession?'

'Exactly. The day it arrived—rather more than a week ago—the service was laid out on

the dining-room table for general admiration, of which I can tell you it received plenty. Only ourselves were there; but suddenly I heard a noise at the window, and turning sharply round, discovered Coogee's ugly face expanded in a grin of delight.

'Coogee the aboriginal?'

'The same. Well, of course Coogee saw the silver; and nothing would satisfy him but to be allowed to come in and look at it. He handled each piece, and seemed lost in wonder at its beauty, constantly exclaiming, "Budgerie! murry budgerie!" [Good! very good!] I was extremely vexed at his inopportune appearance.'

'Do you suppose, then, Squire, that Coogee gave information to Flower?'

'Not directly. But you know how these fellows chatter. So when, yesterday, Drake confided to me his suspicions that Flower was about, I thought it high time to send for you.'

'You were quite right, Squire. Flower's greed and daring may impel him to "crack your crib," as he would call it, alone.'

'What do you propose to do, then?' asked the Squire.

'To take up my quarters here.'

The Squire opened his mouth to speak; but I went on.

'I know that Flower may have spies about. Very likely he has: perhaps one of them has seen me come here. Very well, then; I propose that he shall see me go away again without loss of time.—By the way, have you any new hands just now?'

'No,' said the Squire.—'Oh, yes, I forgot: there is one, a carpenter named Murphy, whom I engaged to do piecework.—And, by Jove, it was the very day after Coogee saw the silver.'

'I thought as much. Where is this man working?'

'Close at hand, by the Warrigal's Pool. Do you think that he is in the game?'

'Yes; I do; but I mean to make sure. I want you to come out with me as far as the Pool, that I may have a good look at your new workman, and then I shall leave you.'

'But I thought you were going to stay,' said the Squire.

'You'd never do for a policeman, Squire,' I laughed. 'However, leave everything to me. Just answer naturally when I speak to you, and don't be surprised at anything I may say.'

I fetched my horse from the stable, and rode to the Warrigal's Pool, the Squire walking beside me.

'There is our man,' said the Squire, pointing to a fellow who was seated on a log eating. I ran my eye swiftly over the man, who was of middle size and strongly built, with flaming red hair and beard; while his face, pock-marked and freckled, was repulsively ugly. I did not recognise in him, however, one of Flower's gang.

'A new member,' I thought. 'He's no beauty, at all events.'

'So you are putting up a new hut, Squire?' I said, as we came within earshot of the man.

'Yes,' replied Mr Ingram in an easy tone;

'and Murphy here seems to be making a good job of it.'

'A new man, too, I see,' said I.—'You don't belong round here, do you, Murphy?'

'What's that to you?' answered the man morosely. 'I ain't done nothing you can lay hold on, that you should be so particular anxious about me.'

'Come, Murphy,' put in the Squire, 'don't take offence; the Sergeant meant none, I am sure.'

Murphy scowled, but gradually allowed his features to relax in a smile, which gave his face even a more sinister expression. 'Oh, I dessay,' he returned; 'but peelers is curious folk, always pokin' their noses in where they're not wanted. However, I'm from the Melbourne side, if you must know.'

'Not at all; I did not wish to know particularly,' I said; and turning to the Squire, went on in a careless voice: 'So you won't let me take that stuff down to Sydney for you to-night?'

'What stuff?' it was on the tip of the Squire's tongue to say, when I stopped him by adding: 'It will be safer there than here.'

'Very likely,' assented the Squire, taking my lead; 'but it will be all right here, I have no doubt.—Many thanks to you, all the same.—Are you really going to-night?'

'Yes,' I said, noticing that Murphy was watching me fixedly over the top of his pannikin, as he pretended to drink his tea. 'I have to see about a change of residence for one of my men.—Oh! by the way, I nearly forgot. Have you heard about Flower?' At this Murphy started perceptibly.

'No,' said the Squire innocently. 'What about him?'

'I hear that he has crossed the border, and gone into Queensland to give the sugar-sifters a taste of his quality.'

'Really?' said the Squire. 'Well, I'm sure I hope they will manage to get hold of him before long, for he is a very dangerous pest.'

Murphy wished me good-day quite civilly, as I again urged my horse into a walk; and when we were fairly out of hearing, I laughed outright. 'Bravo! Squire,' I said; 'you are getting on famously. You followed my lead quite naturally.'

'I am surprised to find myself so clever,' he said with an answering smile. 'What am I to do now?'

'Go home again, and make a wide leg to avoid Murphy.'

I did not go very far. In front of me was a thick belt of trees, and as soon as I was fairly in this, I dismounted, and after hanging up my horse, ran back to the border of the grove, whence I could command a distant view of the hut. The Squire was not in sight; but Murphy was still sitting on the log, from which he presently rose, gathered up his billy and pannikin, and went into the hut. In about ten minutes he came out again, and after a searching look all around, set off in the direction of the township.

'Ah! I was certain you were in it, my man,' I muttered, as I ran back to my horse. 'I think we shall have you now.'

'Well,' said Foster as I reined up at our quarters, 'what am I to do?'

'Mount and away to Dead Leaf Gully. Lead another horse for me along with you, and wait well out of sight till I join you. I start on the Sydney coach at six-thirty. By eight we shall be at the gully, where I shall leave the coach. It is only an hour's ride to Toomburra from there.'

Foster was soon off; and just before the coach started, I swung up beside the driver.

'Going on the down-track?' he asked cheerily.

'Yes, for a spell. Times are slack here just now; so I can get away.'

'Let 'em go, Bill,' said the driver, gathering up his reins.—'Hullo! who's that? Out of the road, dern yer, unless yer want ter be killed.' As he spoke, he flicked his whip at a man who was standing with his hand on the flank of the near wheeler. The long lash curled sharply round the man, and as he shrank back with a muttered curse, the light of the coach lamp fell upon his face, and I recognised Murphy.

'Come to see me off,' I thought gleefully. 'The plot thickens.'

To the driver's intense surprise, I got off the coach at Dead Leaf Gully, leaving him to surmise what he chose, as I knew his gossip with the passengers could do no harm. When the coach was fairly on its way again, a low whistle sounded in the scrub to my right. I answered it, and immediately afterwards I heard the tramp of horses' feet, and presently Foster came in sight.

I told him all I knew as we rode rapidly over the plains towards Toomburra; and when we reached the flat about half a mile below the house, I drew rein. 'We will off saddles here and walk up, Tom,' I said. 'That rascal Murphy may have returned, and be on the watch, for all we know. The Squire expects us, and we must get in without being seen by any one else.'

We took off the saddles, hobbled our horses, and walked quietly up the rise on the top of which the homestead of Toomburra was built. A light was burning low in the dining-room.

'Go round to the back, Tom,' I whispered, 'and wait till I let you in. Keep a sharp eye for Murphy or any one else who may be about.'

Creeping up to the veranda, I slid between the vine-covered posts, and softly hailed the Squire. 'Don't be alarmed,' I called gently. 'It is I, Sergeant Sparks. Get up presently, and put yourself between the light and me; I want to come in without being observed.'

Mr Ingram, who was reading, made no sign, but went quietly on with his book. In a moment or two, however, he rose, and taking his pipe from the mantel-piece, stood against the table, with his back to the lamp, which he thus obscured, as if looking out into the night. Seeing this, I at once dropped on all-fours, and crawled swiftly in through the French window, luckily left open on account of the heat.

'Stand as you are,' I muttered, as I crawled past him into a corner; 'and presently close the window, as though you were shutting up for the night.'

This the Squire did in the most natural way in the world. 'All fast, Sergeant,' he said in a low tone.—'But what are we to do now?'

'First of all, let in Foster, who is round at the back,' I answered, making for the passage.—'Hullo! what's that?' There was a sound of scuffling outside, a heavy fall, and then silence again. Rushing to the back door, I flung it open, and nearly fell over Foster, who was holding a man down on the ground.

'Who have you got there, Tom?' I asked, as I recovered my balance.

'Don't know,' said he. 'I found him sneaking round the door; and as he couldn't give an account of himself, I collared him. I threw him just as he was going to draw on me.'

'Quite right.—Bring him in, and let us have a look at him.'

Foster disarmed the man, and forcing him to his feet, pushed him before him into the dining-room.

'Murphy!' exclaimed the Squire in astonishment.

'Yes; I thought he would be somewhere about,' I said. 'But we are in luck's way to get hold of him like this.—You must have had a tiring day, Murphy,' I added sarcastically. 'Did you come up to the house to do a little carpentering at this late hour? Or have you done the job already?'

The Squire looked bewildered at this; but Murphy stood in sullen silence.

'Look here, my man,' I went on, changing my tone, 'the game is up for you, at all events; so you may as well tell all you know. Do this for me, and I'll do what I can for you later on. If you persist in keeping silence, you can take the consequences.'

Murphy opened his mouth as if about to speak, but hesitated.

'Come,' I urged; 'it is your best chance. You have tampered with the locks somewhere. Where is it?'

'He can't possibly have been in the house, Sergeant,' exclaimed the Squire, 'or I must have heard him.'

'He has been in the house, Mr Ingram—of that I am perfectly sure. He saw me safely away by the coach, as he thought, and then bolted back here to make his preparations. He must have had a horse hung up somewhere, or he couldn't have done it.'

At this Murphy broke out into a dolorous whine. 'I'll tell everything,' he said, 'if you'll only let me off.'

'I can't promise that,' I answered; 'but I'll try to make things as light as possible for you. It is all for your own sake, you know. We can find out everything just as well without you. Speak out now.'

'I seen the Captain,' said Murphy, after a moment's deliberation, 'about half an hour after you left by the coach. He give me my orders, and I rode over here bare-back on a colt I roped in on Fairley's paddock.'

'I told you so,' said I to the Squire.—'Well?'

'I'd larned the lay of the house since I been here,' went on Murphy, 'and I saw as one room warn't occupied. I let Flower know this; and as he thinks you're out of the way on

the Sydney road, he's going to crack the house to-night.'

'Were you to let him in?'

'No; I was to nobble the window.'

Foster left the room at a sign from me, and Murphy resumed.

'I had just finished the job, when I heard the master talking to some one; and guessin' somethin' was up, I made tracks through the window; and I'd a got clear off if I hadn't run against the trooper at the back,' he finished in an aggrieved voice, just as Foster returned.

'Well, Tom, what did you find?'

'The window-rope is cut, the sash lifted out, and the bolt screwed off the communicating door,' said Foster.

'Ah!—Who sleeps in the next room, Squire?'

'My daughter,' answered the old gentleman, turning rather pale.

'Humph! It is as well we came.—Now, Murphy, is Flower coming over alone?'

'Yes. He had a squint at the house a couple of days ago, and he knows the lay of the window.'

'Where can we stow this fellow for the night, Mr Ingram?' I asked.

'He can stay here,' said the Squire: 'I will look after him.'

'Very good. You have your revolver. If he attempts to raise an alarm, use it without hesitation.'

'I'll keep quiet,' protested Murphy; 'I don't want no holes let into my skin.'

'You will *sit* quiet, at all events,' I answered, clapping a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.—'Tie him in a chair, Tom.'

As Foster did so, I turned to the Squire again. 'How many servants sleep in the house?' I asked.

'None; their rooms are all outside, at the end of the covered-way.'

'So much the better. Now Miss Ingram is with her mother, I suppose?'

'Yes, in my wife's bedroom.'

'Good. The ladies can remain there. Do you go and see that the window is shut and barred; and tell Mrs Ingram and Miss Mary to go to bed and not trouble themselves at all.'

Mr Ingram went off, and I rapidly arranged a plan of action with Foster. 'You will station yourself by the open window in the spare room,' I told him, 'and I will watch on the veranda outside. When Flower comes, let him get fairly into the room, and don't touch him. I will follow hard on his heels, and we will go for him together.'

'But why don't you wait in the room as well?' asked the Squire, who had joined us again.

'Because if he takes alarm and tries to bolt without getting in at all, I shall be there to intercept him.'

We left the room, and crossing the passage, passed through Miss Ingram's room, and entered the spare room, where we found the lower sash of the window removed and set against the wall. The window-ledge itself was about four feet from the ground, and I vaulted out with a parting word to Foster. 'Look to your revolver, Tom,' I said. 'And mind you let him well in.'

The veranda came to an end about ten feet from the window of the spare room, and I took up my post upon the former behind the last pillar, the thick creepers growing round which would have completely concealed me even in broad daylight. It was now about eleven o'clock, and everything was very still. Not a sound was heard in the house, not a rustle in the deep woods beyond. A clock in the house chimed midnight. Still dead silence. One o'clock, and no sign of Flower. It was dreary work waiting there in the darkness, and I began to long for action. Foster, I knew, must be fretting his heart out. Two o'clock.—Ah! what was that? Faintly borne on the still air, my strained ears could catch the sound of a horse shaking himself with saddle and bridle away down on the flat.

'Our man is at hand,' I thought. 'He has hung up his horse below there. He can't be very far away now.'

Ten minutes more or so of silence, and then I heard a slight rustling among the shrubs in front of the house, and sounds of stealthy feet, treading cautiously. I peered out from behind my pillar; but it was too dark to see more than a few feet away. Nearer and nearer came the footfalls. Minutes passed so slowly that they seemed like hours, and at length the strange visitor appeared, moving slowly forward, making for the west window. At last he reached it, and stood still. Were his suspicions aroused? I wondered. I held my breath, and gripping my revolver, prepared to spring, when suddenly a beam of light glowed in the darkness under the window, and the next instant the robber flashed the broad blaze of a dark-lantern into and all around the room. As instantly two reports rang out in rapid succession, and as I sprang with a bound from my hiding-place, I heard a bullet sing away over the garden, and a loud cry from Foster: 'I'm hit!'

Flower heard me coming, and turned to meet me. So short was the distance between us that our revolvers crashed together in the air, exploding harmlessly as they met. For a moment each seized and held the other's wrist as in a vice, and then, as if by tacit agreement, our revolvers were dropped to the ground, and we locked in a deadly grapple. It was no child's play. Both of us were strong and lithe and active, and we reeled and swayed hither and thither, with not a sound between us but the quick gasping breaths that broke from each in the dreadful effort to gain the vantage. But the struggle was as short as it was violent. Flower was the heavier man, and with a fierce trouble at my heart, I felt myself borne backwards to the ground, my antagonist's knee upon my chest, and his strong fingers gripping my throat and compressing my windpipe, so that to call for aid was now impossible. His dark, bearded face was close to mine, and his hot breath stifled me as he panted forth a string of furious oaths.

'Curse you!' he said. 'You've spoiled my game again, as you've done this many a time before. But it's my turn now, and I'll leave my mark on you before I go.'

The breath was nearly squeezed out of my

body; but half-unconscious as I was, I dimly saw a long bladed knife raised above me, and then some one leaped from the window, fell, raised himself again—crack! crack! one shot after the other, the knife clattered harmlessly to the ground. The grip on my throat relaxed, and shaking himself free, the bushranger bounded through the shrubbery before I could collect my scattered senses.

'Help!' roared Foster, for it was he who had come to my rescue so opportunely. 'Help!' he cried again, sending another shot in the direction Flower had taken; and then he reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and just as I staggered to my feet and Mr Ingram came rushing out, fell prone upon the ground.

But now the whole establishment was roused; lights flashed hither and thither, women-servants screamed at the top of their voices, and the men flocked from their quarters to learn the cause of the unusual disturbance. I knelt down by Foster and turned him over, when he opened his eyes and looked up at me.

'Safe, Sergeant?' he said faintly. 'That's right! Got a bullet in me somewhere. Couldn't get out sooner. But I hit him—I'm sure I hit'—and he swooned again.

'Look to him, Squire,' I cried; 'and you, Drake, come with me. Flower is wounded, I know, and we may catch him yet. The horses are down on the flat. Come along!' And I raced through the garden, followed by the stockman. But before I reached the boundary fence I pulled up short, for a deep groan fell upon my ear.

'He is here somewhere,' I shouted.—'Bring along a light, Squire.'

The Squire and the men came running up with lanterns; and a few paces farther on we found Flower, shot unto death.

'Water!' he moaned as we bent over him. He was evidently at his last gasp; but one of the men hastened back to the house for some water. Long before he could return, however, a strong convulsion shook the bushranger's frame. He opened his eyes, and their last conscious look fell on me. 'The odd trick to you this time, Sergeant,' he said, and never spoke again.

CATERPILLARS IN PROCESSION.

THE extensive pine forest which covers the dunes of South-western France, stretching from the 'Bassin d'Arcachon' on the north for many miles southwards towards Biarritz, is the home of a curious Caterpillar ('*Bombyx Pythio-campa*'), of the same family as the silkworm. These insects possess a few interesting characteristics. They pass the winter in nests at the pine-tree top—very snug nests, woven around a bunch of pine needles, and large enough to accommodate a family of from fifty to two hundred.

Spring having arrived, each community leaves its winter home and prepares to set out into an unknown world. On leaving the nest, they form a procession in single file, each caterpillar in immediate communication with the one pre-

ceding and the one following it. In this manner they descend the tall pine and reach *terra firma*. From this habit they acquire the local name of 'Chenille Processionnaire,' or processional caterpillar. Their principal object now is to bury themselves in the sand; and to achieve this, some distance has often to be traversed before a spot suitable for the purpose can be found. Especially is this so when the pine-trees happen to be situated in the streets or gardens of Arcachon; and in such a case an interesting and rather amusing sight may be seen, when a procession consisting of some hundreds of the insects, and perhaps fifteen or sixteen yards in length, wends its way slowly along the road.

Let us detach two or three from the middle of the line—thus dividing it into two parties—and watch the result. The last of the foremost portion, feeling the loss of his neighbour, immediately stops, and this action is communicated all along the line until the vanguard is at a stand-still. Meanwhile, the leader of the rear portion redoubles his speed, and in a short time has caught up to the foremost party, and the touch being communicated, the whole procession resumes the march with as little delay as possible. When a suitable place has been found, the party forms into a group, and by a gentle wriggling motion, digs a hole in the soft sand in which the chrysalis state is attained.

Care must be taken not to touch these caterpillars with the hand, as the hairs create a stinging rash on the skin. So poisonous, indeed, are they, that sensitive skins feel the rash during the spring, although unconscious of any direct contact with the insect.

In appearance, these caterpillars are of a dark brown or neutral colour with orange-coloured spots, and about an inch and a half in length. They are much disliked by the inhabitants of the towns and villages which they infest, who lose few opportunities of destroying them in large numbers.

A T L A S T.

THE woods are sere, and the winds are grieving;
Under a sky that is angry and red,
The sea, like a tortured heart, is heaving;
Summer, and with it my dreaming, is fled.

All the roses lie crushed and broken,
Like the fair hopes that I cherished so;
Time it is our farewells were spoken;
Fate has decreed it, and I must go.

What! Are those tears through your lashes stealing?
What is't your faltering lips would frame?
Can it be you before me low kneeling,
Brokenly, tremblingly breathing my name?

Oh, my beloved! say, say I'm not dreaming.
Let the winds rave and the wild waters chide;
Eyes full of love-light in mine are beaming;
Summer returns evermore to abide.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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CHILDREN AND FRIENDS?

THE warning, 'You will have much pleasure with your children whilst they are young; but beware of the *revanche*,' is a wise and a timely one. It contains a truth, which few parents of young children have adequately conceived of, and of which they, by necessity, can have had no experience. Looking backward on their own career, they may very possibly be sensible of a secret pang of remorse, because they have repaid their parents' devotion—which now they can for the first time duly estimate—with something very like ingratitude. The thought is a disagreeable one: it is humiliating to their self-esteem to have to acknowledge that it was so; it is still more galling to their self-love to imagine that the future holds in store for them the same measure they once so carelessly, so cheerfully meted out to others. 'But,' argues the fond parent, with unwonted humility, 'I was not so amiable, so good-hearted, as are my children; it is quite impossible that they should ever be other than what they are to-day—loving and obedient. Have I not denied myself hourly for them ever since they were born? Do I not give them all they ask for? yea, even anticipate their wishes—cater for them providently, give up my old friends' comfort, as well as my own, to indulge them and their young companions? They will, they must, love me as I love them, now and always.'

Now, perhaps—but always? At any rate, if they retain the feeling, the manifestations of it are concealed. All exhibition of the love, which to the young seems to *keep them young*, must carefully be avoided. Shall I never be a man? thinks the youth whose moustache is just sprouting, as he manages discreetly to evade the maternal salute. Now is the time to beware of the *revanche*: when the tie shows tension—when son or daughter manifests a desire for independent action; for amusements in which the parent cannot share; for friends he can hardly approve; for absences which he betrays an obvious re-

luctance to render an account of—hours spent the parent knows not how, or with whom. Now may he know that the hour is at hand, the *revanche* is nigh even at the door.

How shall he meet it? If he upbraid, will his words, elequent with the bitterness of wounded feeling, fan the flickering flame of love into a steady glow again? Or, rather, is there not cause to fear that they will kindle a corresponding feeling of injustice?

'What does my father want? I have been a good son to him all my life' (nineteen years! but, true, they are *his* all of life), 'and now he would pin me always to his side. It is monstrous!'

Thus too often commences the little rift within the lute which is to make the music of life mute to the poor, bereaved, aggrieved parent. A change has begun: sometimes months of uneasy contentions, silent jars, and obscure opposition will elapse before a compromise is effected, before the parent realises the independent manhood of his son, before he concedes his right to independent action. Or it may take place more summarily. This is more especially the case with a daughter. From babyhood she has been the pride and joy of her father's heart, his chosen sweet companion in later years. She leaves her home on a visit, as unsuspecting of the coming change as he himself. She returns; and a subtle veil has fallen between them. She is as good, as sweet, as dear as ever; but there is a locked chamber in her mind into which he may not enter. The eager interest she was wont to manifest in all his affairs is not dead, only languishing. She is shy, remote, dreamy, and—most unusual thing with her—self-absorbed. There follows an explanation, perhaps, and a new development. She is 'engaged'; and though her father may have nothing tangible to advance against 'that man!' he almost hates him for daring to rob him of a treasure so dear that his eyes smart with unaccustomed brine as he contemplates his loss. It is over; and she has passed out of his life, unconscious of, or only half suspecting, the

depth of the wound she has inflicted. With such a new absorbing interest in life, amid new scenes, she will, nevertheless, now and again, as the twilight falls, give a sigh to 'poor father.' Possibly, she will sit down and write him so loving a letter as shall tear open the wound he was fain to fancy healing. This is not so bad an ending: they are still father and child; and when she brings home her first-born, he will, as he dandles his grandchild on his knee, probably cease to regret the past, and acquiesce in the future.

There may be—there are—many worse endings than this, and it must be owned that it lies more with the parents than the children to effect an improvement. To take time by the forelock in changing the nature of the relationship is a difficult task even for a skilful and willing senior. And nothing short of changing the nature of the relationship will answer, if the parent be desirous not only of avoiding heart-burnings and rebellion open or secret, but of securing in their place loyalty and love. It is nature that is inaugurating the change. To note the turning-point of time, when the child is fit to be treated as man or woman, when they are ripe to be consulted—to be advised with as friends, rather than to be directed and controlled from the parental pedestal—this is the crucial test where a wise insight, a self-effacing foresight, will manifest itself. If we see a son or daughter snatching at the authority the parent tenaciously retains, or reluctantly concedes, then we know that that parent has missed marking the hour that tolled the knell of his departing sovereignty. And years may then be required to readjust the sense of injustice on the one side, of rebellion on the other, or it may even never be readjusted in this life.

Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, to evolve the friend from the child—to let him see how you have worked, do work, and will work for him—to invite his co-operation in the aims and objects of your own life, not by giving him premature authority over old servants—not by putting him, all unripe for it, into a position of power, but by obtaining his intelligent assent to your undertakings, or by manifesting a like interest in his affairs. It is imperative, because natural, that the change must come; yet so gradual and so subtle are time's workings, that our children are growing up, ourselves growing old, our authority on the wane, before we consent—too often to acknowledge either the one or the other. It may be that in our self-satisfaction we have overlooked the yearnings for emancipation working beneath our eyes; that we are only roused to the uneasy consciousness that things are not as they were, when it is already too late to alter the drift of circumstances. Then to abdicate as gracefully as we can is all that remains for us, not bitterly, and with stinging, long-remembered words of contumely, to fling our sceptre from us, but softly to step aside from our throne, give one parting glance to the childhood we have loved so well; and then courteously take by the hand and welcome this well-known stranger-guest, who is henceforward our most honoured inmate, but our 'child' no longer.

So dear, so sweet, has been the relationship, that we may be pardoned if we find it hard to

show it to the door ourselves, and bid God speed it, and then extend a welcoming hand to the new-comer. Yet it is but a passing trial; he, the new-comer, unforgetful of the past, though probably silent about it, feels keenly his new-born freedom, and rejoices in the dignity of his manhood. Let the wise parent allow him to wear it ungalled by any sneers at the gloss of his new raiment; let no notice be taken of the, perhaps, exaggerated gravity with which he bears himself; let, we say, the kindly parent turn a deaf ear, a blind eye, to all those symptoms of an untried actor on the stage of life; and, depend upon it, the novice will not only quickly lose his awkwardness, but will always retain a grateful sense of the help that prompted his inexperience, covered his mistakes, and supported his uneasy self-tormenting doubts with the soothing aspect of quiet respect.

To sneer at youth aping the ways of his elders—to ridicule his pompous simplicity, is as easy as it is fatal—fatal, that is, if we wish to change the child into the friend. Every year, alas! takes from us something of our virile vigour; sooner or later, we must exchange the proud position of protector for the humbler one of the protected; yet, let us pause ere we grieve that our beloved ones are assuming in their turn with pride the position which fate and nature alike are conspiring to force upon them. We should joy to see our sons publicly high in honour and in place; let us not grudge them privately the fulfilment of an honourable duty, the remembrance of which will be to them a lasting source of happiness long after we have ceased to thank them for its due performance.

To make of a beloved child a tender friend is one of the highest aims which a man can put before himself as a part of the great art of life.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER IX.—BY THE BLUE ADRIATIC.

APRIL in Venice, young ladies aver, is 'just too lovely for anything.' And Rufus Mortimer utilised one of its just too lovely days for his long-deferred project of a picnic to the Lido.

Do you know the Lido? 'Tis that long natural bulwark, 'the bank of sand which breaks the flow of Adria towards Venice,' as Shelley calls it; it stretches for miles and miles in a narrow belt along the mouth of the lagoons; on one side lies the ocean, and on one the shallow pool of mudbanks and canals. This is the only place near Venice, indeed, where a horse can find foothold; and on that account, as well as for the sake of the surf-bathing, it is a favourite resort of Venetians and visitors in spring and summer. The side towards the lagoon rises high and dry, in a sort of native breakwater, like the lofty Chesil Beach that similarly cuts off the English Channel from the shallow expanse of the Fleet in Dorsetshire; its opposite front descends in a gentle slope to the level of the Adriatic, and receives on its wrinkled face the thunderous billows of that uncertain main, Horace's 'turbulent Hadria.'

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Hither, then, Rufus Mortimer brought his guests and friends one bright April morning, when the treacherous sea was sleeping calmly like a child, and no breath of wind from the Dalmatian hills disturbed the tranquil rest of its glassy bosom.

They crossed over partly in Mortimer's own private gondola, partly in a hired *barca*—a hen-coop, as Arnold Willoughby irreverently called it—from the steps of the Molo. As they passed out of the harbour, the view behind them rose even lovelier than usual. That is the way to see Venice; its front door is the sea; it breaks upon one full face as one looks at it from the Lido. We who arrive at it nowadays by the long and tedious railway embankment over the shallow lagoon hardly realise that we are entering the city of the Doges by its back door. We come first upon the slums, the purlieus, the Ghetto. But the visitor who approaches the Bride of the Adriatic for the first time by sea from Trieste or Alexandria sees it as its makers and adorners intended he should see it. As he draws nigh shore, the great buildings by the water's edge rise one after another before his enchanted eyes. He sees Fortuna on her golden ball above the Dogana di Mare; he sees the Doges' Palace with its arcade and its loggia; he sees the clustered cupolas and spires of St Mark's; he sees the quaint volutes and swelling domes of Santa Maria della Salute. Then, as he nears the Molo, the vast panorama of beauty bursts upon him at once in all its detail—the Bridge of Sighs, the famed Lion Column, St Theodore on his crocodile, St Mark on his airy pinnacle, the Piazzetta, the Piazza, the Campanile, the Clock Tower. He lands by the marble steps, and finds himself face to face with the gorgeous pilasters of Sansovino's library, the façade of the great church, the porphyry statues, the gold and alabaster, the blaze of mosaics, the lavish waste of sculpture. With a whirling head, he walks on through it all, amazed, conscious of nothing else save a phantasmagoria of glory, and thanking Heaven in his heart that at last he has seen Venice.

This was the view upon which the occupants of Rufus Mortimer's gondola looked back with delighted eyes that April morning. But this was not all. Behind and above it all, the snow-capped chain of the Tyrolean Alps and the hills of Cadore rose fairy-like in a semicircle. Their pencilled hollows showed purple: their peaks gleamed like crystal in the morning sun. Cloudless and clear, every glen and crag pinked out by the searching rays, they stood silhouetted in pure white against the solid blue sky of Italy. In front of them, St Mark's and the Campanile were outlined in dark hues. 'Twas a sight to rejoice a painter's eyes. Arnold Willoughby and Kathleen Hesselgrave sat entranced as they looked at it.

Nothing rouses the emotional side of a man's nature more vividly than to gaze at beautiful

things with a beautiful woman. Arnold Willoughby sat by Kathleen's side and drank it all in delighted. He half made up his mind to ask her that very day whether, if he ever could succeed in his profession, she would be willing to link her life with a poor marine painter's.

He didn't mean to make her Lady Axminster. That was far from his mind. He would not have cared for those 'whose mean ambition aims at palaces and titled names,' as George Meredith has phrased it. But he wanted to make her Mrs Arnold Willoughby.

As they crossed over to the Lido, he was full of a new discovery he had made a few days before. A curious incident had happened to him. In hunting among a bundle of papers at his lodgings, which his landlady had bought to tie up half-kilos of rice and macaroni, he had come, it appeared, upon a wonderful manuscript. He hardly knew himself at the time how important this manuscript was to become to him hereafter; but he was full of it, all the same, as a singular discovery.

'It's written in Italian,' he said to Kathleen; 'that's the funny part of it; but still, it seems, it's by an English sailor; and it's immensely interesting—a narrative of his captivity in Spain and his trial by the Inquisition, for standing up like a man for Her Grace's claim to the throne of England.'

'What's the date of it?' Kathleen asked, not knowing or not catching the special Elizabethan tinge of that phrase Her Grace, instead of Her Majesty.

'Oh, Elizabeth, of course,' Arnold answered lightly. 'Such a graphic story!—And the queerest part of it all is, it's written in cipher.'

'Then how did you make it out?' Kathleen asked, admiringly. To her mind, it seemed a perfectly astonishing feat that any man should be able to decipher such a thing for himself by mere puzzling over it.

'Why, easily enough,' Arnold answered with a smile; 'for happily I took it for granted, since I found it in Italy, the language was Italian; so I soon spelt it out. Those sixteenth-century people always made use of the most simple ciphers. Almost foolishly simple. Any child could read them.'

Kathleen looked up at him with profound admiration. For her own part, she couldn't imagine how on earth it could be done. 'How wonderful!' she exclaimed. 'You must show it to me some day. And it's interesting, is it? I should love to see it.'

'Yes, it's interesting,' Arnold answered. 'As interesting as a novel. A perfect romance. Most vivid and amusing. The writer was a man named John Collingham of Norfolk, the owner and skipper of an English barque; he was taken by the Spaniards off Cape Finisterre, and thrown into prison for six months at Cadiz. Afterwards, he escaped, and made his way to Venice, where he wrote this memorial in cipher to the Council of Ten, whom he desired to employ him; but what became of him in the end I haven't yet got

to. It takes some time to decipher the whole of it.'

That was all for the moment. More important concerns put the manuscript afterwards for a time out of Kathleen's head; though in the end she had good reason indeed to remember it. However, just then, as soon as they landed, Rufus Mortimer hurried her off to admire the view from the top of the Lido; and he took excellent care she should have no other chance that day of private conversation with Arnold Willoughby.

They lunched *al fresco* on the summit of the great bank, looking down on the sea to the right, and the long stretch of the shallow lagoon to the left, with the distant towers of Venice showing up with all their spires in the middle distance, and the jagged range of snowy Alps gleaming white in the background. As soon as they had finished, Rufus Mortimer managed to get Kathleen to himself for a quiet stroll along the sea-beach. The sand was hard and firm, and strewn with seaweed; here and there a curled sea-horse lay tossed up by the tide; and innumerable tiny shells glistened bright like pearls on the line of high-water.

Kathleen felt a little shy with him. She guessed what was coming. But she pretended to ignore it, and began in her most conventional society tone: 'Have you heard that Canon Valentine and his wife are coming out here to Venice next week to visit us?'

Mortimer gazed at her with a comic little look of quizzical surprise. He had got away alone with her after no small struggle, and he meant to make the best of this solitary opportunity. 'Have I heard that Canon Valentine and his wife are coming?' he asked with a sort of genial satire in his voice. 'Now, do you think, Miss Hesslegrave, I planned this picnic to the Lido to-day, and got off with you alone here, for nothing else but to talk about that bore, Canon Valentine, and that stick of a wife of his?'

'I—I really don't know,' Kathleen faltered out demurely.

Mortimer gazed at her hard. 'Yes, you do,' he answered at last, after a long deep pause. 'You know it very well. You know you're playing with me. That isn't what I want, and you can see it, Miss Hesslegrave. You can guess what I've come here for. You can guess why I've brought you away all alone upon the sands.' He trembled with emotion. It took a good deal to work Rufus Mortimer up, but when once he was worked up, his feelings ran away with him. He quivered visibly. 'Oh, Miss Hesslegrave,' he cried, gazing wildly at her, 'you must have seen it long since. You can't have mistaken it. You must have known I loved you! I've as good as told you so over and over again, both in London and here; but never till to-day have I ventured to ask you. I didn't dare to ask, because I was so afraid you'd say me nay. And now it has come to this, I *must* speak. I *must*. I can't keep it back within myself any longer.'

Every woman is flattered by a man's asking for her love, even when she means to say no outright to him; and it was something for Kathleen to have made a conquest like this of the American millionaire, whom every girl in Venice was eager to be introduced to. She felt it as such. Yet she drew back, all tremulous.

'Please, don't, Mr Mortimer,' she pleaded, as the American tried hard to seize her vacant hand. 'I—I wish you wouldn't. I know you're very kind; but—I don't want you to take it.'

'Why not?' Mortimer asked, drawing back a little space and gazing at her earnestly.

'Because,' Kathleen answered, finding it hard indeed so to phrase her feelings as not unnecessarily to hurt the young man's, 'I like you very much—as a friend, that is to say—but I could never love you.'

'You *thought* you could once,' Mortimer replied, with a face of real misery. 'I could see you thought it once. In Venice here, last year, you almost hesitated; and if your mother hadn't shown herself so anxious to push my interest with you, I really believe you would have said *yes* then to me.—What has made the difference now? You *must*; you *must* tell me.'

'I hardly know myself,' Kathleen answered truthfully.

'But I *must* hear it,' the American answered, placing himself in front of her in an eager attitude. He had all the chivalrous feeling of his countrymen towards women. Rich as he was, he felt, and rightly felt, it was a great thing to ask such a girl as Kathleen Hesslegrave for the gift of her heart; and having wound himself up to make what for him was that fatal plunge, he must know the worst forthwith; he must learn once for all then and there whether or not there was any chance left for him. So he stood with clasped hands repeating over and over again: 'You *must* tell me, Miss Hesslegrave. I have a right to know. The feeling I bear towards you gives me a claim to know it.'

'I can't tell you myself,' Kathleen replied, a little faltering, for his earnestness touched her, as earnestness always touches women. 'I shall always like you very much, Mr Mortimer, but I can never love you.'

'Do you love somebody else, will you tell me that?' the young man asked, almost fiercely.

Kathleen hesitated, and was lost. 'I—I don't know myself, Mr Mortimer,' she answered feebly.

Mortimer drew a long breath. 'Is it Willoughby?' he asked at last, with a sudden turn that half-frightened her.

Kathleen began to cry. 'Mr Mortimer,' she exclaimed, 'you have no right to try to extort from me a secret I have never told yet to anybody—hardly even to myself. Mr Willoughby is nothing more than a friend and a companion to me.'

But the American read her meaning through her words, for all that. 'Willoughby!' he cried—'Willoughby! It's Willoughby who has supplanted me. I was half afraid of this.' He paused irresolute for a moment. Then he went on much lower. 'I ought to hate him for this, Miss Hesslegrave; but somehow I don't. Perhaps it isn't in my blood. But I like him and admire him. I admire his courage. I admire your courage for liking him. The worst of it is, I admire you, too, for having the simple honesty to prefer him to me—under all the circumstances. I know you are doing right; I can't help admiring it. That penniless man against American millions! But you have left my heart poor. Oh, so poor! so poor! There was one thing in

life upon which I had fixed it; and you have given that to Willoughby; and, Miss Hesslegrave, I can't even quarrel with you for giving it!

Kathleen leant forward towards him anxiously. 'Oh, for Heaven's sake,' she cried, clasping her hands, 'don't betray me, Mr Mortimer. I have never breathed a single word of this to him, nor he to me. It was uncanny of you to find it out. I ask you, as a woman, keep it, keep it sacred, for my sake, I beg of you!'

Mortimer looked at her with the intensest affection in his eyes. He spoke the plain truth: that woman was the one object in life on which he had set his heart; and without her, his wealth was as worthless dross to him. 'Why, Miss Hesslegrave,' he answered, 'what do you think I am made of? Do you think I could surprise a woman's secret like that, and not keep it more sacred than anything else on earth? You must have formed indeed a very low opinion of me. I can use this knowledge but for one aim and end—to do what I can towards making Willoughby's path in life a little smoother and easier for him. I wished to do so for his own sake before; I shall wish it a thousand times more for your sake in future.'

Tears stood in his eyes. He spoke earnestly, seriously. He was one of those rare men who rise far above jealousy. Kathleen was touched by his attitude—what woman would not have been? For a moment she half regretted she could not answer him *yes*. He was so genuinely in love, so deeply and honestly grieved at her inability to love him. Of her own accord she took his hand. 'Mr Mortimer,' she said truthfully, 'I like you better this minute than I have ever liked you. You have spoken like a friend; you have spoken like a gentleman. Few men at such a moment could have spoken as you have done. Believe me, indeed, I am deeply grateful for it.'

'Thank you,' Mortimer answered, brushing his tears away shamefacedly. Americans are more frank about such matters than we self-restrained Britons. 'But, oh, Miss Hesslegrave, after all, what poor comfort that is to a man who asks your love, who loves you devotedly!'

They turned with one accord, and wandered back along the sands in silence towards the rest of the party. So far as Rufus Mortimer was concerned, that picnic had been a dead failure. 'Twas with an effort that he managed to keep up conversation the rest of the afternoon with the mammas of the expedition. His heart had received a very heavy blow, and he hardly sought to conceal it from Kathleen's observant vision.

Sad that in this world what is one man's loss is another man's gain. Arnold Willoughby, seeing those two come back silent from their stroll along the sands together, looked hard in Kathleen's face and then in Mortimer's—and read the whole history. He felt a little thrill of pleasure course through his spine like a chill. 'Then he has asked her,' Arnold thought; 'and she—she has refused him. Dear girl, she has refused him! I can trust her, after all. She prefers the penniless sailor to the richest man this day in Venice!'

It is always so. We each of us see things from our own point of view. Any other man would have taken it in the same way as Arnold Willoughby. But Kathleen went home that

evening very heavy at heart for her American lover. He was so kind and true, so manly and generous, she felt half grieved in her heart she couldn't have said *yes* to him.

(To be continued.)

COAL-WORKING IN SCOTLAND IN FORMER DAYS.

So much has Coal now become one of the necessities of life both in respect of our homes and our industries, that one wonders how the world got on so long without it. In Scotland in earlier days our fuel was peat and wood, as in some places it is yet, and these, from their value, were then almost as carefully preserved by charter right as the land itself. It was not until the commencement of the thirteenth century that coal was known to exist in Scotland, its first discovery being due to the denuding effect of the sea on the coast of East Lothian. Here, on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, between Pinkie and Prestonpans, on land then belonging to the monks of Dunfermline, the valuable carboniferous strata were first disclosed. Indeed, it is to these monks and their neighbouring brethren of Newbattle that the credit belongs of first working this mineral in Scotland. And wrought thus early it must have been, as we find in 1265 that coals were supplied to the castle of Berwick at the royal expense, and that probably from the 'coal-heugh' of Tranent, which appears to have been one of the first, if not itself the earliest working colliery in Scotland. From time to time the royal accounts show that coal was occasionally supplied both to the king's palaces and to the Parliament House.

Before the end of the fifteenth century, not a few landed proprietors had become alive to the increased value of their estates through the existence of coal upon them, and by that time, among other places, there were collieries in active operation at Dysart, Reres, Largo, and Newton-of-Markinch in Fife, at Bonnington in Linlithgowshire, and at Stewarton in the county of Ayr. The following century saw them greatly multiplied, especially along the shores of the Firth of Forth, and a very large amount of capital for these times sunk in the workings. Not a few lairds, indeed, mortgaged their estates to provide the means of developing the coal, in the hope of thereby ultimately benefiting their fortunes. Most of the collieries on the Forth were what were known as Water-coal heughs—that is, they were sunk below the water-level, and required constant attention to keep the workings clear. In a Report made in 1608 on collieries at Alloa, Airth, Sauchie, and Carriden, it is stated that some of these had already cost their owners above fifty thousand merks—equal to about £3000 sterling money of that time—and that the maintaining of their water-engines alone cost no less than from fifteen to thirty pounds sterling every week.

The common form of these water-engines then in Scotland was that of an endless chain,

to which a series of buckets was attached. These dipped into the 'sumph' at the bottom of the shaft, and emptied themselves over the windlass into a conduit at the top. But half the contents of each bucket was usually spilled ere it reached the top; and if a single bolt of the chain gave way, as occasionally happened, the whole crashed down to the bottom to irremediable destruction. Sometimes hand-labour wrought these engines; generally, the motive-power was supplied by a horse-gin. But the more enterprising proprietors where it was possible erected a water-wheel. This sometimes, however, appears to have given offence, as throwing men and horses out of work, and vengeance was taken on the innovator. Such a case was that of the laird of Carnock in Fife, whose mine was flooded and destroyed by an ill-conditioned neighbouring proprietor, who, with the assistance of some others, dammed up the water in the lade and turned it into the mine. The same mischievous trick was also perpetrated upon others.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the collieries on the Forth carried on a large and remunerative export trade. King James VI., in furtherance of his policy of Scotland for the Scots, made several efforts to stop it, and laws were enacted against the export of coal; but it was deemed inexpedient to enforce them. After he went to England, however, he made another attempt. Writing to his ministers in Scotland—whom he as effectually dragooned by letters from his Court in St James's as if he had been in their midst—he instructed them to stop this export trade, and keep Scotch coal for Scotch folk, or, at least, not to supply any strangers beyond their neighbours of England. To this the coal-masters naturally demurred, and assigned as their reasons that the home demand was really so small that almost any one of the Forth collieries could meet it, and most of them had large stocks on hand; that they had been at great expense in working the coals, and were continually so in keeping down the water; were they not to export, they could not sell sufficient coals to cover one-half of the cost of doing this alone, and the stoppage of the engines for three nights only would irretrievably drown their pits. This, of course, was represented to the king; but he only insisted the more, and did not hesitate to call his ministers simple and weak to allow themselves to be gulled with the plausible arguments of a few interested partisans, instead of looking broadly at the interests of the whole country. And as for argument—well, he would give them argument in return. 'Do not the coals daily decay? and there is no hope of any sudden new growth of them. You refuse the export of tallow and wool; but these will grow again. Consider what the state of the country will be when these coals are exhausted. As for the want of a market, I bring,' he says, 'my own supply of coals from Scotland, and so do my nobles. If your coals were sent here, they would sell quicker than anywhere else, and it would preserve the woods from being

destroyed. We have a sufficient market here, in England, I assure you, for whatever quantity of coals Scotland can spare after supplying its own wants. Why, if you had an eye to your own advantage, you might make a large gain out of the business, and not only maintain your ships, but profitably employ a large number of your seamen. Look at Newcastle! Its industry speaks strongly against you, though you have greatly spoiled its trade. Foreigners find that they can get their coals free of duty in the Forth, and they no longer come to the Tyne, where they have to pay a duty, and so my revenue suffers. The dearth of coal is very great in England, and those who would hinder the restraint of the export in these circumstances are enemies to the commonwealth.' Then the king adds, in a postscript written with his own hand: 'It is a shameful thing that the private gain of some two or three persons should be put in balance not only with the weale of that whole kingdom, but even of this whole yle; and I wonder how any doubt can be made of the venting of their coillis, since coillis are at this instant almost unbuyable for dearth.' But his letter, which is dated 28th April 1609, produced no effect save that shortly afterwards a duty was imposed on all coals exported from Scotland.

For the most part, the land-owners at that time themselves wrought the coal, but there were exceptions to this. There is one lease in existence so far back as 1573 in connection with the Gilmerton coal district of Mid-Lothian. The adjoining estate of Melville was then in the possession of James, fourth Lord Ross, and his wife, Jean Semple, and they leased the working of the coal over their lands of Easter and Wester Melville for two years to a Gilmerton man, John Heron. He contracts, after finding the coal, to set eight colliers to work upon it, and they are to be partners with him in the expenses and profits of the undertaking. The lessors, however, are to bear half of the expense of the works, and to find the workers in quarrying mells and picks, wedges, ropes, forks, wheels, beams or swivels, and buckets, as required; and are to receive, beside their share of the coals won, three dozen loads yearly for the use of their house.

The co-operative or profit-sharing idea appears thus early in coal-mining. There is nothing to show what was the ordinary status of colliers about this period, but doubtless it was that of ordinary workmen. It was in the first decade of the seventeenth century that the cruel edict was framed which reduced the Scottish collier to the position of a serf or a slave. By that Act, workmen in mines, whether miners, pickmen, winding-men, firemen, or in any other service of the mine, were prohibited from leaving that service either in hope of greater gain or of greater ease, or for any other reason, without the consent of the coal-owner, or of the Sheriff of the County; and any one receiving a runaway into his service and refusing to return him within twenty-four hours was to be fined one hundred pounds Scots. In this slavery the family of the miner was involved. A concrete instance of this is afforded in a

letter by the fourth Earl of Wemyss, an extensive coal-owner at that time in Fife, which was written to his factor in 1751. In requiring him to bring back 'stragled coalliers,' he says: 'The moment a coallier leaves his work, he ought to be sent after immediately, otherwise it gives him time to gett into England, where he can never be recover'd. . . . Beside the coalliers, their children should be all look't after, and sett to work below ground when capable, and not allow'd to hir'd cattle or go to service, as many of them have done, and I wish may not be the case as yett. And if you see it for my benefit and that there's work and room for more people below ground, why don't you gett some of Balbirny's coalliers, who are now in different parts of the country and nobody's property? Pray, are Alexander Leslie's and Thomas Lumsden's children now working at the coal-work?' Twenty-five years later, an Act of Parliament was passed for freeing colliers and salters from this 'state of slavery or bondage;' but before it could be made effectual, another quarter of a century elapsed, and a new Act was required in 1799. Perhaps, however, the heaviest part of the bondage was that endured by the females of the collier's family, who carried the coal on their backs from the working face to the hill, and whose grinding labour is only now remembered in tradition. Steam and mechanical appliances have wrought as mighty a revolution and expansion in this industry as in most others.

Though the output of a decade now may be said to equal almost all that was won of the Scottish coal during all the centuries preceding the nineteenth, our coal supply is still good for centuries to come. True, indeed, was the pedant monarch's remark that there is 'no hope of any sudden new growth;' but, so far as the present is concerned, there is more to fear from the paralysis in other industries occasioned by the unhappy conflicts now so frequent between the capital and labour engaged in the winning of coal in Scotland.

DEAD LEAF GULLY.

PART II.—FLOWER'S TREASURY.

ONE night, about a month after the death of Flower and the subsequent dispersion of the gang he had led, and which had held together so long under his able generalship, I was playing a game of chess with Foster, who had very nearly recovered from the effects of the nasty flesh-wound he had received during the fight.

'Tom,' I said, as we refilled our pipes at the conclusion of the game, and sat down for a yarn, 'I wonder where Flower hid all the treasure he must have accumulated.'

'Ah! "and wouldn't you like to know?"' answered Foster, quoting the old song.

'I should indeed. If you and I were worth our salt, we ought to have found it long ago.'

'I shouldn't wonder but one might hear something of it at Maginty's,' said Foster, naming the proprietor of a low bush inn.

'I daresay. I'll look in there some day on the chance of it.'

Foster took his pipe from his mouth and considered me. 'You have got some plan in your head, I know,' said he at last.

'I have; but it has been simmering there so long that it may as well remain where it is a little longer before I bring it out for your benefit.'

One evening, about a week later, when Foster was alone, an evil-looking 'sundowner,' or tramp, suddenly entered the room, and seating himself without ceremony, coolly demanded a fill of tobacco.

'Well,' gasped Foster, rising to his feet, 'of all the confounded cheek! Here, out you go! Double quick!'

'I've as much right in this room as you have, Tom Foster,' said the tramp calmly.

Foster stepped back in astonishment, stared a minute, and then burst into a shout of laughter. 'You!' he cried. 'Sergeant!'

'Yes,' I answered, 'even I. I am pleased to find that you did not know me.'

'Know you!' echoed Foster. 'I should think not, till you spoke in your natural voice. Why, your own mother wouldn't know you.'

'That's all right, then. I am glad the disguise is so perfect; I will try it on the Squire to-morrow.'

'What for?' asked Foster. 'I suppose you have a reason?'

'A very good one. I am going to try and find Flower's treasury,' I replied.—'But sit down and listen for ten minutes.' And, much to Foster's satisfaction, I unfolded to him my plan.

'Splendid!' he exclaimed when I had finished. 'I think it will work beautifully. And I am getting stronger every day.'

'No row complete without Tom Foster,' I laughed. 'I waited till you were on the mend; but I've had the idea for some time.'

Next day, I was up and away before any one was stirring in the township, and early in the forenoon reached the boundary of Toomburra, where I encountered Mr Ingram riding alone.

'Mornin', sir,' I said in a whining voice.

The Squire pulled up. 'What do you want?' he asked sharply.

'Want a job, sir, if so be as you've got one goin'.'

The Squire hesitated. He was chary of strangers after his experience of Murphy. But his habitual good-nature won the day, and he inquired in a milder tone: 'What can you do, my man?'

'Well, Squire,' I said in my own voice, being now satisfied that my disguise was impenetrable, 'I can run you up a shearers' shed, if you like.'

The Squire started. 'Sergeant Sparks!' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'What are you masquerading in that dress for?'

'Not for nothing, Squire, you may believe me. However, I really do wish you to take me on as an odd hand for a while. If I seem rather neglectful of my work, you need not be surprised; and if you hear that your new man spends a good deal of time at Maginty's, you may abuse him to your heart's content.'

'I see,' said the Squire; 'this is all in the way of business.—But how well you have disguised yourself. However did you conceal your scar?'

'It was difficult,' I admitted; 'but you see I managed it.'

'Yes, most wonderfully.'

The scar to which the Squire referred had indeed given me a good deal of trouble before I hit on a way to conceal it. It was the result of a slash with a knife, received at close-quarters in my second year of service; and the peculiar shape it had assumed, something like an old-fashioned *f*, and the length of it, running as it did from the inner corner of the right eye well out upon the cheek-bone, seemed to preclude the possibility of my assuming any disguise which this remarkable cicatrix would not render unavailing with any one who had ever seen me. At last, however, by a judicious arrangement of flesh-coloured sticking-plaster, Armenian bole, and a touch of mother-earth, I so obliterated the troublesome scar as to induce the belief in my mind that the plan I had formed was a feasible one: a conclusion which the effect of my disguise upon Foster and Mr Ingram seemed fully to justify.

For the next fortnight I worked at odd jobs about the Toomburra homestead, putting in an occasional daily, and a regular nightly, appearance at Maginty's, and leaving to Foster the task of accounting for my absence to any one who might be inquisitive enough to ask after me. The loafers about Maginty's, never very particular, were ready enough to fraternise with me, the more particularly when they found that I was able and willing to stand them drinks out of what they supposed to be an advance of wages which I had received from the Squire. Meantime, my disguise worked admirably. I was gaining for myself a most unsavoury reputation, and the Squire, acting on my hints, inveighed against me in round terms, and more than once threatened me with dismissal unless I altered my habits.

Matters were at this pass, when one evening, making my way as usual from Toomburra to Maginty's, I heard rough voices on the road behind me; and I drew behind a thick bush in order to get a good look at the travellers. There were two. The shorter of them was a slim, wiry, ferret-faced fellow, with a not unpleasant expression; but his companion, a burly, broad-shouldered man of nearly six feet in height, was low-browed and malevolent-looking, while a thick black beard and long dark locks, which fell almost to his shoulders, lent him a somewhat piratical air. The two were conversing in low, but perfectly audible tones.

'It's worth the risk,' Ferret-face was saying, 'if you're sure you can find it. And then California for me.'

'I can find it right enough, if it's where it was,' answered Blackbeard. 'There was only me and Bill and him that's gone as knew where it was. You may cut the country if you want; but I'll cross over to'—The rest of the sentence I failed to catch.

My first idea was to hurry after the men and join myself to them; but on second

thoughts, as I felt sure I should find them at Maginty's later on, I sat down and lit my pipe and began to think the matter over. Neither of the men was known to me by sight, nor was there any particular reason why I should connect them with the surviving members of Flower's gang. Still, the fragment of their conversation which I had overheard left room for this suspicion.

'I will make one more effort to-night to solve the riddle,' I said to myself. Then rising, I shook the ashes from my pipe, and rapidly took my way, not towards Maginty's, but in the direction of the township.

It was quite dark by the time I arrived there, and I stole to my quarters, and gave a preconcerted signal, which brought Foster out to join me. I lost no time in giving him instructions, and, after touching up my disguise afresh, especially that tell-tale scar on my face, I hurried off to Maginty's inn, which lay some three miles down the road. The door was shut when I got there, which struck me as something unusual; and, moreover, in response to my knock, Maginty's shock head was thrust forth, and he roughly demanded who was there.

'It's only me, Mac,' I said, as I passed in through the door. 'Wot are yer so fly about? Is anything up?'

He made no verbal answer, but winked towards a corner of the room, where, to my great satisfaction, I saw the two men who had passed me on the bush-track.

Now, it is certain that Maginty was a rascal; but he was also a very cautious one. I suspected, however, that he knew something of the two men I was after; so I determined to pump him, and to this end advanced to the bar. 'Give us a nobbler, Mac,' I demanded; and then, with a glance towards the two men: 'Are they on the lay?'

'I 'spect so,' answered Maginty. 'Don't know what it is; but it must be somethin' big to make Jem Stiles and Frank Burton try this line.'

'Why?' said I. 'Is it hot round here?'

'Was a while ago, any way,' replied the innkeeper with another knowing wink.

This was quite enough for me. The only rumpus of any importance for some time back had been that with Flower's gang, of which I now felt pretty certain that the two men in the corner had been members—possibly obscure ones. My next move, therefore, was to get into conversation with them, so, glass in hand, I walked over to where they sat. 'Evenin', mates,' I said; 'I'll shout when ye're empty.'

The ferret-faced man made an almost imperceptible sign to Maginty, which, however, I both perceived and understood. The latter responded in his usual manner with a wink.

Having thus been assured that my right to consort with rogues was undeniable, the slim man grinned genially at me. 'That's soon done,' he exclaimed as he tossed off his glass. 'Brandy for me.'

As Maginty set the glasses before us, I threw down a sovereign. 'Keep the change, Mac, for drinks, and tell us when it's done,' I said.

The two strangers exchanged glances. 'Yer

seem pretty flush, mate,' said he of the black beard.

'Been carpentering for a cove round here,' I answered, 'and he give me an advance.'

'Where may that be?' asked the small man.

'On Ingram's place, where the Captain was shot,' I answered.

And again the two men started and looked at one another.

'What Captain was that?' asked Blackbeard, trying to seem unconcerned.

'Don't yer know?' I said with a leer.—'Have another drink. I don't care how soon the yellow boy is done. I'll get plenty more by-and-by, though my job here is up on Saturday.'

'Got another billet?' asked Frank.

'I'm going back to a good one as soon as I can get over to the Melbourne side. My cove expects me. There'll be five of us.'

'And who may yer cove be?' said Jem in a more cordial tone.

I looked round the room before I answered, and then leaning over the table, as if fearful of being overheard, I whispered the single word 'Laurence.'

Laurence was to the Melbourne force what Flower had been to us in New South Wales. His gang had been broken up about six months previously; but as he himself had not been captured, I ventured to experiment with his name.

It was a good card to play, and it immediately took a trick, for Jem asked at once: 'Is he gathering again?'

'He is,' I answered; 'Bendigo-way. I'm working over to join him. Got the office two days ago. Do yer feel inclined to come?'

'Yes,' said Jem eagerly; 'I'm with yer, whenever our job here is done.'

'How long will yer job take?'

At this point, Frank, in attempting to warn his companion, dealt me a severe kick on the shin.

'Keep yer beetle-crushers to yerself, can't yer,' I growled. 'Oh, don't think to bully me,' as he glared fiercely at me. 'I know yer lay; and what's more, I mean ter stand in with yer.'

'Wot are ye after?' said Frank. 'We ain't on no lay.'

'Ain't yer?' I sneered. 'What about Flower's blunt? Yah! I knowed yer at once, Jem Stiles and Frank Burton.'

'Have yer struck the pile?' asked Jem, with a sort of terror in his voice. 'Is that why ye're so flush?'

'No; but I'm going ter get my share, or I'll blow the whole gaff.' Here Frank's hand stole to his hip. 'Keep yer hand up, Frank,' I went on. 'Two can play at that game. We're too near the township for that. Besides, there's no reason for quarrelling. I've told yer my lay, and I've spotted yers.'

Frank's ferret face was twisted into a malignant scowl; but Jem gave a sort of groan, as he said heavily: 'Since yer know so much, I don't see as we can stop yer knowing more. Yer can come with us and share fair and square, if yer'll keep yer mouth shut.'

I grinned. 'When do yer start?'

'Early morn, for Long Mountain,' answered Jem.—'Oh! drop it, Frank!' as the latter's boot found its right mark. 'He's one of us; and there's plenty fur all.'

'I don't half like it,' snarled Frank. 'Wot does he want putting in his oar?'

'Yer've got to like it, my daisy,' said I; 'and seein' I knows what I knows, and how handy the troopers is, yer'd best be quiet.'

'Ah!' said Jem suddenly, 'talking of troopers, how many of 'em is in the township just now?'

'Only one. Foster, they call him.'

'Where's the Sergeant, then?'

'Sparks, is it? He went off about the time I come here. On the down-track, most likely.'

'He's a 'cute un. Send he don't get wind we're here about, or he'll stop our game somehow. No chance of him spyin' on us here, is there?' And he glanced nervously round at the dozen or so loafers in the room.

'Who? Sparks?' put in Frank. 'Not him. I know him well enough, though he don't know me. And there's one thing he can't hide, whatever he does.'

'What may that be?' I inquired innocently.

'A lick under the eye he got from Mike Forgan at Cooma. He downed Mike, but not afore he got a mark he'll carry to his grave. I tell yer, he couldn't hide that scar, whatever he did.'

Just then the clock struck eleven, and at the same moment there was a thundering knock at the door, and Foster's voice was heard imperatively demanding admission.

'That's Foster!' I gasped, apparently overcome with terror. 'Shouldn't wonder if it's me he's after.' And I dived under the table without further ceremony, while my companions shifted their chairs, so as to keep their backs to the door, which, after some parley, Maginty opened, and Foster strode in.

'Maginty,' he said in a loud voice, 'is that chap who is working for Mr Ingram here just now?'

'Well,' answered Maginty, looking round the room, 'he was here a few minutes ago, sir. But I reckon he's gone.'

'Humph!' said Foster. 'Which way did he go?'

'I'm sure I can't say, sir.'

'Won't, you mean,' snapped Foster.—'Well, see here, Maginty; if that man, Pete Larkin—the name I had assumed—turns up again, I require you to report the fact to me. I have reason to believe he is the very man the Melbourne troopers are after—one of Laurence's gang, in fact.—Who are you?' he continued roughly, swinging round to the table under which I grovelled, clasping Frank and Jem by the legs, as if in mute appeal, though, after my threat, I knew there was little chance of their turning on me.

'We're shearers, sir,' said Frank in answer to Foster's query. 'We're going to try for a job at Toomburra in the morning.'

'Shearers, are you?' said Foster in a hectoring tone. 'Well, you may be, though I have my doubts of you. I'll ride over to Toomburra to-morrow; and if you are not there, the farther away from here you are, the better

for you.—Now, Maginty, remember what I said about Pete Larkin. And Foster, having played his game of bluff to my entire satisfaction, swaggered out of the room.

An unnatural quiet reigned for the next ten minutes, and then Maginty opened the door, stood by it for a moment, and as if addressing nobody in particular, said: 'He's gone; and there's two or three here as had better go after him.' With which he retreated into another room, leaving the outer door open.

I crawled from under the table. Jem and Frank stood up; and with one accord we passed out into the night.

Had Jem and Frank not been in such a hurry to leave the inn behind them, they might have observed a dark, almost indistinguishable figure standing stiffly against the wall of the hut, and have noticed a hand stretched swiftly out to grasp a scrap of paper, which I had scribbled under the table, and which bore but three words—'Long Mountain. Quick!' But they saw nothing, noticed nothing, and with me hard at their heels, pushed rapidly through the bush towards the south.

For an hour or more we hurried on in single file, threading the long aisles of gum-trees under the silent stars, and then at last Jem spoke. 'We're well out of that, boys,' he said. 'But we must hurry on, for now them hounds of troopers has got their noses to the ground, they won't be long picking up the scent, and we've a good seven hours' walk before we get there.'

As a matter of fact, it was nearer ten, and the forenoon was well advanced when we stood at last upon the wooded slopes of Long Mountain. Here, to my intense relief, Jem called a halt.

'We're all right now,' he said, rubbing his hands. 'They may look a long time afore they find us here.—Now, then, let's build a fire and boil a billy of tea, and then we'll take a snooze.'

'But what about the blunt?' I asked.

'Pshaw!' grunted Jem, 'yer're mighty anxious. It's over there by that waterfall.'

The two men now bustled about, Jem gathering sticks, while Frank went down to the waterfall to fill the billy. When he came back, I rose to lend a hand, when suddenly I felt something loose on my cheek, and the next moment my plaster patch fell at my feet. Instantly I flung myself face downwards on the ground—quick enough, as I thought, to prevent the men from catching a glimpse of my altered features.

'I'm dead beat,' I muttered, pillowing my face on my arms.

'Have a pannikin of tea, mate; it'll fresh yer up,' suggested Jem.

'Don't want none,' I answered without raising my head. 'I tell yer I must sleep.'

They withdrew a few paces, and, as they bent over a log to raise it, I noticed that their heads were very close together for a moment. I own, however, that I suspected nothing, for I did not believe they could have seen my face. Carrying the log between them, they brought it up and cast it on the fire. Then Jem stepped back a pace or two, stretched his arms above

his head, as if about to yawn, and before I could even realise what he was about, or roll over to get out of his way, fell with all his tremendous weight flat upon me. The breath went out of my body with a rush; and as I lay almost senseless, Frank stooped down and drew my arms out straight. Then bending them backwards, he rummaged in my pockets, and, producing a pair of the very handcuffs I had destined for him, clicked them on my wrists, rapidly undid his waist-strap, and fastened my legs together, and then, rising to his feet, laughed long and loudly.

'Ho! ho! ho!' he crowed. 'That was a mighty smart trick, my noble. But we've went one better.—Gosh! it was a near thing, though. If I hadn't been lookin' yer way when the patch fell off, we'd a been done.—Get up, Jem. He can't do no harm now.—Yer come out bright and early this mornin', Sergeant, but we was up before yer. Now, wot are we goin' ter do with yer, now we've got yer?' I made no answer, for the outlook was not very cheerful. Still I was not without hope.

'Put a bullet in him,' said Jem, who stood scratching his great head, as if hardly able to realise the singular turn of events.

Frank's thin face puckered with grins. 'Too easy for a spy,' he said. 'I know somethin' better than that. Lift him up and set him agin that tree, Jem.'

Jem did as he was told; and taking the strap from his companion's waist, Frank passed it round my body and drew the buckle fast at the back of the tree. Then he drew Jem off a bit, and began to speak to him in low animated tones. Whatever it was he said, Jem appeared to enjoy it amazingly, for he shook with laughter, nodding his head constantly, as if to denote his perfect agreement with Frank's plan.

'That's A1,' he said at length. 'That'll do fust-rate. Come along. Don't let's lose no time.' And then the two of them ran towards the waterfall, and passed out of sight.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. They were, as may be imagined, somewhat mixed; and after a sharp but ineffectual struggle with my bonds, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and quietly waited the return of my captors. They were not long in coming, carrying between them what looked like a leather saddle-bag. This they dumped down in front of me, and Frank again took up his parable.

'We've tried yer as we went along, Sergeant Sparks,' said he, 'and we've found yer guilty of bein' a spy. Now, a spy's usually hanged; but we ain't got no rope, and shootin's too good for the likes of yer. So we've made up our minds to leave yer where yer are, and not soil our hands with yer. Yer'll be food for the crows, that's what yer'll be, long before anybody finds yer. And that's wot we're goin' to do with yer.'

I was looking straight over his shoulder, smiling; and I answered nothing.

'Oh! yer may grin,' said Frank hilariously. 'Yer'll laugh on the wrong side of yer mouth before yer've done, I reckon.—Well, since yer won't speak, I will. D'yer know what's in

this bag? It's the blunt. Yer come a long way to get it, and we ain't the men to keep yer from havin' a sight of it. Look!' And plunging his hand into the bag, he brought it out again, full of nuggets and coins, which he waved before my face, while Jem chuckled loudly.

'Now,' resumed Frank with a leer, 'we're goin' ter tear ourselves away. Happy ter meet, sorry ter part; but it must be done.—Can't we take no message home for yer?'

'Yes,' I said, still smiling and looking over his shoulder; 'you can take my compliments to the gentleman behind you, and ask him to put a bullet through your head if you stir a step.' At the same moment, Foster, who had come stealthily up among the trees during Frank's interesting harangue, roared out: 'Throw up your hands, boys! I've got the drop on you.'

Jem cast one swift glance behind him, and threw up his hands like lightning. 'Trapped, by jingo! Up with your hands, Frank, or you're as good as done for.'

Frank sullenly obeyed; and a moment later, two more foolish-looking rascals you could not wish to see, as they stood handcuffed side by side.

'Thanks, Tom,' I said as he released me. 'You were in the nick of time. I do hope you brought my horse, though, for I can hardly put one foot before the other.'

'Yes; he's a couple of miles down the gully,' answered Foster.

'That's all right.—And now, as these gentlemen have so thoughtfully provided us with a cup of tea, we will drink their healths, and many thanks to them for saving us the trouble of carrying up this bag.'

Which, however, considering the contents of the said bag, Foster himself was very willing to do.

A FEW BRAZILIAN SNAKES.

SNAKE stories have obtained rather an unenviable notoriety at the present time, owing, perhaps, to the assiduity of our Yankee cousins in promulgating 'tall stories' about these reptiles. In all parts and at all times there have been many superstitions and crude fancies about snakes. Of late, however, they have been studied scientifically and without bias, and have been proved to possess many points of extreme interest to naturalists. The fact that these reptiles, without fins, wings, or feet, and with very small power in their jaws, should be able to pursue and catch fish, birds, and animals superior in strength and speed to themselves, and feed thereon, would alone entitle them to a large share of scientific interest.

An experience of five years in the north of Brazil locating and constructing new lines of railway through wild and wooded districts has given the writer exceptional opportunities of coming into close contact with and studying these curiosities of nature, a short description of a few of which may prove of interest.

The extreme beauty and grace of some of these reptiles in their wild state are not to be

conceived by those who have only seen them in confinement, probably having been badly injured when captured, and therefore in a sickly condition. A large boa constrictor in its wild state, gliding along at about five miles an hour, moves like an undulating stream of beautiful colours, its smooth scales glistening in the sun with all the glories of the rainbow. This snake (called here 'Cobra de Viado' or 'Deer Snake') becomes very tame and easy to handle when captured young. Contrary to all popular ideas as to the horrid appearance and sliminess of a snake, no animal can be more graceful in all its movements or cleaner to handle. A non-poisonous snake catches its prey from an ambush, seizing it by the head with its flexible jaws enclosing the mouth of its victim. A couple of coils are then rapidly drawn round its chest, and the snake contracting these, crushes the unfortunate beast, the ribs snapping with the great muscular force applied. After death, without the head being loosed, the victim is drawn down by an alternating motion of the snake's jaws, the teeth in which, all pointing backwards, force it slowly down. The neck and body swell to an enormous extent, a snake being able to swallow an animal three times its own diameter.

A snake finds a great difficulty in swallowing any animal against the direction of the hairs in its fur, and therefore the head is nearly always the first part swallowed. It does not lick its prey all over, as popularly believed, and certainly cannot suck it down. After a meal, it lies torpid for a considerable time, digesting the bones as well as the flesh. If disturbed then, it seems very helpless until it has disgorged its meal, then it becomes particularly active and savage. Any snake is, however, comparatively easy to disable, a slight blow with a switch being sufficient to dislocate its vertebræ, when it is helpless. If desired to capture a snake of unknown character, without injuring it as a specimen, this is easily done by watching an opportunity to pin its neck down with a walking-stick or pole according to its size. It is then firmly seized behind the head, and is powerless to bite.

Few things can be more exciting than the capture of a large and recognised deadly serpent. The first step is to rouse it and make it show fight. Meanwhile, a forked pole is cut, and with this its neck is firmly pinned to the ground. At the same time a man has been cutting long lengths of a creeper, called here the 'Cipó,' which when well worked up becomes as flexible and tough as rope. With these its head is firmly lashed to the fork, and its body is coiled round the pole and lashed also. It can then be carried home and put in a proper box and studied. Care has to be taken, however, that in its struggles it does not break loose from the pole, as then all has to be begun again and under disadvantages. Aided by two or three real woodmen, one can thus catch a serpent of almost any size found here. These men—called here 'Matutos' or 'Caboclos'—are very skilful at all wood-lore, and have plenty of nerve. They are a mixture of Indian and Portuguese. It is useless to ask a negro to help, as at the slightest alarm he will leave you in the lurch.

I have caught alive and uninjured a rattlesnake seven feet long, aided by only one Matuto,

and without the slightest danger. This well-known reptile ('*Crotalus horridus*') is common in dry and stony tracts here. It grows to a great length, some say ten feet, and is very thick. It lives chiefly on a sort of coney, called here the 'Praid.' It, in common with nearly all venomous snakes, has two long fangs outside the ordinary teeth possessed by all snakes. In the act of striking, these, by a muscular attachment to their bony bases, are protruded at right angles to the upper jaws and in the direction of its lunge. The lunge is made by suddenly straightening the S curve into which it throws its neck and part of the body when roused. The fangs consist of hollow cylinders fixed to the bony bases, and cut away at the points like a quill pen. On striking, the bases are pressed against the poison sacs, of which they form part, and a drop of venom is forced along the hollow part of each fang to the quill part, where it comes in contact with the blood at nearly an inch under the skin of the victim. Thus it can be seen that the old fallacy of thick stockings absorbing the poison is exploded, as it does not run on the outside of the fang. A more perfect hypodermic syringe has not been invented. The death from the bite of this snake is said to be painless, a heavy lethargy numbing all the senses.

The peculiar danger of the rattlesnake consists in its sluggish habits, owing to which it is more likely to be found in the way of a man approaching. Other venomous varieties generally move away. Unless roused, however, it seldom or never strikes, and always gives warning by violently agitating its rattles, which make a sound somewhat like a very large cricket, and to be heard at fifty yards. It can at other times be handled almost without danger; many natives even here do it. The fat of its entrails is said to be a sovereign remedy for rheumatism.

It produces its young alive, there is reason to believe, without the preliminary formality of an egg, so much indulged in by other reptiles. The number of rattles is said to show its age, but this is not proved. On the contrary, facts go against the theory, as the smallest often have the most rattles. In this country it is of a brownish ash colour, with yellowish gridiron markings on the back.

A most beautiful snake is the true 'Coral Snake' ('*Elaps Lemniscatus*'). This has broad rings all round its body of vermilion, black and white, and its scales have a most lovely sheen. It is very poisonous, but not dangerous, as its mouth and fangs are so very small that it could hardly bite through a pair of trousers. It is of a uniform thickness throughout, like a worm, and seems to burrow like one. Owing to this, perhaps, it has a disagreeable habit of coming into the house by mouse-holes and ant-holes in the wainscoting. It rarely exceeds four to five feet in length, and a thickness of, say, three-quarters of an inch. I think it feeds on worms, larvae, and beetles. Its eyes are very small, and it is very slow in its movements.

We now come to the king of vipers, the 'Surucucú de Fogo,' or 'Fire Surucucú.' This reptile reaches a length, it is said, of twelve feet, and for beauty, agility, savageness, and venom, is excelled by none here. The old Dutch settlers gave it the name of the 'Bushmaster,' a title it

well deserves. The beautiful glints of light on this reptile's scales excel those on a humming-bird's breast. It is of a reddish-brown colour, with varied markings. It fortunately is chiefly nocturnal, and only frequents dense woods, as a rule not coming near houses. The finest specimen I ever saw was about eight feet long, and had six fully developed fangs—three on each side—as well as eighteen in various stages of growth—nine on each side. It was a pleasure to dissect this fine snake. The front fang was an inch and three-quarters long, exclusive of the bony base. The effect of a lunge from such a serpent can well be imagined. This is called 'Surucucú' as it is said to make a hooting noise at night; and 'de Fogo' as it is said to approach a light at night and try to get as close as it can. It has a curved claw on its tail, which the natives say it uses to dig into the ground as a fulcrum for its leap on its victim. This requires corroboration. The natives have a great dread of it, as well they may, it being the most deadly looking reptile here, the size of the poison sacs being so great, as well as its own size, agility, and proved savageness. It seems to feed on wild-pigs, 'paca'—a large rodent like a guinea-pig—deer, and other animals.

The next important poisonous reptile here is the 'Jararaca.' This also grows to a good size, but is slender. In the West Indies it is called the 'Fer de Lance' or 'Lance-head,' owing to a triangular plate or scale it has on its head; and is, I believe, the '*Bothrops atrox*' of science. It is a most deadly reptile, the person struck by it being said to die in great agony and sweating blood. It is also very active and savage, and more deaths occur from its bite than from any other snake. Only one case came under my notice, though I was once struck on the outside of the boot, the fangs fortunately not penetrating the cowhide. A man on the survey was struck on the outside of the bare leg just above the ankle, killed the snake, and brought it to me at once. No remedies being at hand, I put a tourniquet above, lanced the wound until the blood ran freely, and let him go, telling him not to stop the flow. No ill effects followed. This was all done within a minute or two of the bite, and is, I believe, the only sure thing to do, as the blood running from the very point where the poison has penetrated must necessarily carry most of it off. The wound was some time healing, but did not hinder him from his work for more than two days.

Had the poor fellow been bitten in the line of an artery, the remedy might have proved worse than the disease; but in any case he must have died unless something were done, and so a heroic remedy was adopted. The tourniquet was made with a knotted handkerchief, the knot being on the artery, and the loose ends screwed together with a bit of stick. The jararaca was about six feet long; and the poison applied to a large dog, which had more than once robbed me of a dinner, killed it in less than half an hour.

Great advantage is taken of the popular ignorance of snakes by some blacks here. These men call themselves 'Curadores' or 'Curers,' and, as a rule, their stock in trade consists of a tame boa constrictor, unlimited cheek, and a very whole-

some respect for anything in the way of a poisonous snake. I have always endeavoured to expose these charlatans by freely handling their tame boas, and offering them sums of money if they would allow themselves to be bitten by one of my poisonous specimens. In every case there has been some excuse made. The boa is invariably given out to be a 'Salamántha,' which is said to be the most deadly reptile here, and only to be distinguished from a boa by a practised eye. A reward of nearly five pounds offered during a year failed to procure a live specimen, and I am rather sceptical as to its existence. Plenty of snakes were brought in, but in every case turned out to be boas. The absence of poison fangs is easy to verify.

A curious incident once happened to me in connection with a water-snake called here the 'Pescador' or 'Fisher.' Being in the habit of taking a bath in a part of the river where there were a lot of boulders in mid-stream, I was one day warned that it was possible that I might lose my clothes while bathing, the spot being very lonely though close to a road. The next day I placed a large Colt's six-shooter on one of these boulders, and was rewarded by seeing a nigger in the act of walking off with all my clothes. A shout, followed by a shot, however, made him drop everything and run. As I was making my way to land, a large snake about eight feet long was observed on the surface of the water. A shot cut him into about four pieces, but on examination he proved to be harmless.

A long article might be written about the extremely interesting objects in natural history to be found here, such as lizards, snakes, butterflies, birds, &c.; but as this is already perhaps too long, I can only say as the Brazilians do, 'Até à logo,' or good-bye for the present.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG thoughtful persons who have some knowledge of mechanics, the idea has long been current that our huge modern warships are costly mistakes. The terrible loss of the *Victoria*, and the more recent experience of the behaviour of the *Resolution* in a heavy sea have naturally strengthened this view. There seemed, however, to be one feature of value in an ironclad, and that was the ram, of the power of which, unfortunately, we have had so many examples among our own fleet. But it seems that this one advantage is very doubtful indeed. In a paper by Mr Laird Clowes on 'The Ram, in Action and Accident,' read recently at the Royal United Service Institution, this weapon was thoroughly condemned. Out of a list of seventy-four cases of attempted ramming in modern warfare, it was shown that in forty-two damage was done to one or both vessels; in twenty-four of these cases, the ramming vessel received no material injury; while in seven cases the rammer was far more injured than the rammed. One conclusion arrived at was that if two ships have sea-room, and are under control, it is actually more dangerous to try to employ than to escape the ram.

Mr C. Harding, at the Royal Meteorological

Society, recently gave an account of the great storm of November 16 to 20, 1893. This storm was the most violent of recent years, and, so far as anemometrical records are concerned, the wind attained a greater velocity than has previously been recorded in the British Islands. The velocity of the wind was ninety-six miles in the hour from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m. on November 16 in the Orkneys, where the hurricane burst with such suddenness that it is described as like the shot of a gun, and the wind afterwards attained the very high rate of ninety miles and upwards in the hour for five consecutive hours. At Holyhead the storm was terrific; the anemometer recorded a wind velocity of eighty-nine miles in the hour, and it was eighty miles or above for eleven hours; while the force of a whole gale—sixty-five miles an hour and upwards—was maintained for thirty-one hours; and for four and a half days the mean hourly velocity was fifty-four miles. Many of the gusts were at the rate of one hundred and fifteen miles an hour, and at Fleetwood a squall occurred with the wind at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in the hour. The storm was felt over the entire area of the United Kingdom, and the wreck returns show that disasters occurred with almost equal frequency on all coasts. Four weeks after the storm the official records gave the total loss of life on our coasts as three hundred and thirty-five; while there were one hundred and forty vessels which had been abandoned, or had foundered, stranded, or met with other severe casualty, involving either loss of life, or saving of life by some extraneous assistance. There were six hundred lives saved on our coasts by aid of the Lifeboat Institution and other means.

When hay and grain are scarce, the stock-keeper is often at a loss to know where to find provender for his animals. To such a one the valuable experiments recently made by Mr M. C. H. Girard should afford a hint. This gentleman points out that the feeding-value of different descriptions of tree-leaves is very great. He has determined the amount of nitrogenous matter in several species, and asserts that it ranges from eight per cent. in the willow and alder to half that amount in plane, birch, and pine. Out of twenty kinds to which he gave careful study, nineteen were found to possess more nitrogenous matter than meadow-hay; and more than half were superior to the hay of the best leguminous plants. Some leaves proved to be of extraordinary richness in this respect, notably the common acacia. Experiments went to prove that as food for sheep, leaves are comparable in value to lucern.

Once more comes a warning against the danger of lead-poisoning from the improper use of earthenware pans, the glaze of which is due to that metal. A doctor writes to the *British Medical Journal* that during the past twelve months he has treated no fewer than thirty cases of poisoning from drinking home-made wine and beer brewed in these pans, and he believes that these are only about half the cases which occurred in his district. If other country places suffer in the same proportion, there must, he thinks, be about fifty thousand

such cases a year in England alone. If the use of lead in glazing pans was prohibited, and if in our villages notices were posted up cautioning persons against using such vessels for brewing, much sickness might be prevented.

A few years ago much interest was aroused by the discovery of a fresh-water Medusa, or jelly-fish, in the water-tank devoted to the 'Victoria regia' lily in the Botanic Gardens, London. No one knew whence the interesting little stranger came, and after a short time it disappeared. For three years nothing has been seen of it; but suddenly it has reappeared, not in London, but at the Botanic Gardens, Sheffield, in a tank containing the 'Victoria regia.' Certain water-plants had been sent from London to the Sheffield Gardens in April 1892, and again a year later, so that the 'infection' from one tank to the other is fully accounted for.

When Landseer's Lions were first erected at the base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, there were not wanting many, artists as well as others, who criticised them unfavourably. But if we may give credit to the opinion of the famous hunter, Mr Selous, Landseer was right, and his self-appointed critics were wrong. Mr Selous, from direct observation of two animals in their natural state of freedom, writes: 'They both lay down on the bare, open ground, with their massive paws outstretched, their heads held high, and their mouths wide open, with their tongues lolling out, for it was a very hot day. They lay almost exactly in the position of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square; and it is quite a mistake to say that the great artist has made an error in representing lions lying with their forepaws straight out like a dog. When on the alert, a lion always lies like this, and only bends his paws inward, like a cat, when resting thoroughly at his ease.' This testimony is the more remarkable when we remember that the beasts which served as Landseer's models were living under artificial conditions—that is, in the Zoological Gardens.

The rapacity of the hunter has in cases too numerous to mention caused extinction of various species of animal life, and it would seem that this danger threatens the vast hunting-grounds of Mashonaland. The British South African Company have happily taken the matter in hand, and for the future there is to be a close-time, lasting from October 1st to March 1st, for certain specified animals. A fine of five pounds is the penalty for killing or offering animals for sale during this period; and as an encouragement to the people generally to help in the matter, fines may be recovered by private persons as well as by officers of the Crown; and as a reward for their trouble, they are permitted to retain one-half the forfeited amount. Travellers killing game for their own consumption are exempt, as are occupiers of land who may kill game in defence of their crops.

Some very valuable hints upon the education of young children are embodied in a paper read before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, by Dr E. J. Houston. The title of his paper is, 'A Plea for the Study of Elementary Forestry in the Lower Schools;' and it affords Dr Houston a text whereon to deliver a highly

practical discourse upon educational methods generally. He believes that a child's early schooling should mainly consist in teaching it to observe carefully what is happening around it, and that its earliest lessons in language should come from descriptions of the natural objects which it has thus seen. Pictures may help by representing things which can be neither seen nor handled; but they should be regarded as subordinate aids to learning. Children should be encouraged to collect things, for they all have the natural desire to do so—minerals, insects, flowers, leaves, &c. 'Start children collecting,' says Dr Houston, 'and if you have never tried it before, I am sure you will be agreeably surprised at the intelligent, even enthusiastic interest you will thus awaken.' We feel sure that teachers generally would be only too glad to adopt this method of early instruction; but, unfortunately, many of them are confined to districts where, for miles round, the outlook is only upon bricks and mortar.

Mr W. Rawson, of Arlington, Massachusetts, is one of the very few practical men who have thought it worth while to follow up Siemens' notable experiments with the electric light as a help to vegetable growth. It is reported by the *Electrical Review* (New York) that this gentleman was first attracted to the subject by observing that the plants in his greenhouse which were next the street, and therefore in the nightly glare from the electric light, made a wonderful advance in growth when compared with those which were in darkness. He subsequently introduced the arc-light into his lettuce and cucumber houses, with the result that he makes a gain of five days in each of his three crops of lettuce—that is, two weeks in a season—paying for the cost of the lighting by the gain on one crop.

The question has often been raised, whether the epidemic influenza, which has become so common within the past few years, is infectious or the reverse. This question is apparently set at rest by cases cited in a recently published Report, and papers on Epidemic Influenza by Dr Parsons and Dr Klein, with an introduction by the medical officer of the local Government Board. We quote one of these as an example of the manner in which the disease may be spread. A teacher of music visited two relatives who were down with the disease, at some distance from his home, afterwards returning to his own district, which hitherto had been free from the complaint. This was on April the 6th. On the 9th he was himself attacked, but struggled through his work, and gave lessons at various houses. Two days later, ten of his pupils were attacked, together with the people of the house where he lodged.

Some of the French newspapers are publishing a method of waterproofing leather, which, if it possess the advantages claimed for it, should be a boon to those who are exposed to the changeable weather of Britain. Here is the recipe: Into a bottle partly full of benzine is placed as much paraffin wax in shavings as the liquid will dissolve. With this mixture the boot-tops are saturated, the liquid finding its way into every pore of the leather. The benzine quickly evaporates, leaving the paraffin

behind it to render the leather both flexible and waterproof.

It is not uncommon to find people who laugh at weather predictions, and assert that they are never trustworthy. It will therefore surprise such unbelievers to hear that according to the Report of the American Weather Bureau for 1892, eighty-three per cent. of the forecasts—given twenty-four hours in advance—proved to be correct. It is now proposed to increase this percentage by providing more high-level stations, like that on the summit of Pike's Peak. Already the Bureau has nearly three thousand observers at work. We cannot hope in this country to look for such good results as those obtained by our American friends, for while they are able to obtain data from all parts of their vast continent, we are limited, on one side at least, by the barrier of our own coast line.

The use of electric motors in lieu of a steam or gas engine is steadily increasing; and the more these new agents are employed the more they are liked, for the advantages which they offer are great. Last month, a large London evening paper announced on its contents bills that it was now printed by electricity; so it is evident that it is not only small machines which can be served by these motors. The working expenses will depend upon the price at which the current is supplied from the public mains, and this varies in different localities. In St Pancras parish, London, where the vestry supply the current at threepence per unit, the saving is considerable over either gas or steam. But setting the actual cost of the current aside, the cleanliness, absence of vibration, saving of space, constitute only a few of the advantages covered by the new method of supplying motive-power.

An ingenious method of lighting street gas lamps has recently been contrived. In connection with each lamp there is an electric battery which can be put into action by the rising of a little gas-holder. This holder is normally held down by weights, and requires a momentary increased pressure from the gas-works to cause it to rise. This pressure is easily brought about by opening for half a minute a valve from the large gas-holders at the works direct into the street mains. The battery thus put into action turns on the gas and lights it at the same moment. With equal ease it can be extinguished. The plan is full of ingenuity; but the mechanism for each lamp must necessarily be somewhat costly, and it must be pointed out, too, that the invention is brought forward at an unfortunate time, for gas for street lighting is being fast superseded by electricity.

Dr A. E. Wright proposes to grapple with the problem presented by colour-blind employees on our steamships and railways in a novel manner. He states that total colour-blindness is very rare indeed, and that yellow-blue blindness is also rare. In the vast majority of cases, the difficulty of distinguishing colours is confined to green and red, and unfortunately these are the very colours which are chosen by common agreement for railway and steamship work. Dr Wright proposes that in future the red lights should have an admixture of yellow, and that the green lights should

have a bluish tinge, in which case the ordinary green-red colour-blind man would find no difficulty in recognising them. Perhaps he thinks that the substitution of unadulterated yellow and blue for the usual signals would be too radical a change to hope for; but it would certainly be the most effective method of solving the difficulty.

A remarkable discovery has been announced by the Austrian Institute for Historical Research, in the form of a copy of a map by Columbus, drawn on a letter written from Jamaica in July 1503. This, although only a rough pen-and-ink sketch, shows exactly the opinion of Columbus himself as to the part of the world he had reached, which he believed to be the east coast of Asia. The original map, drawn by Columbus and his brother Bartholomew, was presented to Frate Hieronymo, who gave the map and a description to Alexander Strozzi, a noted collector of early voyages. He is supposed to have copied the original map on the margin of the letter of Columbus, which he had bound in a volume with other documents, and this volume is now in the National Library at Florence, where the existence of the map was discovered by Dr R. v. Wiesner, the Professor of Geography at Innsbruck.

A writer in *Insect Life*, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, describes a remarkable example of mimicry by a spider. At Jamesburg, New Jersey, in August of last year, his attention was drawn to what was apparently a gall, perfectly formed, and growing upon the upper surface of a leaf of a small oak-tree. On handling the leaf, however, the supposed gall rolled off, and when it was picked up was found to be in reality a spider, which had been resting on the leaf, its curiously formed abdomen simulating exactly both in form and colour the common oak gall, even to the tiny punctures through which the gall insect makes its exit when mature.

The advantage that occasionally arises from the exact observation of natural phenomena is strikingly exemplified in an incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, lately narrated by the Archduke Joseph to a party of friends. 'On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army,' said the Archduke, 'we camped in the neighbourhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage, when, about midnight, I heard the sentry challenging some new-comer. My adjutant entered, and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter, he told me that the enemy was approaching to surprise us. "The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," I said. "No, your Highness, because the enemy is still a long way off." "But how do you know this?" I asked. "Come to the window, your Highness," answered the man. "Do you see those birds flying over the wood towards the south?" "Yes, I see them; what then?" "What then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They would certainly not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood, and has frightened all those birds." "Very well, my lad; you can go." I at once ordered the outposts

to be reinforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy.'

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

'I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still, quiet conscience.'—*Henry VIII.*

'THE Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £— on account of Income Tax, from XYZ.' Such an announcement as this is familiar enough to most readers of the newspapers; but few persons perhaps have any notion as to the amount that is received in each year by the Chancellor of the Exchequer from this somewhat curious source. Before going, however, into any figures in this respect, it may be well to look back some years, with the object of seeing whether the custom can be traced of people adopting the practice of unburdening their conscience in matters of taxation by means of the payment of Conscience Money into the public Exchequer.

According to Hone, it would appear that such a practice was in vogue more than a hundred years ago. He records that in the year 1789 the respectable sum of £360 was carried to the Public Account in consequence of the receipt of the following note, received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that time. 'SIR—You will herewith receive bank-notes to the amount of £360, which is the property of the nation; and which, as an honest man, you will be so just as to apply to the use of the State in such a manner that the nation may not suffer by its having been detained from the public treasury. You are implored to do this for the ease of conscience to an honest man.'

Whether or not this is the first case of the receipt of conscience money into the public exchequer, the earliest public notice of the receipt of such revenue appears to have been made in the *Times* in the year 1842, the form of acknowledgment differing but little from the present form. The laconic announcement runs as follows: 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £40 from some person unknown, as conscience money.'

It is not until the year 1855 that the amounts received as conscience money appear under any separate heading in the public accounts; since that time, however, the total amount received each year has duly appeared as a separate item. The following figures, from which the shillings and pence are omitted, will give some idea of the amounts that have from time to time been received: 1855, £1895; 1860, £16,488; 1865, £7184; 1870, £7132; 1875, £2688; 1880, £5801; 1881, £6202; 1882, £5346; 1883, £6614; 1884, £3127; 1885, £9234; 1886, £6565; 1887, £2288; 1888, £950; 1889, £635; 1890, £1588; 1891, £1834; 1892, £253.

It will thus be observed that the lowest amount recorded during the last twenty years is the item for the year 1892. To assign any reason for this great decline, or, in fact, for the decline of the last five years, is a well-nigh impossible task. Can it be due to the fact that the public conscience is less tender now than it was, say, in the year 1860, or may the shrinkage

in revenue from this source be due to the greater energy displayed by the Income Tax assessors of the present day? Whatever the explanation is, there can be little doubt that many persons in this country, although having no desire to evade the payment of Income Tax, feel that by making their true income known to the authorities they are making it 'public property'; and this is especially the case with tradesmen, who fear the knowledge of their income reaching the ears of their competitors in business; hence recourse may sometimes be had to the payment of conscience money.

A somewhat amusing example of the power of conscience may be cited in which the proprietors of *Punch* are reported to have received threepence in conscience money from an anonymous correspondent, who is said to have surreptitiously read an entire number of *Punch* from the various pages displayed in the shop front in Fleet Street. Such an instance of the unburdening of the conscience is only equalled, perhaps, by the story told of a fellow of Pythagoras, who, it is related, had bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. He went with his money on the day appointed, but found that the cobbler had in the interval departed this life. Without saying anything of his errand, he withdrew, secretly rejoicing at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded him of gaining a pair of shoes for nothing. His conscience, however, says Seneca, would not suffer him to remain quiet under such an act of injustice; so, taking up the money, he returned to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said: 'Go thy ways; for though he is dead to all the world, yet he is alive to me.'

VIOLETS.

Among what Time has left me petals pale,
A bunch of scentless violets; long ago
I plucked them dewy, wore them mid the glow
One harvest afternoon; their graces frail
Had fled for ever ere an evening tale
Of sweet first-love o'erwhelmed me, even so
I kept them dearest of the flowers that blow;
And yet their keeping was of no avail.
E'en as I gaze, the breath of life is given
To joy long dead, first felt in twilight hours,
And tingling memories wake the living past;
So may it be when dawn shall rise in Heaven,
Life's faded treasures bloom like morning flowers,
And drooping hope be garlanded at last.

W. WOODWARD.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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PRICE 1½d.

A NEW ROUTE TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

RAPID through-communication to the West Highlands of Scotland is an object which has occupied the attention not only of business men, but of the travelling public generally, for no inconsiderable time back. The new West Highland Railway, which is expected to be open for traffic towards the end of the coming summer, will, it is hoped, fully supply this long-felt want. A single example may suffice to illustrate how difficult of access are our Western Highlands. Suppose a person resident in Fort-William—the terminus of the new line—is desirous of proceeding to Glasgow, the quickest mode of transit at present available is by steamer to Oban, and thence per rail via Dunblane. The journey is a long and tedious one, and occupies from eight A.M. till about seven P.M.—the best part of a day. That it should take so long to travel from a point less than one hundred miles distant from Glasgow as the crow flies, will no doubt be a revelation to many, and possibly cause for question to a few. The matter, however, only requires verification to prove its accuracy. Truly, nineteenth-century enterprise has been slow to penetrate the wilds of Lochaber, but at last its inevitable sway is being felt.

Besides passing through one of the most historical districts in Scotland, the new route will embrace every type of Highland scenery. Cuttings there certainly are, but every cutting is associated with an embankment, placed most favourably for sight-seeing. High viaducts and long sweeping curves, carried frequently to the extreme edge of deep gorges and rock-bound shores, will enable the traveller to catch ever-changing views of the landscape.

The new line, which is one hundred and one miles in length, starts in a north-easterly direction from the pier at Fort-William, and runs right through the old fort, which has already been partially demolished. Just out-

side the town, a glimpse may be caught of old Inverlochy Castle, with its mouldering walls and ivy-covered towers. The rocky shores of Loch Eil, so closely associated in history with Prince Charlie and the '45, are also discernible. The tourist during the first eight or ten miles of his journey up the Spean Valley hardly ever loses sight of Ben Nevis, towering on the right above the rounded shoulders of the range that forms the southern boundary of the Strath. Crossing the river Spean at Speanbridge, the railway passes the hamlet of Bridge o' Roy, near where are the famous Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, and the historical mansion of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. At Inverlair, the course takes a southerly curve, and runs along the shores of Loch Treig for a distance of six miles. Shortly after leaving Loch Treig, the line enters on the Moor of Rannoch. The scene here presented is one of utter desolation, and is almost indescribable. It is spoken of by MacCulloch as 'a great level, one thousand feet above the sea, sixteen or twenty miles long, and nearly as many wide, bounded by mountains so distant as scarcely to form an apprehensible boundary, open, silent, solitary. Not even the mountain bee is on the wing to give life to the scene—nay, the very midges seem to scorn the Moor of Rannoch. No water stirs, to indicate that anything lives or moves, and the heart-sinking silence of the solitude is the more dreary that it is so spacious.' The railway crosses the moor in a straight line north and south, and reaches its highest altitude—over thirteen hundred feet above sea-level—near Loch Ossian.

Emerging from this wilderness of waste, the track follows the windings of the Tulla, and reaches Tyndrum through Glen Orchy. The district through which the Tulla flows was in earlier days densely wooded, and remains are still existent of the primeval forest. Near here also is the entrance to Glencoe, the scene of the bloody massacre. Proceeding along the hillside, the Callander and Oban Railway is crossed at

Crianlarich, where there will be a junction for the convenience of passengers who may desire to travel towards Oban on the west, or Stirling and Edinburgh on the east. The line, which had followed an easterly course down Strath Fillan, now curves south-west through Glen Falloch, keeping alongside the road and stream for several miles. 'Rob Roy's Bath,' the well-known waterfall on the Falloch, can be seen from the train; while the view at the lower end of the glen culminates in two chains of rolling hills, with Loch Lomond glistening in the distance. Two miles from Inverarnan, Ardlui is reached, where a station is to be formed in connection with the steamer-traffic on the loch. For seven or eight miles the line runs along the western shore of Loch Lomond, affording a view of the lovely falls of Inversnaid. The Queen of Scottish lakes presents to the admirer of nature a scene which is never likely to be forgotten. The shores are rugged, and possess a wealth of forest trees from the stately oak to the quivering aspen. Numerous miniature islands enhance the beauty of the loch; but the grandeur of the scenery can only be adequately appreciated by taking a sail from Ardlui to Balloch, or *vice versa*.

Leaving Loch Lomond at Tarbet, the new route skirts the shores of Loch Long, and passing Arrochar, gradually bends to the south. After running through Glen Mallan, a glimpse is caught of Portinacple; and for the next mile or two the view is localised in Loch Long, Loch Goil, and the Gareloch, with their surrounding hills, which lend enchantment to the view. From Garelochhead there is a beautiful run along the shores of the Gareloch to Helensburgh, where the new railway is connected with the system of the North British Railway Company.

By this route, the journey between Glasgow and Fort-William will be accomplished in a little over three hours, which is equal to about a third of the time taken under existing conditions. This, coupled with the fact that it will be unrivalled from a scenic point of view, is bound to make the West Highland Railway a popular means of transit.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER X.—VISITORS IN VENICE.

CANON VALENTINE stared about him in the midst of the Piazza with a stony British stare of complete disapprobation. He rejected it *in toto*. 'So this is modern Venice!' he exclaimed, with the air of a man who revisits some painful scene he has known in its better days. 'This is what emancipated Italy has made of it! Dear me, Mrs Hesslegrave, how altered it is, to be sure, since the good old times of the Austrian occupation!'

'Ah, yes,' Kathleen interposed, not entering into his humour. 'No doubt, you see great

changes, Canon. You haven't been here before since United Italy. How much lovelier it must look to you, now it's really and truly Italian!'

The Canon gazed at her, full face, in the blankest astonishment. 'Quite the contrary,' he said curtly. 'I see very great changes—but they're all for the worse. These pigeons, for example; they were always a nuisance; flying about under one's feet, and getting in one's way at every twist and turn—but there are ten times as many of them now as there ever used to be.'

'Why, I love the pigeons,' Kathleen cried, all amazed. 'They're so tame and familiar. In England, the boys would throw stones at them and frighten them; but here, under the shadow of St Mark's, they seem to feel as if they belonged to the place, and as if man was a friend of theirs. Besides, they're so characteristic; and they're historically interesting too, don't you know? They're said to be the descendants of the identical birds that brought Doge Dandolo good news from friends on shore, which enabled him to capture Crete, and so lay the foundations of the Venetian empire. I just love the pigeons.'

'I daresay you do,' the Canon answered testily; 'but that's no reason why they should be allowed to stroll about under people's heels as they walk across the Piazza. In the good old Austrian days, I'm sure, that was never permitted. Intolerable, simply!—And then the band! What very inferior music!—When the Austrians were here, you remember, Amelia, we had a capital bandmaster; and everybody used to come out to listen to his German tunes in the evening. The Square was always gay with bright uniforms then; such beautiful coats; Austrian hussar coats, deep braided on either side, and flung carelessly open. The officers looked splendid by the tables at Florio's. Venice was Venice in those days, I can tell you, before all this nonsense cropped up about United Italy.'

'But what could be lovelier,' Kathleen exclaimed, half shocked at such treason, 'than the Italian officers in their picturesque blue cloaks—the Bersaglieri especially? I declare I always fall quite in love with them.'

'Very likely,' the Canon answered. He was never surprised, for his part, at *any* aberration of feeling on the part of young girls, since this modern education craze. It had unsexed women for him. 'But the place is spoiled for all that. You should have seen it at its best, before it was vulgarised. Even St Mark's is gilded and furnished up now out of all recognition. It's not fit to look at.—Amelia, my dear, don't you agree with me, the place was far more picturesque when the Austrians had it?'

'Oh, very much more picturesque!' Mrs Valentine echoed dutifully. She was a meek-looking old lady, in a long black cloak, absolutely overborne by fifty years of the Canon's individuality, and she would have

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answered the exact opposite in perfect good faith if only she perceived the Canon expected it. Irreverent young men in their cathedral town were wont to speak of her familiarly as 'the prophet's donkey.'

The Canon examined critically the façade of St Mark's—that glorious composite façade, of no particular time or style or fashion, which Kathleen admired so fervently, with its fantastic mixture of all elements alike—Byzantine, Oriental, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance. 'Very mixed!' the Canon murmured, holding his head on one side—'very mixed indeed. I can't say I care for it. It's so low and squat. And how the mosaics disfigure it!'

In answer to criticism like that, poor Kathleen had nothing to say; so she wisely held her tongue. She knew when to be silent. The Canon strolled on, with Mrs Hesslegrave by his side, past Leopard's bronze sockets, which still hold aloft the great flagstaffs of the Republic in front of the marvellous church; past the corner of St Mark's, where stand the square pillars from St Saba at Ptolemais; past the main gate of the palace, with its sculptured design of Doge Francesco Foscari, in cap and robes, kneeling in submission before the lion of St Mark; past the noble arcades and loggias of the Piazzetta; past the two huge columns in the seaward square, and down by slow degrees to the steps of the Molo. Kathleen listened in wonder, half incredulous, to his criticisms as he passed. She was so little accustomed herself to anything save breathless admiration and delight at the glories of Venice, that this strange attitude of cold blame seemed to her well-nigh unnatural. To think that any man should stand unawed before the very faces of St Mark and St Theodore!

At the Molo they called a gondola, and glided in it slowly down the Grand Canal. The Canon thought it had fallen off since the days of the Austrians. Half the palaces were worse kept, and the other half were scraped and cleaned and redecorated throughout in the most ridiculous Wardour Street fashion. He couldn't bear to see Venice Blundell-Mapled. It was all quite depressing. But what astonished Kathleen the most was the singular fact that, after passing the bend in the Canal by the Palazzo Contarini, the Canon seemed almost entirely to forget in what city they were, though this was his first day for thirty years in the sea-born city, and, looking no longer at churches or palaces, began to gossip about the people he had left behind him in London. His world went with him. They might have been in Bond Street or Rotten Row, for any notice he took of the Rialto or the Cà d'Oro. He glided past the Fondaco without even a single word: he never deigned to give a glance to the School of St Mark or the tower of San Zani-polo. To Kathleen's artistic soul it was all a strange puzzle. She couldn't understand it. Had the man no eyes in his head, that he could pass those glorious arcades, those exquisite balconies, without even looking up at them?

'And you were going to tell us something about this Axminster business,' Mrs Hesslegrave remarked after a pause, as they reached the front of the Arsenal on their circuitous pere-

grination, which Kathleen had arranged so as to take in at one round all the principal buildings. 'Poor dear Lady Axminster! Has anything been done yet about this affair of the peerage?'

'Oh, dear yes,' the Canon replied, brightening up at the suggestion. 'I was coming to that. I intended to tell you all about it. Haven't you read it in the papers? We're in hopes at last we're really going to get a definitive settlement.'

'That's well,' Mrs Hesslegrave echoed with a sympathetic smirk. 'What's being done about it now? We haven't seen a paper in this benighted place for weeks and weeks, don't you know—except, of course, *Galignani*. It's really quite dreadful how one falls behind the times about all the most important and interesting things that are going on in England!'

The Canon looked big. This appeal flattered him. He liked to feel he came primed with news about the best people. 'Well, we've taken the thing to the House of Lords,' he said, with as much delight as if he were himself the appellant. 'Poor Algy has claimed the peerage on the ground that his cousin Bertie is dead, as I told you. We've reduced success to a practical certainty. The Lords will adjudicate on his claim in a week or two; but it's a foregone conclusion. I'm very glad, I must say, for Algy's sake, and for his wife's too. She's a nice little thing, Mrs Algy Redburn!'

'My brother knows her slightly,' Kathleen said, with a tolerant smile, 'and seems to think a great deal of her.'

'Oh, yes; she's a charming woman,' Mrs Hesslegrave interposed—'a most charming woman.' (Mrs Hesslegrave thought all peers and peeresses, actual or prospective, particularly charming—even more charming, indeed, than the rest of the people in the best society.)

The Canon took no notice, however, of these interjected remarks. He severely ignored them. To say the truth, he regarded the entire Axminster connection as his own private property, from a social point of view, and rather resented than otherwise the impertinent suggestion that any one else in the world could have anything to do with them. 'Yes, we've reduced it to a practical certainty,' he went on, leaning back in his place in the gondola and staring hard at the water. 'The crux of the case consisted, of course, in the difficulty of proving that the man Douglas Overton, who shipped from the port of London in the *Saucy Sally*—that was the name of the vessel, if I recollect aright—for Melbourne, Australia, was really the same man as Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Lord Axminster. And it was precious hard to prove satisfactorily, I can tell you: but Maria has proved it—proved it up to the hilt. Maria's a very clever woman of the world, and she knows how to work these things like a private detective. Her lawyer said to her in my hearing: "Nobody but you, Lady Axminster, would ever have succeeded in pulling it through; but thanks to your ability and energy and acumen, not even the House of Lords can have the shadow of a doubt about it." And the House of Lords, you may take your affidavit, will doubt anything any mortal on

earth could doubt, to keep a claimant out of a peerage, if only they can manage it.'

'But you think it's quite safe now?' Mrs Hesslegrave asked with interest. Anything that referred to a peer of the realm had for her mind a perfectly enthralling attraction.

'Oh, dear yes, quite safe. Not a doubt in the world of it. You see, we've established, in the first place, the fact that the man Douglas Overton really *was* Bertie Redburn, which is always something. And we've established, in the second place, the complementary fact that the *Saucy Sally*, from London for Melbourne, went ashore on some wretched island nobody ever heard of in the Indian Ocean, and that all souls on board perished—including, of course, the man Douglas Overton, who is Bertie Redburn, who is the late Lord Axminster. A child can see it—let alone the Privilege Committee.'

'I'm glad it's going to be settled,' Mrs Hesslegrave remarked with unction. 'It's such a dreadful thing for poor Mr Algernon Redburn to be kept so long, through no fault of his own, out of the money and title.'

'Oh, dreadful,' the Canon assented—'dreadful, dreadful, dreadful! But there! poor Bertie never had any conscience. It was quite painful the distressing views he used to hold on such subjects, for a man in his position. I always set it down to the gypsy blood in him. I've heard him say more than once he longed to be doing what he called something useful for the mass of the community. Long before he gave way to these abnormal longings, and neglected his natural duties, and ran away to sea, he's told me time and again he felt a sailor's life was a life of undoubted value and usefulness to the country. A sailor was employed in carrying commodities from one place where they were produced to another place where they were wanted or eaten or something; consumed, I think he called it; and nobody could deny that was a good and useful thing for the people that consumed them. "Very well, Bertie," said I—half in joke, don't you know—"then why shouldn't you go yourself, and carry coals to Newcastle, or whatever else may be the crying want in that line at the moment?"—never dreaming, of course, the poor silly boy would go and follow my advice, as he did to the letter. But there! these things come out all right in the long run. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," as Tennyson or somebody says—ah, thank you—*was* it Shakespeare?—"rough-hew them how we may;" and that's been the case, I say, with this Axminster peerage business. For the upshot of it all is, that poor Bertie's dead and gone, sooner than one could reasonably have expected; and Algy's come in to the property and title before his time; which is a very desirable thing to have happened: for Bertie might have married a woman after his own heart, no doubt: a sailor's Poll for choice: and if he had, why, one trembles to think what the children might have been like—a perfect disgrace to their ancestry!'

Mrs Hesslegrave smiled an acquiescent smile. But as for Kathleen, a flash of light broke suddenly upon her. 'A sailor is employed in

carrying commodities from the place where they are produced to the place where they are needed; and that nobody can deny to be on the whole a useful and a valuable function for society!' Surely this line of reasoning, were it right or wrong, sounded strangely familiar to her! And then, as she thought it over, it broke upon her like a revelation that she had heard similar words before now—from Arnold Willoughby! From Arnold Willoughby! From the courteous artist sailor. A strange misgiving seized upon her. If Lord Axminster could disguise himself as Douglas Overton, why not also as Arnold Willoughby? She thought at once of her sailor friend's extraordinary knowledge of art and literature for a common sailor; of his chivalrous manners; of his demeanour, which so belied his dress and his pretensions. Turning sharply to Canon Valentine, she ventured to put all at once the dubious question: 'Did Lord Axminster paint? Had he any knowledge of art, I mean?'

'Oh, dear me, yes,' the Canon answered without a second's hesitation. 'He studied in Paris under a first-rate painter, a fellow with one of their long-winded double-barrelled names: Bastien-somebody it was; I never *can* get the hang of them.'

Kathleen asked no more. Her heart was strangely troubled. For her sailor had spoken more than once incidentally of Bastien-Lepage's studio. Loyalty to Arnold Willoughby made her hold her peace, and refrain from blurting out the doubt that rose within her. If he was really Lord Axminster, why, it would be wrong of her even to attempt to surprise his secret—still more to betray it. The words from which she suspected she discovered his identity had been spoken in confidence, in the most private conversation. Kathleen couldn't help framing to herself offhand a pretty little romance, based on the familiar Lord-of-Burleigh model—'He was but a landscape painter, And a village maiden she!' A romance of how this young man had tried to win her love as a common sailor (and what was more, succeeded in it), and how he meant in the end to astonish the world by telling her he was an Earl, and carrying her off unawares to his home in Devonshire, to share the fancied glories of Membury Castle.

And while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All of this is mine and thine.'

'Twas a romantic little day-dream. To say the truth, Kathleen regarded it only as such. For as yet she had no positive reason to believe that Arnold Willoughby even loved her. She had but guessed it instinctively, with a woman's intuition. And as to his real position in life she knew absolutely nothing. The singular coincidence in thought and phrase between the things he had said to her and the things the Canon repeated as Lord Axminster's sayings was indeed close enough; but it might be accidental. No human being is ever really unique; every thought and feeling we can have, somebody else has had in almost the same form, we may be sure, before us. And perhaps

they had both taken word and thought alike from some previous thinker, as often happens with all of us. For aught she knew to the contrary, it might be some commonplace of Emerson's or Thoreau's. At any rate, Kathleen attached no serious importance to this flash of identification, at least after the first moment. Still, she went on indulging the day-dream, as one often will, for many minutes together, out of mere fanciful delight in it. It gave her some slight relief from the *cling, cling, cling* of the Canon's perpetual chatter about the sayings and doings of his great folk in London. While he went droning on to Mrs Hesslegrave about Lady This and Lady That, their virtues and their delinquencies, Kathleen leaned back in her seat in the broad Italian sunshine, and closed her ears to it all mentally, while she enlarged to herself upon this Axminster day-dream, and saw herself as Arnold Willoughby's bride pacing entranced through the full leaf of June at Membury Castle.

At last she shut her eyes for a moment, as they were nearing a bridge at one familiar corner, where a Romanesque staircase of exquisite workmanship ran spirally up outside a round tower in the background. It helped her day-dream somewhat to shut her eyes; she could see the great oaks of an English park: she could see the fallow deer on dappled spots of shade under the spreading chestnuts. A sharp cry from the Canon made her open them again suddenly. Glancing up in alarm, she looked in the direction where her visitor's eyes were fixed, and saw, leaning on the parapet of the high-pitched bridge that spanned their canal close by—who else but Arnold Willoughby!

The Canon's last words, unheeded as he spoke them, now rang clear in her ears—'He's dead; that's certain. We've got full particulars. All hands were lost—and he *must* have been lost among them.'

But this moment, at sight of Arnold Willoughby's bent head, with one finger twisted carelessly in the lock behind his ear, the Canon sat staring wildly in front of him with wide open eyes. 'Why, look there!' he cried, taken aback, in a voice of something very little short of horror. 'Look there! Who's that? The man on the bridge just in front of us?'

'What's the matter with him?' Mrs Hesslegrave exclaimed, following blankly the direction of the Canon's eyes. She had always been sure there must be something seriously wrong about that dreadful Willoughby man; and now they were discovering it. Could the Canon have recognised him as an escaped convict, or told him at a glance as the Banbury murderer?

But Canon Valentine gazed harder and more steadily than any of them. He seized Kathleen's arm with a convulsive start. 'Yes, it's him!' he said excitedly, in a tone of blank alarm: 'a good deal altered, of course, and quite disguised beyond anybody else's recognition. But it's him, sure enough! I should know him in a thousand!'

'It's *who*?' Mrs Hesslegrave faltered out, hardly daring to ask.

The Canon gasped for breath. He could

only just speak. 'Why, Bertie,' he answered low, leaning forward to whisper it. 'Don't you understand? Bertie Redburn! The man that's dead. The late Lord Axminster!'

MARKET-DAY IN AN ITALIAN COUNTRY TOWN.

BELLUNO is a small town in Venetia, at the foot of the Italian Dolomites. It stands on a steep promontory, formed by the rush of the great torrent-river Piave, as it sweeps round the lesser hills on its first issuing from the rocky gorges of Cadore. Being only four hours by train from Venice, it is an easily accessible place of refuge from the sultry heat of the lagoons. The cool blue of the mountains—varied here and there with a touch of snow on the higher peaks—and the rich green of the well-cultivated and fruitful country, refresh the eyes and repose the brain, tired and aching with the glare of sunshine reflected from red brick churches and white marble palaces.

We arrived late in the evening, and at once went out to explore the town. All was silent and dark. We went through an ancient gateway, and threaded cautiously the roughly paved, winding streets, for the wide projecting eaves of the lofty massive houses shut away from us even the faint light that came from the stars. The darkness seemed to be made only the more profound by the feeble glow of an old petroleum lamp slung out, here and there, at the end of a long iron arm. Not a ray of light shone from door or window, and not a creature was to be seen or heard, though it was not yet nine o'clock. We began to think we had dropped into a city of the dead. Once, indeed, through the open door of a church, and by the light of a flickering taper, we discerned an indistinct figure bending before a shrine; but that, we agreed, might be a ghost; so we returned to our hotel—the bright and comfortable 'Albergo delle Alpi,' wondering wherever the five thousand inhabitants of Belluno could be!

Next morning, all was changed. The cheerful notes of the Bersaglieri's trumpets roused us early from our slumbers, and told us they were already back from their morning march. Then the hum of voices and the tramp of feet called us to our window; and we saw group after group of peasants trooping down from the neighbouring hills, bringing to the town their cattle and their farm produce, for it was market-day in Belluno. There were merry parties of country-women, with their stout blue or black dresses set off by snowy white sleeves and gay-coloured aprons, and with pretty kerchiefs thrown tent-wise over the array of silver pins which framed their faces, thus shading the sun from their eyes. Some trundled hand-carts laden with sacks of maize, or poultry and butter; and occasionally amongst the cheeses and the eggs sat the old granny, less fit than she once was to make the whole journey on foot. Others carried on their shoulders the graceful *corba*—the basket of this part of the country—full of fruit and vegetables; whilst the husbands and brothers drove along the sheep and oxen.

All this commotion made us anxious to see

Belluno alive in the morning after having seen it dead at night; so we hastened to follow the crowd. Going down the narrow lane that leads from our hotel, we came out from under overhanging houses, supported on Gothic stone brackets, into the Campitello, the chief business centre of the town. It is a long and spacious piazza, once the exercising-ground of the garrison, in the old warring days when Belluno boasted of a castle and walls; and it forms, so to say, the base of the triangle on which stands the old town. Some traces of the walls can yet be seen, though they have been built up into houses; and the two great double gateways, Porta Doina and Porta Dante, with their massive wooden and iron-clamped doors, still give access to the older part of Belluno. These form the south side of the Campitello; whilst along the whole extent of its northern side are large houses with handsome porticoes of all styles of architecture—Gothic, Lombardic, and Renaissance. Though the houses above them are the most commonplace of modern ones, these columns and capitals are very old, since, being solid blocks of stone, they have stood firm when everything else in Belluno was shaken to pieces by frequent and disastrous earthquakes.

Here, in this big piazza, all the missing inhabitants of Belluno seemed to be congregated. It was a brilliant sight, as the morning sun streamed down on the busy throng. Long rows of stalls and booths filled up one end of the square, and all manner of market-carts were ranged along the walls. The bright-coloured stuffs and shawls with which the stalls were stocked vied in hue with the costumes of the peasants who crowded round them. Behind these stalls, spaces had been marked out on the ground, and here were set in order the goods of many a travelling merchant. One had set out his unfolded dress stuffs in little heaps, so that his square of ground looked as if a crop of tulips had just been mown and made up into haycocks, but which changed in colour as the stuffs were sold off. Next this was a green field—of pottery. There were earthenware pots and dishes of every conceivable shape, each of them characteristic. Some way on was a great array of tin and iron implements and pipkins, which the peasants carry off in numbers to replace the handsome bronze three-legged pots inherited from their forebears, and which are being rapidly transferred to the halls and drawing-rooms of England and America. Next, a great pile of crimson and yellow attracted our attention and that of the crowd. A seller of wonderfully-coloured blankets and counterpanes had draped his cart with them, and, dressed in a gaudy coat, was selling them by auction. Beginning at a high price, he came down to such a low one that one was surprised how all did not go off. Such cheap-jacks are always more or less amusing all the world over, but there was something extra funny in this one, from the earnestness he put into his face, and the vigour with which he expatiated on the qualities of his goods. 'This blanket is the largest ever made: it can cover you and your wife, your grandmother, the children, the donkey, the dog, and the cat.' Another, he declared, was 'so soft and thick that he who had the troubles of a Job would find them all melt away under its warmth.' This

would certainly have sold for four francs, if its twin one had not just gone off for two and a half!

While all this was going on under the blaze of the sun, life was no less busy in the deep shade of the porticoes. Here are to be found the chief shops of the place; but to-day, as if fearing that the outside attractions might divert attention from them, they had pushed out temporary counters into the arches in front, with a tempting display of things to suit mountain taste; and linen and lace, men's suits, and fanciful gaiters, hung like curtains from the apex of the arches. In one portico waved long streamers of green Alpine caps or broad-brimmed straw hats for the men, all threaded on a string like a gigantic daisy chain; and festoons of gay ribbons to bind them with floated from the spiral leaves of the old carved capitals; whilst from the stall below rose columns of the flat black felt hats worn by the women of the Austrian valleys, which they raise from their heads like men, when saluting you, and take off when they go into church. Under another arch were piles of the gorgeous umbrellas so dear to Italian country-people, and without which they are never seen—olive green, saffron, orange, bright blue and crimson, and all with rainbows round their edges. Three consecutive arches were filled with a long array of books, the most modern of which must have dated from the days of our grandparents' youth, all except an English book on children's illnesses and a bad French novel. Farther on, a silversmith's stall was thronged by young women anxious to invest their latest savings, or the price of their own particular lamb just sold, in another fantastic-headed long silver pin to enlarge the circle of shining silver with which they love to crown themselves. In another portico we were claimed as old friends by a merchant from Pieve di Cadore, whose stall was a very museum, where, besides the ordinary things a Belluno shop supplies, he had fancy glass from Venice, Russia-leather bags from Vienna, and needles and cotton from England. We were amused to be saluted by him with the familiar Pieve phrase, 'Staga pulita?' (Are you clean?), which to new ears sounds a little strange, but which is only the mountain phrase for 'Are you well?'

A break in the porticoes now made us turn our attention to what was going on at the south side of the Campitello, and making our way through the crowd, we found ourselves in the busiest part of the cattle-market. In the shade of the houses and of the big gates were ranged, in two long rows, hundreds of pretty gray and dun-coloured oxen, chained, side by side, to long ropes fixed to staves in the ground. Though small, they looked strong and generally well cared for, and many had marks on their backs, showing they had already changed hands. At a cattle-market one would naturally expect some noise and bustle, but we were hardly prepared for what we found here. In all directions what appeared to be free fights were going on. Surely male-factors were being caught in the act, and volunteers were lugging them off to justice—but then, why so many? Here was a strong young fellow who had a shrivelled-up old man by the collar, and was dragging him off into the old town

by the Dante Gate, whilst the old man struggled to free himself, and clutched at post, and rope, and gatepost, in his efforts at resistance. On another side the case was reversed, and a tall, thin, wiry, old peasant had a stout youth of twenty by the arm, and was lugging him along by main force, while the youth let himself be dragged on like a log. Next came a stout man and his prisoner, who in this case walked along resolutely, as if in desperation, with an expression of resignation on his face, as he, too, was swallowed up by the Porta Dante. Sometimes the captured one would shake himself loose and dart away among the crowd, the other man rushing to try to catch him again. It was very mysterious; so, profiting by a lull, we, too, went through the gateway, and there we found them all, captives and captors, seated at tables in various *osterias*, with cups of wine and five-franc pieces before them, discussing the wine and their business in the most friendly manner.

As we listened to their talk, the mystery was solved. The captured were those who had cattle to sell, and the captors were agents employed to make the bargain. This is how business is done: a farmer requiring a pair of oxen takes stock of the animals present, and points out to a *mediatore*, or agent, those that suit him, and hands over to him a five-franc piece. The *mediatore* then seeks the owner, and learns the price, which is too high, and offers one which is too low; then tries to make him take the five-franc bit as earnest-money, the acceptance of which would mean he was ready to come to terms. And now it is that the fight begins. The agent seizes the man's right hand and tries to force the money into it. The man plunges his fist into his pocket and defends it there with the other; or he holds it above his head; or he spreads out his hand, setting his muscles like iron rods, while the other presses the money against the palm and tries to close the fingers over it; or he tries to elude it altogether by running away. The earnest-money once accepted, then begins another fight to bring the buyer face to face with the seller, who is waiting quietly for him in the wine-shop. I remarked to a *mediatore*, as he stood puffing and panting midway in one of the struggles, that it seemed hard work; but he said, laughing: '*Il mestiere è così*' (This is the custom of our trade).

Going farther along the Campitello, we found that oxen had given place to sheep, which were standing in semicircular groups near the wall. Two long ropes, knotted together every twelve or fourteen inches, were fastened by their ends to the wall, and into the loops formed between the knots were placed the heads of the sheep, so that the loops were loose when the sheep were quiet, but tightened if they tried to get away. On carts and barrows, ranged in front of their sheep, sat the owners, in every instance looking as if they had no possible interest in their disposal. Here the same mediatorial fights were going on; and we saw that the earnest-money for a single sheep was a franc, and that the price of a fine one was only about eight-and-fourpence. We watched one pretty girl, the owner of two fat lambs, whom the *mediatore* was evidently trying to come over by gentler means than those we have described, for he whispered in her ear; and

as he was a good-looking fellow, this, no doubt, conduced to his success, for the earnest-money was accepted, and the bargain was struck on the spot, without the usual adjournment to the wine-shop.

A young country-man to whom we spoke told us that an extra good pair of oxen can be had for from thirty to forty-eight pounds, the ordinary price being about twenty-four. Though not so large as those seen in the plains, they have more work in them, as they live all the summer at liberty in the high, bracing, mountain air. A milch-cow can be had for about seventy francs (£2, 16s.) and upwards; while a calf costs from twenty to forty francs. These last, however, are sold by weight, which accounted for the various weighing-machines that we had noticed in some of the lower-floor rooms of the houses in whose shade we were standing. Our peasant friend also said that though, of course, some people bought and sold without the intervention of an agent, it was far better for peasants, coming in from distant villages, to employ them, for they were acquainted with the state of the market, and knew the fluctuations in prices. '*E poi*,' he said, '*son tutti genti onestissimi*' (Besides, they are all the honestest of people). None had ever been known to wrong his employer. 'Indeed,' he added, 'every one is honest here. We may bring our goods to the market-place overnight and leave them there unprotected, and not a cabbage or an apple will be taken.' This agreed with what we already knew of these mountaineers, for we have found amongst them a simpler religious faith and purer morals than in other parts of Italy.

Leaving the Campitello, we passed through the Piazza del Duomo, round which stand some interesting and beautiful buildings, such as the Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Podestà who governed the province for Venice, and the Municipio, rebuilt with the materials of the lovely Gothic palace of the Consiglio dei Nobili, destroyed, like all the rest of the town, by the terrible earthquake of 1873. On the walls of the present building are the names of the Bellunese patriots who were killed fighting for the freedom of their country. The Duomo itself is an ugly building, replacing an interesting Gothic one.

We now entered the busy Mezzaterra, the main street, which runs from the Porta Doina to the point of the triangle, where a third gate leads down to the river. Here the porticoes were thronged with market-women with their stalls and baskets. Huge piles of peaches and sweet green melons tempted us at every step, as did the delicious, though tiny, pears of this country. Knives, scissors, pruning-hooks, and scythes were mixed up with boots and clogs and walking-sticks; and a boy, with a ridiculous, high-pointed straw hat, blew a brazen trumpet at us, and presented us with whetstones for our sickles. As we went up the street towards Porta Doina, a man with a big stall covered with cheeses drew our attention to a heap of some mysterious things, black, rough, and mouldy, which looked like clods of dry black mud from a stagnant pool, and smelt as sweet. The man was surprised we would not buy one, assuring us it was a great delicacy—*ricotto*, or curd

cheese, made from goats' milk. Preferring to leave this 'delicacy' for mountain palates, we passed on, picking our way across the small piazza outside Porta Doña, which was strewn with toys, stockings, wooden clogs, and tiny barrels for drinking-water. Under the gateway was a row of picturesque girls with *corbas* of blueberries, but as they only offered about an egg-cupful for a *palanca*, or a penny, we thought they knew how to 'improve the occasion' of the passing by of English people.

But we had to hasten home, for the clarions of the Bersaglieri were sounding mid-day; our lunch was still to be eaten; and 'Colombo,' our coachman, was waiting, with his horse and *carrossella*, to carry us off to cooler and higher regions amongst the majestic peaks and the deep valleys of the Dolomite Alps.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

By FRED. M. WHITE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

WHEN the wind blew in from the north-east, and the sea came plunging over the gray granite, the salt sting of the spume was carried up to Deepdene. There was no glimpse of the troubled waters to be seen from the latticed windows of the topmost gable, for the old house nestled in a ferny hollow; still, quiet, and untroubled at times when the gale rushed through the ancient oaks till they groaned again. You could sit in the refectory on winter nights and hear the click-clack of the clock in the stone-flagged hall, where the armoured figures kept watch, and catch the rustle of the mice behind the panel; whilst, a bowshot away, the trees bent before the onset of the gale. The seamews came hurtling over with a flash and a scream, heeling as a yacht runs, whilst at the foot of the oaks the deer lay snug in the withered bracken.

No great house was Deepdene; but gray stone attuned and hammered by the deft hand of time until the granite had grown bloomy like the nectarines ripening on the sunny south wall. Two wings ran out from each side of the great portico; the windows were mullioned; there were high-pointed gables with black barge-boards cunningly carved. In front, a lawn, shaven and rolled and mown until the leisurely flight of centuries had rendered it a sheet of emerald velvet. Beyond, lay the remains of what at one time had been the moat, now crossed by a rustic bridge to the small but well-timbered park. Not a great domain; but inland, the fair meadows trended to the valley, where the red farmhouses lay girt about by barns and yellow ricks. In the Deepdene, land was rich and its yeomen prosperous. And in that fertile valley lay the income of Dene de Ros, which he counted at no less than ten thousand pounds per annum. Yes, a beautiful estate, truly.

The house inside was inclined to gloom, for the windows were small, and the device emblazoned on the panes cast streams of pallid blue and pale amber across the black oak floors. And yet the whole place laid no spirit of

gloom or unrest upon the mind: it was a haunt of ancient peace, soothing to the body and mind. The phantoms of trouble and worldly longing would have been out of place there.

In the great hall gleamed polished coats of mail; dark oak chests were here and there; underfoot, skins and rugs; whilst to give the whole a modern touch, were giant palms standing out of dragon vases. In the living-rooms everything was the same; nothing appeared to have been changed since the days of good Queen Bess. It would not have surprised you to see a troop of dames in ruff and farthingale seated in the quaint carved chairs; or a bevy of cavaliers, hawk on wrist, riding through the hammered iron gates, brought from Antwerp by some bygone De Ros, and dividing the kitchen garden from the lawn.

Here and there, some little respect had been paid to changing fashion. But Dene de Ros was proud of his home and its contents, as he was of his long descent and aristocratic line. Many years ago, after the disaster which befell the Spanish Armada, Don del Roso, the commander of one of the great galleons, had been washed ashore, half-dead, after a terrible storm, there to be found by Dorothy Western, the only child of the then owner of Deepdene; and in the course of time there had been a marriage, and the Del Roso became by elision De Ros; and since then the line had remained unbroken.

They were a proud lot—there is no denying that. The Westerns were great people; and Don del Roso had the blood of Castilian kings in his veins. And, from that day to this, the family had retained the regular features and dark flashing eyes of the maritime adventurer whose picture hangs in the hall to witness.

A handsome, well-preserved man of fifty-five or so was Dene de Ros. He looked younger as he stood in his library, where the pale yellow light illuminated the brown volumes with which the room was lined; and yet De Ros seemed hardly happy. Possibly the letter which he had in his hand caused him some uneasiness. The offending communication was written upon a sheet of official-looking blue paper, inscribed in a legal hand, and the contents were of a very pregnant nature indeed.

'Strange, after all these years,' the reader murmured; 'and yet, if what is set out here is correct, there is only one thing to be done.' It was the speaker's favourite expression; everybody in the county knew it. It spoke the upright, honourable man, who never swerved an inch from his duty, however disastrous the consequences might be. People called De Ros hard and cold; but not a soul was there in the whole county who would not have placed his honour implicitly in the hands of Dene de Ros.

The cause of his uneasiness ran as follows:

'485 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
5th August 1891.

'SIR—In accordance with your instructions, we have investigated the case thoroughly, and we have delayed writing until there was something definite to communicate. As you desired, we have spared no expense to sift the matter thoroughly; and it is our painful duty to state

that the claim put forward by Mr Vanbrugh—otherwise Ambrose de Ros—appears to be absolutely sound in every particular. Copies of the various certificates and affidavits by persons whose testimony is apparently beyond reproach have been laid before us by our Australian agents, which leave very little doubt in our mind about the matter. It is impossible to convey everything in writing; therefore, our Mr Carson intends calling upon you to-morrow, when the whole matter will be explained. We trust you will be able to grant this interview.

—Your obedient servants,

GALLOWAY & CARSON.

The letter meant ruin, if it meant anything. It would necessitate leaving Deepdene, and commencing the world afresh. Galloway & Carson were not the kind of men to express so candid an opinion unless they were absolutely sure of the facts.

'I shall not fight,' De Ros murmured. 'If this man can prove his title, I shall make no opposition. But it is hard.' With a little fleeting passion, the speaker struck the paper in his hand. His very heartstrings were rooted in the foundations of the old house, which he would soon be compelled to relinquish to a stranger.

The library door opened a little way, and a girl looked in. She was about to withdraw, when De Ros called her to his side. There was no mistaking the likeness between them. Never since the advent of Del Roso into the family had there been any break in the main line; but now it looked as if the old name would die out, since Vera de Ros was an only child. She had the same creamy pallor of skin peculiar to the family, the same haughty, short upper lip and liquid eyes. A beautiful girl, dainty, graceful, and refined, like a modernised picture of the dames whose counterfeit presentment smiled down from the walls.

As she spoke, her voice was low and sweet. 'You are in trouble?' she asked. 'Is it that claim again? I thought that was forgotten long ago. The man is an impostor.'

De Ros shook his head sadly, but his eyes flashed. It is hard to lose everything after twenty years of undisputed sovereignty. 'The man is absolutely owner of Deepdene,' he said. 'My grandfather had two sons—Leslie de Ros, and my father, Dene. Leslie was the elder, as I have often told you. Had he lived, my father would have had nothing but his mother's money, and the Dyke—say one thousand pounds per annum, and the house which you know. But Leslie quarrelled violently with his father, and quitted the country in high dudgeon. Ten years later, proof came to us that he had died in Australia, and till lately we have never heard anything further. And now it transpires that Leslie was married, and left a son, who in turn became a Benedick, and has a son too. It is an old story,' De Ros concluded bitterly; 'but it means the loss of the old place, and its transfer to a man who will probably pull it down and rebuild a red brick mansion on the site.'

Vera's delicate features flushed with pain. 'Pull down this beautiful monument of the past,

destroy the—— Oh, impossible!' The creamy pallor on her cheeks became more intensely marked. 'That would be worse than all,' she whispered. 'You are sure of this?'

'Yes. My solicitors say the claim is quite genuine.'

'I can't realise it.' Vera went on after a pause: 'Father, how old is this man, who has come to drive us from our home?'

'About my own age,' De Ros replied mechanically.

'Then you know all about him. Have you seen him?'

For a moment De Ros appeared to be actually confused, an unusual thing for a man who had never yet betrayed the slightest emotion. 'I have heard many particulars from Swayne,' De Ros explained with some little haste. 'I have to thank him for this.'

'But, had you known, Swayne's discovery would have counted for nothing,' Vera spoke with pride; she did not consider it necessary to frame her remark in a spirit of interrogation. The proudest and most honourable man in the county would have acted as a De Ros should—had he been aware that the estates were not his own, he would not have lingered for others interested to make the same discovery.

'I should have done my duty,' he said simply. 'Swayne's vengeance will be a very empty triumph, after all.'

'It is very strange,' Vera said meditatively as she sank into one of the old carved chairs—'very strange that you should have lived seven years in Australia before your marriage, and have discovered nothing of Leslie de Ros and his descendants there. And yet, in fewer than three years, Swayne finds the real owner of Deepdene.'

De Ros was silent for a moment; the heraldic device on the window cast a lurid red shadow athwart the leather-covered volumes; a flash of blue lighted up the carven mantel over the open grate. Outside, a startling whistled as he perched upon the bronze cupola of the pigeon-house. The ordered peace was there still; it lay everywhere save in the heart of the dethroned master of it all.

'Swayne was lucky,' he said at length. 'He blundered upon the clue quite by accident, and his thirst for vengeance dictated the rest. I daresay this Ambrose de Ros has promised to reward him liberally.'

'No one of our name would stoop to barter with a discharged servant, a dishonest steward,' Vera exclaimed, her dark eyes changing hue. 'You should have prosecuted Swayne, father.'

'I could prove nothing that the law recognises,' De Ros replied. 'And I would not build up too high hopes concerning our successor, were I in your place. To commence with—his mother was an emigrant, the daughter of a village hind who left the old country to better himself. Leslie de Ros did not tell his wife who he was; and when he died, leaving a son, his identity perished with him. But De Ros is no common name, and naturally, Swayne knew the whole story so far as this family is concerned. When I discharged him, he found it impossible to get employment in

this country; therefore, he emigrated. In the bush he met Ambrose de Ros, tending sheep. The rest of the story you can guess. And now the claimant to this property is in England, and Swayne accompanies him. The latter's revenge?—

'Is nothing,' Vera interrupted loftily. 'So long as we do what is right and just, all that goes harmlessly over our heads. Oh, it is impossible for a creature like Swayne to humiliate a De Ros.' Vera spoke disdainfully as she rose to her feet. She laid her long slim hands, glittering with rose diamonds in old settings, on the bronze dragon that formed the back of a chair, a touch of carmine on her cheek. In another girl, younger, less regally beautiful, the gems would have looked out of place; but they seemed appropriate to Vera.

She sighed. It was the one passing tribute paid by pride to nature. It seemed so hard to be compelled to give it all up: the horses in the old stone stables, which had once been the refectory of a Capuchin hospital; the family pictures; the old silver-throated organ with the yellow keys, which had been fashioned by Father Smith himself. For Vera loved her music, and the organ that stood in the long gallery, opposite the brass-bound oaken chest on which Del Rosso had floated ashore. And that—the cradle, as it were, of the race—must go too.

'It will be a wrench,' she murmured between her little white teeth; 'and yet there is comfort in knowing that everything is going to our own flesh and blood. I daresay we shall manage with the Dyke and your younger brother's portion—we are not extravagant.'

'It will be a triumph for Swayne,' De Ros said meditatively.

'It will not,' Vera retorted. 'He will gain nothing by it.' Vera swept out of the room, her black velvet skirts trailing behind her, her little high-heeled slippers clacking on the polished floor. In the soft dim light of the hall she recognised a figure which seemed familiar. The man bowed humbly, but there was a grin on his face.

'Swayne!' said Vera, with an uplifting of the arched brows. 'Why are you here?' There was no anger or indignation in the clear level tones, nothing but the cold, distant contempt naturally felt for a detected scoundrel. Vera simply regarded him as if he had been some noisome insect.

'I came here, Miss,' Swayne replied, striving to speak insolently, and failing lamentably in the attempt, 'to see your father. Subject to the necessary preliminaries, I have been reappointed steward to Deepdene estate by the owner, Mr Ambrose de Ros.'

'Indeed!' Vera said with the same smoothness. 'This is interesting. Your trip to Australia seems to have proved fortunate, Mr Swayne.'

The man smiled uneasily. In a dim way, he was conscious that the proposed triumph was proving somewhat chimerical. The coarse red face was sullen, the little twinkling eyes fell before Vera's calm gaze.

'You may say that,' he retorted with a rising inflection. 'I tried a land speculation, and in a short time I made ten thousand

pounds. Then I went up country, where I was fortunate enough to find Mr Ambrose de Ros. He came over to England with me.'

'Indeed! He is to be congratulated upon his new friendship. What manner of man is this relative of mine, Mr Swayne?'

Swayne grinned again, and then coughed behind his hand, with a deference which he found himself unable to master so long as Vera's clear eyes were bent on his face.

'Not much like a De Ros, I fear,' he said. 'In the first place, Mr Ambrose—or, to speak correctly, Mr de Ros—is a gentleman entirely devoid of education. He has lived in the bush all his life, amongst the sheep; he has few ideas beyond his own wants.'

'I suppose you mean that he is a working man?'

'Well, that's about what it really amounts to,' Swayne continued, the feeling of insolence cropping up again. 'A labourer who has a son also, who is very little better. I daresay you'll find it awkward at first.'

But Vera displayed no emotion; her beautiful face was calm and serious, as if she had been listening to the passing chronicle of some village romance. She even smiled slightly as she drew her skirts together. 'Thank you,' she said simply. 'I shall be able to judge for myself presently.'

Vera passed up the wide staircase, leaving Joshua Swayne in a curious frame of mind, in which grudging admiration was uppermost. He had been turned away from Deepdene four years before with scorn and contumely; but now a sudden trick in Fortune's wheel had placed vengeance in his grasp; and yet the first shot had exploded harmlessly—the enemy remained undismayed.

Meanwhile, Vera turned into the great corridor, lighted by a large oriel window, where the purple and primrose device of the race flashed like a jewel in the sun. On either side were family portraits—a general, a famous statesman, a bishop with mitre and full sleeves of lawn. There were beautiful women in whose honour bloods had crushed many a cup, the whole proud noble line that culminated in a rude shepherd from the antipodes.

Vera smiled bitterly as she ran her hands over the ivory keys of Father Smith's work. But to-day there seemed to be a jarring note in the harmonious wail of the Gregorian chant, and Vera abandoned her stool, and, crossing over, stood for some time contemplating an object standing under the great oriel. It was an old oaken chest, brass-bound, and black with the passage of centuries. A little drift of bloomy feathery dust lay on the lid, but not enough to obliterate the curious inscription carved thereon by the hand of Del Rosso himself. It was the casket he had clung to when the *Santa Maria* went down, and the commander had been the only living soul to reach that ironbound coast in safety. Vera traced the inscription with idle forefinger:

Thys was my arke of safetie, here
I found the Englyshe shore;
Thys is my home, and here withyn
Is troubl gone and o'er.

Vera lifted the lid. The chest was crammed with musty documents, expired leases, grants of royalties, and the like. She let the lid fall with a sullen bang, and leaned her face upon it. 'And this is the end of it all,' she murmured. 'What would the Castilian noble say to the shepherd, I wonder?'

There was a step on the stair, and Vera rose as her father came towards her. There was a gray slip of paper in his hand—a telegram.

'This is from my lawyers,' De Ros said gravely. 'They warn me that Ambrose de Ros proposes to honour us with a visit to-morrow.'

VILLAGE NATURALS.

A RACE which has all but passed away from the country-side in Scotland since the passing of stringent vagrancy Acts and the reformation of local authorities, is that of the half-witted wanderers, or 'naturals,' as they used to be called, whose idiosyncrasies, a generation ago, formed one of the occasionally painful characteristics of most rural districts. A sort of privileged mendicants, they were never turned from the door of cottage, manse, or farm-steading. This friendly reception was due partly to superstition, which made it unlucky to refuse hospitality to those mentally afflicted, and partly to fear of the unreasoning vengeance which some of them had been known to perpetrate; but most of all to pity, which everywhere looked upon them with a kindly and excusing eye. Stories of their exploits and sayings, by no means always so 'thowless' as might have been expected, but generally containing a biting grain of humour which tickled the fancy, were current everywhere about the country; and sometimes they even did a useful service which could have been effected by no more sane and sensible person.

It is recorded in the life of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he owed something of the dawn of his inspiration to one of these wanderers. One sunny summer day when, a lad of twenty, he was herding his sheep on the Hawkshaw Rig, above the farm of Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn, in Yarrow, there came up to him one of these naturals, named Jock Scott, well known and welcomed on that country-side for his poetic proclivities. To while away the time, Jock, who was then on his return from a peregrination in Ayrshire, recited to the Shepherd the whole of a wonderful poem called 'Tam o' Shanter,' made by an Ayrshire ploughman of the name of Burns. To that recitation, no less, perhaps, than to the storied surroundings of the hills of Yarrow among which he dwelt, Hogg owed the opening of his eyes to the poetic light that never was on sea or land, and to the magic of that elfin under-world in which he was to dream his exquisite dream of Bonnie Kilmeny.

Of later wanderers like Jock Scott on that Border-side, Dr Russell, in his 'Reminiscences of Yarrow,' has recorded an anecdote or two. Jock Gray, supposed to be the original of Davie Gellatley in 'Waverley,' is described as wearing knee-breeches, and fastening his stockings with glaring scarlet garters. Like many of his kind, he was strong in mimicry, especially of the

ministers whose services he attended, and whom he could frequently be induced to 'take off' with great effect. Once the wife of the minister of Selkirk asked him to furnish forth an imitation of her husband. That gentleman was in the habit of reading his sermons, a habit much reprobated in those days. The saltiness of Jock's reply may therefore be understood when he told the lady that before he could comply with her demand she must give him 'a bit o' paper.' Sometimes his zeal for ministerial duties carried him further than mere mimicry. It is recorded that on one occasion he managed to make his way into the pulpit of Ettrick kirk before the arrival of the minister. When the latter himself reached the foot of the pulpit stairs and discovered the occupant of his place, he called out, 'Come down, John.' The predicament reached its climax when the congregation heard the answer, 'Na, sir; come ye up: they're a stiff-necked and rebellious people; it'll tak' us baith.'

When Jock was a lad, the minister of Yarrow once told him he was the idlest boy in the parish, and suggested that he might at least herd a few cows. 'Me herd cows! me herd cows!' said Jock. 'I dinna ken gersh [grass] frae corn;' a rejoinder which suggests the idea that Jock may possibly have been something of the knave as well as a little of the fool. Jock latterly used to wander about the country with his father, an old mendicant, who, with a gift of prayer, was accustomed to conduct family worship in the cottages in which the pair were lodged for the night. It is recorded that one night during this function, Jock, who doubtless felt the gnawings of hunger just then, twice or thrice lifted the lid of the pot on the fire, and was heard speculating in somewhat forcible language as to when his parent would conclude. A strong affection, nevertheless, existed between the two, and when at length the old father died, Jock at once took to his bed and within a week also breathed his last. Some of the verses of this worthy, containing no small inkling of pawky humour, are preserved, with a description of their author, in the 'Memoirs of Dr Robert Chambers.'

Jock Dickson, another wanderer of the same sort, whose father, nicknamed 'Cool-the-kail' from the length of his sermons, had been minister of Bedrule, was a visitor in Yarrow, and was wont for many a day to find quarters in the various manse in which his parent had been known. He was distinguished chiefly by the cut of his clothes. These consisted of 'a long blue coat, with very wide and long tails, and a double row of brass buttons down the back as well as in front, knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles.' On account of these habiliments, the boys of some of the towns through which he passed were accustomed, merciless and conscienceless as boys constantly are, to follow him with the shout of, 'Daft Jock Dickson! Buckles and pouches! Buckles and pouches!'

On the south shore of Loch Lomond many of the inhabitants still living remember Will-o'-the-shore. A fearsome sight he was, to children and persons not acquainted with the neighbourhood, as he went about the quiet roads grumbling to himself regarding his wrongs, and muttering vengeance on all and sundry. His clothes were always in the last stage of tatters; his head had

no covering but a great shock of matted hair; and he slouched along with his great splay-feet naked in all weathers. His usual custom upon entering a house, which he did without ceremony, was to 'wecht the wemen,' as he called it. Upon one occasion he rushed into the mansion-house of Caldaran, and straightway seizing its mistress by the waist, to her dismay lifted her into the air. Matters were put right, however, by the lady's sister, who was present, suggesting to the too energetic and somewhat dubious visitor that what he wanted was 'a jelly piece.' 'Ay,' said he; and, no doubt to her immense relief, set his burden down. Something more than a suspicion existed that Will's pranks were not confined to the comparatively harmless one of 'wechtin the wemen.' The opening of field-gates during the night, and the consequent serious straying of cattle and sheep, were frequently attributed to him. Further and even worse deeds of spiteful mischief contributed to make him sufficiently feared as the evil genius of the country-side; and it was no small relief to the farmers, as well as to the women and children of his district, when he finally disappeared.

Egg Will was a character of a different sort in the same neighbourhood. A good-natured 'sumph,' with broad fat face and harmless hands, he went about the district with a long basket, gathering eggs, which he carried to Dumbarton for sale, thereby contributing in some degree to the support of himself and his widowed mother. In his way he was a beneficent friend to the farmers among whom he went; and upon coming to a bed of thistles growing by the road, he would be seen to set down his basket and attack the enemy, rooting them out with immense energy and indignation. His chief peculiarity, however, was an unbounded admiration for people of title; and at all the public functions—cattle-shows, fairs, and sports—he might be observed, with open mouth and undisguised worship, following the footsteps of the Duke of Montrose. Upon one occasion, a late minister of the district, who was blind, was being led through a cattle-show at Drymen by one of the present proprietors of the neighbourhood, then a boy, when the Duke was seen approaching, followed at a few paces' distance by his humble worshipper. The minister's guide whispered to him that the Duke was coming towards him; but at that moment some other object distracted His Grace's attention, and he turned aside. The follower behind, however, perceiving the expectant attitude of the minister, seized the golden opportunity. 'How do you do, Mr —?' he said, throwing his utmost powers of mimicry into an imitation of the ducal accent, and entirely deceiving the unfortunate clergyman whom he addressed. 'I am very well, I thank you, my Lord Duke!' replied the latter, sweeping off his hat to his interrogator; and then, on a hurried whisper of 'It's Egg Will!' from the boy at his side, he more suddenly and with less dignity clapped his hat on his head again; and with an angry exclamation turned on his heel and made for home. Will's purpose, however, had been sufficiently served; and never to his dying day did he forget that he had once been taken for the Duke of Montrose.

A character of a similar sort was known in

the neighbourhood of Whitburn and Bathgate, forty or fifty years ago, as Henry Downie. He was the son of a collier, and, as often pathetically happens, his mother's heart was set with peculiar tenderness upon this weakling of her family. So long as he remained a child, she did her best to shield his shortcoming from public observation by keeping him near herself; but as he grew older, he took to wandering over the country, farther and farther from her sheltering care, until he would be away for days and, perhaps, weeks together. At no time, however, was he ever known to suffer accident or to go without a meal. Wherever he might be, he could always count upon getting a bowl of porridge or soup, or a night's lodging in the hay-shed, from some kindly farmer or cottar. Henry's outstanding peculiarity was a passion for attending processions and funerals; and as the latter were naturally by far the more numerous in that rural district, his figure became especially connected in the popular mind with marches to the graveyard. At the hour of funeral he was invariably to be seen in attendance outside the house of the departed; and upon the coffin being brought out, either upon stretchers or for carriage by hearse, he placed himself in front, and solemnly led the way to the place of burial—a contrast of tragedy and folly Shakespearean in its vividness. Sometimes, at a pinch, Henry was employed to run errands for tradesmen of the town, and generally the errands were performed satisfactorily enough.

But one dénouement of another sort remains upon record. The minister of Longridge had ordered the immediate delivery of a new hat, in which he meant to attend a ceremony of some state in his neighbourhood; and for lack of other means of conveyance, Henry Downie was despatched by the tradesman with the parcel. The messenger started forth upon his errand in all good faith; and all went well until, in the midst of a wood, about halfway towards his destination, Henry was seized with an irrepresible desire to discover how he would feel with the minister's hat on his head. Opening the bandbox, therefore, and undoing the tissue-paper in which the hat was wrapped, he placed the glossy satin headgear on his own ill-cut locks, and took to marching up and down the secluded glade. Unfortunately, the time of year happened to be early summer, and the air of the little plantation was full, not only of the lines of spiders' webs, but of the stringy exudations which are given forth by some kinds of fir-tree at that season. Entirely oblivious of the decoration which by these means was being imparted to the minister's hat, Henry marched up and down for some time in the full enjoyment of his stolen dignity; and it was only at last, upon suddenly remembering that the minister would be waiting for his head-covering, that the unlucky messenger crushed the hat back into its bandbox, and tucking it under his arm, made off with great speed and diligence to Longridge. The dismay of the reverend gentleman on discovering the condition of his purchase is not to be recorded; but it is certain that Henry Downie was never again entrusted with the carriage of perishable goods.

A contemporary of Henry, who peregrinated

throughout the shires of Linlithgow and Stirling, was well known for many years by the somewhat suggestive and not particularly euphonious title of 'Puddin' Geordie.' Stories of his exploits, showing him to be by no means so great a simpleton as he looked, were everywhere current in the region of his wanderings, and his appearance must be remembered by many persons still living. Geordie possessed an infinite attachment to the ordinances of religion, and in whatever part of the country he happened to find himself on Sunday, never failed to make his way to the kirk, where he possessed himself always of an empty seat, and displayed exceeding fervour in attending to the service. His memory, like the memory of many of the natural class, was vividly retentive, and nothing pleased him more than to be asked to 'give out' a sermon of the Rev. Mr So-and-So. Mounted forthwith upon a chair by way of pulpit, he would begin with the text, and repeat the whole discourse with wonderful accuracy to the end. Upon one occasion this faculty of his was turned to mischievous account by the boys of the Relief manse at Bathgate. Beforehand, in anticipation of Geordie's visit, they had prepared a trigger for the lid of the barrel which caught the rain-water from the roof, and upon the mendicant's appearance, they induced him, with a little flattery and the promise of a penny, to mount this extemporised pulpit and give them a sermon. Nothing loth, he ascended the coign of vantage, and proceeded with text and heads. He had passed no further, however, than the first division, when, in the midst of the most emphatic passage of one of their own father's discourses, there was a crash, and Geordie disappeared in rain-water up to the chin.

As he went about the country, he received constant doles both of eatables and of money, which must have amounted sometimes, one would suppose, to a considerable value. A story in connection with one of these doles, which throws a suggestive light on the character of the seeming simpleton, was long told by the lady in Falkirk at whose door the incident occurred. This lady had for some time been in the charitable habit, each Saturday, upon his appearance, of presenting Geordie with a penny. Upon one occasion she had been from home for some time, during which, of course, she had not seen her pensioner. When, therefore, on the Saturday after her return, she saw him coming to the house, she went to the door herself, and, with a kindly inquiry after his welfare, was presenting him with the usual coin, when she was electrified by the mendicant's remark, referring to the omission of the previous Saturday: 'But ye ken, Mrs —, ye're awin' me a penny.' It is needless to say Geordie's dole was forthwith put upon a less exacting basis.

Not very long ago, a familiar figure of the country-side about Symington and Kilmarnock was a wanderer named Neil Eliot. Neil's wardrobe, consisting of at least two separate suits of clothes, was for convenience' sake worn all together upon his person at one time. Upon account of this, as much, perhaps, as because of his scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, he always required a full hour to dress in the morning, and another hour to undress at night. These and

other little peculiarities were the familiar by-word of the farms where he was always welcomed and compassionately entertained. Like Puddin' Geordie, Neil was an unfailing attender at kirk, and his proceedings in the house of religion attracted even more notice than those of his fellows. He was accustomed to enter just before the beginning of the sermon, when he would march forward and take possession of the foremost seat under the pulpit, and there occupy a full ten minutes in settling himself and arranging his belongings. Entirely innocent of guile, and rather more than tolerated, for his news, by the elder folk of the district through which he wandered, Neil was especially liked by the children, for to each of them, upon parting, it was his never-failing custom to present a 'dooble-strong' peppermint lozenge.

MY BEST FARE.

I've been a cabman ten years or more, and naturally I've had some good fares in my time. There was a bishop once who gave me a sovereign instead of a shilling, and wouldn't take it back when I told him he'd made a mistake. There was a bookmaker who bet me a pound to nothing I couldn't catch a Doncaster special at King's Cross, and who paid me two because I landed him in time, though I damaged my cab and got my number taken on the road.

But the Best Fare I ever drove was a servant-girl. Of course I didn't class her as any better than indifferent when I picked her up at the Great Central terminus; and if it hadn't been for a block in the street, I should probably have missed her altogether. I'd meant to be in time to meet the 6.30 express, a favourite train of mine—only the other day I got a newly-married couple up for the honeymoon out of it—but the block made me just too late, and when I reached the arrival platform, it looked as desolate as only an arrival platform can when one train's backed out and the next ain't due for half an hour.

All the passengers had gone except the one girl, and there wasn't a cab to be seen. The porters—all but Sam Sleeman—were talking to each other, and Sam was talking to the girl.

'Didn't I tell you there'd be one directly, miss?' said he as I came up. 'Here's the very best driver in all London at your service.'

She was a nice, fresh, pleasant-featured lass; and if I'd been taking a day off into Epping Forest or down to Hampton Court, I'd have been glad enough to let her share the pony-trap; but pleasure ain't business, and I began to wish I'd stopped outside the station. However, as I was there, I couldn't very well refuse her; so she got into my hansom, looking as if it wouldn't take much to make her cry.

'Seventy-four Blank Street, Chelsea,' said Sam as he handed me up her bit of a box. 'I've told her three shillings is the proper fare. Halves in the extra bob, Bill.'

I nodded, and drove off, not meaning to charge the poor thing any extra shilling, but knowing better than to quarrel with a porter over sixpence.

'Come up, horse,' said I as we cleared the

station gates. 'Perhaps we'll pick up a swell on our way back; and anyhow, we haven't had a bad day.'

I was driving a thorough-bred that day, own brother to a horse who once won a race at Alexandra Park; and though he was more than a bit queer on his off foreleg, it didn't stop him when he warmed to his work. He was as sensible as a Christian too, and a shake of the reins was enough to make him do his best; but he didn't like pottering about searching for little streets nobody ever heard of but those who live in them. Blank Street was one of that sort, and by the time we pulled up at seventy-four he'd lost his patience, and so had I.

'Now, miss,' said I, speaking through the trap and rather sharp, 'as soon as you can, please. My horse is fidgety, and time's money.'

She gave a little scream, and jumped out as quick as if I'd dropped a fire-cracker down on her. In her hurry, she managed to get her dress caught somehow; and when she tried to undo it, she pinched her fingers in the door. 'Oh!' she cried again; and, thinking I'd never see the end of the job if I didn't lend a hand, I swung myself down off my perch.

'You ain't accustomed to hansoms, I think,' said I as I fumbled about with her skirt.

'I never was in one before,' she replied. 'I'm very sorry to give you so much trouble. Oh dear! I hope your horse won't run away.'

'Not he, miss,' said I. 'He'll stand for an hour if I'm not on the box.—But there. All's clear now, I think.'

'Thank you,' said she, taking out her purse. 'Are you sure this is the right number?'

'Why, yes,' said I, getting her box down. 'Anyway, it's seventy-four. That's what you want, isn't it?'

'Yes,' she replied. 'But it looks like an empty house.'

It did; and it wasn't satisfied with only looking like one. I rang the bell till I broke the wire, and then I took a turn at the knocker; but it was no go. The girl stood on the pavement with her shabby little purse in her hand, and her shabby little box at her feet, looking so miserable that I hadn't the heart to leave her to shift for herself. 'Cheer up, miss,' said I. 'I'll try next door.'

A waspy-faced little woman answered my knock. 'No,' says she; 'I don't know nothing about seventy-four; and if I did, this ain't a private-inquiry office.' And with that she shut the door in my face.

Then I tried the other side. There they were more civil, but almost as ignorant. There had been a lady and gentleman living at seventy-four; and for all seventy-two knew, they might be there yet, only, perhaps, out just at present. No furniture had been moved lately, not to their knowledge; but then, of course, there was a sport called 'shooting the moon,' wasn't there? And what with false references and such-like things, you never were sure of your next-door neighbour, even in a respectable street like that. Perhaps the people at the post-office round the corner could tell me something. And that was all seventy-two had to say.

'Don't give way, my dear,' said I, seeing the

girl was beginning to cry. 'Perhaps you've made a mistake in the address.'

'Oh no; I'm sure I haven't,' she sobbed. 'Here's the lady's card.' She showed it me, and it had 'Mrs Stapleton-Penrose' in the middle, and '74 Blank Street, Chelsea,' down in the left-hand corner as correct as any card I ever saw.

'Did they know you were coming by this train?' I asked.

'Yes,' she replied. 'When Mrs Penrose engaged me, she told me exactly how to come, and the time and everything. She and her husband have been stopping in the boarding-house at Harmingham where I was housemaid, and I was to be parlour-maid here.—But oh, what shall I do if she's left?'

'No need to think about that till we're sure,' said I, more to comfort her than because I had much doubt. I couldn't see a 'To Let' about anywhere; but the windows were very dirty, and altogether the place looked as deserted as a last year's nest. 'Perhaps the master's in the City, the missis out shopping, and your fellow-servants taking an airing. Anyhow, if you'll keep an eye on the cab—the horse won't stir of his own accord, I promise you—I'll nip round to that post-office and ask.'

The post-office was only one of those little places where they haven't anything to do with the delivery of letters; and they couldn't, or wouldn't, tell me much, though I cross-questioned the young woman in charge nearly as hard as a lawyer once cross-questioned me when I was a witness in a running-down case.

I walked slowly back, hoping to goodness somebody belonging to the place would have turned up while I was away; and, sure enough, when I got round the corner, I could see some one talking to the girl.

'That's all right, William,' says I to myself. But it wasn't. The chap was only a policeman.

'Hullo! 10,414,' says he. Trust a copper to take the number of a cab if he stands within sight of it for five seconds. 'What's the meaning of this?'

'That's just what I want to know,' says I. 'If you're the officer on the beat, perhaps you can tell me where to find somebody belonging to seventy-four.'

'Ay!' says he, chuckling, 'I can tell you fast enough. In Holloway prison on remand—charge of general swindling.—Surely you're not another victim?'

'No fear,' I replied. 'But I'm afraid this young woman is. A Mrs Something-or-other Penrose has engaged her as parlour-maid.'

'Oh! she has, has she?' said he.—'Tell me, my dear, did she borrow any money from you?'

'Oh yes, sir; she did indeed,' cried the poor girl, now fairly breaking down. 'Ten pounds the day before she left Harmingham. I was to have extra wages for being so ready to oblige her.'

'Ah!' said the policeman, 'I thought so. My lady has been playing the same game, or a similar one, all over the country for some time; but we've got her at last, my girl, and we

shan't let her go in a hurry. If you care to have a dig at her, you can come round to the station along with me and tell your story to the inspector. The more of you who appear against her, the longer she's likely to get, if that's any consolation to you. It would be to me, I know.'

'And to me,' I chimed in. 'I'll drive you and the officer round with pleasure, miss, if you'd like to go.'

'Oh! no, no,' she moaned. She was sitting on her box by this time and crying as if her heart would break. Even the copper looked sorry for her; and I felt as if hanging would be too good for Mrs Penrose. 'I don't want revenge. But what am I to do? what am I to do?'

'Well, if you'll take my advice,' put in the copper, 'you'll let cabby here drive you back to the station, and take the first train home to your friends.'

'I haven't any friends,' said she, 'or any money to pay my fare, if I had.'

'Don't say that, miss,' said I, winking at the copper. 'There must be some one down in your part of the country who'd put you up till you've time to turn round; and as for fare, why, they know me so well at the Great Central, that I could arrange it with the booking clerk.'

But she stuck out she couldn't think of anywhere to go. She said she'd no parents, no relatives even that she knew of; and as for friends, well, a servant in a boarding-house naturally don't make many of the sort that's useful in a crisis.

'What the dickens are we to do?' I whispered to the copper.

'There's the casual ward,' he whispered back.

'Oh! sink the casual ward,' said I, disgusted.

'With all my heart,' says he. 'But what else is there?'

'Well, ain't there a Refuge or a Home or something somewhere handy?' I asked.

'Why, yes,' replied he. 'There's one in X—Square; but I don't know whether they'll take her in; and if they will, it's hardly the sort of place for such as her. It's more for—you know.'

'Ay, I know,' said I, with a sigh. 'I might try it, though.'

'Yes,' says he; 'you might, if the young woman has no objection. Anyhow, she can't stop here all night.—Come, clear off, you boys.'

It was a very quiet street, was Blank Street, but a little crowd had collected by this time. While Robert moved them on, I told the girl about the Refuge; and though it was easy to see she didn't like the idea of it, she said she'd go; and thanked us both for the trouble we were taking.

'Don't mention it, miss,' said I; and Robert, he slipped a shilling into my hand on the sly.

'Get her a decent lodging for to-night, if they won't have her,' he whispers. 'I think you're a chap to be trusted.'

'The same to you, my boy; and thank you,'

said I. 'You've got my number; and I'm always to be heard of at Roscoe's Yard, Lambeth.'

'All right,' says he. 'You'll do the best you can for the poor thing, I'll warrant.—Good-night.'

As every one who reads the papers knows, there are charities and charities, and that Refuge happened to be one of the wrong sort. I saw a woman just about as waspy as the one in Blank Street, who said she was the lady superintendent, and seemed to doubt the truth of every word I spoke. She told me they only admitted cases recommended by a subscriber; and then she actually had the impudence to advise me—me, mind you, a London cabby—to be careful, because girls were that artful nowadays, there was no believing in appearances.

Well, this set my back up. I always was a hasty sort of chap, and I made up my mind to try no more Refuges; though I've no doubt that if I'd only known which to take her to, there were plenty where she'd have been made welcome and well looked after. I didn't like the idea of just getting her a lodging and leaving her to take her chance either. If she'd no money and no friends, it was such a precious poor one.

'They're full up here, miss,' says I, going back to the cab. 'I'd told her to sit still till I saw what sort of a place it was. They say they can't possibly take you in; but if you don't mind crossing the water, I think I know a decent body that would put you up for a night or two.'

'You're very good,' says she. 'But I must owe you a lot of money already, and I've only a few shillings'—

'Never mind that, miss,' I interrupted. 'My fare can wait; and the party I have in my mind won't overcharge you—in fact, it's my mother.'

'Your mother!' she cried.

'Yes, miss,' said I. 'If you'll be good enough to trust me that far, I think it's the best thing we can do.'

'Of course I trust you,' says she with a little smile. 'You've been so kind to me already. But I'm afraid I'll be imposing on your good-nature.'

'Not a bit of it,' said I; and to avoid more words, I clambered up and drove off down the Chelsea Embankment and over Vauxhall Bridge to Roscoe's, to leave the cab. The yard-men stared when I handed the young woman out and shouldered her box.

'Blessed if Bill Taylor ain't been and got married!' I heard one of them say; and 'I'll be back for my second horse about nine,' I called out, to prevent the report from spreading among my mates. I thought even a yard-man would have sense enough to know a chap wouldn't want a second horse on his wedding day.

We lived close to the yard; and my mother stared harder than the men had done when I came in with the box. 'That's a queer thing to be left in a cab, Bill,' says she.

'Tain't been left, mother,' said I; and then I explained things to her as quickly as I could, for the girl was waiting on the landing

—we had two rooms in a block of model dwellings.

'You ain't angry, mother?' I asked, for she didn't speak when I'd finished, only looked at me with a queer light in her eyes.

'Angry! No,' says she. 'Only proud of my son.—Come in, you poor dear—come in. You must excuse Bill for leaving you out there. He never did have a grain of sense.'

Then they threw their arms about each other and had a good cry, while I scratched my head and wondered at the contradictoriness of women. When they'd done, mother bustled about and got tea, making the girl help, just to set her at her ease.

She told us her name was Jessie Morris, and that she'd been an orphan, earning her own living ever since she was fourteen—I set her down as two-and-twenty that night, but knocked off a couple of years when I saw her after she'd had a good rest—and a lot more about herself I needn't repeat. I left her as cheerful as a cricket, chatting away to my mother as if she'd known her for years. Mother must have taken to her pretty quickly too; for, after I brought that second horse back about three in the morning, she put her head out of their room just to whisper to me: 'Jessie's fast asleep. I thought you'd like to know.—God bless you, my boy, for bringing her to me!'

Well, I don't think there's much more to be said. Jessie stayed on with us for a week or so, and fairly earned her keep by helping mother give the rooms a thorough cleaning; and then mother found her a place with a family at Brixton. We didn't lose sight of her. When I'd time, I'd look her up; and when she'd her evening out, she'd come down to see mother, who wasn't as active as I'd have liked her to be. Of course I fell in love with her. No one seeing her homely way with the old lady could help it; but I didn't speak for nearly a year, partly because I didn't think she'd have me; and partly because I couldn't see my way to providing a comfortable home for the two of them.

After my uncle Thomas died, though, we were much better off. He left me a nice little legacy; and I set up a hansom and a couple of horses of my own, that thorough-bred being one of them. Then I felt I'd got a decent position and a chance of putting by something for a rainy-day; so, one Sunday evening when I was seeing her home to Brixton, I said: 'Jessie, poor mother's getting very feeble, don't you think?'

'Yes, Bill, I do,' says Jessie, looking down and blushing, as if she guessed what I had in my mind.

'She'd be better for a daughter's care, wouldn't she?' I asked, hoping the hint might be enough.

'Of course she would. It's a pity you haven't a sister,' says she so sharp that I was sure she didn't care for me, and said no more that night. When I got home I must have looked as glum as I felt, for mother would have it there was something the matter; and after a bit she wormed the whole story out of me.

'Oh you donkey!' says she. 'The young men in my day didn't ask girls to marry them

for their mothers' sakes. Tell her straight out you love her, if ever she gives you the chance again, which is more than you deserve.'

I took mother's advice; and things came right the next time; but what was said I can't exactly remember, and wouldn't put down if I could. By-the-by, that policeman: he never made any inquiries about 10,414; but after we'd been married about a year, I came across him again.

'Hullo! Sergeant,' says I, pulling up. 'I think I owe you a shilling.'

He looked sour at first, thinking I must be chaffing him; but when he recognised me, he came up and shook hands quite friendly. 'No; no,' says he. 'That was my share.—By-the-way, what became of that girl?'

'She's married,' said I.

'Then I hope you got your fare?' says he.

'Yes,' says I. 'Leastway, she made me a present, and only the other day too.'

'What was it?' he asked.

'Twins,' says I; and it would have done you good to see that bobby laugh. He gave me another shilling for the other twin, and offered to stand godfather if we weren't provided. We weren't; and he not only did his duty at the christening; but at a little spread we had afterwards, he found a name for my story by calling on the company to drink long life and happiness to me and My Best Fare.

COBWEBS.

SPIDER, Spider! weave thy thread
Over living, over dead;
From early morn till sunset red,
Spin, spider, spin.

Over palaces and graves,
Over mounds where green grass waves,
Where the stream the rushes laves,
Spin, spider, spin.

Over hovels black with grime,
Over many a scene of crime,
Over many a deed sublime,
Spin, spider, spin.

In late Autumn's pleasant days,
With wide web and artful ways,
Snaring every fly that strays,
Spin, spider, spin.

Dead man stretched on lonely bier,
Scarce a soul dare venture near,
Feet pass quiet, steeped in fear,
Spin, spider, spin.

Over sorrow, over mirth,
Over everything on earth,
Over death and over birth,
Spin, spider, spin.

Spin; this cobwebby, old earth,
For that purpose gave thee birth;
Other deeds are nothing worth;
Spin, spider, spin.

ROSETTA TURNER.

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MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

THE soothing and calming influence of Music is known to all of us. How often, when oppressed by care and anxiety, have we found oblivion and rest in the sweet strains of violin or voice! Yet, till recently, no attempts had been made in our day to utilise this power of music in the domain of curative medicine. If, however, we can judge from poets and historians, the power of music was well known and much employed among the ancients. There is evidence that Galen, the father of medicine, employed such music as was known in his day for its healing power. Shakespeare, in *King Lear*, shows a physician restoring the king from his madness by lulling him to sleep to the sound of soft music. Nor does the doctor doubt that his remedy will succeed. 'When we do awake him,' he says, 'I doubt not of his temperance.—Please you to draw near.—Louder the music there.' And King Lear gradually awakes, in his sound mind, and recognises his daughter Cordelia. So, too, in Holy Writ we have David playing before Saul when the evil spirit was upon him. Many other references from the old writers might be given to this soothing effect of music.

Not till the last two or three years, however, has an attempt been made to bring music within the range of practical therapeutics, and to test its effects by systematic clinical investigation. This fact has been taken in hand by the Guild of St Cecilia, under the energetic and discriminating direction of Canon Harford of Westminster. The objects which this Guild sets before itself are (1) To test by trials made in a large number of cases of illness the power of soft music to induce calmness of mind, alleviation of pain, and sleep. (2) To provide a large number of musicians specially trained to sing and play the very soft music which alone should be administered to those whose nerves are weakened by illness. These musicians should be ready promptly to answer the

summons of a physician. (3) To hire or build in a central part of London a large hall, in which music shall be given throughout all hours of the day and night. This music to be conveyed by telephone attached to certain wards in each of the chief London hospitals. (4) To obtain opinions and advice about the classes of illness in which music is likely to be most beneficial; and to collect and record all reliable accounts respecting permanent benefit that has followed the use of music.

Nor has the work of the Guild been limited to setting forth this comprehensive programme. Already the society has made a considerable number of trials; and Canon Harford has recorded their results in the medical journals. As a type of these results, we may quote Canon Harford's account of a visit to the London Temperance Hospital and the St Pancras Infirmary: 'The choir of the Guild—comprising three vocalists, soprano, contralto, and baritone, and three instrumentalists, first and second violins and harp—visited the hospitals above mentioned. Several of the patients appeared to be suffering much, notably one whose leg had been crushed on the railway; another afflicted by dropsy; and two who were shedding tears from great nervous depression. The music lasted half an hour; and when it was over, inquiry was made of the patients. One and all said that it soothed them, the patient who suffered from dropsy remarking that the pain had kept off while the music was being played, and returned when it ceased.'

At the St Pancras Infirmary there was a female patient suffering from melancholia, to whom they played a lullaby. After the performance, she told a nurse that she liked it very much. 'On this, the Superintendent came up to me and said: "This is the first time she has spoken for a fortnight." Shortly afterwards, a male patient suffering from delirium tremens was brought into the ward. On hearing the first notes of the music, he became quite calm and attentive, though his

attendant had been half afraid to bring him on account of outbreaks of violence.'

The following day, Canon Harford returned to the Hospital, and found the three worst cases very much brighter; and they spoke with gratitude and very warmly of the benefit derived from soft music.

Results like these have since been frequently obtained by the Guild, and they are certainly most encouraging. They are all, it will be seen, in the direction of distracting the mind from pain, and soothing mental irritation. In order to test the hypnotic effect of soft music, the Guild made the experiment of playing lullabies to a ward of fourteen patients, along with Dr Collins, one of the physicians to the Hospital. In spite of distracting noises—unhappily inseparable from the ward of a London Hospital—they got the following results: Dr Collins 'found it an effort to keep awake;' four patients were actually sent to sleep; some 'liked it too well to sleep;' and others felt 'sad, but delighted.'

Canon Harford draws a distinction between the class of music which should be given to alleviate pain and to produce sleep. In the latter case the music should be, of course, very soft and monotonous. There should be a constant repetition of similar phrases, and no striking or unexpected effects should be allowed. To distract the mind from pain—mental or physical—the music should be of a more attractive order, but still soft. Whether in all cases soft music is better as a medicine than lively and exhilarating airs, has not yet been clearly determined. Probably it varies with each particular case; but, at any rate, with soft music one does not run the risk of injuriously exciting the patient, which might possibly be done by music of a lively character. The softness must be extreme. Canon Harford remarks on the difficulty of getting singers who can sing very *piano*, and proposes to have them trained with this particular object in view.

That musical sounds do produce a marked effect on the system has been proved by physiological experiments on men and animals. The rate of action of the heart and the force of the circulation are notably influenced in a direction depending on the pitch, intensity, and 'timbre' of the sound. Generally speaking, the heart's action is quickened, and the pressure of blood in the arteries increased, though sometimes the converse effect is produced; these results depending, no doubt, on the idiosyncrasy of the individual. So, too, powerful results are produced on the nervous system, sometimes stimulant, sometimes sedative, as in Canon Harford's experiences quoted above. Music is thus clearly seen to be a potent medicine, and there seems to be no reason why its effects should not be studied, like that of any other drug. Only by this study shall we be able to discover the proper dose, and the proper quality of it to administer, as well as the frequency of its repetition and the diseases it can cure. To this excellent object the Guild of St Cecilia is applying itself, and it certainly deserves the support of those who love music, and who also love their fellow-men. Whether the scientific aims indicated will ever be arrived at, is, of

course, open to question. But at least there can be no doubt that if those persons—and there are thousands of them—who are capable of giving pleasure by music, would devote some of that talent to soothing the mind, or alleviating the pain of the sick and the suffering, they would be doing a great and charitable work.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XI.—MRS HESSLEGRAVE MISAPPREHENDS.

THE words were scarcely out of the Canon's mouth when straightway he repented of them. If this was really Bertie, he ought to have held his peace. The man was skulking in that case—quite evidently skulking; he wanted to disappear: he didn't wish to be recognised. It was no business of the Canon's, then, to drag a fellow-creature against his will out of voluntary retirement, and so spoil Algy's chance of obtaining the peerage. On the other hand, if it wasn't Bertie, the Canon should of course have been the last man on earth to call attention to a likeness—really, now he came to think of it, a very remote likeness—to the late Earl, and so give rise to a rumour which might prove prejudicial in the end to Algy's position. He had cried out in the heat of the moment, in the first flush of surprise; he began to hedge at once, as soon as ever he perceived, on cooler reflection, the possible consequences of his instinctive action. This is a very small planet. Sooner or later, we all collide upon its surface.

As for Kathleen, her first thought was one of loyalty to Arnold. If he *was* Lord Axminster—and of this she had now very little doubt left; the double coincidence settled it—he was trying to hide himself: he didn't wish to be recognised. That was enough for her. He desired that his personality as Arnold Willoughby should not be mixed up with his personality as Bertie Redburn. Therefore, it was her clear duty not to betray him in any way. She glanced nervously at her mother. Mrs Hesslegrave had half risen from her seat, overjoyed to hear that this was really an English Earl, whose high birth and intrinsic nobility they had discovered for themselves under the guise of a common sailor, and was just about to call out: 'Mr Willoughby! Mr Willoughby!' But Kathleen darted upon her suddenly such a warning glance that she withered up forthwith, and held her peace devoutly. She didn't know why she was to keep silent; but she could see, from Kathleen's half-imperious, half-imploring look, there was some good reason for it; and Mrs Hesslegrave was one of those rare stupid people who recognise the fact of their own stupidity, and allow themselves to be blindly guided in emergencies by others. So she held her peace, merely remarking as she sat down again: 'So you think that's Lord Axminster! Dressed up like that! Well, really now, how interesting!'

Arnold Willoughby's face, meanwhile, was all the time turned half in the opposite direc-

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tion. He did not see the gondola, nor Kathleen, nor the Canon. He was engaged, in fact, in watching and mentally photographing for artistic purposes the graceful movements of a passing barge as she swung slowly through the bridge over whose balustrade he was hanging. While Mrs Hesslegrave spoke, he turned and went on without ever observing them. Next instant, he was lost in the crowd that surged and swayed through the narrow *calle*. The danger was averted. He had never so much as observed the Canon.

As for that astute old gentleman, now he had recovered his breath, he saw his mistake at once, and faced it boldly. When Mrs Hesslegrave said, 'So you think that's Lord Axminster?' he answered immediately with perfect self-control: 'No, I don't. I was mistaken. It was—a passing fancy. For a second I imagined—merely imagined, don't you know—the man looked something like him. I suppose it was the sailor get-up which just at first deceived me. Poor Axminster used to dress like a sailor when he yachted.—Amelia, my dear, that was *not* Bertie, was it? You could see the man distinctly.'

'Oh, dear no, Fred,' Mrs Valentine echoed in a voice of profound conviction: 'not the least bit like him!'

The Canon frowned slightly. Amelia had bettered her instructions unbidden. He *was* the least bit like him, else why should the Canon have mistaken him at first sight for his kinsman Bertie? But not very like. 'A mere superficial resemblance,' he went on, hedging violently. 'Just at the first glance, to be sure—having my head full of the subject, and seeing the sailor dress—I mistook him for Bertie. But when I came to look again, the fellow was altogether different. Same build, perhaps, but features gone shorter and thicker and flatter. A man may dye his hair, and cut his beard, and so forth; but hang it all, Mrs Hesslegrave, he can't go and get rid of his own born features.'

He talked all the rest of the way home of nothing on earth except singular resemblances and mistaken identities. There were Perkin Warbeck, and Edmund Wyld, and the Tichborne Claimant. There was Sidney Carton in the *Tale of Two Cities*. And he came back always to the fundamental point, that the features of a face at least—the features must *always* remain; you might dress, and you might paint, but there was no possibility of getting over the features. He over-elaborated this issue, in fact: Kathleen could see from every phrase he was sure in his own heart he had seen Bertie Redburn, and was trying to argue himself, and still more his hearers, out of that positive conviction. Even Mrs Hesslegrave saw it, indeed, and murmured aside to Kathleen as they stood on the steps of the Molo: 'That is Lord Axminster, Kitty, and the dear Canon knew it; but for Algernon Redburn's sake, he didn't like to acknowledge it.'

Kathleen gazed at her seriously. 'Mother, mother,' she cried, in a low voice, 'for Heaven's sake, don't say so. Don't say anything about it. You won't understand yet; but when we get home, I'll tell you. Please,

say nothing more now. If you do, you may upset everything!'

A vague idea crossed Mrs Hesslegrave's mind at that moment that Kathleen might perhaps have known this all along, and that that might account for her being so much taken up with this dreadful sailor-man—who wasn't really a dreadful sailor-man at all, as it turned out, but the real Lord Axminster! If so, how delightful! However, she waited for more light on these matters in Kathleen's own good time, only murmuring meanwhile, half under her breath to her daughter: 'Well, whoever he is, he's a charming fellow. You must admit, yourself, I've thought all along he's a charming fellow.'

By this time the Canon had settled with the gondolier—after a resolute attempt at resistance to the man's extortionate endeavour to exact his proper fare by municipal tariff—and was ready to stroll up to the Hesslegraves' apartments. For it was a principal clause in the Canon's private creed that every foreigner is always engaged in a conspiracy to defraud every British subject on whom he can lay his hands; and that the way to make your road easy across the Continent is to fight every item of every account, all along the line, the moment it is presented. The extortionate gondolier had conquered, however, by producing a printed tariff which fixed his hire at the modest rate of a franc an hour; so the Canon, paying it out without a sou of *pourboire*, strode on towards the lodgings, disconsolate and distracted. He knew in his heart of hearts that was really Axminster; much altered, no doubt, by deliberate disguise; distorted beyond belief, but still undeniably Axminster; and he firmly resolved never to mention his conclusion for worlds to any one—not even to Amelia. A man has no right to appear and disappear and then suddenly crop up again by fits and starts in this uncanny manner—to play bo-peep, as it were, with the House of Lords, the most dignified, exalted, and supreme court in the United Kingdom. Once dead, always dead, was a rule that ought to be applied to these Tichbornian revivalists. If you choose to go out like a candle of your own free-will, why, the world should sternly decline to recognise you when you want to come to life again at inconvenient moments. There should be a Bill brought in to declare Bertie Redburn was really dead; and then dead he should remain, by Act of Parliament!

But as soon as they were inside the house, and Kathleen had gone up with her mother and Mrs Valentine into her pretty little bedroom to take off her bonnet, the Canon's own wife gave vent explosively to a fearful and wholly unexpected disclosure. 'You know, my dear,' she said confidentially, 'that *was* Lord Axminster. I feel quite sure of it. Only, of course, I wouldn't say so, on dear Fred's account. You know dear Fred can't bear to be contradicted.'

Once more Kathleen darted a warning look at her mother; and once more Mrs Hesslegrave accepted the hint blindly. 'But he was so different, the Canon thought,' she remarked, just to keep up the conversation, wondering

It would be no exaggeration to assert that something of Britain's commercial repute is attributable to the gold standard and the uniformity of excellence in our gold coin. If the world were to attain a universal medium of exchange, known and accepted in all the countries of the earth, the British sovereign, from the general acceptance it already finds, would run any competing coin very hard for the place of the international money. Even now, it circulates in some European countries, notably Portugal, as their principal metallic currency.

It might seem paradoxical to assert that we are further off from a 'universal money' than the world was two or three centuries ago. Yet this is only simple fact, for there is no coinage that, in this characteristic of universal appreciation, has approached the silver coin with the ancient name of which we have headed this article, and the remarkable history of which appears not even now to have reached its final chapter. The 'Piece of eight,' or piastre, took its origin in Spain, where the unit of currency as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century was the 'real,' which is known to have been coined in the reign of Pedro the Cruel. The multiple of it which was called the 'piece of eight' appears to have been issued for the first time in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, something like a century later. This gives it an antiquity to which the dollar or 'thaler' can lay no claim. The latter designation, however, has now completely superseded the earlier, though it had its origin in another quarter of Europe. Mr Robert Chalmers, of Her Majesty's Treasury, in his volume on the 'History of Colonial Currency,' states that the Counts of Schlick caused a great number of coins, formerly known as 'gilden groschen,' to be struck in 1517 in the little town of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, and so they came to be called 'Joachimsthaler.' The standard 'real' of Spain, and its multiple, the piece of eight reals, are a century and a half older than the thaler.

The Mexican dollar of to-day is the modern representative of the old piece of eight, and practically almost identical with it. When Sir Isaac Newton was Master of the Mint, he rated the older coin at 4s. 6d. sterling, taking silver at its then price of 5s. 2d. per ounce troy. But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were in circulation several varying issues of it, differing slightly in design and in intrinsic content, and of course differing also in the rating at which they were received.

The influence of Spain was upon the whole far from a beneficent one during her period of authority, but two services in particular which she rendered are worthy of remembrance. It was the Spanish fleet under Columbus which discovered the New World; and it was Spanish soldiers who found the rich treasures of Central and South America, and made them current amongst the nations. The benefit of these discoveries was not confined to Spain; it might almost be said that all the advantage of them was reaped by others. The commercial policy of Spain was dominated by two false ideas: first, that specie was the most desirable form of wealth; and, secondly, that the proper methods of securing success in trade were pro-

tection and oppressive monopolies. The natural consequence of this folly, which is not wholly without modern parallels, was, that her commerce rapidly dwindled, and, within sixty years after the defeat of the Armada, had become almost entirely a thing of the past. The immense stores of gold and silver which Spain imported from the West were no permanent enrichment; they demoralised her people, the specious appearance of vast wealth drawing them away from the industries which alone create and maintain real prosperity. The gradual crumbling of her dominion in the New World forms one of the most instructive and romantic chapters in human history. Upon the ruins of that dominion were founded the West Indian possessions of France, Holland, and Britain, which were destined to grow rapidly in value and importance under conditions of greater freedom and a sounder political system than were possible under their first European masters.

The active agents in bringing to nought the Spanish power in those regions were the buccaneers, who hated the Spaniard, but were not themselves animated by any loftier motives than their great enemy. Indeed, their adventures in search of plunder, their burning and sacking of towns for the sake of the precious metals they could carry away, might appear but a humble imitation of the methods by which Mexico and Peru were conquered. Nothing worthy of permanence could possibly result from their piracies, and seventy years or thereabout covered the entire period of their fierce energy and vitality. But indirectly they conferred the greatest benefits on the colonies and settlements which the seventeenth century saw established in the West Indies. For these sea-rovers returned with their ships laden with spoil, and spent the treasures so acquired in the islands occupied by European settlers, who were thus supplied with what they stood in great need of—a convenient medium of exchange. In their earliest stages, indeed, these colonies were too poor to afford a metallic currency. Gold and silver in the form of money are so much capital withdrawn from production, and set aside to perform a peculiar function. Communities still struggling in their first efforts to develop the resources of the soil found a metallic currency too much of a luxury. At first, therefore, the British plantations and colonies in the West were familiar only with barter; the staple commodities were their coin, and were rated for the purpose in terms of sterling. Several of them for a lengthened period reckoned in sugar or in tobacco; 'muscovado,' or brown sugar, for example, was rated in Barbadoes for purposes of account, first, at 10s. per hundred pounds; again at 16s.; and finally at 12s. 6d., the most generally accepted rate.

Nor was the practice different for a time in any of the West Indian or American settlements. A complete list of these currency commodities would include many articles that in such a connection would sound oddly to modern ears; such—to name a few instances—as indigo, wheat, furs, logwood, and dried codfish! But when the trade of the new colonies began to increase, and the need of a currency became more urgent, the buccaneers made the island of Jamaica their headquarters, and imported immense quantities

of coin. From that island the neighbouring colonies derived a supply for themselves, and gradually were able to dispense with barter and to adopt the methods of civilisation. The coin thus introduced was the piece of eight, the old Spanish or Mexican dollar. Oldmixon, in his 'British Empire in America' (1708), tells us that 'though Barbadoes could never boast of equal advantages with Jamaica as to the trade to the Spanish West Indies, and had never such resort of pirates, who are the men that make silver plenty, yet four or five years ago there was a great running cash in the island, thought to amount to no less than £200,000 sterling in value, many merchants at the Bridge having paid £10,000 ready-money upon occasion; but that plenty is now so abated that it is well if there's a fourth part of that sum at this time in Barbadoes.'

It is not easy to conceive where there could have been found a substitute for the piece-of-eight, the dollar of Spain and Mexico, equally convenient and equally suitable to the wants of the communities to which we have referred. Certainly no other coin fills anything like so large a place in the history of colonial currency up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Not only in the West Indian colonies, but in the plantations on the mainland of America, in Canada, in Maryland, and on this side of the Atlantic also, in St Helena and Sierra Leone, the dollar was the predominant, if not the sole important, element in their metallic money. Even in England itself, the coin was well known; and there is an interesting and authentic anecdote of the merchants in Queen Elizabeth's time addressing a remonstrance to her, because she insisted on exporting to the East silver stamped with her own effigy and her own device. When they complained that English money was not known in Asia, and would not be accepted, only Spanish dollars being current there, she insisted so much the more, being resolved to show the peoples of the eastern hemisphere that she was as great and powerful a sovereign as the king of Spain.

The greatest difficulty which the colonists experienced in connection with the piece-of-eight was the difference of rating which prevailed in different colonies, a rating which varied from about 4s. to 7s. It is stated that in 1700 it was valued at 4s. 6d. sterling in Maryland and Virginia; at 5s. in Carolina and the Bahamas; at 6s. 6d. in New York and New England; and at 7s. in Pennsylvania. Not until well into the present century was great progress made with the substitution of our own British currency throughout the colonies, one chief effect of which substitution was the driving of the Mexican dollar across the ocean, to become even more largely than before the current money of the eastern world.

Of this famous coin, then, which takes us back to the days when Spain was a powerful and splendid empire; which formed the rich booty in the holds of the buccaneers, and was carried by them into the young and vigorous British settlements in the West Indies; which was familiar in the daily commerce of a hundred lands, East and West; which has since been the model and pattern of other important coins, from

the United States dollar to the Japanese 'yen,' we might surely without exaggeration affirm, that it can boast the most remarkable and the most romantic history of any coin in the world.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER II.

THE somewhat ceremonious dinner at Deepdene had drawn to an end. The function was always a more or less solemn one, invariably held in the great dining-hall, with its polished walls, where the spears and ancient arms shone dimly. A shaded argand lamp threw a subdued light upon glass and silver and the picturesque confusion of fruit; the butler had a light to himself on the buffet where the racing-cups were. There was but one spot of crystal flame in the midst of darkness dim and quiet.

Usually conversation between father and daughter proceeded smoothly enough; but on the present occasion they said but little. There had been a delay on the line in consequence of the breakdown of a train, and Ambrose de Ros had not yet arrived. The ordeal was merely postponed.

Vera felt ill at ease, nervous almost. In an absent-minded way, she sat before the piano in the drawing-room playing impromptu snatches. There was ample glow there from the candles on the silver branches to light up Vera's face. She looked cold and haughty in black lace, which showed up the ivory whiteness of her arms. There were diamonds in her hair.

De Ros stood before the high open grate, which was empty save for its complement of feathery ferns and Parma violets. He looked at his watch for the twentieth time. As he did so, there came the crunch of wheels on the gravelled drive. 'I thought I heard the brougham,' he said. 'They have arrived.' The speaker took a step forward, then his mind changed. After all, it was idle to expect him to *welcome* the coming guests. Courtesy and politeness they would have, but nothing more.

Then the drawing-room door opened, and a solemn footman entered. 'Mr de Ros and Mr David de Ros,' he said, and vanished.

Vera rose to her feet, a superb figure, and stood by her father's side. Her dark eyes were calm and steady as she surveyed the intruders. She was prepared for all that was commonplace and plain, and she found it. Still, the personality of the new head of the house might have been worse. Naturally, it was he who first engaged Vera's attention. The other was merely a young person of the name of David, the class of youth that patrician beauty comes in contact with in shops, a necessary social machine.

Ambrose de Ros stood with the light full upon his face. He smiled. Apparently, he was no more embarrassed than he would have been amongst his sheep. And there was no looking

over his head either, for he stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet, which, you will admit, is a tremendous advantage in an interview of this kind. He was broad, too, in proportion—a perfect giant of a man, with a wonderful chest and shoulders. He was straight as a dart. He had regular features, a wonderfully pleasant smile, and blue eyes. Vera gasped. The man was a gentleman. Yes, merely an uneducated shepherd, but unmistakably a gentleman. Nature is a staunch republican in these matters, unfortunately for the theory of hereditary gentility. Vera could not look into that gentle, refined face and doubt it.

'You are welcome,' Dene de Ros murmured. 'I am glad to see you.'

'Yes,' Vera echoed, 'we are both pleased to make your acquaintance.'

The new owner of Deepdene advanced with extended hand. There was a pleasant smile on his lips as he crushed Vera's fingers in a grasp like a vice. 'I am glad to hear you say so,' he responded. His voice was wonderfully sweet and sympathetic, clear and soft as a woman's. 'Fourteen thousand miles have we travelled to see the old place that belonged to my ancestors. David didn't want to come; he was all for letting these things be; but I said no. Not that we're come to turn you out of this house; don't you think it; but I wanted to see my own flesh and blood. I'm a poor uneducated man, who's got his own living ever since twelve years old, and therefore not fit for the likes of you. Very likely you will look down on me, which is natural—'

'They will not look down on you,' David interrupted. 'Nobody who ever knew you well ever did that, father.'

There was an awkward pause for a moment, during which Vera's clear, calm eyes closely scanned the last speaker. Despite his homely name, David was a gentleman too. He was a De Ros every inch of him, with the same dark hair and pallid cheek, save that his eyes were blue. It was De Ros physically glorified by the importation of fresh healthy blood in the family. And the young man's speech, if lacking repose and the falsetto throatiness which obtains in refined circles, was correct and harmonious.

'Now, don't you interrupt me, Dave,' the elder man went on, laying his hand upon his son's shoulder with rugged affection. 'Mind you what the Book says concernin' a son's duty to his parents.—As I was saying, sir, I was only a poor shepherd, although I managed to give Dave the benefit of an education. I can't read myself.'

Vera laughed. The confession was so naïve, that all the sting went out of it. Fancy a De Ros of Deepdene who was unable to peruse the *Times*!

'But Dave had advantages. It was terrible hard to part with him; but I did it, and I'm glad. He went to Melbourne, and there he became a gentleman. It was there that he learnt the ways of good society.'

'Exalted society,' David remarked with a certain frigid candour. 'I was assistant in a dry-goods store in Little Collins Street.'

'Where the society was good and the pay excellent,' Ambrose de Ros remarked with pride. 'But Dave was always a very ambitious lad; and I hope, for his sake, that you will be pleasant and amiable to me.'

'They will do so for your own sake, when they know you,' David put in parenthetically.

'Be friendly to me,' Ambrose went on, without noticing the interruption, 'because my boy is a good boy, and a credit to his parents. I come here with peace and good-will in my heart; my feelings go out to you—yes, go out to you.' He repeated the last phrase with childish delight in his own eloquence.

'I don't come as a thief and a robber, to deprive you of this dear old place, which you love as part of yourselves. I don't ask for much. I only want to be on pleasant terms with my own flesh and blood. Let me have the younger brother's portion, the place they call the Dyke, and the little money as goes with it. That's all—only that. And your good-will and esteem. And in saying this I simply echo the feelings of my boy who stands there before you.'

'I thank you for your consideration,' Dene de Ros replied. 'I can see that your little speech cost you a considerable effort.'

'Ay, you may well say that,' exclaimed Ambrose. 'Three months on and off, I've been learning that speech by heart, and yet, when I came into the room, all the tender bits seemed to go out of my head. I did intend to drop into poetry; but I quite forgot it.'

'And yet my father never heard of Silas Wegg,' David said dryly.

'I knew a Wegg who was a driver on Paterson's Station,' Ambrose said innocently. 'But if I remember rightly, his name was Jacob.'

There was another awkward pause, during which Dene de Ros pulled his moustache uneasily. He did not feel himself; he was awkward and restless before these people, whom he could not treat, as he would have liked, with his best and chilliest Quarter-sessions manner. And yet the man who supplanted him stood there smiling and absolutely self-possessed. David smiled too, but then he was reading the thoughts of his host, and they amused him.

'Perhaps I had better speak for my father,' the younger man said at length, 'as it was arranged that I should do. There is no question that this house and the estate connected with it belongs to us.'

'You will find no opposition to that statement,' Dene de Ros said coldly.

'I thank you,' David replied as serenely. 'It will be as well, perhaps, for you to listen to all I have to say before interrupting me again. In the first place, let me thank you for our reception. It is better than we had any right to expect. Naturally, you regard us as interlopers, aliens who appear unexpectedly, and thrust you from your inheritance.'

'Beautiful!' Ambrose murmured. 'That's the result of a natural aptitude for speaking, fostered by association with gentlefolks.'

Vera, to whom this information was communicated in a stage-whisper, bowed coldly, yet conscious of amusement. Like a great many uneducated men, Ambrose de Ros had a weak-

ness for long words, and a wonderful faculty for grasping their meaning and pronunciation. It was quaint and amusing altogether; all the same it was irritating to find a De Ros regarding a shop assistant as a superior. They were the gentlefolk of David's past.

'But you need have no fear,' David continued. 'My father and I have thoroughly discussed the whole matter, and we are perfectly agreed to take no more than he has suggested.—Mr de Ros, for many years your father held this estate, deeming it to be his own; for more years still you have been master here. Is it right that you should be deprived now of your possessions? No. I have my own ambitions to serve. I came to see my father placed in a position of comfort in his declining years; and the younger son's portion will suffice us both. We decline to accept the ownership of Deepdene.'

A thrill of admiration glowed in Vera's breast. The speaker's tones were full and clear, his head was erect. There was no dry-goods salesman there. David was De Ros, the spirit of the race personified.

'I thank you from the bottom of my heart,' Vera's father replied with a little catch in his voice; 'and it is a great consolation to find that my successors will be worthy of the best traditions of our house.—But nothing shall alter my resolution. The place belongs to your father; I can hold it no longer.'

'And this is your absolute determination?' David asked.

'Sir, a De Ros never changes his mind,' was the haughty reply. 'I decline to go on living here under false pretences; I could not do it.'

'David,' Ambrose said reproachfully, 'didn't I tell you this would happen? When Swayne found me out, and told me all that had taken place in the past, and what I was entitled to, didn't I suggest pulling up the sticks and making a bolt of it? "Let us get away from him, so that he can't find us again," I said, because something seemed to tell me that it would come to this.—My dear young lady, I can see that your heart is warm, although your face is cold. I want you to believe that if I'd known what was going to happen, I would have died rather than caused this pain.'

'I am sorry,' Vera murmured, a little touched in spite of herself. 'I am quite willing to believe all that you say; but it cannot be otherwise.'

She moved across the room to the piano, and commenced to play. There was nothing contemptuous or distant in the action, she was merely actuated by a desire to set the Australians more at their ease, to give them a home-like feeling, and show that an awkward incident was closed.

Presently she looked up, and saw that the two elders were conversing earnestly together. Then David crossed over to the piano and stood by Vera's side. She gave him a friendly smile of encouragement. 'Do you know,' she said with a sudden burst of confidence, 'I like your father. He seems to be such a wonderfully single-minded man.'

David's features lighted up with a glow of

enthusiasm. 'He is one of the best men in the world!' he exclaimed. 'He has been mother and father to me; he almost starved himself, so that I might have a decent education. Only, he *will* shake hands with people.'

Vera glanced down demurely at the diamonds on her right hand.

'Of course,' David said, noting the glance; 'and I specially warned him when he came in. I think that my father is the strongest man that I ever met in my life.'

'He certainly impressed me with that fact,' Vera laughed. 'But all the same, I think I am going to like your father very much.'

They breakfasted the following morning in one of the smaller rooms, looking out on the terraced lawn beyond the moat to the park, where the deer lay in the shadow of the great umbrageous oaks. The hour was late for visitors accustomed to rise with the sun, and they had both been out long before. The meal was fairly cheerful. It seemed to be tacitly understood that no further allusion should be made to the ownership of Deepdene. That had been absolutely settled by Dene de Ros on the previous evening.

There was a sunny smile on the face of Ambrose as he took his seat at the table. Everything seemed to be the brighter and better for his presence. 'I've been up since four,' he said. 'I've been all through the village and into most of the cottages.—Cousin Dene, these cottages want seeing to.'

'Do they?' Dene asked carelessly. 'Bronson looks into these matters.'

'Well, he hasn't looked very far—that's all I can say,' Ambrose responded. 'Some of them are tumbling down, and the hinds there tell me the labourers' wages on the estate are only fourteen shillings a week. Now, when I'—The speaker paused in some confusion. His own innate tact and refined feeling warned him that he was about to inflict pain upon two of his audience. But Dene de Ros came gravely to the rescue. 'You were about to say that you will alter things when the estate comes into your hands,' he said quietly. 'Yes, that is all right.'

'I am ashamed to say I was,' Ambrose stammered. 'I was going to blunder that out when I stopped. Why? Because it would have been a wicked thing to do. But look you here, Cousin Dene. Isn't it as wicked and as shameful to own ten thousand pounds a year and pay men, with souls in their bodies and families to keep, wages like these? And when they are worked to a standstill, where do they go? To the poorhouse. And if they are ill, what do they get? Nothing. Ah, it is hard, hard, I tell you. And I know, my friends, because I have suffered that way myself.'

'You are a republican,' Vera said with a little smile.

Ambrose's face grew wonderfully grave and solemn. His lips trembled, but the infinitely kind light still dwelt in his blue eyes.

'I am for the Queen,' he said simply. 'But if it's a question of grinding down one of God's poor creatures for the benefit of one richer and more powerful than himself, then I'm a republican indeed. My dear, it seems

to me that you are a very ignorant young woman, after all.'

Vera laughed as she rose from the table; it was impossible to be angry with the speaker. In his own rugged, simple way, his dignity was quite as great and lofty as that of Dene de Ros himself.

'You must not mind my father,' David remarked, as they made a tour of the house after breakfast, the young people a little behind the elders. 'He does not mean to be unkind; but he is terribly in earnest.'

'And so are you, or I am lamentably out in my reading. Strange, in a man who has mixed in the very best Melbourne society!'

David laughed; he quite appreciated the satire. 'There is another evidence of my father's simplicity of character,' he said. 'When he came to see me at the store where I was engaged, he used to abase himself before the assistants there. I tell you there was not one of them fit to black his boots; and yet, like myself, he is no respecter of persons as persons.'

'Then you have no admiration for the class to which you belong?'

'My experience of them does not warrant reverence,' David said dryly. 'I met a good many scions of nobility down under, most of whom were patriots.'

'Patriots!' Vera replied with a puzzled expression. 'Is that colonial slang?'

'Indeed, no,' said David. 'They all recalled the lines:

True patriots we, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

For instance, there was a cab-driver who was a member of the Upper House. We had a Baronet in the stores, who ran errands. You couldn't, by any stretch of imagination, call *him* a gentleman, you know. Then there was the younger son of a well-known Viscount, who marked in a billiard saloon. No; on the whole I did not form a high opinion of the aristocracy.'

Vera was silent, full of new ideas. It came as a revelation to her that race and rank could fall so low. Presently they came to the end of the corridor, where the mellowed sunlight flashed on the yellow keys of the old organ. Vera's fingers touched it lovingly. 'Ah,' she said with a little sigh, 'I shall miss the delightful instrument of Father Smith.'

'But why should you?' David asked eagerly. 'You have made up your minds not to stay here, and we must bow to your wishes. But surely treasures like these are not to be counted as houses and land. Take your organ.'

'No, no,' Vera said coldly. 'It is part of the house. See! it is built into the wall, and every mistress of Deepdene has played upon it since the maker first tuned these dingy pipes. No; I will come and play upon it, if you like, sometimes—that is, if I *may*. I should as soon think of taking Don del Roso's casket as the organ.' Vera pointed to the oaken chest, on the top of which the dust gleamed blue and saffron in the sunlight. Then, for David's benefit, she read the old inscription and told the simple old story.

'I must look into that some day,' David said with interest. 'Anything old, like that, has a wonderful fascination for me. It points to the fact that within that casket lies the secret and mandragora for the cure of trouble.—Do you understand the hidden meaning that lies under these words?'

'There is popularly supposed to be one; but the parable is beyond me,' Vera replied, a note of incredulity in her voice. 'There has been no direct break in the male line since Del Roso wrote that doggerel. Perhaps you are the prophet from a far country who is to solve it.'

The time came ere long when those words recurred with terrible force. Meanwhile, the sun shone; the drowsy hum of bees floated in through the window; a starling chattered on one of the limes outside, and, like a snake in the grass, there peered in the face of Joshua Swayne. He nodded familiarly to Dene de Ros; his manner to Ambrose was servile.

A flush mounted to Ambrose's face, his blue eyes were cloudy. 'Man,' he said sternly, 'where are your manners? When I want you, I will send for you. Now, go.'

Dene de Ros could have done it no better. There was the dignity of the born aristocrat in every gesture. Swayne crept away.

'Cousin,' said Ambrose, 'I am no judge of men and manners; but it seems to me that that man is a scoundrel.'

Swayne passed over the rustic bridge; he heard not the chatter of the starling, for his heart was full of bitterness and malice. 'Ah!' he muttered, 'if they only knew! But there is time enough for that.'

TWO INTERESTING WOMEN.

It has been well said that the most appropriate inscription for the tombstones of even the most effective of the world's workers would be, 'Toil-some and incomplete; and this is brought home to us most painfully when useful lives are cut down in their prime and their direct influence is no longer felt among us. A year ago, gloom was cast over the society of Stockholm by a telegram from Naples announcing the death of Anne Charlotte Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, better known as Mrs Edgren, authoress of *True Women*. Not two years before that sad event, Professor Sonja Kovalevsky, the best friend of the gifted Swede, had been taken away, and both of these were, if not great, at least eminent women and striking personalities.

Sonja (Sophia) Vasilievna was born in December 1853 at Palibino, the family estate of her father, General Krukovski, in the petty government of Vitebska. She used to account for her varied gifts and graces hereditarily thus: 'I received my desire for knowledge from my Hungarian ancestor, King Mathias Corvinus; aptitude for mathematics and the musical and lyrical sense from my German grandmother's father, the astronomer Schubert; love of individual freedom from Poland; love of wandering

and a difficulty in following conventional forms from a gipsy ancestress; the rest from Russia.' In her twelfth year Sonja began to read mathematics with a boy of the same age, and she soon became so passionately absorbed in the subject that her father thought fit to prohibit the 'unwomanly' study. Not deterred by this obstacle, the girl continued to work in secret, and taught herself trigonometry, till a friend of the family discovered her astonishing aptitude, and succeeded in securing for her lessons in mathematics during the sojourn of the family in St Petersburg. But all her prayers to be allowed to go further were in vain, for young girls who left home to pursue their studies were regarded in Russian aristocratic circles as nihilistically inclined. At that time the fifteen-year-old Sonja had made the acquaintance of a young student, Kovalevsky, who offered to run away with her in order that she might procure her freedom. But the family physician, to whom Sonja revealed their plans, said that it might be death to her father, who had a heart-complaint. The young people therefore determined to form a marriage compact, and immediately thereafter to part, he to pursue his studies in natural history, she in mathematics.

In the year 1869, the young wife, not yet sixteen years old, became a student at Heidelberg University, and after a few years' hard work there, proceeded to Berlin, where she awoke such a lively interest in the great mathematician Weierstrass, that although the university was not open to women, he gave her special instruction for four years. At the end of that time she followed the advice of Weierstrass, and sent three treatises to Göttingen, where they attracted so much attention that she was made Doctor of the university without further examination—an unprecedented distinction. But Weierstrass's hopes of his pupil were not satisfied till she completed a treatise on the 'Propagation of Light;' then he acknowledged that he had not mistaken her powers.

At this time a change came over Sonja Kovalevsky's manner of life, and she took up her abode with her husband. After their first and only child was born in the autumn of 1879, their wanderings ceased, and they made their home in Moscow, where Vladimir Kovalevsky, himself an eminent scientist, would have been appointed Professor of Palæontology had he not suddenly died in 1883. His wife's large paternal inheritance had been embarked in undertakings which did not pay; and now the young widow was left penniless, and was obliged to procure a livelihood for her daughter and herself.

She first sought work in Russia, where her European reputation gained her the offer of a situation as teacher in a girls' school up to the fifth class; higher than that no female teacher was supposed competent to instruct. Then she tried, unsuccessfully, to get an appointment at the university of Helsingfors; and it was after this vain attempt that the Swedish Professor

Mittag-Leffler, who was in Helsingfors at the time, persuaded her to go to Stockholm. Consequently, she left her child behind her with Russian relations, and gave lectures during the spring session of 1884 as *privat-docent* at the High School of Stockholm with such success that she was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the High School. Stockholm may be proud of having thus recognised the merit of the first woman of our century to fill an academic teacher's situation. All sceptical remarks as to the competency of the female Professor were silenced when the French Academy of Science awarded her the Bordinska prize for her competitive paper on a prescribed subject. Before the sealed envelopes which contained the names of the competitors were opened, the Academy had decided to raise the prize from three thousand to five thousand francs because of the extraordinary merit of Sonja Kovalevsky's treatise.

After this, her mathematical productive powers required a resting-time. But rest for her meant merely change of work, and the first result of her friendship with Anne Charlotte Leffler was the drama entitled 'The Struggle for Happiness,' the idea of which was Sonja's, the execution her Swedish friend's. Meanwhile, she was writing the recollections of her childish life, which appeared under the title 'From Russian Life,' in July 1889. This work was enthusiastically applauded both in Russia and Scandinavia.

Sonja Kovalevsky cared but little for the homage which was paid to her; and after she had conquered the prejudices of her family and contemporaries on the subject of woman's scientific capabilities, she had no desire to contend any more. It was self-evident to her that no limit could be put to the development of woman's powers, hence the woman question was for her no longer an isolated problem. She saw in it merely an important part of the great social problem of humanity, from whose solution she hoped for the greatest good of the greatest number, women included. Before she herself had perfected her scientific culture, she always upheld her sex bravely. For instance, one of her friends tells that, at one of George Eliot's Sunday receptions, an elderly gentleman who was unknown to Mrs Kovalevsky gave utterance to the belief that woman did not possess the scientific, creative power. Sonja Kovalevsky immediately fired up, and, encouraged by George Eliot's smile, defended her sex so brilliantly that all declared her the victor in the argument. After the departure of her opponent, the hostess asked if Mrs Kovalevsky knew *whom* she had vanquished, and named, to her guest's utter surprise, Herbert Spencer. Truth to tell, after she became Professor, Sonja leaned gradually more and more to Spencer's opinion, that originality and the creative do not generally pertain to women in the domain of science.

In the course of her travels, Mrs Kovalevsky came into personal contact with most of the greatest authors of her time—Turgenjeff, Tolstoi, and Dostojevsky among others. She lived in Darwin's house, and enjoyed friendly intercourse with George Eliot, whom she regarded as the greatest of all literary women. Her facility for acquiring languages was extraordinary, and she

was well read in the best books of her own country, Germany, England, France, and Scandinavia.

All this, alas! was accomplished at too great a cost. She 'burned the candle at both ends,' and had to pay the penalty. Just before her death, she felt an inclination to grapple again with a great mathematical work, and she hesitated whether to begin it at once or wait till she had given body to some of her many literary conceptions. In the midst of all this intensity of life, death came, and she passed away to the Silent Land on the 4th of February 1891. Her friends who mourn her loss feel that it was not her greatness which made her so dear to them, but that which they love to dwell on is the combination in her of 'great thoughts and a pure heart.'

Anne Charlotte Leffler, daughter of Rector J. O. Leffler, was born in October 1849, and began to write novels in her twentieth year. In 1872 she married Justice Edgren, Secretary to the chief Stadtholder; but this union was productive of much unhappiness. Her most important works were written after 1880, just at the time when the chief literary interest of young Sweden was bestowed on the woman question. Mrs Edgren's utterances on this subject were both powerful and healthy. She shared the naive trustfulness and hope of her contemporaries, who believed that they had only to point out where the existing order of things was wrong, and straightway people in general would hasten to make all right. The wrong relations of wife to husband, of young to old, of child to parents, of subordinates to employers, were all set forth; and these are the themes which Mrs Edgren handles in her writings. In the drama of 'True Women' she shows that woman herself is frequently to blame for her subordinate position, and for the contemptuous treatment which she sometimes receives from men. The woman who condones the immorality of her husband, and does not expect the strictest integrity from him, loses her own self-respect, and at the same time lowers the standard of domestic and social life. The plain speaking which is indulged in by the *dramatis personæ* of this play was so unwelcome to many, that at its second representation in Stockholm, although the theatre was crowded, the audience did not include above a dozen men.

Her next work, 'How People do Good,' describes the heartlessness with which working-people are frequently treated by those whose subscriptions for public charities and indefatigable efforts at bazaars, &c., procure for them a reputation for benevolence. 'A Summer Tale,' which followed, contrasts a strong Norse nature with pithless types of cultured Swedish humanity at a watering-place. From this time may be dated Mrs Edgren's growing antipathy to theories, and her approach to nature as the safest guide in human affairs. The rupture with her literary past was complete when, in 1890, she married the Duke of Cajanello, an Italian scientist. In the books which she wrote in Italy, she renounced her former theories on women's rights, and extolled the guidance of impulse. What would have been the further influence of the blue skies and full

luxurious life of a southern land we cannot tell, for death crossed the threshold of her new home a few months after the birth of her only child; and she, too, passed away October 21, 1892.

THE CHAIN-MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A ROMANCE OF TOIL IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

By HILTON HILL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

BOB HIBDEN, and Dan Helm, his 'helper,' were members of a night-shift, a few years before mechanical invention had stripped cable-chain making of some of its manual labour. The chain-shop was a long, low, narrow, irregular building; down each side were ten rows of glowing forges; here and there one flashed forth meteoric sparks, as clinking hammers welded link to link. Dense clouds of smoke floated up and about the black dust-laden rafters, and out through the imperfectly tiled roof, into the cool September air. Standing at one end of the shop, one man could scarcely see another, so foul was it with gaseous vapours.

Dan Helm, the 'helper,' was a tall, muscular young fellow of twenty-four, with deep blue eyes, and regular features, framed in a well-proportioned dark-brown beard. As he straightened himself, one naturally speculated on how well he would look in the habiliments of a Guardsman. As the brawny smiths paused to rest, they deftly scraped the trickling perspiration from their brows and dashed it to the floor.

'This is the tenth link, bain't it, Dan?' asked Hibden.

'Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. This is the twelfth link, Mr Hibden,' replied the 'helper,' counting up the night's work.

'Then, by my empty feeling an' the number o' heats, it mun be near supper-time, lad.'

'Yes; it's getting on for it,' Dan assented.

'It's a middling night's work, twelve links,' observed Hibden reflectively, looking at the glowing coil at his feet.

'Yes, it is, Mr Hibden,' replied his helper.

'"Mister" Hibden,' repeated the older man. 'That be two or three times to-night you'n called me "Mister."—Come now, what bin yo' wanting? There's somethink, I can see. Is it more wage?'

'Oh no—nothing of the kind,' replied the young fellow, smiling, but not without an evasive downward glance as he picked out the clinkers from the forge.

'There's somethink wanted,' I know, continued Hibden. 'The parson doesna come wi' his sleek perliteness o' calling me "Mister" every other word, except when he wants some o' my hard-earned brass for a new organ, or somethink o' t' kind. Them as don't want anythink o' me calls me Hibden—Bob Hibden, or Gaffer, as you'n bin calling me afore to-night.'

Dan did not reply; he was thoughtfully replenishing the fire. He knew he was guilty of unconsciously using the objectionable prefix in

a conciliatory sense. He did want something; but he felt it were better asked for later, when, after a large night's work, Hibden would be in a more pleasing frame of mind.

A thick-set, undersized man was Hibden, with brick-red hair and beard, big hairy hands, and long sinewy arms, a short muscular neck, surmounted by a square, close-cropped head, and a grotesque little turn-up nose. He wore a gray flannel sleeveless shirt, open at the breast, revealing a well-developed chest.

It was said 'Bob' Hibden in his younger days came from Lancashire, where he had a local reputation as a sagacious dog-fancier and a pugilist of no mean ability. For years his habitual Sunday recreation was a dog or a cock fight, or attending a secret fistic encounter among his chain-making pals.

The gentle, patient woman he had espoused in Warwick, strove to reform him, with discouraging results. He was skilful at his trade, and earned a large wage; but until his child Janet was born, nothing was put by, though he generally had twenty or thirty pounds ready to wager on some local sporting event.

It was after the birth of her child, and during what seemed a fatal illness, that his wife, by tearful pleading, induced him to buy—for the child's sake—what was now the first cottage in 'Hibden's Row.' For fifteen years the devoted woman struggled on until 'No. 8' was built; then, as Hibden had begun to take a pride in considering himself a man of property, the good wife passed away, worn out in the battle with such a barbarous nature.

After resting a few minutes, Hibden said: 'Janet's late wi' my supper to-night, bain't her?'

'Perhaps a little,' replied his helper.

'Ow! here her comes,' cried Hibden, as the figure of a pale young woman about twenty approached, and became more distinct through the murky air. When the blazing forges lit up her features, she was seen to be a comely girl, with large brown eyes, and darker hair, brushed smoothly over her temples, which gave her a mature look, as if she had felt many of the cares of life, but few of its joys. She wore a quilted print bonnet and a plaid shawl, and carried in her hand a bowl tied up in a red handkerchief, which contained her father's supper.

'You're a bit late, Janet, lass,' said Hibden as she drew near.

'Yes, daddie,' she replied; 'the fire was a bit contrary to-night.'

She drew from her pocket a spoon, knife, and fork; and her father eagerly began to dispose of the savoury contents of the bowl.

Dan had seated himself a little aside, on a pile of chain, and was eating his supper. The girl cast an inquiring glance at him, and as she passed on her way out, he said in a low voice: 'I haven't asked him yet, Janet, but I will before morning.'

They were lovers, and Dan had promised to tell Hibden of his attachment for his daughter.

One Sunday in August, a few weeks after Dan Helm had come to work for Hibden, he was sitting on the stile in his workaday clothes,

when Janet passed through the fields on her way to the parish church.

'Good-morning,' she had said cheerfully.

'Good-morning,' returned Dan, hastily removing his black clay pipe, as unfit for the presence of such lovely company. 'Going to church, Miss Hibden?'

'Yes, Mr Helm. Aren't you going?'

'I ain't been since my mother died,' replied Dan, with a lump in his throat at the recollection.

'But wouldn't you feel better for it?' asked the girl sympathetically.

'I might,' he replied. 'But look at my hands, scarred, and burnt, and blistered, and as cracked as the back of a turtle; they're out of place in such company.'

'Oh, that would make no difference; it comes from honest work. I really think you would like it, after a bit.'

Little more was said then; but Dan's eyes followed the comely girl with a look of admiration. The next Sunday he was at the stile dressed in his best, waiting for her.

'I think I'll go to church, Miss Hibden,' he said as she came up. 'Can I walk along with you?'

'Yes. Why not? as we're both going there,' she answered with a blush at his hidden meaning.

'I—I didn't know whether you'd like to be seen leading a black-sheep.'

'Don't say "black-sheep;" you're only a neglected one, I'm sure, Mr Helm.'

These Sabbath walks to and from church opened a new life for this young couple, and it was not long before tender words took the place of sympathetic counsel.

As the gray streaks of the morning light were struggling through the begrimed windows of the chain-works, Dan found courage to say: 'It's not a bad night's work, Gaffer.'

'Now, it's not,' replied Hibden, regarding the heap of chain with a calculating look. 'Best we'en ever done, I think, by t' look.'

'Best in my time, and I've been with you now going on three months.'

'Ay, it will be three month come Michlemus. —But what o' that?'—with a keen inquiring glance at his helper.

'You've found me steady, reliable, and not afraid of hard work, Mis—Gaffer?'

'That I'll none deny. Well?'

'When I came here, I told you I was a moulder by trade. Our lads at Sheffield had seen fit to go out on a strike—and we'd been out two months, and I was jolly well sick of it, and cut away to find something to do—I didn't care what. You gave me a job, at a wage nothing like what I'd been used to—you promised me more, to be sure—but—'

'I knew—I knew!' cried Hibden. 'All that "Mistering" last night meant more wage.'

'You're wrong, Gaffer; I've not asked you for more wage, nor am I going to, for I'm intending to leave you.'

'What! leave me—leave me!' gasped Hibden. 'Then what in blazes is it yo' want wi' o' this "Mistering"?'

'I want,' said Dan, looking Hibden resolutely in the eye, 'to marry your daughter Janet.'

For a moment the Gaffer was struck dumb; then, looking the young fellow over with a sinister smile, relieved himself with an oath. 'Hum! that's the game, be it?'

Dan nodded a firm assent.

Then, as usual when baffled, Hibden fell back on a snarling ironical tone. 'Ho! ho! Yo' only want my daughter? An' belike yo' wouldn't mind me chucking in a cottage, an' a hundred pound to furnish it wi'? An' a pony an' trap to ride round during th' honeymoon.'

'Come, come—this is nonsense, Hibden,' said Dan. 'Janet has promised to marry me with your consent.'

'Ho, ho! her has, has her!'—fiercely ironical.

'Many a young chap hereabouts would have run away with her first and asked your consent after. I've been open and fair with you, I'—

'Ho ay; yo' 'n been open an' fair! Open an' fair as a weasel as collars little tender chicks at night w'en th' old watch-dog is dozing. I'm th' old watch-dog; I've been dozing; but yo' 'll find I'm waken in time. Yo' hav'na got my chick, nor yo' won't.'

'You refuse me, then?'

'Ay, I refuse yo'—doggedly.'

'For what reason?'

'I doesna need much reason. My helper works for me two months; he finds out as I've a row o' ten houses, that brings me in forty shillin' a week, an' a handsome thrifty lass. Ho! he says, this shop will just do for me; an' so he slyly makes love to my daughter. He's a tramp when he comes to me'—

'That's not true, and you know it! I only tramped from Birmingham, reduced to that by a loyalty to a long hopeless strike, in which I had no sympathy.' Dan was fast losing control of that diplomatic calmness which he had intended to maintain for Janet's sake.

'I say yer ver' a tramp.'

'And I say you lie!' flashed back the young fellow, his blue eyes blazing forth the indignation he could no longer subdue.

'There's nobbut one thing for that,' exclaimed Hibden, deliberately taking off his waistcoat; 'an' that's a good drubbing for one on us. No mon calls me a liar wi'out paying for't.'

'Keep off, Hibden!' warned Dan, as he parried a blow savagely aimed at his ear. 'It don't become me to fight a man of your age, and I don't want to, but'—

Hibden lunged at him again. The other mates came rushing up to see the bout. Finally, after a brief tussle, Hibden had, for the first time in a long pugnacious career, to see himself humiliated before his shopmates. Gradually, Hibden became winded, and Dan at length held him pinned against the brick forge.

'You'm beat, Hibden! you'm beat! you'm getting too old for't now,' cried one of his men as Dan released him, gasping for breath.

'If you ever cross my path again,' cried Hibden, in helpless rage, 'I'll do for you.'

'Tut, tut!' scornfully retorted Dan, as he leisurely left the shop with some of the younger men.

Hibden raged about for some time, and then

trudged off by himself in a turbulent frame of mind.

It was early morning when he reached home. Janet was sleeping soundly. He went into the scullery, and thoroughly douched himself with cold water, as usual, and then went to bed; but he could not sleep.

At eight, he heard his daughter busy with her morning duties; usually, she brought his substantial breakfast to his bedside; but on this occasion he was too restless to wait, so dressed, and planted himself before the kitchen fire, lit his pipe, and contemplated the girl in sullen silence.

Plainer than words, his actions told Janet the worst had happened. As she flitted about laying the table, his eyes followed her, and though avoiding his glance, she was fully conscious of its purport. Never before had he noticed how quietly and methodically she worked—how comely and tidy she looked—how scrupulously clean and white the hearth—how brightly polished the fire-irons, the bits of brass about the kitchen, and the burnished copper kettle given to her mother as a wedding present by Aunt Janet.

'Her's a lass to be proud on,' Hibden said to himself; 'but her shan't throw hersel' away on a tramp helper.'

His bull-pup, Bendigo, lay blinking at him in a corner of the room, well out of reach of his master's hobnailed boot, for he instinctively divined his savage mood.

Placing the bacon on the table and pouring out his coffee, Janet timidly said: 'Breakfast is ready, daddie.' She had never called him anything but daddie from the day she could first lisp his name.

Mechanically he seated himself before his plate. She helped him as usual to two substantial rashers, cut the bread, sweetened his coffee, and then sat down opposite him.

He took one mouthful, then pushed back his plate, and exclaimed: 'I can't eat ony breakfast; tak' it away!'

'Are you ill, daddie?'

'Yo' know blessed well I'm none ill'—

'What has happened?'

'Yo' know blessed well what's happened; yo' know what underhand games has been goin' on between yon helper o' mine an' yo'.'

'Daddie, daddie! don't say that. Don't say underhand. Oh, don't! I've never been underhand with you in all my life.'

'Then why didna yo' tell me he wer' follerin' yo'?'

'Because I did not know that he—that he liked me till last Wednesday night. And I—I feared you'—

'An' rightly yo' should fear—an' rightly yo' should hang yer head i' shame, for takin' up wi' such a whelp o' a tramp as this.'

'He's not a tramp!' For the first time this gentle girl's eyes flashed defiance at her father.

'What! Do yo' tak' sides wi' him again me?—me, as has clothed an' fed yo', an' saved for yo' for over twenty year?'

'Daddie, daddie! I'm truly grateful for all you have done for me; but I must side with him. I love him.'

'Bah! Love him or not, yo' shan't wed him.'
'Daddie, I—I love him.—I must'—
'Must?' he echoed; and in his rage he used a term of insult towards his daughter.

'Father, father! how dare you use such a word to me.' All the belligerent blood she had inherited from him was now boiling over with uncontrollable passion. The word 'Father' struck his ear much as 'that fellow' would sound to a prelate. He felt the child, the pet, was gone, and an outraged, angry woman asserted herself before him with the dignity of innocence.

'Don't talk to me o' darin', yo' hussy. He's bewitched yo'—he's got yo' in his power.'

'You're my father; but if you don't withdraw that shameful word, I'll not stay with you another day.'

'I'll withdraw nowt! An' yo' will stay!'

'I won't! I'll go this minute.'

She moved toward the little parlour, to get her hat and jacket. He caught the girl savagely by the arm, and, in his blind fury, was about to strike her, when Bendigo, with a growl and a bound, seized him by the coat sleeve. He spurned the dog from him with a vicious kick, saying: 'So yo'r again me too, are yo', yo' whelp!'

Janet escaped into the parlour. Hidden kicked the dog out into the scullery, and returning, locked the girl in, saying as he did so: 'Yo'll stay there until yo' come to yer senses, yo' unthankful brat.'

For a long time he sat sullenly smoking his pipe before the kitchen fire, now and again going to the parlour door to listen for a sob or other signs of submission. Finally, he flung open the door. The room was empty. She had escaped by the window, which opened into fields at the back of the house. This, in his rage, he had forgotten. He rushed out, through his little garden, into the fields, but could see nothing of her. He returned to the kitchen fire, and began to think, and to marvel at her defiant spirit, which he had never suspected; and as he grew calmer, regret pierced his dormant conscience at the shameful words he had used. He waited half penitently about the house all day, but she did not return.

EASTER EGGS.

YEAR by year the season of Easter has attained increased importance in our midst, giving an opportunity to those so inclined of displaying feelings and affections towards relatives and friends by the distribution of little presents in the various forms of 'Easter Eggs.' This year, Easter occurs at an early period, 25th March—within three days of the earliest date upon which it could possibly take place. In 1818, Easter fell upon the 22d of March, this being, according to the recognised method of calculating, the earliest possible day. With the advent of Easter the Christmas festivities are forgotten. The shop windows, in place of displaying Christmas presents, will now be filled with a 'wonderful sitting of eggs,' which,

if hatched, will produce not only a goodly but a diverse brood, varying in size from those of the tiny humming-bird to those of the now quite extinct 'Great Auk.' These artificial productions will be found, in a gustatory sense, more toothsome and superior than the real article; if a plebiscite could be taken of the recipients as to relative appreciation, the vote would doubtless be in favour of the artificial one.

Easter eggs in their present forms may be said to have reached the highest point of artistic perfection. They rival snow in whiteness, and their shape is both correct and graceful. By the aid of artists of no mean repute, their exteriors are adorned with flowers, birds, and even whole landscapes painted in the most chaste style in realistic colours. It is sad to think such beautiful articles should meet the vulgar fate of being eaten; but then they are made of sugar.

But few people have any idea that the originals of the many coloured 'eggs' which are now being distributed as Easter gifts have probably descended to us from the greatest of the 'Chinese Spring Festivals,' and can boast of an antiquity of more than seven hundred years before the Christian era. So there appears to be no new thing under the sun; and although the magic eggs of to-day are merely receptacles for a nondescript medley of *bon-bons* and *bijouterie*, they are a survival, or rather revival, of one of the quaintest of Old World customs.

The donor of the last new thing in Easter 'novelties' is indeed, in common with the peasant children of the North, perpetuating a mythological rite. To go no farther than our own country, we find that children in various parts of Cumberland, and especially at Carlisle, dye the eggs in various colours; and, after rolling them about the meadows and pelting each other with them, conclude the observance by eating them. The same practice still exists in Edinburgh, the scenes of amusement being on the slopes of the Calton Hill, the Queen's Park, and elsewhere.

This practical method of disposing of Easter eggs suggests that much of the ceremony connected with them is due to the celebration of the Easter Feast, which succeeds the Lenten Fast. That 'an egg at Easter' is a very old proverb in this country is sufficiently shown by the fact that the Pope sent Henry VIII. an Easter egg in a silver case; while an extract schedule of the personal expenses of Edward I. contains, against Easter Sunday, the suggestive item: 'Four hundred and a half eggs, 1s. 6d.' The price is as noteworthy as the number.

But the most remarkable feature of the usage is its international character. Thus, in Russia, it is customary to exchange visits and eggs on Easter Day and 'to drink a deal of brandy.' Again, in Italy, dishes of eggs are sent to the priests to be blessed, after which they are carried home and placed in the centre of the table. It is the correct thing for all the guests to eat one of them. The custom also exists in Spain and Germany, and generally among the Jews, Greeks, Persians, in some form or another.

As regards the Jews, the symbolical use of the egg can be traced to early Hebrew rites, and in common with Easter analogies in connection with the Passover. With the Jews the egg has also long served as a memorial of the Exodus. Among the Persians the festival corresponding to our Easter has long been held in presumable commemoration of the Creation and the Deluge, and these eggs are presented to friends in allusion to the mundane egg for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things.

In Egyptian sculpture we find the egg represented as issuing from Cneph, and therefore as a symbol of the universe, or, at any rate, of the earth. In the first hypothesis, the yolk, it has been suggested, represents the world, the white the atmosphere, and the shell the sphere in which the stars are placed. In the second, the egg is taken to represent the undeveloped vital principle, or, in other words, the chaos of the early cosmogonists.

Again, among the Phenicians the egg was depicted as being warmed into life by the 'Agathodæmon' in the guise of a serpent. Then there is the Aryan myth, in which a red or golden egg represents the spring sun, and this long had an interesting survival in the Scottish feast of Beltane.

In the beginning, say the Chinese, when the earth was without form and void, and darkness reigned, from a huge egg sprang Poon-Koo-Wong, a human being, but possessed of very remarkable powers. From one portion of the shell he made the heavens, and the other the earth. Among the Japanese there is still extant a myth that the world was produced from a cock's egg; while the Maoris believe that the earth was in darkness, until one of the chiefs threw an egg into space, where it thereupon became the sun.

The early Christians adopted the custom to symbolise the Resurrection, and the eggs were coloured red in allusion to the blood shed for their redemption. There is also another tradition extant, that the world was 'hatched' or created at Easter-tide.

It would require a volume to exhaust this subject; but, from numerous analogies, it may be summed up that the mythology of Easter eggs is really pagan in origin, and takes us back to an early period in the history of the human race. It appears that the observance of Easter was introduced into the Christian Church at a very early date; and that Pope Paul V. was the first to introduce, as a portion of religious ceremonies of the Church, the use of eggs at Easter, he having drawn up a form of benediction for Easter-tide, when countless thousands of eggs were annually blessed by the priests, both before and after they were coloured. Having been blessed, they became holy gifts, the bestowal of which conferred much benefit on both givers and receivers. It became a custom on Good-Friday to 'offer eggs and bacon to the Lord Christ,' and thus special favours were secured to the donors.

After the Reformation, Easter eggs gradually became connected with Easter sports, rather than with Easter religious exercises. The country

gentry continued to bestow gifts of eggs, and village children used to beg them from all the housewives around; and rolling matches, egg dances, and every conceivable frolic in which hard-boiled eggs could be utilised, became the order of the day, pre-eminently on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

The steady march of artistic improvement, and a desire to produce novelties from year to year, have caused quite a revolution in the form and material of Easter eggs. Formerly, they were generally made of sugar in some form or another, making toothsome dainties for those addicted to sweets; but now the market is glutted with wonderful arrangements in cardboard and satin, or wicker-work and silk, made in Paris, Germany, and even Japan. They contain an infinite variety of toys and trifles; telephones and toy tortoises compete with magnetised fishes, and tiny nests filled with still tinier eggs, for juvenile favour; while, for young ladies, bottles of scent and bon-bons appeal to the taste of the majority, and work-cases to the chosen few. So that the advent of Easter Day with its 'Eggs' is now looked forward to with as much anxiety as is Christmas with its accompanying 'Boxes.'

ONE WOMAN.

HER eyes are not 'cerulean blue';
Her 'silken tresses' do not 'fall
In rippling waves of amber hue';
She has no 'special gift' at all—
This gentle woman, sweet and good,
Who sprang not from a royal race,
Yet wears her crown of womanhood
With more than queenly grace.

She does not seem to 'float on air,
Like thistledown, amidst the dance';
Nor would her modest spirit care
To 'hold men spellbound with a glance.'
But she is gracious to the poor;
The sick and sorrowful aver
That when she enters at their door
The sunshine follows her.

She has not soared to Learning's heights,
Or sounded Wisdom's depths profound;
She only claims her woman's rights
Where tasks for tender hands abound:
Yet, though she shrinks from themes abstruse,
Nor studies 'ethics' overmuch,
The common things in daily use
Grow fairer at her touch.

Enjoying most where most she loves,
She has no great desire to roam,
But by her pure example proves
How love may sanctify the home.
And thus she rules with kindly hand
The realm she understands the best,
While all her happy household band
Arise and call her blest.

E. MATHESON.

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THE ETHICS OF FETICH-WORSHIP.

At the root of every Fetich lies, or did once lie, something in its poor way true, some kind of fact. Age after age, fetiches appear and disappear; that which one generation approves, the succeeding one contemns; in each case, the eye perceiving in the fetich only that which it brought with it the capacity of seeing. There are general fetiches, and particular fetiches: a general fetich to which millions bow with a common enthusiasm; and a particular fetich, the private property of its owner, to which he does secret service. To the Indian or the savage it may be a little bit of wood hidden in his hair, or an ugly little joss concealed as an amulet about his person; to the civilised devotee it may be an ugly little vice, to which he pays an inconspicuous homage.

A fetich may be abstract or concrete: an idea, a word, a breath, a stick or stone, or human being. Occasionally, the two mingle, and produce a fetich of surpassing importance. As, for instance, when the abstract French fetich 'Glory' was supplemented by the concrete fetich 'Napoleon'—the two together formed a fetich to which whole hecatombs of victims were yearly sacrificed at the commencement of this century. Napoleon, moreover, possessed the advantage of singleness of purpose. He was his own fetich—a fetich as much the object of fear and hatred on this side the Channel, as of worship on the other.

The two—the abstract and the concrete fetich—were never perhaps brought into more striking juxtaposition than when, on a foreign soil, amid aliens to his blood and country, an inheritor of the Napoleonic legend, under the influence of the 'Glory' fetich—met with a cruel death in the morning of life at the hands of savages, who respected what they took to be his fetich, the little iron cross upon his breast, fearing to bring a curse upon themselves.

Among primitive races, every fresh fetich meets with consideration, for, though it may inspire nothing else, it inspires fear. An excla-

mation heard at random, a word neither understood nor sought to be comprehended, will be repeated by a savage, that, haply, it may bring him good, or avert from him evil fortune. It can do no harm, and may do good, like a paper charm, or the 'absit omen' of the Romans. Thus thinks, doubtless, the peasant trudging from market in the west of England to-day, as she gives nine nods to the new moon—a remnant of the worship of Ashtaroth—or turns her purse in her pocket 'for luck'—a shred of sacrifice to the fetich the purse contains, and which it will be no harm to propitiate, provided she can do so unobserved. Yet what an insensate and cruel fetich it is! so hard to come by! so impossible to keep! now for a few happy hours in her pocket, or the stocking, or the old cracked teapot—and now over the counter—never resting in her work-wearied willing hands; but nestling in, sticking to the fingers of old Gaffer Grimes, who will guard it, hoard it, treasure it; deny himself the necessities of life to increase the bulk of his bloated fetich, and finally die a miserable death of starvation, 'worth,' we are told, between thirty and forty thousand pounds sterling. And the fetich having slowly tortured his slave to death, the tidings of his approach are received with such a paroxysm of delight by the next heir—his expectant host—that it is found necessary to shut him up, put him into safe custody, lest his life go with his reason.

How sturdily the fetich demands his victims, and will not be denied! Sir Aylmer Aylmer, 'that almighty man,' as Lord Tennyson calls him, is powerless in the clutch of his 'family pride' fetich, to do less than sacrifice his only daughter in its honour. Honour! what a fetich was in that word during the last two centuries! How many widows mourned for the invaluable lives immolated on the shrine of this Moloch! on the swords of such dishonourable dare-devils as Lord Mohun, for example! Men are to the full as honourable to-day as they were a hundred years ago, yet they no longer feel themselves compelled, at peril of their 'honour,' to risk

blood-guiltiness—or the loss of their own lives—at the instance of a bloodthirsty bully or rash intruding fool.

Supreme and irresponsible authority forms a fetich of which a certain class of minds are so enamoured, that they will at almost any cost procure its impersonation, its exponent. How disastrous the accomplishment of this design may become, Russia has too good cause to remember. To recall only one incident of deference to the autocratic fetich: in 1839, when the Winter Palace was rebuilding at St Petersburg, it was decided that the Emperor should enter on his residence there at Easter. To complete the work in time, intense heat had to be kept up, and this produced all manner of fatal disorders among the workmen. The mortality is described as frightful; yet such was the fanatic respect paid to the dual fetiches, ceremony and autocracy, that the melancholy fact was never mentioned to his majesty.

It has been often said of men that 'they can but what they are.' In art, in science, in daily life, this perhaps is true; but in the formation of a fetich, it is precisely the weak, the timid, who do, out of their own consciousness, evolve a fetich of most diabolic strength. For instance, if a man be possessed of but one idea, and that a wrong one, he will not only evoke a fetich for himself, but, by the power of concentration and example, initiate a very ugly persecution for those who venture to doubt the divinity of his fetich. To do no harm and think no evil is not sufficient in many quarters to ensure a man a quiet life: uniformity is a very exacting fetich. To sing in chorus is, to minds of an unconquerable torpor, not only easier, but more meritorious than to attempt a solo. And so the dull little fetich unanimity, or consistency as it is sometimes called, takes the place of a thoughtful readjustment of ideas, a process which would entail an almost impious exertion of powers enervated by habitual irresolution and disuse.

It is this same gregarious adoration which will induce a whole gallery full of people to manifest extreme appreciation of a sunrise or sunset on canvas, who yet would hardly walk across the room to see the royal reality magnificently set forth outside their windows, and free to all comers. A bit of tapestry, old, ugly, and moth-eaten, but bearing the antiquarian stamp of rarity—the carved oaken sideboard, by Grinling Gibbons of course, for, Juliet notwithstanding, there is still much in a name—whose carved cup leaves afford their owner in their dusty monotony so much more gratification than the living woodland leaves and fruit of which they are the counterfeit presentment; the sumptuous furniture, too costly for every-day use, kept as in a shrine, as something too sacred for aught but contemplation and polishing: these are every-day harmless fetiches.

The gems, no longer valued as talismans or amulets, but rather for their worth in the money market; surely he or she who makes a fetich of these is more sordid, stands ethically on a lower platform, than the Carthaginian Hamilcar, who beyond all his incalculable riches, his pearls, his carbuncles, his diamonds, his three kinds of rubies, his four kinds of sapphires, and twelve kinds of emeralds—beyond and above them all

treasured some dull little bits of rock, probably aerolites, but sacred to his pagan imagination as having fallen from the moon.

In like manner, the stone built into the outer wall of the Kaaba, and daily pressed by the lips of some of the hundred and eighty million of those whose fetich it is—in like manner, it is ennobled, made as it were sacred by the belief in it—the belief that it has shared man's fall from primitive bliss, and that it will share his return to Paradise. This is a fetich that for twelve centuries has maintained its ascendancy over the minds of Orientals. To it we do not think we err in attributing a larger share of that fundamental root of something better than falls to the lot of ordinary fetiches. Knight-errantry and chivalry did good service in their day; and it is possible that they might have had a longer lease of respected existence but for the injudicious exaggeration of some of their more ardent exponents. But the ludicrous side of this exaggerated fetich caught the keen eye of Cervantes, and through his irony the idol became a laughing-stock. As too often happens, much that was noble and elevated fell with the fetich, and even to this day a generous action will be termed 'Quixotic,' when no other epithet can be hurled at it.

In conclusion, it is to be observed that the most reasonable as well as the universal fetich—sought under a thousand forms, in a thousand Protean shapes, for ever a mirage to one, an unexpected visitant to another—a genius capable of infinite transformations to all, is happiness. The cult is one of the uttermost difficulty and of transcendent importance. Too much fear admitted into the mind of the votary, and he straightway fancies himself a being with a perfect organisation for misfortune—that unhappiness is his normal state. If too sanguine, he may live the life of a pendulum, never at rest. And the 'via media' is hard to hit upon. Nevertheless, he who has the best chance of being content with the share of satisfaction his fetich has in his power to bestow upon him is the one who never grudges that another should have a larger share than himself: he who can honestly exult that the good fortune he has missed has fallen to the lot of another, will have a cause for rejoicing as pure as it is unfeigned.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XII.—A MOTHER'S DILEMMA.

CANON VALENTINE had intended to stop a week at Venice. He stopped just two days; and then, to Kathleen's secret joy and no small relief, bronchitis seized him. That stern monitor hurried him off incontinently to Florence. 'I'm sorry, Mrs Hesslegrave,' he said; 'I can't tell you how sorry. I'd looked forward to seeing everything in this charming place under your daughter's guidance—she's a capital cicerone, I must say, your daughter; we *did* so enjoy going round the Grand Canal with her the day before yesterday. It's so delightful to

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see all these beautiful things in company with an artist! But the damp of the lagoons is really too much for my poor old throat; we're given to throat-trouble, you see; it's common to my cloth; and as I went along with Miss Hesselgrave to the Academy yesterday in an open gondola, I felt the cold air rise up bodily from the Canal and catch hold of me and throttle me. It took me just so, by the larynx, like a hand, and seemed to choke me instantly. "Amelia," said I at the time, "this chilly air has done for me." And, sure enough, I woke in the night with a tickle, tickle, tickle in my bronchial tubes, which I know means mischief. When once that sets in, there's nothing for it but to leave the place where you are immediately. Change the air without delay: that's the one safe remedy. And indeed, to tell you the truth, Venice is so spoilt, so utterly spoilt, since the Austrians left it, that, except for you and Miss Hesselgrave, I must confess I shan't be sorry to get out of it. Most insanitary town, I call it; most insanitary in every way.

Kathleen could hardly even pretend to regret their departure. During the last two days, she had lived in instant dread that the Canon would somehow knock up against Arnold Willoughby. And if the truth must be told, it was the very same dread on the Canon's part, not bronchitis alone, that was driving him to Florence. For, as they stood on the balcony of the Doges' Palace the day before, looking out upon the Riva and the busy quays and the panorama of the harbour, Canon Valentine beheld a man's back in the distance, rounding the corner by Danieli's, and he said to himself with a shudder: 'Axminster's back—or the devil's!' (Being an old-fashioned clergyman, the Canon, you will perceive, was not afraid of a very mild unparliamentary expression.) And the more convinced he became that the mysterious person thus flitting about Venice was really Lord Axminster, the more desirous did he grow to avoid the misfortune of actually meeting him. For if they met face to face, and caught one another's eyes, the Canon hardly knew how, for very shame, he could let Algy go on with his claim of right without informing him—which he was loth to do—that his cousin Bertie had never been drowned at all, but had been sighted in the flesh, and in sailor costume, in the city of Venice.

There are compromises we all make now and again with our consciences; and there are points where we feel the attempt at compromise becomes practically impossible. Now, the Canon was quite willing to give Algy and his wife the benefit of the doubt, as long as he felt only just morally certain that the person in the street with the trick of twisting his back hair was the last Lord Axminster. But if they met face to face, and he recognised his man without doubt, as he felt sure he must do when they came to close quarters, then the Canon felt in his heart he could no longer retain any grain of self-respect if he permitted the claim to be pushed through the House of Lords without even mentioning what he had seen to Algy. He might have kept silence,

indeed, and let self-respect take its chance, if he met the man alone; but what on earth could he do if he met him, full front, while out walking with Amelia? That was the question. And I may remark parenthetically that most men feel keenly this necessity for preserving their self-respect before the face of their wives—which is a very important ally, indeed, to the cause of all the virtues.

So, on the third morning of his stay, the Canon left Venice. Kathleen breathed freer as soon as he was gone. The load of that gnawing anxiety was much lightened upon her.

That very same day, as it chanced, Arnold Willoughby, reflecting to himself in his own room, made his mind up suddenly to step round in the afternoon and have a word or two with Kathleen. Ever since that morning when they picnicked at the Lido, he had been debating with himself whether or not he should ask that beautiful soul to marry him; and now his mind was made up; he could resist no longer: he had decided that very day to break the ice and ask her. He was quite sure she liked him—liked him very, very much: that she showed unequivocally: and he had waited so long only because he couldn't muster up courage to speak to her. Would it be right of him, he asked himself, to expect that any woman should share such fortunes as his would henceforth be? Was he justified in begging any woman to wait till an obscure young painter could earn money enough to keep her in the comfort and luxury to which she had been accustomed?

He put that question to himself seriously; and he answered it in the affirmative. If he had really been always the Arnold Willoughby he had now made himself by his own act, he need never have doubted. Any young man, just starting in life, would have thought himself justified in asking the girl he loved best in the world to wait for him till he was in a position to marry her. Why should not he do what any other man might do lawfully? He had cast the past behind him; he was a painter sailor now; but why need he hesitate on that account to ask the girl whose love he believed he had won on his own merits if she would wait till he could marry her? Arnold Willoughby would have done it; and he *was* Arnold Willoughby.

So, about three o'clock, he went round, somewhat tremulous, in the direction of the Piazza. He hadn't seen Kathleen for a day or two; she had told him friends would be visiting them, without mentioning their name; and she had given herself a holiday while the friends were with her, from her accustomed work on the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*.

When he got to the door, Francesca, who opened it, told him, with a sunny display of two rows of white teeth, that the signorina was out, but the signora was at home, if he would care to see her.

Much disappointed, Arnold went up, anxious to learn whether any chance still remained that, later in the afternoon, he might have a word or two with Kathleen. To his immense surprise, the moment he entered, Mrs Hesselgrave rose from her seat with obvious warmth,

and held out her hand to greet him in her most gracious manner. Arnold had noticed by this time the seven distinct gradations of cordiality with which Mrs Hesslegrave was accustomed to receive her various guests in accordance with their respective and relative positions in the table of precedence as by authority established. This afternoon, therefore, he couldn't help observing her manner was that with which she was wont to welcome peers of the realm and foreign ambassadors. To say the truth, Mrs Hesslegrave considerably overdid it in the matter of graciousness. There was an inartistic abruptness in her sudden change of front, a practical inconsistency in her view of his status, which couldn't fail to strike him. The instant way in which Mrs Hesslegrave, who had hitherto taken little pains to conceal her dislike and distrust of the dreadful sailor-man, flung herself visibly at his head, made Arnold at once suspect some radical revolution must have taken place meanwhile in her views as to his position.

'Why, Mr Willoughby,' she cried, holding his hand in her own much longer than was strictly necessary for the purpose of shaking it, 'what a stranger you are, to be sure! You never come near us now. It's really quite unfriendly of you. Kathleen was saying this morning we must write round to your chambers and ask you to dine with us. And *she* hasn't seen you for the last day or two on the Zattere, either! Poor child, she's been so occupied. We've had some friends here, who've been taking up all our time. Kitty's been out in a gondola all day long with them. However, that's all over, and she hopes to get to work again on the quay to-morrow—she's so anxious to go on with her Spire and Canal; wrapped up in her art, dear girl—you know it's all she lives for. However, she'll be back at it, I'm glad to say, at the old place, in the morning. Our friends are just gone—couldn't stand the climate—said it gave them sore throats—and Kathleen's gone off to say goodbye to them at the station.'

'That's fortunate,' Arnold answered a little stiffly, feeling, somehow, a dim consciousness that, against his will, he was once more a lord, and lapsing for the moment into his early bad habit of society small-talk. 'For the lights on the Canal have been lovely the last three days, and I've regretted so much Miss Hesslegrave should have missed them.'

'Not more than *she* has, I'm sure,' Mrs Hesslegrave went on, quite archly, with her blandest smile—'mother's society smirk,' as that irreverent boy Reggie was wont to term it. 'I don't know why, I'm sure, Mr Willoughby, but Kathleen has enjoyed her painting on the quay this winter and spring a great deal more than she ever before enjoyed it. It's been a perfect treat to her. She says she can't bear to be away for one day from that dear old San Trovaso. She just loves her work; and I assure you she seemed almost sentimentally sad because these friends who've been stopping with us kept her away so long from her beloved picture.—And from her fellow-artists,' Mrs Hesslegrave added after a pause, in some little trepidation, uncertain whether

that last phrase might not go just one step too far in the right direction.

Arnold Willoughby eyed her closely. All his dearest suspicions were being fast aroused; he began to tremble in his heart lest somebody had managed to pierce the close disguise with which he had so carefully and so long surrounded himself. 'Will Miss Hesslegrave be back by-and-by?' he asked in a coldly official tone. 'Because, if she will, I should like to stop and see her.'

Mrs Hesslegrave jumped at the chance with unwise avidity. This was the very first time, in fact, that Arnold Willoughby had ever asked to see her daughter in so many words. She scented a proposal. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, acquiescent, with obvious eagerness, though she plumed herself inwardly as she spoke upon her own bland ingenuity; 'Kathleen will be back by-and-by from the station, and will be delighted to see you. I know there's some point in that last year's picture she's touching up that she said she wanted to consult you about, if possible. I shall have to go out myself at four, unfortunately—I'm engaged to an At Home at dear Lady Devonport's; but I daresay Kathleen can give you a cup of tea here; and no doubt you and she can make yourselves happy together.'

She beamed as she said it. The appointment with Lady Devonport was a myth, to be sure; but Mrs Hesslegrave thought it would be wise, under the circumstances, to leave the young people alone with one another. Arnold Willoughby's suspicions grew deeper and deeper. Mrs Hesslegrave was one of those transparent people whose little deceptions are painfully obvious; he could see at half a glance something must have occurred which gave her all at once a much more favourable view of him. He measured her doubtfully with his eye. Mrs Hesslegrave in return showered her sweetest smile upon him. She was all obsequiousness. Then she began to talk with ostentatious motherly pride about Kathleen. She was *such* a good girl! Few mothers had a comfort like that in their daughters. The only thing Mrs Hesslegrave couldn't bear was the distressing thought that sooner or later Kathleen must some day leave her. That *would* be a trial. But there! no mother can expect to keep her daughter always by her side: it would be selfish, wouldn't it?—and Kathleen was adapted to make a good man so supremely happy. And then Mrs Hesslegrave, leaning forward in her chair, grew almost confidential. Had Mr Willoughby noticed that Mr Mortimer, the rich young American, thought so much of Kathleen? Well, he certainly did; he quite haunted the house; though Mrs Hesslegrave believed in her heart of hearts Kathleen didn't really care one bit for him. And she was a girl of such high principle! such very high principle! Unless she truly loved a man—was fascinated, absorbed in him—she never would marry him, though he were as rich as Cræsus. Kathleen meant to come back by the Zattere, she believed; and she knew Mr Mortimer would be waiting there to see her; he always hung about and waited to see her everywhere. But Kathleen was *such* a romantic, poetical-minded girl! She would

rather take the man of her choice, Mrs Hesslegrave believed—with an impressive nod of the coffee-coloured Honiton head-dress—than marry the heir to all the estates in England, if he didn't happen to please her fancy.

As she maundered on, floundering further into the mire each moment, Arnold Willoughby's conviction that something had gone wrong grew deeper and deeper with every sentence. He shuffled uneasily on his chair. For the first time since he had practically ceased to be an Earl, he saw a British mamma quite obviously paying court to him. He would have liked to go, indeed, this queer talk made him feel so awkward and uncomfortable; it reminded him of the days when adulation was his bane: more still, it jarred against his sense of maternal dignity. But he couldn't go, somehow. Now the doubt was once aroused, he must wait at least till Kathleen returned—that he might see her, and be rid of it. Yet all this strange dangling of inartistically-wrought flies before the victim's eye was disagreeably familiar to him. He had heard a round dozen of Mayfair mammas talk so to him of their daughters, and always in the same pretended confidential strain, when he was an Earl and a catch in London society; though he confessed to himself with a shudder that he had never yet heard anybody do it quite so fatuously, transparently, and woodenly as Kathleen's mother. She, poor soul, went on with bland self-satisfaction, convinced in her own soul she was making the running for Kathleen in the most masterly fashion, and utterly unaware of the disgust she was rousing in Arnold Willoughby's distracted bosom.

At last, Arnold's suspicions could no longer be concealed. The deeper Mrs Hesslegrave probed, the more firmly convinced did her patient become that she had somehow surprised his inmost secret, and was trying all she knew to capture him for Kathleen; and trying most ineptly. This sudden change of front from her attitude of sullen non-recognition to one of ardent sycophancy roused all his bitterest and most cynical feelings. Was this day-dream, then, doomed to fade as his earlier one had faded? Was Kathleen, the sweet Kathleen he had invested to himself in his fervid fancy with all the innocent virtues, to crush his heart a second time as Lady Sark had once crushed it? Was she, too, a self-seeker? Did she know who he was, and what title he bore? Was she allowing him to make love to her for his money (such as it was) and his earldom?

With a sudden resolve, he determined to put the question to the proof forthwith. He knew Mrs Hesslegrave well enough to know she could never control her face or her emotions. Whatever passed within, that quick countenance betrayed to the most casual observer. So, at a pause in the conversation (when Mrs Hesslegrave was just engaged in wondering to herself what would be a good fresh subject to start next with an Earl in disguise whom you desired to captivate), Arnold turned round to her sharply, and asked with a rapid swoop, which fairly took her off her guard: 'Have you seen the English papers? Do you know what's been done in this Axminster peerage case?'

It was a bold stroke of policy; but it committed him to nothing, for the subject was a common one, and it was justified by the result. Mrs Hesslegrave, full herself of this very theme, looked up at him in astonishment, hardly knowing how to take it. She gave a little start, and trembled quite visibly. In her perplexity, indeed, she clapped her hand to her mouth, as one will often do when the last subject on earth one expected to hear broached is suddenly sprung upon one. The movement was unmistakable. So was the frightened and hesitating way in which Mrs Hesslegrave responded as quickly as she could: 'Oh, yes—that is to say, no—well, we haven't seen much about it. But—the young man's dead, of course—or, do you think he's living? I mean—well, really, it's so difficult, don't you know, in such a perplexing case, to make one's mind up about it.'

She drew out her handkerchief and wiped her forehead in her confusion. She would have given ten pounds that moment to have Kathleen by her side to prompt and instruct her. Arnold Willoughby preserved a face of sphinx-like indifference. How dreadful that he should have boarded her with that difficult and dangerous subject! What would Kathleen wish her to do? Ought she to pretend to ignore it all, or did he mean her to recognise him?

'Is he dead or living? Which do you think?' Arnold asked again, gazing hard at her.

Mrs Hesslegrave quailed. It was a trying moment. People oughtn't to lay such traps for poor innocent old women, whose only desire, after all, is the perfectly natural one to see their daughters well and creditably married. She looked back at her questioner with a very frightened air. 'Well, of course, *you* know,' she faltered out, with a glimmering perception of the fact that she was irrevocably committing herself to a dangerous position. 'If it comes to that, you must know better than any one.'

'Why so?' Arnold Willoughby persisted. He wasn't going to say a word either way to compromise his own incognito; but he was determined to find out just exactly how much Mrs Hesslegrave knew about the matter of his identity.

Mrs Hesslegrave gazed up at him with tears rising fast in her poor puzzled eyes.

'Oh, what shall I do?' she cried, wringing her hands in her misery and perplexity. 'How cruel you are to try me so! What ought I to answer? I'm afraid Kathleen will be so dreadfully angry with me.'

'Why angry?' Arnold Willoughby asked once more, his heart growing like a stone within him as he spoke. Then the worst was true. This was a deliberate conspiracy.

'Because,' Mrs Hesslegrave blurted out, 'Kathleen told me I wasn't on any account to mention a word of all this to you or to anybody. She told me that was imperative. She said it would spoil all—those were her very words; she said it would spoil all; and she begged me not to mention it. And now I'm afraid I *have* spoiled all! Oh, Mr Willoughby—Lord Axminster, I mean—for Heaven's sake, don't be angry with me. Don't say I've

spoiled all! Don't say so! Don't reproach me with it!

'That you certainly have,' Arnold answered with disdain, growing colder and visibly colder each moment. 'You've spoiled more than you know—two lives that might otherwise perhaps have been happy. And yet—it's best so. Better wake up to it now than wake up to it—afterwards. Miss Hesslegrave has been less wise and circumspect in this matter, though, than in the rest of her conduct. She took me in completely. And if she hadn't been so ill advised as to confide her conclusions and suspicions to *you*, why, she might very likely have taken me in for ever. As it is, this *déclaircissement* has come in good time. No harm has yet been done. No word has yet passed. An hour or two later, the result, I daresay, might have been far more serious.'

'She *didn't* tell me,' Mrs Hesslegrave burst out, anxious, now the worst had come, to make things easier for Kathleen, and to retrieve her failure. 'It wasn't *she* who told me. I found it out for myself—that is, through somebody else'—

'Found out *what*?' Arnold asked coldly, fixing his eye upon hers with a stony glare.

Mrs Hesslegrave looked away from him in abject terror. That glance of his froze her. 'Why, found out that you were Lord Axminster,' she answered with one burst, not knowing what to make of him. '*She* knew it all along, you know; but she never told me or betrayed your secret. She never even mentioned it to *me*, her mother. She kept it quite faithfully. She was ever so wise about it. I couldn't imagine why she—well, took so much notice of a man I supposed to be nothing but a common sailor; and it was only yesterday or the day before I discovered by accident she had known it all along, and had recognised the born gentleman under all disguises.'

Mrs Hesslegrave thought that last was a trump card to play on Kathleen's behalf. But Arnold Willoughby rose. 'Well, you may tell Miss Hesslegrave,' he said stiffly, 'that if she thought she was going to marry an English Earl, and live like a Countess, she was very much mistaken. That was wholly an error. The man who loved her till ten minutes ago—the man she seemed to love—the man who, thinking she loved him, came here to ask for her hand this very afternoon, and whom she would no doubt have accepted under that painful misapprehension—is and means to remain a common sailor. She has made a mistake—that's all. She has miscalculated her chances. It's fortunate, on the whole, that mistake and miscalculation have gone no further. If I had married her under the misapprehension which seems to have occurred, she might have had in the end a very bitter awakening. Such a misfortune has been averted by your lucky indiscretion. You may say good-bye for me to Miss Hesslegrave when she returns. It is not my intention now to remain any longer in Venice.'

'But you'll stop and see Kathleen?' Mrs Hesslegrave exclaimed, awe-struck.

'No, thank you,' Arnold answered, taking his hat in his hand. 'What you tell me is quite

enough. It is my earnest wish, after the error that has occurred, never as long as I live to set eyes on her again. You may give her that message. You have indeed *spoiled all*. It is she herself who said it!'

SCUTTLED SHIPS.

SCUTTling may be defined as the act of cutting holes through a ship's hull, either for the praiseworthy purpose of keeping her steady when stranded by filling the hold with water, and thus save the ship and cargo; or to sink her in order to obtain the money for which she is insured. It is the latter form of scuttling that we propose to deal with.

A ship-master is monarch of all he surveys, when remote from the land, and no other sail above the boundary-line of sea and sky. Hence, there would be little difficulty in his way, should he propose to scuttle his ship, either to injure or to assist the owners thereof. For this reason, the laws against scuttling have always been very severe all over the world. By an Act of Congress passed in 1804 it was enacted that 'any person, not being an owner, who shall, on the high seas, wilfully and corruptly cast away, burn, or otherwise destroy, any vessel unto which he belongeth, being the property of any citizen, or citizens, of the United States, or procure the same to be done, shall suffer death.' Our own laws were similar. The last man executed in England for ship-scuttling was Codling, hanged on Deal beach about 1804 for scuttling a vessel in the Downs in order to obtain the sum for which she was insured. Less drastic laws prevail now, and the gravity of such a case is met by penal servitude, and the cancelling of certificates should the offenders be ship-masters or officers.

In 1866, a Mr T. Berwick was convicted of being accessory to the scuttling of several fully insured sailing-ships belonging to the firm of Messrs T. Berwick & Sons. The system adopted by this proficient ship-scuttler was only remarkable for its extreme simplicity, and stood the test of many years' active service; for he subsequently confessed that he had defrauded the underwriters in this way by causing no fewer than nine well-conditioned ships to be scuttled during the period of twenty years immediately preceding his last venture. His master-mind conceived the plot each time; but seafaring men were the necessary instruments for carrying out his ideas. He would prevail upon needy, and not over-nice, certificated officers of our mercantile marine to sink the respective ships whenever in their opinion convenient; and he paid handsomely for the services so efficiently rendered in these disgraceful transactions. Happily for the underwriters, however, this wholesale ship-destroyer either had his wonted caution dulled by such unprecedented success as attended his investments; or perhaps made a mistake in his calculations. The long hands of the law gripped him tightly at last, and all the shipping world wondered for a brief interval. This unprincipled merchant, and his three nautical accom-

plices, Webb, Holdsworth, and Dean, were rightly awarded long terms of penal servitude.

The good ship 'Severn' was the cause of their misfortune. She sailed away ostensibly for China, in good condition, and laden with a costly cargo; but the crafty conspirators had agreed among themselves to put a period to her existence long before nearing the Flowery Land. In pursuance of this understanding, three large holes were bored through the after-part of her hull, below the water-line, by means of that carpenter's implement so much affected by ship-scuttlers, an auger, almost directly the shores of England had receded below the northern horizon. Wooden plugs were carefully fitted into the holes thus made, and admirably served the purpose for which they were designed. One or all could be withdrawn and replaced at the will of the operator, concealed from the prying eyes of the sailors; and in this way it was quite easy to keep the supposititious leak both under control and intermittent until the moment arrived that was deemed suitable for the abandonment by those in possession of the secret. An accident, however, interfered with the well-laid plans of these men. One of the plugs was unexpectedly broken, the intruding water would not be denied, and she was perforce abandoned earlier than was proposed.

Webb had taken an active part in some of the previous successful scuttling for the same firm of speculators; and, after sentence had been passed, disclosed to the underwriters the full details of one case. He had sailed from Glasgow, bound for Havana, with a cargo of coal, in the good ship 'John Brown,' which disappeared on the passage, although all hands were rescued by a passing ship. She was scuttled by Webb; but the underwriters paid the large sum involved without inquiry. Before leaving Glasgow, a bulkhead, or partition, was built up by a carpenter engaged from the shore. In this way, a clear space was left in the hold directly beneath the mate's cabin, so that, after getting to sea, a hole was cut in the cabin floor, enabling Webb to descend into the hold unperceived by any one and pierce the vessel's side below the water-line with an auger to his heart's content. A similar system was followed in the other instances, and fickle fortune certainly seemed to smile sweetly upon the unholy alliance during a long period.

The scuttling of the Nova Scotia barque 'L. E. Cann' probably affords the most remarkable example of this nefarious practice that has come to light throughout the Victorian era. In November 1881, this wooden sailing-vessel happened to be in the harbour of Vera Cruz awaiting a charter, under the command of a certificated master named Brooks. She was staunch, quite as well supplied with stores as is usual in that inferior order of sailing-ship, and, under ordinary circumstances, should have carried a cargo to any port without mishap. Captain Brooks had held his responsible position for about two years, and had made several satisfactory voyages with her. His uncle owned one-sixteenth of the vessel, and covered the risk by insurance in the accepted manner. In February 1882, this part owner wrote to his

agents requesting them to insure his interest in the freight for another five hundred dollars; but this was not done, inasmuch as the agents had just previously insured the total freight, under instructions from the managing owner. Hence the 'L. E. Cann,' and the whole of her prospective earnings on the ensuing passage, were at least insured to the uttermost farthing, if not somewhat in excess thereof.

At far-off Vera Cruz, however, a foul conspiracy was entered into between Captain Brooks and a Spanish merchant, one Campos, who transacted the ship's business at that port, which boded ill for the profit-and-loss account of such underwriters as should undertake the insurance of the doomed barque, her cargo, and her freight. Campos agreed to put a comparatively worthless lot of timber on board as cargo, and insure it heavily, as though quite equal in value to similar cargoes sent from Mexico. Brooks bound himself to take on board a portion of this rubbish at Vera Cruz, to complete loading at another Mexican port, thence to proceed towards New York, and eventually to scuttle her at the first favourable opportunity. Accordingly, the 'L. E. Cann' was filled up to her hatches with a cargo which was only worth about forty per cent. of the amount set forth on the bills of lading; and, so far, these *hostes humani generis* seemed on the high-road to a competency, despite the precept that honesty is the best policy, which would doubtless appear rather old-fashioned to such partners in crime. Campos readily insured his bogus cargo, and awaited the course of events. Brooks, for his share in this infamous transaction, was to receive six thousand dollars. One-third of this sum he received on signing the bills of lading at Vera Cruz, one-third at the next loading-port, and the balance was to be paid him immediately the unsuspecting underwriters had settled in full for the total loss of the 'L. E. Cann' and her curious cargo.

Before setting sail, Captain Brooks wrote to his managing owner to the effect that the vessel was chartered to take a cargo from Mexico to New York for the lump sum of six thousand dollars, and the amount of freight was at once insured. She left Mexico on 30th March 1882; and, just one month later, her master did his worst to carry out his part of the criminal contract. While in the Gulf Stream, the 'L. E. Cann' was observed to be flying signals of distress, and apparently rapidly sinking. An American schooner bore down upon her in order to render assistance, in compliance with the request. A boat from the water-logged barque brought all her crew to the waiting schooner, and the 'L. E. Cann' was abandoned to wind and wave, a dangerous obstruction to navigation. The schooner brought the shipwrecked seafarers safely to Philadelphia. Unfortunately for Captain Brooks, however, it is not in mortals to command success, nor did he deserve it. The barque was not so easily despatched as he fondly imagined. On the 24th May she was fallen in with, strange to say, by a specially fitted salvage steamer, which towed her to Norfolk, Virginia. There she was placed in dry dock, and her trouble became clearly revealed even to the

most superficial observer. No fewer than fifteen auger-holes appeared in her hull below the water-line, and she would undoubtedly have foundered had it not been for her timber cargo.

The salvors were awarded five thousand dollars to compensate them for labour and expenditure, and the 'L. E. Cann' was sold, by order of the United States District Court. At a forced sale, only three thousand dollars were obtained for her, and this amount was handed over to the salvors. Captain Brooks confessed that the holes found in her hull had been bored by him with an auger; and, under the circumstances, the shipper of the bogus cargo thought that discretion was the better part of valour, and did not press for the insurance money. The vessel herself was insured for four thousand dollars, and her managing owner demanded payment thereof, on the ground that she was a constructive total loss. In less technical terms, it would have cost him more to recover the vessel from the salvors than she was actually worth before the scuttling; and therefore, so far as he was concerned, the 'L. E. Cann' was a total loss. The underwriters refused to pay, for several reasons; and the lawyers reaped a golden harvest owing to this scuttling by Captain Brooks, which almost deprived the innocent owners of the vessel from obtaining that insurance to which they were justly entitled. The managing owner secured judgment in his favour in two actions before the courts of Nova Scotia; but, on appeal, the underwriters succeeded in getting these decisions reversed in the Supreme Court by three judges to one. Thereupon, the case was carried to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which upset the finding of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; and the underwriters had to pay not only the amount of insurance, but also the enormous costs that had accrued.

Wooden ships as a rule are chosen by those desirous of defrauding underwriters by scuttling. Still the iron or steel vessel is not altogether free from their attentions. As we write, a large iron four-masted sailing-ship, the 'Falls of Afton,' is making her way up the English Channel with a goodly cargo of golden grain. One page in her life's history is very instructive. In 1882, when brand-new, she sailed from Glasgow for Calcutta with a valuable cargo of iron, railway sleepers, and coal. All went well till news reached her owners that this fine vessel of nearly nineteen hundred tons register had been picked up derelict in the North Atlantic, and taken to Madeira, by a French vessel. She was found drifting about; but the fate of her crew remained undetermined for several days. They had sought safety in a passing vessel, and reached home in due course. As usual in such cases, a Board of Trade inquiry was held to ascertain the cause of the abandonment of such a well-built vessel on a summer sea in fine weather. The court cancelled the master's certificate because he had permitted the sluice in the collision bulkhead to remain open, had cut a suction-pipe in the after-end of the ship, and had turned the water into the hold, in order to scuttle the ship. No sane person would have acted thus;

and the master was not proved to have acted in collusion with any one to defraud the underwriters, so that it seems reasonable to suppose that he was not responsible for his actions.

Still more recently, a Dundee shipowner named Hobbs has endeavoured to make a record in the business of ship-scuttling. In August 1891, the small vessel 'Da Capo,' of one hundred and sixty tons, belonging to Hobbs, foundered about twenty-five miles from Montrose. Just three days before Christmas of the same year, another small craft, the 'Greetjelina,' belonging to that merchant, met a like fate, not far from the place where the restless waters of the North Sea rolled over the 'Da Capo.' If we remember rightly, several other vessels belonging to Mr Hobbs reached his favourite dumping-ground in the vicinity of Montrose, and followed each other to the bottom in quick succession. The underwriters naturally became somewhat suspicious, and searching inquiries were instituted into the nature of a trade demanding the sacrifice of so many thoroughly insured vessels and cargoes. They found that Mr Hobbs was in the habit of buying worn-out vessels of uncertain age, patching them up temporarily, sending them to sea well insured, and persuading his creatures to scuttle them. The profits were great; but the peculiar nature of the business was not without risk. He was at once arrested, together with a confederate, whose name, by a strange coincidence, is the same as that of the ship which led to the downfall of Berwick and his gang referred to above; and, after a patient trial, they were both sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

On the 21st September last, the master of the Brixham trawler 'R. I. E.' was charged with having 'unlawfully and maliciously cast away his ship.' She left Tenby on the 24th of August; and two days later, water was discovered in the hold. The men went to the pumps; and one who had been below testified that he found the leak to be caused by two auger-holes near which he found an auger and signs that it had been used not long before. The vessel was a new one, the weather fine, sea smooth, and yet she went to the bottom. Her master has been committed for trial at the assizes.

The very latest instance of scuttling that has come under our notice is that carried out by a master now awaiting trial, at Seattle, Washington, for casting away the schooner 'Mary Parker' on the 29th of December, and trying to collect two thousand five hundred dollars insurance for a cargo worth just half that sum. She was taken to sea, a number of holes bored below the water-line in her hull, and upon removing a board temporarily fastened over the holes, the vessel foundered at the will of her master. The Marine Journal of New York states that he has made a full confession of the crime.

Underwriters are a long-suffering race, of necessity, for competition among them is so keen that they frequently prefer to pay even when in doubt as to the honesty of the insurer, rather than that their action be misconstrued and custom scared away. The system of ship-insurance is not by any means free from imperfection, and occasionally verges upon gambling. Some of

the better class of ship-owning firms underwrite their own ships; others do so up to a specified percentage of their value; but in far too many firms the ships and their prospective earnings are insured even beyond a liberal valuation. A dishonest owner is thus tempted to act as a sleeping partner in the scuttling of a fully insured ship. Undermanning is more marked every day, and although it renders vessels unfit to keep the sea in stormy weather, yet the terrible competition among underwriters allows it to flourish at home. In the East and China, however, the insurers combine for their common protection; and not infrequently cargo-steamers on arrival at Hong-kong are compelled to ship more men than the number deemed sufficient when leaving England, as otherwise the local underwriters and insurance companies would not insure the vessels. Ship-owners grumble, but they comply with the restrictions notwithstanding. Similar regulations are necessary over here. Having regard to the enormous number of vessels afloat, and the fierce competition among underwriters, it is matter for sincere congratulation that scuttling is so seldom the cause of loss to-day.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER III.

THE new order of things appeared to come about at Deepdene in the most natural manner possible. There was a little flutter of excitement at first, a disposition on everybody's part to see the new owner, and then everything settled down in the old groove—the machine went on as usual; nothing appeared to be disturbed, save that one or two of the servants accompanied De Ros and his daughter to the Dyke, which was situated just beyond the park gates. Dene de Ros took his deposition grandly. The old order changes, giving place to new; but nothing can debase the good and just man struggling with adversity. Dene de Ros owned defeat, but he could not fall.

For a year now the new owner had reigned in his stead; and, if a little heresy may be permitted, the estate was no worse for the change. Ambrose was unspeakably human; he was approachable; unlike his stern, unbending relation, he could feel for the misery which he had experienced. The cottages on the estate were improved, long-standing grievances alleviated, nothing neglected. And the county took kindly to Ambrose. He lacked the outward gloss and polish; but he had a native dignity and refinement of his own which fenced him round with the same dignity that doth hedge a king. He was a clever man, too; he started to educate himself with the fervour of a young man. Before twelve months had elapsed, he could read and write well. The books he read were a revelation to him. With early advantages behind him, Ambrose would have died a great man. And yet, despite the breadth of his ideas, despite his admiration for Adam Smith and Mill, nothing was altered at Deepdene. He regarded the oaken panels and gleaming armour, the storied device on the windows, with solemn and respectful awe.

'It's a big responsibility to follow those who are gone,' he said a score of times. 'They made the family what it was; they helped to make history too; and I've got to keep up their traditions.—David, lad, it's a very solemn undertaking that's put upon me.'

David was wont to listen respectfully. It was impossible for any one to carry out the burden laid upon his shoulders better than his father did. 'People say things are more satisfactory than they were,' he said. 'I am certain that no one is any worse for the change.'

'I hope not,' Ambrose said with simple solemnity. 'This is a trust which I hold under Providence. Out there, where I was for weeks at a time without seeing a single human soul, I used to wonder and dream what I should do if I had a lot of money left me. I said that mankind should be the better for it; and they are, though perhaps I shouldn't say so. The labourers are better paid, they've got decent cottages to live in.'

'Things will be better still,' David replied, 'when you get rid of Swayne.'

It was the one sore point between father and son. To a certain extent, Swayne had assumed his old position, and many were the private acts of tyranny perpetrated by him that never came to the ears of his employer.

'I owe all I have to him,' Ambrose said slowly. 'It was he who found me out, and placed me in my present position; and I don't see that he benefited much by all the trouble that he took.'

'He is steward of the estate at a good salary,' David said parenthetically.

'And a good servant, mind. I know nothing against him,' Ambrose went on, as he lowered his voice impressively, 'except that there was something wrong, a few years ago, when he held his present position before. He told me all about that honestly and honourably, and that's why I gave him another chance.—David, lad, when a man makes one false step, a cruel world is again givin' him another chance; and that's how criminals is made.'

In his earnestness, Ambrose dropped into the old vernacular. It was not often that David heard it now, and it was not displeasing to him. It brought vividly before him the recollection of the simple-hearted shepherd who deprived himself of everything for the sake of his boy.

'And yet I don't trust Swayne,' David answered.

'I don't myself,' was the somewhat startling reply. 'Mind you, I can lay my hand upon nothing; he does his work well; and yet, when his voice is in my ears, and his face before me, there's something here near my heart that keeps on whisperin', "He's a scoundrel—he's a scoundrel." But I don't listen to it, because I argue that it's nothing more than sinful prejudice. But the voice is never silent.'

David changed the subject. There were other things to think of, of much more importance than Swayne. The younger man sighed impatiently as he looked round the library and then out across the lawn. He had everything that makes life worth living—good health, good looks, and the reversion of a fine estate—and

yet there lay across his couch not a crumpled rose-leaf, but a trail of thorns. He was like the little boy crying for the moon.

It was not the moon he wanted so much as one bright particular star—Vera de Ros. It was impossible to be in her company long without being attracted to her—to be attracted and repelled at the same time. And David felt that unless he could win Vera for himself, all the rest was weariness of the flesh.

And she would have none of him; she repelled him gently and coldly, leaving him with an uneasy feeling that she cared for him all the time. Perhaps she did; but the demon of pride stood in her way. She liked David better than any man she had ever met; her respect and esteem for Ambrose was great, and yet they had between them deprived her of her inheritance. Hers, too, was the passionate pride of race; the blood in her veins was of the blue azure, whilst that of David was but a muddy stream. His mother had been a daughter of the soil, as was her mother before her; and birth was part of Vera's religion.

And yet she liked David. It was in her hands to say whether she should return to Deepdene and reign as its mistress again. She knew that she had only to unlock the flood-gates of her passion and abandon herself to an affection which, with all her resolution, she could not stifle. And here the element of pity came in. David only wooed her from a sense of justice. Could she accept as a lordly gift that which was morally her own?

Of course David knew nothing of this. He wandered out upon the shaven lawn, where the peacocks were sunning their Argus-eyed fans, flashing a purple and golden sheen; he watched the deer browsing in the hollow. From the quaint pigeon-house, the doves fluttered down to his feet. He stood there chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. The sky was clear overhead; but up from the sea came bands of trailing purple. The breeze blew on his face with fitful puffs. Far up in the empyrean, the gulls wheeled and circled, uttering plaintive cries.

'We shall have a storm before the morn, sir,' remarked one of the gardeners with a tug at his forelock. 'The gulls came in from the Clef Rock quite early. Ah, you should see this coast in a gale!'

'I haven't seen one yet, though I have been here a year,' David laughed; 'and I must say I don't see any signs of a storm at present.'

The rugged old countryman shook his head knowingly as he passed on. At the same moment, a figure crossed the rustic bridge and came rapidly towards the house. It was Dene de Ros, his features stern and contracted. He did not appear to see David for a brief space.

'You look as if something had happened,' the latter remarked.

'I did not notice you, David,' Dene de Ros replied.—'Yes, something very unpleasant indeed has happened, not that it concerns me personally, only your father ought to know at once. Where is he?'

By way of reply, David led the way through the dim cool hall to the library, where they found Ambrose struggling with a mass of

accounts which Swayne had just left for his inspection. He looked up with a smile, which evaporated as he noted the thundercloud on his visitor's brow. 'What is it?' he asked quietly. 'I see there is something wrong, cousin.'

'It is that scoundrel Swayne,' Dene replied, keeping his passion down with difficulty. 'I always warned you that you were dealing with a rascal, and that you were foolish to give him another chance. He has gone upon a new tack this time altogether, since there is no longer any chance of robbing the estate upon a large scale.'

'He wanted money badly,' Ambrose interposed. 'He made a little fortune out there in land, which he invested in the New Tasmania Bank. He came to me in great distress yesterday with the news of its failure.—Don't be too hard upon the poor fellow, Dene.'

'I declare you are the most exasperatingly lovable man I ever met,' Dene exclaimed, smiling in spite of himself. 'Because a rascal loses money, which he probably obtained by questionable means, I am to be sorry for him. That man robbed me of hundreds of pounds; I discharged him without a character; and by the fortune of war, he discovered you. That was his revenge, as he thought; but there he was utterly mistaken. It caused me no great pain to do what was right.'

'You are a good man,' Ambrose said huskily.—'One of the best of men.'

Dene de Ros waved the compliment aside impatiently. His face flushed, as if he were ashamed of that generous praise.

'But,' he went on, 'when your exaggerated gratitude caused you to bring that man home, and keep him about you, I was annoyed. Do you suppose he would have troubled about you, had it not been for striking a blow at me? The first intimation I had of your existence was a letter from Joshua Swayne saying he had discovered the son of Leslie de Ros, and asking ten thousand pounds for his silence.'

'Why wasn't I told this before?' Ambrose demanded quietly. His mouth had grown harder, his blue eyes flashed. 'I ought to have known. Forgive a man once, I say, give him a chance; and if he fails in his duty again'—

'But you were set upon him. Besides, I always had a comfortable conviction that if you gave the rascal rope enough, he'd be sure to hang himself. And I don't suppose you will care to look over the last escapade, because it concerns the poor.'

'Ah!' There was a world of meaning in the exclamation. 'Go on.'

'Well, I happened to be riding past one of the new cottages by the church yesterday, when I heard Swayne threatening one of the women there. Certain words which came to my ear roused my suspicions, and I returned presently. After a little persuasion on my part, the whole thing came out. It appears that the tenant's name is Meakin, one of the new labourers from Surrey.'

'A superior man for his class,' Ambrose observed. 'Very independent; but a good workman, and a firm believer in trades-unionism.—Never mind what your opinion of that is; please to go on with the story.'

'Well, the woman was angry. It appears that the cottage was let for half-a-crown per week; whilst, as a matter of fact, it is honestly worth five shillings. In collecting the rent, Swayne, it appears, always demands four shillings, and gets it too, for these people know when they are well off, and fear of Swayne getting them out of their holdings seals their mouths.'

'Oh! Then Swayne pockets every week something like forty sums of eighteenpence—that is, if he does the same everywhere.'

'Which he does,' Dene de Ros went on, with a little malicious delight in the discomfiture of his successor. 'I called at several more of the cottages, and had it out with the wives. Of course, I assured them that no harm could come to them; after which they spoke freely. I find all the labourers on the home-farm are paid twenty-two shillings. There are about forty of them; and Swayne, under threat of dismissal if they complain, gives them a pound each. It is by no means a bad way of adding nearly five pounds a week to one's income.—But you can test this for yourself.'

Ambrose de Ros rose to his feet, his lips trembling, and his hands tightly clenched. His gentle, innocent mind recoiled with loathing. Bad enough to plunder the rich; but when it came to the poor and lowly, he was filled with righteous indignation. He looked like the incarnation of an avenging Providence.

'This must be seen to at once,' he said. 'Will you come with me? I have to meet Swayne at Meakin's cottage presently; and if what you say proves to be true, then you will see that I can be just.'

As the two strode along in the direction of the village, a silence lay upon them. They reached the labourer's cottage at length. It was past one o'clock, and Meakin was at home, a powerful, burly-looking man, with a clear eye, and a manner somewhat independent. Swayne, looking mean and cunning as usual, was conversing with him.

The steward's face fell a little as he saw the angry gleam in the eye of his employer. He would have spoken, but Ambrose put him aside.

'Meakin,' he said slowly and distinctly, 'I have found you honest and straightforward, and I want a truthful reply to my question. Why, when the rent of your cottage is half-a-crown weekly, do you pay Swayne four shillings? And why do you take a sovereign on Saturday, when you know that you are entitled to two shillings more?'

Swayne gasped; his cunning face grew white and ghastly. He signed swiftly to his victim; but the latter smiled in reply. The man saw his advantage; something told him that the day of tyranny was past.

'Because I was bound to, sir,' he replied bluntly.—'Ah, I know what a steward can do when a man offends him. They can ruin a man. And because, even as things are now, I'm forty per cent. better off than I was before I came here, I kept my tongue between my teeth. I have not wronged you, sir, only myself. And if you knew what it was to starve, you'd know how that takes all the pluck out of a man.'

'I do know,' Ambrose said quietly. 'I don't blame you, Meakin, or any of you; I blame myself for trusting to a villain. Do not be afraid to speak, for *he* shall rob you no more. Tell me if you are the only one, or does he treat you all the same?'

'There's no favour shown,' Meakin replied with grim humour. 'Mr Swayne's kind enough to treat us all alike. Go down the cottages, sir, and see if I'm not tellin' you gospel truth.'

Ambrose turned away, all his anger gone. In its place there welled up a feeling of bitter disappointment. He had trusted this man; he had put aside his prejudices; he had been deceived.

'The way of the world is beyond me,' he murmured. 'I would not have had this happen for anything.—I would have found you what money you required. Come to me in an hour's time. By then, I shall know what to say.'

The speaker felt too upset to pursue his investigations further; he sat on the edge of the old stone drinking fountain which stood under the shadow of the church, whilst the others finished the unsavoury task. Ambrose felt quite as dejected and cast down as Swayne himself. The latter had reckoned upon the simple-mindedness of his employer. The labourers and cottagers were under his thumb; not one of them would dare to charge him with his malpractices. And now it had all come out, and ruin stared him in the face.

There was no fear of prosecuting, of course; Ambrose de Ros would have cut off his right hand first. There was strength and comfort in the reflection as Swayne crept into the library an hour later, and found himself face to face with the man he had wronged. And yet he felt no remorse; he only burned for vengeance against Dene de Ros, who had brought all this about. The latter appeared to have scored a triumph at every turn. There was one other card that Swayne had to play, his final effort. He knew all the secrets of the house, every nook and cranny; he had been a privileged and trusted servant for years. His eyes gleamed; there was a sullen flush on his face as he scraped his leathery jaws with a rasping, unstable forefinger. But he could not face the white-haired, sweet-faced giant who stood before him.

'I'm not going to bandy words with you,' Ambrose said slowly. 'You had a good chance, and you lost it. I trusted you, and you have betrayed my confidence by robbing the poor, God's poor. You are no longer a servant of mine, Joshua Swayne; you can go.'

But Swayne was not quite easy in his mind; he wanted to be absolutely certain as to the remoteness of a criminal prosecution; yet he simulated no remorse before the most credulous of men. 'You will not take any steps against me?' he asked sullenly.

'Unto seventy times seven, I could forgive; but it doesn't follow that I'm going to find employment as well, Ambrose replied with a quaint admixture of humour and solemnity. 'I couldn't have believed it, Swayne.'

'We never do till we find a man out,' Swayne muttered. 'Mr Dene de Ros was angry

and scornful; he is a gentleman, of course; he wouldn't demean himself by a dirty action. He's a man of honour, like that Brutus chap in a play that I once saw, and he behaved like an aristocrat when he heard of you, didn't he? And yet he's as bad as me.'

Ambrose crossed over to the door and locked it. The words apparently were innocent enough, but they seemed to inflame De Ros to madness. His blue eyes blazed as he laid his hands upon Swayne, and shook him to and fro as an ash-tree is shaken by the wind. 'Explain,' he said between his teeth; 'come, your meaning.'

'Don't you strike me,' Swayne said fearfully. 'I suppose you can read?'

The sneer went harmlessly over the head of Ambrose de Ros. 'Yes,' he said simply; 'I can now, as well as you. But don't keep me waiting. I'm slow to anger, but beware how you rouse my passion. Speak, man.'

'Very well, I will,' Swayne burst out, his venom giving him courage. 'You're curious as to that casket of Del Roso's; therefore, look into it, and read carefully all you find there. I'll say no more, if I die for it. But search and read, and tell me what you think of Dene de Ros then.'

The look of expectation, dread, almost fear, died out of Ambrose's eyes. He unlocked the door and pointed to the hall. 'You are too late,' he said. 'I knew all that the casket has to tell long ago. Yes; I mete out to all men the latitude I gave to you. And if you ever dare to trade upon the secret which you have stolen, it will be the worse for you. For, of all enemies that a man can choose, the worst is the honest being whose trust he has so shamefully betrayed. Now go, and never let me see you again.'

Swayne crept away humiliated, almost ashamed. He had fired his mine; it had exploded harmlessly into the air.

Ambrose remained behind. He looked up to the wild gray sky, changed since morning; he saw the oaks on the hill tossed by the forefront of the gale. 'He must never know,' he murmured. 'That one great sin shall be forgiven.'

SOME UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE in one of his pleasing reveries suggests the original and fanciful idea of a library composed not of books written and published, but of works left incomplete through lack of time or power of achievement. He would, in Milton's words,

Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,

and obtain the untold Canterbury Tales of Chaucer's pilgrims, the continuation of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' and the completion of Keats's grand fragment of 'Hyperion.' To this imaginary library a less delicate taste might perhaps add those works thought of, planned, or commenced, which yet, for more or less obvious reasons, have never reached the printer. Of these, no insignificant part would be connected with the name of Coleridge, the 'man of infinite title-pages.' In

addition to the 'Christabel,' which he often talked of completing, folios innumerable would find a local habitation on these immaterial shelves. Charles Lamb, in the playful letter to his friend Manning which contained an imaginary notice of Coleridge's death, scarcely exaggerated his fecundity of schemes and procrastinating method of work, when he says: 'Poor Col.; but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the Wanderings of Cain, in twenty-four books. It is said he left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion.' It is true that 'Poor Col.' was continually projecting new schemes, and for ever failing to carry them into execution. Southey in one of his letters says: 'As to your Essays, &c., you spawn plans like a herring; I only wish as many of the seed were to vivify in proportion.' Coleridge once read to his friend Cottle the publisher, from his pocket-book, a list of eighteen different works, not one of which he ever wrote. For many years he meditated a heroic poem on the Siege of Jerusalem by Titus; and amongst other projected works were a Treatise on the Corn-laws, a History of German Belles-lettres, a Book of Morals in answer to Godwin, an Essay on the Writings of Johnson and Gibbon, a poetical pantomime, and a 'kind of comedy.' 'I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem,' he writes—'ten years to collect my materials and warm my mind with universal science; five were to be spent in its composition, and five in its correction. His tastes and inclinations were undoubtedly catholic; but persistent effort in any one direction was ill suited to the genius of Coleridge, and he was content with his books and his opium, and the consequent glorious dreaming.'

Another opium-eater, De Quincey, was nearly as prolific with his projects, and more energetic in his attempts to give them shape. In his 'Confessions' he says he had devoted his life to the production of a great work, to which he had 'presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's, namely, De Emendatione Humani Intellectus.' One need scarcely regret that it never reached the printer. At another time his idea was to write a Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy, which ambitious enterprise was twice advertised, and arrangements were made with a printer for its publication. This, however, was abandoned, and no more troubled the bibliographer than the famous 'Typical Developments' by the Philosopher in 'Happy Thoughts.' Another scheme was a new History of England in twelve volumes. After he was seventy, he still harped upon the subject, and said that he could finish it in four years.

Goldsmith was almost as fertile with his schemes as either of the great opium-eaters, and often raised money on some projected work, then put it aside, and started another. He once drew up a Prospectus for a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and obtained promises of help from his friends Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke; but the book-sellers were too wary for once, and the scheme fell through. One of his last proposals was The Survey of Experimental Philosophy, which met with the same fate. Even the more practical Dr Johnson could himself devise and not undertake.

He once thought of writing a Life of Oliver Cromwell, but it is as well perhaps that he changed his mind. His constitutional indolence was too great to admit of his undertaking many great literary enterprises, and, unlike Coleridge, he was well aware of the fact. He dawdled over his edition of Shakespeare for nine years, although he had promised it in a year, and only finished it in consequence of the attack of Churchill, who accused him of cheating his subscribers:

He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash: but where's the book?
No matter where; wise fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what to serve our private ends
Forbids the cheating of our friends?

It was Milton's early ambition, as everybody knows, to write an epic on the subject of King Arthur. At one time he even contemplated rewriting the story of Macbeth, and would no doubt have followed the severe classical model, in startling contrast to Shakespeare's treatment. The idea of an epic on the subject of Arthur also captivated Dryden, as also did the story of the Black Prince; but his smooth and elastic couplets were reserved for dramatic and satiric purposes. Sir Walter Scott thought that an epic on the exploits of King Arthur from the pen of Dryden would have been a glorious monument of English genius as well as a record of native heroism. As a specimen of the bad taste of that age, it might be mentioned that Dryden once thought of turning the 'Paradise Lost' into rhyme, and a few years later it was suggested that Pope should dramatise that grand poem.

Gibbon once meditated a Life of Raleigh, and began to collect materials for the purpose. After reading Oldys' Life of the great Elizabethan, he relinquished the design, modestly thinking 'he could add nothing new to the subject except the uncertain merit of style and sentiment.' He decided to 'embrace a safer and more extensive scheme,' and successively chose the History of the Liberty of the Swiss, and the History of the Republic of Florence under the Medici, before that famous day in Rome when he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, and the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to his mind.

Isaac Disraeli, in his interesting sketch of Oldys the antiquary and his manuscripts, refers to the 'masses of curious knowledge now dispersed or lost.' Oldys once contracted to supply Ten Years of the Life of Shakespeare unknown to the Biographers; but he did not live to fulfil the engagement, and, says Disraeli, 'that interesting narrative is now hopeless for us.' Although he made vast collections of biographical and literary curiosities, he made but little practical use of them; and Disraeli pictures him as 'breathing a self-reproach in one of those profound reflections of melancholy which so often startle the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire real knowledge with the ambition of dispensing it to the world:

I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
Is always whetting tools, but never works.

Sir Walter Scott's latest literary project, conceived at Naples in the last years of his life, was to edit Mother Goose's tales with antiquarian and

mythological notes; and one must regret that the curious and out-of-the-way learning of Scott was not to be devoted to that purpose. The abandonment of his contemplated Lives of Peterborough and John, Duke of Argyll, was less serious.

Of course this list might be extended indefinitely, if the unwritten books of mediocre writers were admitted, or of those ambitious persons who plan some 'magnum opus' far beyond their power of execution, and which is no more likely to illuminate the world than Mr Casaubon's learned 'Key' or Mr Caxton's History of Human Error.

THE CHAIN-MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

FINDING herself free, Janet decided to go to her mother's sister, Aunt Janet, who lived at the church-end of the town. As she approached the church, she was surprised to see the figure of Dan seated on the stile, smoking, in deep meditation.

Janet's first impulse was to turn back; but at that moment Dan looked up, and hastened to meet her. 'Janet!' he cried, in tender rapture.

'Dan! Oh Dan!' In a moment she was in his arms; tears and sobs came thick and fast, to the relief of her swelling heart.

'What's happened, Janet?'

'I've quarrelled with daddie,' she sobbed.

'About me?'

'Yes, yes, Dan. He abused you shamefully.'

'Never mind, lass; words don't harm.'

'And—and—called me names that— Oh Dan! I thought he loved me. I've been dutiful; and he's been so—so steady, and careful and tender to me since mother died—I—I—could never think it— Oh, such words! I couldn't stay with him after them.'

'Then you've left him?'

'Yes, yes—I couldn't stay.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I don't know; but I won't go back.'

'Then come with me to Sheffield.'

'No, no, Dan; that would look as if we'd run away.'

'But to my Aunt Betsy. She'll give you a home; and I'll soon get a job; the strike's ended; and I'll have a cot of my own for you before long.'

'Nay. I'll go to my Aunt Janet; she'll tell me what's best. She has a large family of her own; but she's always a kind and motherly word for me.'

'It's hard to leave you, sweet one; but I shall come over often—every week-end.'

So, with prolonged caresses, they parted, and Janet hurried on to her aunt's.

That large-hearted woman was holding the youngest of six in her lap, and rocking with her foot another in the cradle, while she combed the hair of a wriggling boy of five. 'Dear o' me! what's happened?' she asked, as Janet seated herself with a face plainly betraying her distress.

Her niece quickly told her what had taken place, and of her father's abusive language.

'An' you've left him?'

'Yes, aunt.'

'An' I glory in your pluck. Serves him right. He's been a bully o' his life. He lorded it over our Jane, until he ground all t' spirit out o' her. But her would have him, spite o' all we'd said; an' now, poor lass, her's dead an' buried. If he'd had me, I'd'—

'Don't talk of that, Aunt Janet. Tell me what I must do.'

'What yo' must do?'

'Yes. Can I stay here? I fear you have no room to spare.'

'Oh, yo' can stay here, an' welcome, lass. We'n room enough. Yo' can sleep wi' little Jim here.—But stop a bit; let me think. If yo' stop here, Hibden 'ull be coming for yo'; an' that'll never do. Our Jim 'ud order him out o' t' house; an' then there'd be a row. An' tho' he's a bigger mon nor Jim, our Jim 'ud never give in while he could raise a arm. He's a little un, but he's a rare plucky un, is Jim.'

'Then what can I do, aunt?'

'Go to yer Uncle George at Sheffield. Our George has neither chick nor child, an' his wife was allus fond o' yo'.'

'Yes; I think that is best.'

'Have yo' any brass, Janet?'

'Yes, aunt, a little.'

Janet, after listening to her aunt's directions, and motherly admonitions to have nothing to say to fellow-travellers, man or woman, set out for her Uncle George's at Sheffield.

This was Janet's first railway journey alone; her nerves were at full tension; she clung tenaciously to her third-class ticket, and looked eagerly at every station sign, lest she should pass her destination, to the great amusement of more experienced travellers.

While in a deep reverie, in which Dan figured, she suddenly remembered that Dan's home was in Sheffield. What if he was on the train? Then her thoughts drifted off to her father; and she was picturing his storming at her aunt's, when the train dashed into a great black, smoky station, and she realised she was in Sheffield.

A good-natured old porter advised her to take a cab to her uncle's, as it was fully two miles, and the road confusing. This she did; and after many windings and turnings—which convinced her she could never have found the house alone—she was put down at the door. She discharged the cabby, and was about to knock at the door, when she found, to her dismay, the house was empty: a 'To Let' card in the window directed applicants to No. 19. To that number she went, and knocked.

A cheerful, tidy, old woman, and a wholesome odour of hot muffins, came to the cottage door.

'Can you tell me where George Herlock has gone?' asked Janet.

'George Herlock, lass! Why, bless you, he's been gone to America these three months.'

'Uncle George gone! Oh dear, what must I do?' she cried with a look of consternation.

'Did you expect to find him, lass?'

'Yes, yes. He never wrote; but—but—'

'Have you come far?'

'Yes; from near Birmingham.'

'Then come in and rest a bit, and have a cup o' tea; you'll be tired,' said the tidy old woman,

with that kindly hospitality which is the first impulse of Midland housewives. She saw that the girl was in genuine trouble, and her heart went out to her in sympathy.

'I've known your Uncle George this many a year,' continued the good woman, after she had induced Janet to take off her hat. 'Your father's brother, belike?'

'No; my mother's. She was a Herlock.'

'Ay, ay; I remember he told Dave, my good-man. He's a night watchman, my dear. He's just getting up. You will have a cup o' tea wi' us—there's only us two.'

'Oh, it's very kind of you; but I ought to go—go—home; it will be very late.'

'You can stay all night, lass, an' Dave shall see you off in t' morning.'

When her husband came down-stairs, the childless mother told him where the girl had come from.

'Why,' said Dave, 'that's just like Geordie! I told him to write; but he kept a-putting it off until he forgot it, belike.'

Presently, as Janet was seated before the hot muffins, feeling perfectly secure with this whole-souled Yorkshire couple, there came a knock at the door.

'Well, who can that be?' asked the wife, going to the cottage door.

As she opened it, Janet heard her exclaim: 'Well, well, well—it's my lad,' and the sound of a smothered hug and kiss.

Then the tones of a manly voice that sent the blood surging from her heart into her cheeks, as she rose from the table and reeled with giddy delight.

'Dave, it's Dan come home,' cried the old woman.

Dan strode into the room, and was reaching out his hand to his uncle, when he caught sight of Janet. In a moment she was locked in his arms, to the astonishment of Uncle Dave and Aunt Betsy.

'It strikes me you've been at that game afore, Dan,' said Uncle Dave as Dan released Janet.

'She's my sweetheart, uncle.'

'Ow, ow! You sent her on before, then?'

'No. I don't know how she got here.—What train did you come by, Janet?'

'The train from Dudley Junction.'

'Ah! that's it. I came on the North-western, from Birmingham.'

Janet did not return the next morning, or the next month, for the childless Betsy, with the motherly heart, would not hear of it.

The morning after Janet's flight, when Hibden rose, he was confronted with a desolate home. The fireless grate with the accumulated ashes smearing the generally snowy hearthstone; the rashers of cold bacon looked ghastly; the unwashed dishes still littered the table, as they had been left the day before. A sense of his helplessness came over him, for never in the course of his life had this domestic tyrant lifted a hand to help himself. After several trials, and many imprecations at its persistent smoking, he managed to light the kitchen fire. He warmed up the coffee left from the day before, and with some bread and butter made a far from hearty breakfast. Then lighting his

pipe, he sat before the fire, contemplating the dismal scene. At noon, he set out for Aunt Janet's, for he had come to the conclusion that was his daughter's only place of refuge.

'Well,' said that muscular woman, as Hibden presented himself at the door, 'what do yo' want here?'

'I want Janet.'

'Her's none here.'

'Her has been, then?'

'Ay, her has been,' said Mrs Jim tartly.

'Where is her now?'

'Her's none here'—with a grim smile.

'Her's run away fro' home; her's none o' age, an' onybody as harbours her, I'll ha' up afore magistrates.'

'Oh! yo' 'll have um up, will yo', Bob Hibden?'

'Ah, I will.'

'Yo' 'll find um first.'

'I'm none so far off finding um now. Will yo' tell me where her is?'

'No; I won't. There! you have it flat, Bob Hibden.'

'An' why?'

'Because yo' 'n ill-used her. Yo' 'n made a slave o' her, an' yo' 'd bully her into her grave, as yo' did her poor mother.'

'I don't want none o' your slandering tongue—nor I'—

Her husband came up for his dinner at this juncture. 'Now, Bob Hibden, I'll none ha' you bullying my wife,' said 'Bantam Jim,' bristling up.

'Get thee in t' t' house,' said his wife; 'this is none o' thy business;' and Jim suddenly found himself pushed into the kitchen with one jerk of his wife's muscular arm.—'An' as for yo', Bob Hibden, yo' 'll never know fro' me where her is.' Then she banged the door in Hibden's face, and barred it, to further emphasise her determination.

Hibden went home fuming with rage.

The next day, he reluctantly called in old Granny Crip, of No. 6, to tidy up his house and provide his meals.

He returned to his work with a new helper; but the loss of his daughter was never out of his mind.

After Granny's advent, all the gossips in 'Hibden's Row' knew of his misfortune. Some pitied him, and some did not; the general opinion was that in his disgrace he would turn to drink. Some one told him of seeing Dan and Janet together in the fields on the morning of her disappearance, and this convinced him and the gossips that they had eloped.

Weeks passed, and no tidings came of her. The bull-pup Bendigo whined from room to room, seeking her with piteous cries, which caused his master in his own acute sorrow to lament: 'Ay, lad; we 'n both lost a friend, one as we 'n never get the like on again.' Hibden had cherished his daughter while she was with him much as he had loved his dog; but now that she was lost to him, he suffered with all the pangs of paternal bereavement, for he considered her lost. He often pictured her wandering about the streets an outcast, for he had no faith in Dan's honesty of purpose. As month followed month, and no tidings came of

her, his once florid face grew sallow and haggard; his appetite failed; and he gave up his job at the chain-works, a physically broken man. Then he moped about the house or the meadows, with Bendigo always at his heels. He shunned the public-house and drink, to the surprise of his neighbours, and gradually there settled upon him a determination to find the man who had desolated his home, and if they met, to destroy him. He carried a heavy oaken stick for the purpose.

It was reported in the chain-works that Dan had gone to America. At first, Hibden believed this report; but finally remembering Dan had come from Sheffield, he decided to go there and make inquiries. His first two visits to the great straggling town were fruitless—no one seemed to know of such a man. Still, he kept up his search for many months, until one night he encountered Uncle Dave on his way to work. After they had exchanged the usual observations of the night, Hibden asked: 'Do yo' happen to know a man named Helm, Dan Helm?'

Uncle Dave was about to answer, 'Ay, he's my nevvie,' when something in the haggard visage of the stranger caused him to modify his reply. 'Ay, I do,' he said.

'He's gone to America, they say?'

'Ay, he has. Did you know him?'

'Ay. He ran away wi' my daughter.'

'Oh! Then you want him, belike?'

'I want to get this stick on his skull,' said Hibden, swinging the oaken stick threateningly.

'You would kill him?'

'Ay, I would, if I swung for 't,' cried Hibden, his face livid with anger. Then he told Uncle Dave the months of agony he had suffered at the loss of his beloved child.

The Yorkshireman listened to his tale, deeply pitied him, and finally said: 'Happen it's na as bad as you think. I'll make some inquiries, an' I'll write an' let you know when I've any news.' With this they parted.

Uncle Dave thought it prudent not to reveal at that time all he knew without consulting his wife. Dan and Janet had been married soon after they joined the old couple; and later, at the urgent request of a relation, Dan had gone to the States to a good situation. He wrote home that he was prospering, and that he would come and fetch his wife in the August following.

When Uncle Dave told Aunt Betsy of his meeting with Hibden and the threat, she would not consent to Janet being told of it in her present delicate condition.

But in July, something occurred which decided Uncle Dave to attempt a little diplomacy of his own. He wrote to Hibden to come over the next Sunday, as he had some news for him. When Sunday came, and Uncle Dave met him at the station, Hibden eagerly asked: 'What is the news?'

'Come to the parish church and you shall see.'

At the church he showed Hibden the register, and read to him the record of the marriage on October 10, 187-, of Janet Hibden, spinster, and Daniel Helm, bachelor.

When the chain-maker heard this, the

muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and he cried with a husky voice: 'Thank God, it's none so bad as I thought.'

'I told you it mightn't be,' said Uncle Dave.

'I can't tell yo' what a comfort that is to me, for I feel as if I'm none for long i' this world; an' it's lifted a load fro' my mind to find as—as—he did the honest thing by her. God bless her! wherever her is. I've made my will, an' left all I have to her an' her childer, if her has ony.'

'I'm fain to hear you'n come to that sensible conclusion, Mr Hibden.'

'I don't know how to thank yo', master, as I'd like; I'm beholden to yo'—I'—'

'Don't mention it, Hibden.—But you *can* do me a good turn to-day,' said Uncle Dave as they left the church.

'Mention it, an' I'll do it willingly.'

'We're i' trouble at our house.'

'What's up?'

'There's to be a christening to-day. Rather sudden; child's weakly, an' mother main't live.'

'Oh! yer child?'

'No; it's a niece o' mine. She's had a bit o' bad news, an'—an' it brought her down sudden-like.'

'What's happened?'

'Her husband's away from home, an' she's got word he's nearly killed in a explosion in t' foundry. Well, it's a question if she'll live; an' she's anxious to have the child christened afore she dies. Parson's coming this afternoon.'

'Oh, I see.'

'My missis is to be t' godmother; an' I'll be one godfather'—'

'An' yo' want me to be t' other?' asked Hibden.

'Ay. You've neither chick nor child, an'—an' this little lad will—may soon be without father or mother. I thought it would do yer heart good to do something like this.'

'Oh, it will. I'll do it willingly.'

When they arrived at Uncle Dave's, they found the curate waiting. He had been into the back-room, where a bed had been placed, to comfort and encourage the helpless little mother, and now he was seated by the fireplace, while Aunt Betsy was nursing Janet's child.

When the two godfathers came in, the parlour door was closed; but as the curate began the baptismal prayer, Janet softly asked the nurse to open it a little, so that she could hear the curate's supplication.

Bob Hibden knelt to his Maker for the first time since the death of his wife; as he did so, he experienced an indescribable feeling of consolation and contentment.

Then the minister sprinkled the child, and concluding, said: 'David Hibden Helm, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' As the curate handed the child back to Aunt Betsy, Hibden grasped Uncle Dave's arm and exclaimed: 'Is yer name Helm?'

'Ay. And it's my neevie's name.'

'Whose child is this?'

'Your grandchild.'

'Mine! An'—an'—is—is—my lass—my Janet

dead?' and great scalding tears trickled down his cheeks.

Just then, there came from the little back-room a long quivering, wailing cry, which shaped itself into the words: 'Daddie, daddie! oh daddie!' Janet had heard him, and her shattered heart could not suppress the appeal.

In a moment he had burst into the room and held her in his arms. 'Ah, Janet, my lass, my lass!'

'Oh daddie, daddie! thank God He's sent you to me.'

'Amen, lass—amen; an' He's saved yo' for me.'

And when, soon after, Aunt Betsy brought in the baby to them, their reconciliation was complete.

A few days later, Uncle Dave received a letter from his brother in America saying Dan's injuries were not so dangerous as at first reported, and that he was in a fair way to complete recovery. This cheered the little mother. She began to improve so that, within a month, she was nursing her baby by the fireside at Hibden's Row.

In the autumn, Dan returned strong and well. When he presented himself at the cottage door, Hibden met him on the threshold and said: 'Come in, lad—come in, an' welcome. There was a blind owd donkey lived here a year ago as refused yo' his daughter; yo' mun reckon him as dead an' gone, an' forget o' his hard words, an' the trouble he's caused yo'. Here's yer wife an' baby well an' hearty; an' theer's mi hand; an' if yo' 'll let bygones be bygones, an' always be kind to Janet—for, God knows, she's nearly died for love o' yo'—yo' 'll find no better friend nor Bob Hibden.'

WITH THE MIND'S EYE.

The rasping sound of steel on steel;

A score of footsteps on the stair;

The clink and whir of rod and wheel,

The voice of Labour everywhere—

Along the wharf the waters lift

A sluggish current, dull and brown:

With low black hulls, that slowly drift

Beyond the smoke-encircled town.

But fairer scenes before me rise —

The sunny slope, the brooklet clear;

Or where the water-lily lies

In silver on the silent mere;

Where rounded summits, clothed with green,

Are sweet with summer's passing shower;

And rippling rivers flow between

Wide fields, aglow with bud and flower.

Oh forest glade! oh wind-swept hill!

At morn so fresh, at eve so fair,

Whose lightest recollection still

Has power to lessen daily care.

Though Life in narrower groove be cast,

Though days be dark, and skies be gray;

The memory of the happier Past,

Nor greed nor power can snatch away.

R. STANSBY WILLIAMS.

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THE SMOKE PROBLEM.

WHEN, over thirteen years ago, in December 1880, Dr Alfred Carpenter read his paper on 'London Fogs' before the Society of Arts, everybody thought that at last we were on the eve of a great revolution; that the élite of sanitary reformers would make a united effort to banish the smoke-fiend for ever and aye from the metropolis and other great centres of population. It is almost superfluous to say—for it is too painfully evident—that smoke and its concomitant, King Fog, are still with us, and, like the poor, likely to remain with us, unless drastic measures are adopted. Several attempts, and resolute attempts too, have been made during the last decade to battle with the evil; but, strange to say, they all have ended—in smoke. To be strictly correct, however, one successful effort has been made to solve the Smoke Problem; but, as we shall point out when dealing with it, it only grapples with the smoke arising in manufacturing processes. The smoke problem as it affects populous centres is still awaiting solution. Millions of chimneys yet pour forth unchecked into the atmosphere their compound of carbonaceous and tarry matter, sending up the death-rate periodically, and inflicting great discomfort upon those strong enough constitutionally to resist the effects of fogs caused by smoke, besides causing immense loss to property.

To make the importance of the subject fully understood, it should be remembered that it is estimated that the smoke-cloud which during twenty-four hours hangs over London weighs at least three hundred tons, of which fifty tons are solid carbon, and two hundred and fifty tons hydro-carbons and carbonic acid gas. In the great fogs of 1880 the death-rate rose to forty-eight per thousand; and in the three weeks from January 24 to February 14, nearly three thousand persons lost their lives as a consequence of inhaling the smoke-laden atmosphere of London. Nor is London a soli-

tary sufferer from the smoke evil. The people of Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, and other manufacturing centres, are only little better off than Londoners; in fact, it is estimated that in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire alone there are upwards of two hundred thousand factory chimneys belching forth smoke.

To return to the point from which we started. There is hardly need for apology for briefly recapitulating the powerful arguments advanced in his paper by Dr Carpenter. The great sanitary authority laid it down that the method now used for warming our houses and cooking our food is wasteful in the extreme, and that five-sixths at least of the heat actually developed is lost, while much of the fuel passes away unconsumed. This is as true to-day as at the time when Dr Carpenter pleaded for reform. He further urged that means should be adopted to prevent these causes continuing in operation. These means should be the production of gas at a cheap rate, so that it might be used for cooking, and in many cases also for heating, purposes. He foresaw at the time what has actually come to pass—namely, that the use of gas for lighting purposes would be gradually dispensed with. The ever-growing application of the electric light appears almost as the fulfilment of a prophecy; and Dr Carpenter was equally right when he said that it would be in the interest of the gas companies that heating power should be developed in the gas manufacture rather than lighting. The gas companies certainly have taken the hint, for they are at present far more anxious—seeing the ever-growing competition of the electric light—to push the consumption of gas for cooking and heating purposes. Dr Carpenter further suggested that it would be promoting the object in view if the sale of coal were prohibited in the metropolis—and, of course, in other large towns—unless it had been previously deprived of its smoke-producing properties. He also said that a tax upon fire-

places not so constructed as to consume their own smoke would effect this object, which might also be assisted by a heavier tax upon the untreated coal when sold for public consumption in the metropolis.

Speaking from memory, at the time when Dr Carpenter addressed his audience, abolition of the coal-dues in London was not even hinted at, or else he would never have dared to make such a proposal. We are living now in a more democratic age, and we have no doubt that his other proposal—that the proceeds of these taxes should be used by the local authority in extinguishing the present commercial companies which manufacture gas and distribute water—would now be hailed with acclamation. Dr Carpenter also recommended the encouragement of the use of closed stoves. He finally submitted that the steps which should be taken to promote the objects advocated in his paper would be best met by urging upon the Government the propriety of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole subject, the Commission to formulate the grounds upon which legislation should be established, and prepare the way for the introduction of a Bill into Parliament for the purpose.

Happy Parliament, to be saddled with another bantling, to increase the number of bairns already under its charge, which are growing from year to year! We are afraid that remedy must remain in abeyance. But are the resources of civilisation exhausted to meet the case? We think not. It is true that very little progress has been made, since Dr Carpenter read his paper, in the direction of abolishing the smoke nuisance; but what was said in 1880 at the Society of Arts may be urged again at the present time. Yet there are many difficulties in the way. In the first place, he must be a bold reformer who would dare to interfere with the family fireplace. The words used by Dr Carpenter himself at the time are so charming that we reproduce them. 'There is,' he says, 'something so endearing and so national about our domestic hearth, so captivating about the ability to poke a fire, that I should never expect to remove these comforts from our midst; neither is entire removal necessary.' And yet, almost in the same breath, he proposed an appeal to the legislature to do away, at least partially, with those comforts! There was something more rational in the remarks made at the meeting by the chairman, the late Mr Edwin Chadwick. He recommended the use of anthracite coal; but so far very little of it is burnt, in London fireplaces at any rate, because of the difficulty experienced in lighting it. We should require, may be, special classes in our Board Schools for teaching girls the art of lighting a fire built up of anthracite. We think, under present circumstances, the wider introduction of gas for cooking and heating purposes would contribute very much towards the abatement of smoke. As already stated, the gas companies are fully alive to the subject, and they are vigorously pushing the sale of gas stoves on the hire system; but gas is far too dear for such progress to be made with it in its consumption as to attain the object aimed at. In London,

at any rate in the district in which the writer resides, gas is charged at three shillings and one penny per one thousand cubic feet, and very bad it is at the price, at any rate for lighting purposes; and it almost seems as if the gas companies are doing all they can to restrict its use for that purpose. No other explanation is possible, for, surely, otherwise they would not be so obdurately deaf to the frequent appeals made to them. This paper is being written under the soft light emitted from a duplex burner of a paraffin lamp, although there is a five-light gas chandelier in the room. The use of gas is almost abolished, the only gas jet burning in the house being in the hall lamp. The reader must pardon this digression. The only object in mentioning it is to show how absolutely indifferent—to all appearances—gas companies are to the consumption of gas for lighting purposes. It almost seems as if they are awaiting with the utmost resignation the ultimate supersession of gas by the electric light.

It was stated that gas is at present too dear for cooking and heating purposes. To attain the object in view, the abatement of smoke, it is necessary that it should be sold more cheaply. The practical experience of large consumers shows that gas can be produced in the neighbourhood of London at one shilling and sixpence per one thousand feet, if the charges on capital account are kept out of the balance sheet. It may be taken for granted that two shillings per one thousand feet would cover the cost of production, distribution, and maintenance; and if gas were supplied at that price in London, it would soon find greater favour as a cooking and warming agent, and would greatly assist in abolishing the smoke fogs.

What is true of London is equally true of other large towns. There is a great prejudice against gas fires in sitting-rooms; but those who have once adopted them will never return to the use of coal. It is true their cost is a bar against their introduction in the houses of the poor. There can be no doubt, however, that gas fires warm a room thoroughly, and, if properly constructed, cause no smell; there is no dust, and no clearing away of ashes, no use of blacklead and brushes. Altogether, a great saving is effected. Various attempts have been made to improve the coal-burning grates. We have some beautiful slow-combustion stoves lined with firebrick. They throw out more heat, and burn less coal, and, of course, cause less smoke; but the latter can never be entirely done away with as long as ordinary coal is burned.

We referred at the opening of this article to an arrangement which does away with the smoke nuisance. It is the invention of Mr Samuel Elliott, Newbury, Berkshire, and has been named by its inventor the 'Smoke Annihilator.' That it annihilates smoke most effectually, there cannot be a doubt. It has been in practical working order on a large scale for some time at the Mint, Birmingham, and its principle consists in 'washing' the smoke thoroughly, and utilising the carbon precipitated in the water, as well as the fluid

drained off, which is said to possess valuable properties as a disinfectant, for which it is already sold commercially, while the carbon is used, among other purposes, in the manufacture of 'candles' for arc lamps. There is no need to give a full description of the apparatus; but it may briefly be stated that the smoke emitted from thirty furnaces is passed into a revolving barrel, fitted with a series of beaters like the blades of a paddle steamer. A constant stream of water plays upon the beaters. The result of the beating of the water in the barrel is the precipitation of all the carbon and sulphur in the smoke. The hot vapour, purified, readily passes through perforations in semicircular gratings over the chamber and up the chimney shaft. Such an apparatus, as a matter of course, can only be fitted up in a manufactory, and its successful application by no means touches the chief source of the evil, the numberless fireplaces in dwelling-houses. In that direction the great smoke problem is still unsolved. The whole subject is well summed up by Mr Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., who, in his lecture on 'Fogs, Clouds, and Lighting,' delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on the 5th of May 1893, said: 'This is hardly the time or the place to discuss the possible methods by which town fogs might be abolished as such, or rendered as innocuous as those of the country. It is impossible to deny that year by year they are increasing in virulence; and when the burden of the evil becomes too grievous to be borne, as is likely to be the case before many winters are past, the remedy will perhaps be found in the compulsory substitution of gas for coal as the ordinary domestic fuel.' This, we believe, is the true solution.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XIII.—A MISSING LOVER.

'Twas in bitter disappointment that Arnold Willoughby strode away from the Hesslegraves' door that afternoon in Venice. For the second time in his life, his day-dream had vanished. And the new bubble had burst even more painfully than the old one. He was young, he said to himself, when he fell in love with Blanche Middleton. With a boy's simplicity, he mistook the mere blushing awkwardness and uncertainty of the *ingénue* for innocence of mind and purity of purpose. He had a rude awakening when he saw Lady Sark sell herself for money and title, and develop into one of the vainest and showiest among the heartless clan of professional beauties. But this time, he had said to his own heart, he was older and wiser. No such hasty mistakes for him nowadays! He knew the difference now between the awkward bashfulness of the frightened school-girl and the pure white integrity of a noble-minded woman. Bit by bit, Kathleen Hesslegrave had won back the soured misogynist to a belief in her sex, in its goodness, in its unselfishness, in

its nobility of nature. He knew she could have married Rufus Mortimer if she wished; but he believed she had refused him for the penniless sailor's sake. It was because he believed her capable of real disinterested affection like that, that he had fallen in love with Kathleen Hesslegrave.

And now, what a disillusion! He found he had been mistaken in her from the very beginning. The woman whom he had thought so far raised above her fellows that she could love a struggling artist, without past, without future, for his own sake alone, turned out, after all, to be an intriguer, more calculating and more deceitful in her way than Lady Sark herself had been. Kathleen must have known from the beginning that the man whose advances she had accepted with so much blushing uncertainty and with such pretty coyness, was really Lord Axminster. She had been saying those sweet things about respecting him so much and not caring for rank or wealth or position—because she thought that was the way that would lead her to a coronet. With incredible cunning and deceptiveness, she had managed to hide from him her knowledge of his original position, and to assume a sort of instinctive shrinking from his lowly calling, which she allowed her love and respect to overcome, as it were, quite visibly before his eyes, with consummate cleverness. As a piece of fine acting in real life, it was nothing short of admirable. If that girl were to go upon the stage now, Arnold said to himself bitterly, she would make her fortune. Those modest side-glances; those dexterously summoned blushes; that timid demeanour at first, giving way with fuller acquaintance to an uncontrollable affection, so strong that it compelled her, against her will, as it seemed, to overlook the prejudices of birth, and to forget the immense gulf in artificial position—oh, as acting, it was marvellous. But to think it was only that! Arnold Willoughby's brain reeled. Ah, why could he never cast this birthright of false adulation and vile sycophancy behind him? Why could he never stand out before the world on his merits as a man, and be accepted or rejected for himself alone, without the intervention of this perpetual reference to his artificial value and his place in the peerage?

And the secrecy of it, too! The baseness! The privy planning and plotting! Why, this woman, whom he imagined all frankness and candour, with a heart as straightforward as that open brave face of hers, had concocted this vile trap to catch a coronet unawares, all by herself, unaided, and had concealed her inmost thoughts from her own mother even. There was a cold-blooded deliberateness about it all which disgusted and disillusioned Arnold Willoughby on the first blush of it. He had gone into that house that afternoon in a lover's fever and with a lover's fervour, saying to himself as he crossed the threshold: 'There is none like her, none; I shall ask her this very day; I could risk my life for her with joy; I could stake my existence on her goodness and purity!' And now—he came out of it, coldly numb and critical. He hated to think he had been so readily deceived by a clever woman's

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wiles. He hated and despised himself. Never again while he lived would he trust a single one of them. Their most innocent smile hides their blackest treachery.

It's a way men have, when they're out of conceit for a time with their wives or their sweethearts.

As for poor Mrs Hesslegrave, the unoffending cause of all this lamentable misapprehension, she sat by herself, meanwhile, wringing her hands in impotent despair, in her own drawing-room, and wondering when Kathleen would come in to comfort her. Each minute seemed an hour. What could be keeping Kathleen? As a rule, the dear child came back so soon from such errands as this to her beloved work; for Kathleen was never so happy as when painting or sketching; and she wrought with a will, both for love's sake and money's. But to-day, she was somehow unaccountably delayed. Her stars were unpropitious. And the real cause of the delay, as fate would have it, was one of those petty circumstances upon which our lives all hinge. She had gone round on her way home by the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*, as a woman in love will do, expecting to find Arnold Willoughby at work on his canvas there, and hoping to seem as if mere accident had brought her back to the place she had abandoned during the Valentines' visit. Three days was so long a time to go without seeing Arnold! But instead of finding him, she had fallen in with Rufus Mortimer engaged upon his christening scene; and Mortimer, guessing her object, and generously anxious, as was his nature, to aid her in her love-affair, had kept her talking long in front of the picture he was painting, under the belief that Arnold would shortly turn up, and that he was doing her a kindness by thus making her presence there seem more natural and less open to misconstruction. Yet, as often happens in this world of mischance, Mortimer's very anxiety to help her defeated his own purpose. It was the kind-hearted young American's fate in life to do as much harm by his well-intentioned efforts as many worse natures do by their deliberate malice.

Into this unconscious trap Kathleen fell readily enough, and waited on as long as she could, in the vain hope that Arnold Willoughby would turn up sooner or later. But when at last it seemed clear that he was taking an afternoon off, and wouldn't be there at all, she accepted Mortimer's offer of a lift home in his gondola, and having wasted her day hopelessly by this time, went in on her way back to fulfil a few small commissions at shops in the *Calle San Moise*, which still further delayed her return to her mother's.

When she reached home and went up-stairs, she was astonished to find Mrs Hesslegrave rocking herself up and down distractedly in her chair, and the yellow Honiton head-dress in a last stage of disorder, which betokened a long spell of very vigorous misery. 'Why, mother dear,' she cried in alarm, 'what has happened since I went out? You haven't had another letter from Reggie asking for money, have you?'

Mrs Hesslegrave broke down. 'I wish I

had,' she answered, sobbing. 'I wish it was only that! I wish it was Reggie! Oh Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, how am I ever to tell you? He's been here since you went out. And you'll never, never forgive me.'

'He's been here?' Kathleen repeated, not knowing what her mother could mean. 'Reggie's been here? To-day? Not at this house! in Venice!'

'No, no, no; not Reggie,' Mrs Hesslegrave answered, rocking herself up and down still more vigorously than before. 'Mr Willoughby. Lord Axminster.'

In a second, the colour fled from Kathleen's cheek as if by magic. Her heart grew cold. She trembled all over. 'Mr Willoughby!' she cried, clasping her bloodless hands. Every nerve in her body quivered. Never till that moment did she know how far her love had carried her. 'Oh mother, what did you say? What did he do? What has happened?'

'He's gone,' Mrs Hesslegrave cried feebly, wringing her hands in her distress. 'He's gone for good and all. He told me to say good-bye to you.'

'Good-bye,' Kathleen echoed, horror-struck. 'Good-bye! Oh mother! Where's he going, then? What can it mean? This is very, very sudden.'

'I don't know,' Mrs Hesslegrave answered, bursting afresh into tears. 'But he said I'd spoiled all. He said so more than once. And he told me it was you yourself who said so.'

For a minute or two, Kathleen was too agitated even to inquire in any intelligent way what exactly had happened. Just at first, all she knew was a vague consciousness of fate, a sense that some terrible blow had fallen upon her. Her mother had committed most fatal indiscretion; and Arnold was gone—gone, without an explanation! But slowly, as she thought of it all, it began to dawn upon her what must have happened. With a fearful sinking at heart, she hardened herself for the effort, and drew slowly from the reluctant and penitent Mrs Hesslegrave a full and complete confession of her share in this misfortune. Bit by bit, Mrs Hesslegrave allowed the whole painful and humiliating scene to be wrung out of her, piecemeal. As soon as she had finished, Kathleen stood up and faced her. She did not reproach her mother; the wound had gone too deep by far for reproach; but her very silence was more terrible to Mrs Hesslegrave than any number of reproaches. 'I must go, mother,' she cried, breaking away from her like some wild and wounded creature; 'I must go at once and see him. This cruel misapprehension is more than I can endure. I didn't know who he was till Canon Valentine told us. I fell in love with him for himself, as a common sailor; I never knew he was Lord Axminster. I must go and tell him so!'

Mrs Hesslegrave's sense of propriety was severely outraged. Not only was it dreadful to think that a young lady could have fallen in love with a man unasked, and that man, too, a common sailor; but it was dreadful also that Kathleen should dream of going to see him in person, instead of writing to explain to him,

and asking him to call round for the further clearing up of this painful entanglement. 'Oh, my dear,' she cried, drawing back, 'you're not surely going to call for him! It would look so bad! Do you think it would be right? Do you think it would be womanly?'

'Yes, I do,' Kathleen answered with unwonted boldness. 'Right and womanly to the last degree. Most right and most womanly.—Mother dear, I don't blame you; you did what you thought best in my interest, as you imagined; but you have left him under a cruel misapprehension of my character and motives—a misapprehension that would be dreadful for me to bear with any one, but ten thousand times worse with a nature like Arnold Willoughby's; and I can't sit down under it. I can't rest till I've seen him and told him how utterly mistaken he is about me. There's no turning back now; I must and shall see him.'

And in her own heart she said to herself a great deal more than that—'I must and shall marry him.'

So, with face on fire and eager steps that never paused, she rushed hotly down the stairs and out into the Piazza. The pigeons crowded round her as if nothing had happened. Thence she took the narrow lane that led most directly, by many bridges, to the little salt-fish shop, and went to make her first call on the man of her choice at his own lodgings.

Little Cecca was at the door, playing with a big new doll. She looked up with a smile at the beautiful lady, whom she recognised as the person she had seen out walking one day with 'our Inglese.'

'Is the signore at home?' Kathleen asked, too deeply moved to return the child's smile, yet touching her golden head gently.

The little one looked up at her again with all the saucy southern confidingness. 'No, he isn't,' she answered, dimpling. 'The signore's gone away. But he gave me two lire before he went, don't you see, and I bought this pretty doll with it, at neighbour Giacomo's. Isn't it a pretty one? And it cost all two lire.'

'Gone away?' Kathleen echoed, a cold thrill coming over her. 'Gone away? Not from Venice?'

The child nodded and puffed out her lips. 'Sì, sì,' she said, 'from Venice.' And then she went on singing in her childish nursery rhyme:

'Vate a far una barca o una batela;
Co ti l'a fata, butila in mar;
La ti condurra in Venezia bela.'

'But he hasn't done that,' she added in her baby-like prattle. 'He's taken his boat and gone away from Venice; away from Venice; from Venezia bela; right away, right away from Venezia bela.'

Kathleen stood for a moment, reeling. The child's words unnerved her. She had hard work to restrain herself from fainting then and there. A terrible weakness seemed to break over her suddenly. Gone! and with that fatal misapprehension on his mind. Oh, it was too, too cruel. She staggered into the shop. With an effort she burst out: 'The signore, your lodger—the Inglese—Signor Willoughby?'

A large young woman of the florid Venetian type, broad of face and yellow of hair, like a vulgarised Titian, was sitting behind the counter knitting away at a coloured head-dress: she nodded and looked grave. Like all Italians, she instantly suspected a love-tragedy, of the kind with which she herself was familiar. 'Is gone!' she assented in a really sympathetic tone. 'Sì, sì, is gone, signora. The little one says the truth. Is gone this very evening.'

'But where?' Kathleen cried, refraining with a struggle from wringing her poor hands, and repressing the rising tears before the stranger's face with visible difficulty.

The bountiful-looking Italian woman spread her hands open by her side with a demonstrative air. 'Who knows?' she answered placidly. 'Tis the way with these seafarers. A *bella ragazza* in every port, they say; one here, one there; one in Venice, one in London—and perhaps, for all we know, one in Buenos Ayres, Calcutta, Rio.—But he may write to you, signora! He may come back again to Italy!'

Kathleen shook her head sadly. Much as the woman misunderstood the situation, reading into it the ideas and habits of her own class and country, Kathleen felt she meant to be kind, and was grateful for even that mechanical kindness at such a terrible moment. 'He will *not* return,' she answered despairingly, with a terrible quiver in her voice. 'But it wasn't that I wanted. I wanted to speak with him before he went, and—and to clear up a misconception.—Which way has he gone, do you know? By sea or by land? The port or the railway station?'

There was time even yet; for at that moment, as it chanced, Arnold Willoughby was still engaged in registering his luggage for Genoa, whence he hoped to get employment on some homeward-bound steamer. And if the woman had told the truth, much trouble would have been averted. But truth is an article of luxury in Italy. The vulgarised Titian looked at Kathleen searchingly, yet with a pitying glance. 'Oh, he's gone,' she answered, nodding her head; 'he's gone altogether. He got out his box and his pictures quite suddenly just now; and our Pietro rowed him off to a steamer in the harbour. And I saw the steamer sail; she's at the Lido by this time. But he'll write; he'll write, make sure! Don't take it to heart, signora.'

Kathleen pressed her hand to her bosom, to still its throbbing, and went forth into the street. All was black as night for her. She staggered home in a maze. Her head reeled unspeakably. But as soon as she was gone, the woman turned to a man who lounged among the packing-cases at the back of the shop, with a smile of triumph. 'He was a good fellow,' she said, with true southern tolerance, 'and I wasn't going to tell her he'd gone by train to Genoa. Not likely I should! You know what she wanted? She would have stuck a knife into him. I saw it in her eye, and aha! I prevented it. But sailors *will* be sailors; and Signor Villabi, say I, was always a pleasant one. Why should I wish him harm? He liked little Cecca, and paid his bill punctually. She's not the first signora, we all

know well, who has been deceived and deserted by a good-looking sailor. But what would you have? 'Tis the way of them! Mariners, mariners—like the gulls of Marano! Here to-day, and there to-morrow!

HOUSEKEEPING IN ARGENTINA.

HOUSEKEEPING at home, within easy reach of shops and stores, with gas and water laid on, and the milkman more punctual in appearing than the sun, is child's play in comparison with housekeeping abroad, where you must have under your own roof sufficient resources of your own providing for every need likely to arise. Our *estancia* (farm) is forty miles from a railway station; the ground was broken up and fenced, and the house built, only three years since; and we consider ourselves fortunate in being on the route of a mail-coach which drives across the literally pathless plain twice a week. It is impossible to describe the bare flatness of the camp (prairie) around us. Not a tree, not a stone, not a hillock, not a road. Short grass, filled with delicate wild-flowers, grows in tufts here and there on the plain, which stretches away, hard and level as a table, from our fences to the horizon, under a dome of the clearest blue sky—each farm lying like a solitary island in a boundless sea.

Our usual number of inhabitants, including the natives and their children, is about twenty; but the *peones* (farm-labourers) vary in number according to the season. The house of the *patrón* (master) is built in Spanish style—round three sides of a square *patio* (court), the fourth side being the flower garden, beyond which lie the kitchen garden and a young orchard. Our well—bricked in and boarded over, to exclude dust—is in the centre of the *patio*. The west side of the house consists of a large sitting-room with an open fireplace, and my bedroom, containing the unwonted luxury of a long mirror, in which ladies come from far to see themselves. On the north side, a row of smaller bedrooms opens on to the corridor (as a veranda running round the house is called). The east side contains storeroom, kitchen and offices—and my Spanish cook, supreme in his own sphere. He takes a lively interest in all that concerns the well-being of our farm; and it was he who helped me to make my flower garden, an elaborate arrangement of small raised beds, containing violets, carnations, and blue corn-flowers, a solitary wall-flower, roses on the point of bloom, and plentiful lovely white irises, that seem to thrive in spite of the drought.

Beyond this lies the kitchen garden, with lots of beans, peas, melons, lettuces, asparagus, carrots, turnips, onions, and potatoes, the last not quite ready yet, for your winter, be it remembered, is early summer with us. All

these are coming on beautifully—a table perhaps spread for the locusts, for if they come, everything will go except the melons. We have planted peach and other fruit trees, and laid out a strawberry bed. There is a vine in the *patio*, and some cuttings just starting, also two or three figs, as yet very small.

To come to my housekeeping, however. The first few months in a new country must, of course, be devoted to learning the language, and unlearning the prejudices that a Briton is supposed to be so plentifully supplied with. It seems impossible at first to rule a house in an unknown tongue, and of course to begin with, one makes absurd mistakes. But patience and a strong sense of humour on both sides help to oil the wheels. Every day some new and useful word or phrase is picked up; and if an hour or two daily can be given to reading and writing exercises, one learns quickly all that is most necessary.

In the Argentine Republic, servants of all nationalities are to be found. Irishwomen are preferred, as they are clever, good-tempered, and hard-working; but they easily find places in the towns, and for camp-life one has to be content with Spaniards or Italians. I find Basques the most satisfactory. A man and a girl carry on all the work of the house. The man is an excellent cook, able to send up, with the help of a Spanish cookery book, what our old cook in Scotland called 'pairty dishes,' whenever the spirit moves him. The girl helps me in many ways, and does all the washing and ironing and rougher housework. Washing is carried on in the *patio* with cold water, soap and plenty of sunshine making the linen whiter and sweeter than any steam laundry can do.

Let me give you an idea of how our day passes. Spring is now (November) far advanced, and the days get hot, so we are all up soon after sunrise, and have at six o'clock a cup of tea and a biscuit. (The servants use *maté* or native tea.) The first work is churning, before the day grows hot. At eight, the bell on the meat-house rings for breakfast. (The meat-house is a small brick building in the farmyard, somewhat like a chapel, with a bell hung above the gable.) A steaming dish of porridge is welcome, and so good, no one would guess the oatmeal was from a tin. At noon, the bell rings again for lunch, a substantial meal, for the hard work in this strong fine air makes every one hungry. We begin with soup, then invariably the national dish, *puchero*—mutton boiled with vegetables of all sorts—an excellent dish. Then comes a dish of eggs, cooked variously. Fish, alas! is only to be had in tins, and is too expensive for every-day use. Sometimes Juan surprises us with a novelty, as when, the other day, he sent in a young armadillo cooked in its shell, and standing, with a painfully life-like air, on the points of its dainty little toes. I made myself eat a little, and it was really very good.

Another surprise was more agreeable—a dish of custard, garnished with an ornamental border

and lettering in whipped white of egg, 'October 1892' and 'October 1893,' with, between them, a mysterious 'C. O. K.' We puzzled over it; and then it flashed upon us that it was just a year since Juan had come, and the inscription must be meant to signify the anniversary of our cook. We sent for him, of course, and exchanged felicitations and compliments.

Luncheon ends with biscuit and a cup of coffee. I should explain that this camp biscuit takes the place of all bread. It is round as a ball, perfectly crisp and hard, good, but, from its hardness, tiresome to eat.

Afternoon tea, our next meal, is very welcome on a dusty hot day. Most of the far scattered housekeepers in the camp vie, as their sisters do at home, in making this meal an attractive one. I have made some anxious but successful experiments in cakes and soda-bread, Juan hovering round with a provoking smile. I generally try to devise some other work for him when I am baking, as he shouts so loud he makes me nervous.

One has to remember that fuel is a heavy item of expense, and arrange to bake when the stove is lit, as the fire is not kept up all day. Coal is unknown. We burn a hard red wood from the north, which costs about a dollar a day. Bones, roots of weeds, maize husks, and refuse from the fields, are all used to help the fires. Dinner is after sunset. Soup and meat are easily arranged for; but puddings are my great difficulty. We have no fruit yet from the garden, and jam and dried fruits cost so much. These and all imported groceries, tapioca, macaroni, &c., are scarce and dear; while the items that cost most at home—meat, eggs, poultry, milk—we have in abundance. It is strange to have to think twice before using flour and sugar. Every estancia is ready, like an inn, to receive the passing traveller, who drops in at sunset with perhaps a troop of horses. Such travellers are often friends, or friends' friends, and of course welcome; but it is a little trying at times to have two or three not over-clean natives at table with us. On the whole, they are well mannered, and always quite at ease, with a great flow of conversation, and many courteous Spanish phrases.

The greatest event of the week is mail-day, when the *galera* (coach) appears in a cloud of dust, crossing the trackless pampas. The whole household rush to the gate, to return laden with letters, papers, and parcels, perhaps meeting and welcoming a friend fresh from town. Work is put aside for a time, home letters are eagerly read, and newspapers discussed. What a flood of new thoughts they bring into our lives, and perhaps a touch of home-sickness, as we talk of the dear ones who write so faithfully! But work must not be long forgotten, and magazines and papers must wait until the idle hour after dinner.

I hope I have given some idea of the life we lead in this far-off land. In spite of all the trials that beset housekeeping—dust, omnipresent flies, and (most dreaded) locusts, that from time to time sweep down suddenly and devour every leaf and blossom in the garden that has been so carefully tended and laboriously watered—in spite of all drawbacks, even

the greatest—separation from home and friends—the life here is a happy one, and time passes both quickly and pleasantly in continual sunshine and fresh good air.

S. S. M.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER IV.

VERA stood in the shadow of the porch before the Dyke, a porch like a lychgate, with heavy doors, held up by hammered hinges fantastically embossed. There were red tiles on the roof; but they were shot with an emerald shade, caused by the moss and house-green thereon. Down in the hollow there the air was curiously still. A feathery acacia on the lawn trembled as the meadows do in the summer haze; yet, on the hill above, the giant oaks were tossing and moaning as the gale swept by. The storm had gathered force in the night, and a hurricane blew in from the sea; and a vessel had come ashore in the gray of the dawn.

They were all down on the shingle, probably every one in the village save Vera, and Dene de Ros, who was from home. A mackintosh was buttoned down to her feet, the hood drawn over her head. Now and again the sun shot out from behind the rushing cloud-rack. There was a sting of salt in the air like particles of dusty rain. Vera could taste the brine on her lips as she toiled up the red road passing over the hill like a parting in a head of tawny hair. It was not quite a safe passage, for the way was strewn with branches; a drift of leaves tossed hither and thither; but at last the crest was reached, and Vera looked down at the sea on the other side. For a moment she bent down to regain her breath. The blast caught her on the face like a blow. There was no heaving, tossing expanse of blue there, nothing but a seething caldron of white ragged spray. It was not more than half-tide; but the waves washed up to the cliff. Down below there, a group of men were standing knee-deep in the white lather, conspicuous amongst them being the form of Ambrose de Ros. David was not far away, directing the movements of the boatmen.

A bowshot away, a brig was astride the rocks; the cruel black teeth had pricked her side whilst she rocked to and fro, trembling like a thing of life as every heavy sea struck her. Fortunately, the mast and running-gear had not gone by the board, and there the crew were, lashed, patient, waiting resolutely for the end. It was impossible to reach them; and fairly warm as it was, the weary hours of exposure had told upon the hapless crew. Twice a life-line had crossed the deck from the crazy old rocket apparatus on the shore; but it was evident that the crew of the *Lucy Ann* were past making any effort on their own behalf. Yet those on the shore did not despair. Boldly and fearlessly, Vera pushed her way down to the shingle; the white scud washed over her feet, but she heeded it not. She accosted David impatiently. 'What are you waiting for?' she asked. 'Can't you do anything?'

'We are trying,' David answered, his face flushing a little. 'There is great danger for us with the tide flowing so rapidly. And those poor fellows appear to be utterly exhausted, unable to assist at all.'

Vera sighed rebelliously; she blamed the men standing idly there, although she could suggest nothing practical. And she knew how impossible it was for any one to swim out to the wreck with a line.

Ambrose de Ros turned to her with a look of sadness on his face. 'I never felt so helpless before,' he said. 'I tried swimming; but I had to come back. I used to pride myself on my strength; but I was like a child out there.'

That he had attempted anything daring to the verge of rashness never appeared to occur to him for a moment. He had deliberately risked his life for others, and the failure had filled him with honest shame.

Vera felt a twinge of self-reproach as David turned and touched his father's arm. 'I have an idea,' he said. 'We must try another rocket with a weighted line. If it holds, I might get along it to the vessel. You see?'

Ambrose waited to hear no more. The rocket apparatus was again brought into position, and a weight attached to the end of the stout line, consisting of two drags armed with triangles. Three times did the screaming force of the gale cast back the line in a tossing tangle; then, at the fourth attempt, the cord fell full across the slanting deck. Strong hands pulled on it with a will; it held stoutly. A moment later, David had cast off his oilskins and heavy boots.

'You would not try it?' Vera faltered. 'If the hooks give way, you will be literally crushed upon the rocks over by the bar. You must not go.' She tried to speak imperiously; but her voice snapped and broke as the string of a harp gives way suddenly.

There was a wistful smile on David's face as he replied: 'It would not matter—to you. And if I do fail, you will get back your own again. Perhaps, then, you may forgive me.'

Vera fell back, shrinking before a force greater even than the onslaught of the gale. She had never cared for David quite so much as she did at that moment, and there came over her the impression that she was about to lose something precious. She felt a passionate self-reproach, a bitter regret that she should have deliberately impressed him with such an idea. 'You are right,' she murmured. 'Forgive me. And if you do not return, I—I shall be the most miserable woman in England.'

The last words fell so low that David failed to hear them. He grasped the rope in his hands and set off on his perilous journey. There was a breathless term of suspense on the shore as David fought his way on inch by inch. At one moment he rode high above the waves; another, and he was lost to sight again. Two hundred yards of that seething flood of death seemed like an endless distance; and if once the rope gave way—

But Vera dared not think of it. In a dreamy, dazed way, she saw David working his way up the side of the wreck and stand clinging to an iron stanchion; then she saw his

hand go up in triumph. There was a wild yell of exultation from the shore, save from Ambrose. He stood by Vera's side, and, with fine instinct, seemed to read her thoughts.

'That is my boy,' he said with simple pathos. 'My dear, I wish you would be kinder to him in future, for he is very fond of you.—No; he never told me so; but I am not blind, my dear. If you could only get to care for him, I should be satisfied at last. And I ask your pardon if I've said too much.'

Vera made no reply, for the simple reason that she was incapable of an answer; but the words sank deep in her heart, and found a responsive echo there. With strained eyes she watched David's movements; she saw the second line drawn on and firmly lashed to the bulwarks; she saw the life-buoy dancing out from the shore. And presently, one of the crew of the ill-fated vessel reached land in safety.

But all danger was not over yet; the rising tide caused the wreck to toss and heel ominously; still, the timbers clung together mercifully until the last man had been rescued, and only David remained.

'Why does he tarry?' Vera asked in an agony of apprehension, as the barque reeled over and then recovered with a shudder like some thing of life. 'Oh, he is foolish; it will be too late.'

Ambrose de Ros laid his hand upon Vera's shoulder. Even in that moment of terrible danger, she noticed that the fingers were steady, their grasp even. His face was calm and set, showing no sign of fear. 'My boy is in the hands of God,' he said simply. 'Were I to lose him, I lose everything. Deepdene is nothing in comparison. Go up to the house at once, and bid the servants bring blankets and brandy down to the cottages here directly. It is no time for selfish considerations.'

Vera turned to obey, marvelling at herself the while. The simple old shepherd, without education or training, was born to be a leader of men. There was a ring of command in his voice that there was no resisting.

'He is a good man,' Vera said to herself, her breath coming with little gasps as she ascended the cliff. 'A man to be loved and honoured; and I am a blind, proud fool. I am glad I know him, despite the price we paid.'

There was a lull in the wind for a moment; the giant oaks ceased to toss and moan; a silence fell over everything—a silence so intense that Vera could hear the singing of blood in her ears. As she looked down again, she could dimly distinguish David's figure creeping along by the rope; she saw Ambrose dash out breast-deep in the spume and draw him to land. A mute prayer of thankfulness rose to Vera's quivering lips. The wild scream of cheers was carried upwards to her ears, and then the phalanx of the gale bore down again with savage fury. It seemed like the cry of the elements baffled of their prey.

But beyond it all, the blast seemed to beat a triumphant song in Vera's brain now, like a *Gloria* closely allied to martial music. David was safe; the sea had given him back again; the trees crashed above her, the yellow leaves dashed in her face, but she heeded them not.

Down in the hollow where the house lay,

everything was quiet. Vera burst into the hall and smote upon the gong until the place echoed with the metallic roar, and the frightened servants trooped in to discover the meaning of the disturbance.

'Is there anything wrong, miss?' asked the agitated butler, who always would regard Vera as his mistress. 'We thought'—

'It is no time to think,' Vera cried, a note of triumph ringing in her voice. 'I want you to do as you are told without delay. There has been a wreck in the bay, and your master is down there.'

'He can't do anything,' the butler murmured as Vera paused for breath. 'We thought we heard the guns a while ago.'

'The crew are all rescued; Mr David saved them,' Vera continued, her face flushed, the triumphant note still dominant. 'He is a hero, I tell you. Take all the blankets you can find, and as much brandy as possible, and get down there at once. These are my orders for you.'

They hurried off to obey the command; and speedily they all returned laden—not one of them remained behind. Vera noted the quickness of the operation, and acknowledged it with a grateful smile of thanks. 'Ah! you seem to understand,' she said. 'And now, away, every one of you, and render what assistance you can. I will look after the house.'

Vera stripped off her dripping covering and applied a match to the huge log-fire which was always ready for lighting in the hall. After the din and hurry of rushing footsteps, the place sounded strangely quiet. The glow from the blazing logs only served to form a small halo of light, leaving the rest of the echoing space in deeper gloom, save for the few weird flashing points where a casque or glove of mail caught the reflecting glow. Vera drew a beehive chair close up to the open flags where the fire rested, and placed her feet before the cheerful blaze. She was absolutely alone in gloomy Deepdene, but she knew no fear. It was the home of her ancestors; every nook and cranny was familiar to her, every noise and creak she could account for.

To any one coming into the hall, the place looked quite empty, so close was the beehive chair to the fire; and presently, when Vera came out of her dreamy reverie, it seemed to her that some one was crossing the hall in the direction of the stairs. Vera did not move; a servant perhaps, she thought. But, again, the tread was too cautious and stealthy for that. The intruder, whoever it was, shuffled along, getting bolder as he advanced, until he reached the stairs, which were at such an angle that Vera could see without being observed. A lancet window, all purple and amber tinted, lighted up the new-comer's features, disclosing the restless, cunning face of Joshua Swayne. There was wrong-doing in every motion of his crouching, writhing body.

Vera caught her breath sharply, but with anger more than fear. What was that man after? she wondered. Naturally, she had heard the story of the previous afternoon's discovery; she knew that Ambrose de Ros would never more tolerate the presence of the dishonest steward again; and yet he had ventured to

intrude himself at Deepdene at a time when he imagined the house to be deserted. Doubtless he had met the servants on their way to the shore, and availed himself of the golden opportunity thus presented.

But robbery could scarcely have been his object, since, as Swayne very well knew, no article of any value was to be found save on the ground floor. And there was secretness and suggestive dishonesty in every sway of his body as he crept along, looking furtively around him from time to time. Presently the intruder disappeared from sight, and in the intense stillness of the place, Vera could hear him stealing along the gallery overhead until his footsteps ceased by the organ. There was a creaking sound, as if something was being opened—the casket of Del Roso, no doubt.

What could Swayne want there? Vera asked herself. She was not conscious of a single particle of fear; she smiled to herself as she thought of the thief all unaware that he had been discovered. And something had to be done: it would never do to allow Swayne to rob the house; and, for all Vera knew to the contrary, Del Roso's casket might contain articles of value. With a sudden impulse she slipped off her boots and followed. There, sure enough, was Swayne on his knees before the oak chest. He had scattered papers and parchments broadcast in his hurry, till very little remained therein. So engrossed was he with his task, that Vera drew nigh and touched him on the shoulder. She could see the cunning leer on his face as he clasped a packet of papers in his lean, yellow claw. Then the smile disappeared; the face became drawn and hard, the thin lips faltered. Swayne scrambled to his feet, breathing heavily. But he still clasped the packet in his hands, as if afraid to relinquish it.

For a few seconds Vera regarded him steadily. Swayne shuffled uneasily before her gaze; he looked towards the end of the gallery, as if contemplating flight. But Vera resolutely barred the way. 'What is the meaning of this intrusion?' she demanded.

'Finishing up my work,' Swayne answered sullenly. 'In any case, it doesn't matter to you what I'm after; I've finished now. Please, don't interrupt me, because I've got plenty of other things to do.'

The speaker bent down, and hurriedly commenced to replace the parchments in the casket. But he only employed one hand, Vera noticed, clutching the parcel of papers in the other meantime. Then he rose, and would have bustled out with a vast show of commercial importance.

'Does Mr de Ros know you are here?' Vera went on quietly, without evincing any disposition to let Swayne pass. 'Did he send you here?'

'Of course. You don't suppose I should have come without, do you?'

'There is no occasion for you to be insolent,' Vera said in the same serene tone. 'I do not believe you. You thought all the servants were out; you met them some time ago, and that was your opportunity. You did not know that I should be alone in the house.'

Vera paused as she noticed the quick flash in

Swayne's eyes. She stood face to face with a desperate man, who, did she but know it, held in his hand the assurance of future comfort, almost prosperity. And between him and safety was nothing but this slim, weak girl.

'Do not molest me,' he said hoarsely as he advanced with a gleam in his eyes that meant mischief. 'I tell you I am here on business'—

'Tis false!' Vera interrupted. 'I was sitting in the hall as you came through, and I followed every movement. Do honest men, honestly engaged, crawl into a house like a thief in the night? No; you came to steal something, and you have it in your hand. I thought I was not mistaken; your face betrays you.'

Swayne came still a step nearer, his eyes glowing sullenly. 'Have it as you will,' he said hoarsely. 'I am a desperate man. I have played my last card, and I am not going to forfeit the trick at the bidding of a mere girl. I have suffered enough at your hands; beware how you force me to retaliate. We are alone in this house together; remember that; and stand out of my way, or'—

The speaker paused significantly; but Vera made no movement. Her eyes flashed scornfully, but the threat disturbed her not.

'Miserable coward!' she said; 'give me those papers.'

Swayne laughed insolently; yet there was a minor chord in it eloquent of respect. 'You will hear of these letters in time, for I mean to use them,' he said. 'I am a disgraced and ruined man, and these letters represent food and clothing, and lodging and drink to me. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' Vera returned curtly. 'You have stolen some family secret, and intend to trade upon it. But you have not reckoned with me yet.'

'You have guessed it,' Swayne replied, heedless of the interruption. 'I found it out years ago in going over the documents there in search of a missing lease; but it was useless to me then, and I left it till there was occasion to use it. But fate was a little too strong for me, and I nearly lost my opportunity, not expecting to be found out so soon. You see I am quite candid.'

'You are. And now give the papers up before other means are tried.'

Swayne laughed harshly. He thrust Vera on one side with such violence that she fell against the panel of the wall. She saved herself from falling by clutching at a rapier suspended across another; her grasp pulled it down. The blue, snake-like blade fell from the embossed leather scabbard with a clang upon the floor. With all her blood on fire, Vera clutched the lethal weapon and made a thrust at her enemy. He staggered back alarmed.

'Once for all, will you give me those papers?' she cried. 'I warn you that unless you do so, I shall try to kill you. Give them up, I say.'

The coward came uppermost. Swayne gave a yell of terror as the flashing blade descended flat on his arm; the packet fell from his hand. Quick as thought, Vera stepped forward and placed her foot upon it. 'And now,' she cried again, 'try and recover them at your peril.'

Swayne collapsed altogether. His face was white, his hands shook, yet the look of hatred and baffled passion still gleamed in his eyes. 'Take them and read them, for they concern you as well as others,' he said. 'I shall not be entirely deprived of vengeance even now.' He turned and hurried from the gallery.

Vera heard his footsteps speeding across the hall, then her eyes fell upon the superscription on the fateful packet which she held in her hand. A deadly faintness overcame her, a sense of horror and shame. In a dreamy kind of way she turned over those letters; the great stable clock chimed two hours, and then it seemed that Ambrose de Ros was standing close by. His face looked kindly sympathy, but his eyes were full of pain.

'You have found that,' he said gently. 'Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!'

A DAY ON THE SOLANDER WHALING-GROUND.

A BRIGHT sunny morning; the gentle north-easterly breeze just keeping the sails full as the lumbering whaling-barge *Splendid* dips jerkily to the old southerly swell. Astern, the blue hills around Preservation Inlet lie shimmering in the soft spring sunlight, and on the port beam the mighty pillar of the Solander Rock, lying off the south-western extremity of New Zealand, is sharply outlined against the steel-blue sky. Far beyond that stern sentinel, the converging shores of Foveaux Strait are just discernible in dim outline through a low haze. Ahead, the jagged and formidable rocks of Stewart Island, bathed in a mellow golden glow, give no hint of their terrible appearance what time the Storm-fiend of the south-west cries havoc and urges on his chariot of war.

The keen-eyed Kanaka in the fore crow's-nest shades his eyes with his hand, peering earnestly out on the weather bow at something which has attracted his attention. A tiny plume of vapour rises from the blue hollows about ten miles away, but so faint and indefinable that it may be only a breaking wavelet's crest caught by the cross wind. Again that little bushy jet breaks the monotony of the sea; but this time there is no mistaking it. Emerging diagonally from the water, not high and thin, but low and spreading, it is an infallible indication to those piercing eyes of the presence of a sperm-whale. The watcher utters a long, low musical cry, 'Blo-o-o-o-w,' which penetrates the gloomy recesses of folk'sle and cuddy, where the slumberers immediately engage in fierce conflict with whales of a size never seen by waking eyes. The officer and white seaman at the main now take up the cry, and in a few seconds all hands are swiftly yet silently preparing to leave the ship. She is put about, making a course which shortly brings her a mile or two to windward of the slowly moving cachalot. Now it is evident that no solitary whale is in sight, but a great school, gambolling in the bright spray. One occasionally, in pure exuberance of its tremendous vitality, springs twenty feet into the clear air, and falls, a

hundred tons of massive flesh, with earthquake-like commotion, back into the sea.

Having got the weather-gage, the boats are lowered; sail is immediately set, and, like swift huge-winged birds, they swoop down upon the prey. Driving right upon the back of the nearest monster, two harpoons are plunged into his body up to the 'hitches.' The sheet is at once hauled aft, and the boat flies up into the wind; while the terrified cetacean vainly tries, by tremendous writhing and plunging, to rid himself of the barbed weapon. The mast is unshipped, and snugly stowed away; oars are handled, and preparation made to deliver the *coup de grâce*. But finding his efforts futile, the whale has sounded, and his reappearance must be awaited. Two boats' lines are taken out before the slackening comes, and he slowly rises again. Faster and faster the line comes in; the blue depths turn a creamy white, and it is 'Stern all' for dear life. Up he comes, with jaws gaping twenty feet wide, gleaming teeth and livid cavernous throat glittering in the brilliant light. But the boat's crew are seasoned hands, to whom this dread sight is familiar, and orders are quietly obeyed, the boat backing, circling, and darting ahead like a sentient thing under their united efforts. So the infuriated mammal is baffled and dodged, while thrust after thrust of the long lances are got home, and streamlets of blood trickling over the edges of his spout-hole give warning that the end is near. A few wild circlings at tremendous speed, jaws clashing and blood foaming in torrents from the spiracle, one mighty leap into the air, and the ocean monarch is dead. He lies just awash, gently undulated by the long low swell, one pectoral fin slowly waving like some great stray leaf of *Fucus gigantea*. A hole is cut through the fluke and the line secured to it. The ship, which has been working to windward during the conflict, runs down and receives the line; and in a short time the great inert mass is hauled alongside and secured by the fluke chain.

The other two boats have succeeded in killing a large fish also, but are at least four miles off. They may as well try to move the Solander itself as tow their unwieldy prize to the ship. The shapeless bulk of the cachalot makes it a difficult tow at all times; but with a rising wind and sea, utterly impossible to whale-boats. The barometer is falling; great masses of purple-edged cumuli are piling high on the southern horizon, and no weather prophet is needed to foretell the imminent approach of a heavy gale. The captain looks wistfully to windward at Preservation Inlet, only twenty-five miles off, and thinks, with fierce discontent, of the prize, worth eight or nine hundred pounds, which lies but four or five miles away, and must be abandoned solely for want of steam-power. And that is not all. Around, far as the eye can reach, the bushy spouts are rising. Hundreds of gigantic cetaceans are disporting, apparently not at all 'galled' by the conflict which has been going on. Some are near enough to the fast boat to be touched by hand. 'Potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice' are here; but

acquisition is impossible for want of steam. The vessel, bound to that immense body, can only crawl tortoise-like before the wind, lucky, indeed, to have a harbour ahead where the whale may be cut in, even though it be forty miles away. Without that refuge available, she could not hope to keep the sea and hold her prize through the wild weather now so near. So, with a heavy heart, the captain orders the fast boat to abandon her whale and return with all possible speed. The breeze is freshening fast, and all sail is made for Port William. So slow is the progress, that it is past midnight before that snug shelter is reached, although for the last four hours the old ship is terribly tried and strained by the press of sail carried to such a gale.

In four days the work of getting the oil is finished, and three or four Maoris ashore have made a tun and a half of good clear oil from the abandoned carcass. This, added to the ship's quantity, makes twelve and a half tuns of oil and spermaceti mingled from the one fish. None smaller has been noticed out of the hundreds seen on the same day. It is eighteen days from the time of anchoring before the harbour can again be quitted, owing to adverse winds and gales. Who can estimate the number of opportunities lost in that time? On the second day after reaching the grounds, another school is seen with the same result—one fish, and another fortnight's enforced idleness.

This is no imaginary sketch, but a faithful record of actual facts, which, with slight variations, has been repeated many times within the writer's experience. On one occasion there were four of us on the ground in company—three Americans, and one colonial. Each secured a whale before dusk. We kept away at once for Port William, fearing the shifting of the wind, which would bring us on a ragged lee shore. The Americans, being strangers to the coast, hauled off to the westward. Five days afterwards, as we were cleaning ship after trying out, those three ships came creeping in to the harbour through the eastern end of Foveaux Strait, all sadly damaged, and of course whaleless. They had been battered by the furious gale all that time, and barely escaped destruction on the Snares. Two of them left the grounds a few days after, having had their fill of the Solander. Thus, it is obvious that nothing but steam is needed to make this most prolific of whaling-grounds a veritable treasure-field. Cutting in and trying out at sea could be entirely dispensed with. The magnificent land-locked harbour of Preservation Inlet, to say nothing of others easily available, affords complete facilities for a shore station. The water is in many cases forty or fifty fathoms deep alongside the rocks, while sheltered nooks abound 'where never wind blows loudly.'

Working by the share, no finer or more skilful whalers exist than the half-breed Maoris who people Stewart Island, and they would joyfully welcome such a grand opportunity of making their pile.

Long before the Antarctic Expedition left our shores, the merits of this grand field for

whaling operations were discussed at length by the writer in the columns of a Dundee paper, and strongly advocated; but those responsible for the management of that venture were evidently so wedded to Greenland methods that the advice was unheeded. Perhaps the unprofitable issue of the enterprise as far as whales were concerned may dispose the adventurers to take advice, and try sperm-whaling in the temperate zone, in place of right-whaling in the far south. Should they do so, there is every reason to hope and believe that the palmy days of the sperm-whale fishery may be renewed. Dundee firms of to-day may then, like Messrs Enderby of London in 1820-30, gladly welcome home ship after ship, full to the hatches with the valuable spoil of the Southern Seas.

WITH COBB & CO. IN FAR INLAND AUSTRALIA.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

'COME by boat to Rockport, then train to Miamia; and take Cobb & Co.'s coach as far as the first gate on Warrgeen, coming viâ Dingo Creek. I'd run over to Miamia with the buggy and meet you; but we're in the middle of shearing, and Union troubles are thick this year.' Thus ran a portion of a friend's letter containing an invitation to visit him on his sheep-station in the far Australian interior.

They are essentially a long-distance people, the Australians, and my friend spoke of a trip around the coast of one colony and through three parts of another, much as if he were asking me across the road to dinner. However, without seeking any more information as to my route, I started; and the farther I travelled, the more distant and elusive seemed that gate. The sea journey of eight hundred miles proved rough enough for anything; and the narrow gauge from Rockport to Miamia was so narrow that the train was more than once nearly blown bodily off the rails whilst crossing a long stretch of plain. But all this was mere play compared with what was before me.

Tired and shaken, I hailed with delight our arrival at the little bush township of Miamia, holding just then the coveted honour of terminus.

'Do you know,' I asked confidently of mine host that evening, 'how far it is to the first gate on Warrgeen, going by Dingo Creek?'

'Warrgeen—Warrgeen,' said he meditatively. 'Lessee; that's Percy's station, ain't it?'

'No,' I replied; 'it belongs to Mr Simpson. I thought it was close to the township here.'

'Oh, ah, Simpson's, o' course!' said he. 'Well, to begin, it's a 'underd an' twenty-five to the Crik; an' then—— But here's the man as'll be able to tell you within a couple o' chain.—Bill, here's a gent as wants to know how far it is to Warrgeen—Simpson's place 'way back on the Raroaro.'

'Good two 'underd an' fifty, boss,' said Bill, a tall, tow-haired, cabbage-tree hatted, lanky

man, with a shrewd weather-beaten face, as he lounged into the bar and seemed at a loss what to do with his legs.

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed in dismay. 'I thought by my friend's mentioning a gate, that the place must be somewhere close to Miamia.'

The other grinned whitely out of his tanned face as he said: 'Well, you see, it's the big boundary gate o' the run. There ain't no missin' it, if you tried. Coach goes right through it; an' it's there the station buggy allus meets the mail. I useter drive that line myself onces. I only takes you 'bout half-ways now—Dingo Crik. You gets another coach there. If you're a-goin' with us, you'll be able to book over at the office in the mornin'—Cobb & Co., you know.'

'Full this trip, Bill?' asked the landlord, wiping some glasses suggestively.

'Big mail an' two insides,' replied Bill. 'Goin' to take the small coach—roads ain't none too good atween here an' the Crik.'

I had heard many travellers' tales of inland roads, and terrible shakings-up by coach upon them. But so far, having kept well within the limits of steam, I had never gone through such an experience. And I, even now, had a good mind to back out and go no farther. Between sea and rail, I thought I had come far enough, and felt aggrieved that Simpson hadn't been a little more circumstantial in his directions. Nor did I altogether fancy finding myself in the heart of a district where, apparently, the 'shearers' war' was just then in full swing. However, after a bath, supper, and a good night's sleep, I determined to find that boundary gate if it lay anywhere betwixt Miamia and the Indian Ocean. As it happened, I never did see it, but that was through no fault of mine.

Early next morning, wandering out into the inn-yard, I came across half-a-dozen of a curiously hybrid kind of vehicles, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before. They were mostly a cross between an omnibus, a buggy, and an American wagonette. The particular one I noticed was, I imagined, laid up for repairs. The long pole had been broken recently, but was spliced and 'fished' with a split pine sapling bound round with green hide. A spoke was also missing, and a fellow rattled loosely to the touch. From top to bottom the thing was thickly caked and splashed with mud. As I speculated idly in what fashion the mishap had occurred, a couple of men laid hold on the nondescript and pulled it away. 'Nearly time it went to the blacksmith's!' I remarked to them. But they only stared, and I re-entered the hotel for breakfast. Later, going across to the little office to book my seat, I saw, to my amazement, the damaged vehicle I had been inspecting dash past at the heels of four horses going almost at a gallop.

'Better take box seat, sir,' said the agent. 'She's pretty full inside. Heavy mail and lots of parcels. She's just gone up to the post-office for the bags.'

'What!' I exclaimed; 'do you mean to say that we have to travel in that thing? Why, it's not safe! One of the wheels is coming to pieces, and the pole's smashed!'

'Safe as a church, sir,' replied the agent impres-

sively; 'that little thing'll stand twice as much as a big one. She's a regular tearer over a rough road. Of course, we'd have had her fixed up, only the blacksmith's been on the spree this last fortnight.'

'Is there a life-assurance office anywhere handy?' I ask desperately, as I watch the 'machine' come rattling back rolling, shaking, and quivering over ruts, lumps, and stumps in the primeval street.

'I'm afraid there ain't,' says the agent, laughing.—'Will you take the box? It's an extra five bob.'

Repressing a strong desire to take nothing at all, I measure the altitude with my eye and reply: 'No; I'm blown if I do! It's too far to fall. One will be safer inside amongst all that lumber. Five shillings is an extortion for the privilege of having one's neck broken at the first capsize.'

'All aboard!' yells Bill at this moment; and I scramble in to where the other passengers have already taken their seats, or rather perches, amongst the big leather mail-bags and packages of every description which overflow on to the tailboard, only prevented from falling out altogether by stout rope lashings. One of my companions is a pale-faced young man with a semi-clerical look; the other is an unmistakable 'commercial,' who exclaims sarcastically, as he squeezes back amongst the cargo and tries to make a little space for me: 'Ain't there any more coming, driver? Lots more room! Believe now I'm sitting on a coil of barbed wire, by the feel of it. If I lose any skin this trip, I'll sue the company!'

Crack goes the whip as the grooms run from the leaders' heads, the coach gives a lurch to each side and a pitch forward, the long traces tighten sharply with a clatter of stout leather against flanks brown and bay, and we are off.

In two minutes the straggling hamlet is lost to sight in the box forest, and we are careering between dense walls of brigalow and pine scrub. Far ahead as we can see stretches a two-chain cleared road, running straight as a dart into the western sky. We sit doubled up, and facing 'aft' along the way we came. The track has been lately 'cleared,' and stumps of all sizes grow thickly. Over one of these, at intervals, a wheel climbs, and comes down again with a thump into a rut that takes it to the hub, and shakes and grinds us and our lading into a common mixture. Now we are in red clay; then into a stretch of heavy sand; then across a patch of black soil, which hangs round the wheels until they are solid revolving blocks of sticky mud; then we dash into a wet swamp, which cleans them, and where tall bulrushes with soft brown heads nod to us gravely in at the open sides. And all the while the driver whistles to his team and stares straight ahead.

Suddenly, as the horses, fresh and hot-headed yet, come down from their swinging canter to a smart trot, the pale-faced young man turns paler and shouts: 'Stop! stop the coach! The wheel is broken!' He is staring at the vacant space where the spoke should be, and at the loose fellow wobbling as if about to come off and leave a naked section of tire.

'All right,' replies the driver without turning

his head. 'It'll last our time.—Git up!' and away we spin again, the horses black with sweat, and tossing dabs of foam into the air.

All at once we dart off at a tangent through the scrub, which flogs in on each side across our faces and bodies, now willowy young pines, now sharp twigged brigalow, covering us with leaves and scratches. We roar at the driver, the commercial putting the matter strongly. But he takes no notice. This, it appears, is a short-cut, saves two miles, and rubs all the old mud and a good deal of the fresh off the coach.

'Don't bother 'bout keeping your eye on that wheel, Mister,' says the commercial to the pale young man; 'Bill, there, knows what the thing'll stand. So does the agent, back yonder. They're too 'cute, these people, to run risks foolish. These coaches ain't just slapped together anyhow—built by the mile cut off to order. They're hickory, whalebone, steel, an' the best of English leather; an' they'll shake the bones out of your skin, leavin' only the skeleton, before they'll smash.—Going right through, Mister?'

'I am proceeding,' says the pale young man, 'to the Aboriginal Mission Station at Baloooga, to act as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Scroggs.'

'Phew!' exclaims the commercial. 'Over four hundred mile! My word, Mister, you've got a picnic in front of you!'

The pale young man smiles faintly, but makes no reply.

Presently the walls of high scrub seem to suddenly fall away, disclosing a grassy open space, a large slab hut, a water-hole, a stockyard full of horses, some black-fellows and their gins, and a couple of white grooms.

'The Reedy Lagoon! Twenty minutes for a snack!' sings out the driver as he pulls up his steaming team and jumps down; whilst the men take the horses out and prepare to harness a fresh lot, and we passengers stretch our cramped limbs and tenderly feel bumps and abrasions. This is the first stage, twenty miles from Miamia. The fare is plain, and the charge half-a-crown. Damper, tea, cold beef and pickles, and a good pudding. Everything is clean and neat, and a pleasant-faced, smiling little woman, wife to the stage-keeper, waits at table. I notice three Winchester rifles in a rack, and some revolvers hanging on the walls.

'How's the missis an' the kids, Billy?' asks the hostess.

'Nice an' lively, thank'ee,' replies the driver. —'All O. K. here?'

'Pretty fair,' says she, 'only for them rippin', rantin' Unioners. When the men's all away after the horses, an' me alone with the kids, I feels a bit lonesome. Most on 'em's right enough. But there's some flash customers among 'em as I'd as soon put a bullet into as a dingo;' and she instinctively glances at the arms with a look on her face that makes one believe her thoroughly.

As we finish our meal, a couple of troopers and a black tracker ride up. The Unionist shearers have, it appears, only the preceding night fired a wool-shed and shot a number of valuable horses on a station in the neighbourhood. About five miles from here, the shearers—so the police say—have formed a camp a

thousand strong, from which they sally out to shoot, burn, and destroy.

'There's the Fire Brigade at work on Aranca Run now!—see!' says one, pointing to where, far away on our right, rises into the sky a thick volume of smoke, tawny coloured in the sunlight.

As they ride off at full gallop for the scene of the mischief, 'All aboard, gents!' falls on our ears, and we clamber once more into the torture cell on wheels.

'Look out for the young uns, Bill!' shouts some one.

'Right O!' says Bill, pulling on his gloves and signalling to let go.

As they get their heads, the 'young uns,' on their first trip, rear wildly, and snort and kick, and do their best to tie themselves into knots with the traces, and drag the swaying coach hither and thither about the place; whilst all the while the whip rains down upon them, until at last they fairly bolt, and with such a furious plunge as sends the three of us ramming against each other as if shot from a catapult.

The walls of scrub have disappeared, and the country is improving; but prickly-pear grows luxuriantly—acres broad.

Although no houses are to be seen, there is evidently settlement somewhere around; for at intervals the coach is checked with its wheels just grazing the bark of some conspicuous tree, to which is nailed a box at the level of the driver's seat. Here Bill deposits the incoming, and removes the outgoing mail. Everything is done up in small parcels ready to hand, so that there is no delay. At times, too, a mailing horse-man appears ahead, and to him is thrown a bag. This is a station mail. Perhaps it is a twenty-mile ride to the homestead. Presently, we whirl across a broad black belt which crosses the road, and from which rise ashes and cinders under the wheels.

'Bad work! bad work!' exclaims the commercial, shaking his head. 'Hundreds of pounds' worth of fencing burnt, and thousands of pounds' worth of grass! The working-men must be going mad!'

Perhaps they are. But, by-and-by, emerging from a belt of thick timber, and crossing another band of ashes, charred wood, and burnt wire, we meet the universal corrective to such lunacy. Along the track—strange sight, indeed, on these far inland pastures!—comes at full trot, with waving plumes and accoutrements sparkling and jingling, a large body of cavalry, who, at sight of that other servant of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, wheel off by sections on each side to let us pass, their chargers' hoofs raising clouds of black grass-dust thickly into the air. Evidently the royal mail, begrimed and scarred though it be, is of some importance yet; and as Bill keeps up the sense of responsibility by sending his horses at a gallop through the armed ranks, we passengers feel a little proud and self-conscious. These troops have travelled a thousand miles from the far south, and are on their way to beat up the Union camp.

At the next stage, a wild spot in the heart of a scrub, things look forlorn. The presiding genius is a snuffy, enormously stout old woman; there is no table-cloth, and the fare is sodden

damper and scraggy mutton. But the charge is just the same as before. The starting scene is also similar, only the horses are even less broken-in than at the last stage.

Presently, a mob of kangaroos, headed by a grand 'old man,' come hopping leisurely out of a patch of wild cherries and wattle, right across the noses of our team. Pausing for a moment, they turn their deer-like heads and stare, and in that moment we are amongst them. The startled horses go off with a rush; there is an awful concussion, and before I can grab my strap, I find myself lying on the broad of my back in a big clump of prickly-pears. Rising, I see the coach, a black speck, far ahead, and close beside me my fellow-travellers. Luckily, beyond a skinful of prickles, no one is hurt. Intently watching the kangaroos, we had for the moment neglected the so essential hold-on, and suffered accordingly.

As we inspect the cause of our mishap—a jagged stump, broad and high, to which even Bill would have, we think, given the pass, but for the animals hiding it from sight—it is agreed that if the coach has not received further damage, it is indeed wonderful. Few, if any, wheeled vehicles are constructed to jump a good two feet six of forked hardwood, with a drop into a deep channel worn by rain on the further side.

Walking along, we pick up a mail-bag, then another.

'It's all right,' says the commercial. 'He mightn't come back for passengers; but he's bound to for the mails.' Sure enough, we presently see that the coach has turned, and is approaching us at a full gallop.

'Never missed you, gents,' remarks the driver sarcastically, 'till, wantin' a match, I happens to turn round. Praps nex' time as you wants to git out an' have a quiet yarn, you'll let me know. If people ^{won't} hold on, I'd like to know how it's possibl^e as a feller can drive to time.—All aboard, please!—Stump? Shoo! That's nothin'. I've druv ^{over} ^{over} miles o' bigger'n that un an' never lost ^{no} passengers. Git ^{up}! Bolivar! Henchman! you bay colt!—s-s-s-sh!

Remonstrance is evidently out of the question; and refastening the bags, and clutching each man his strap, we roll off, the coach seemingly no worse than it was before, and its driver fully prepared to put it at a house if necessary.

More stages are halted at and passed, the last ones in the darkness. Then, as a moon is rising and shining whitely on the galvanised iron roofs, we rattle into Dingo Creek township. Here we change drivers, and, by rights, coaches also. But it seems that the mail from the Lower Tarlee is not yet in. If it does not arrive before four A.M., our starting hour, we shall have to go on in the same one. But we are stiff and sore, and smarting all over, and strongly object.

'Well, gentlemen,' at last says the agent blandly as we stand and argue the point, 'I can't help it. She leaves here at four sharp. I have an idea that the other coach is stuck up at the Raroaro—a flood most likely—and that the other driver'll be here through the night with the mails on horseback.'

'But what shall we do if this river you speak of is actually in a state of flood?' asked the pale young man.

'Oh, it'll be lowering by the time you get there,' replies the agent; 'and Jack Pritchard'll put you through all right—most careful driver on the road, Jack, you know.'

We groan at this, and retire to the hotel over the way for refreshments and a brief sleep.

It is pitch dark when there comes a knocking at the door with 'Breakfast for the coach passengers!'

The new driver, who came in last night after swimming the river with the mails packed on horseback, is at the table. He is a square-set, red-whiskered, determined-looking customer, who, when asked about the river, replies laconically: 'Fallin'. 'Bout a fair swim for the little coach when we gits there.'

At this, the pale young man promptly announces his intention of waiting for the next mail, and at once goes back to bed again. I am about to follow his example, when the driver hands me a note, quite wet, but legible. It is from my friend Simpson, saying that he will meet me with his buggy at the Raroaro crossing-place. This news revives my flagging courage, and, with the commercial and a heavier load than ever of miscellaneous parcels, we make another start.

The moon is down, and it is very dark. The country seems open, and the road rough as ever. We are sitting facing due east. Presently, a faint ghostly light is visible on the horizon. As I gaze, it broadens and deepens to a well-defined gray, which flushes presently into a sea of palest yellow, streaked here and there with long streamers and patches of vivid crimson. Then up shoot great bars of glowing flame into the still darkling sky, and in a few minutes the sun himself rises majestically, throwing the glory of his light across a beautiful, thickly-grassed land, interspersed with clumps and belts of trees, from around whose trunks long strings of sheep are moving off to begin the day's feeding. Here and there we come across the work of the Union firestick—blackness and desolation.

As, late in the afternoon, we neared the Raroaro, we saw the abandoned coach on the other bank, but no buggy.

At the last stage, a team of quiet powerful horses had been put in, and without a moment's pause the driver sent them at the river. It was only partly a swim, though the yellow water swirled and eddied over the floor of the coach, and the horses had as much as they could do to pull it up the steep and slippery bank.

There was smoke, thick and black, rising ahead on our track; and in half an hour from leaving the river we dashed into a crowd of men congregated around a buggy, in which sat Simpson dispensing refreshments.

Close by, the familiar broad black belt, hot and smoking now, stretched across the road into a sea of black and green patches.

'The beggars stole a march on me after all!' exclaimed my friend as he shook hands. 'But we've got the fire out pretty well. You've come too late, though, to see the Warrgeen boundary gate, old man. There's all that's left of it now.—Come along; jump in, and let's get home. Had a pretty rough trip, I see.'

'How do you know?' I ask, as, bidding fare-

well to my commercial, I am driven off at right angles to the coach-track.

'Easily enough,' replies my friend, laughing. 'The back of your coat's all worn to rags by the friction. But that's nothing. Cobb & Co.'ll always pull a fellow through somehow.'

AMBERITE POWDER.

APART from the interest recently experienced in connection with Amberite, owing to its appearance in a celebrated trial, the new Powder possesses many properties of note, and a brief answer to the questions, 'What is amberite?—where and how is it manufactured?' may not inaptly be given at the present moment.

Amberite derives its name from its amber-coloured hue; and the primary object in view by its inventors was the discovery of a smokeless powder capable of storage at high temperatures without risk of explosions. Other advantages are claimed for the new powder, chief among which are its power to resist the weakening influence of a moist atmosphere, and the absence of all residuum in the barrel of the gun after firing. An equally important point in favour of amberite is the fact that it burns gradually and at a relatively slow rate, an advantage which will be readily apparent to every sportsman, as reducing the strain on the gun, and consequently minimising the risk of bursting the barrel by spreading the explosive force along the barrel, and not concentrating it at one point by a sudden liberation of all the gases.

In regard to high temperatures, amberite has proved itself capable of bearing a constant temperature of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit for two months without becoming dangerously or even unpleasantly violent. As this prolonged exposure had deprived the powder of the whole of its moisture, it is clear that over-drying cannot render it dangerous.

Having now described the properties of amberite, we naturally pass to some account of the composition of the new nitro-compound, ere concluding our remarks with some reference to its manufacture, and the romantic surroundings of the mills where amberite is produced.

Amberite is composed of gun-cotton, with an admixture of barium nitrate and solid paraffin, to which are added several further substances which are a trade secret, and whose nature is strictly guarded from becoming public. In a similar manner the exact details of the manufacture of amberite and the various modes of manipulation, though secured by patents, are not divulged; suffice it, therefore, to add that the numerous processes involved in the production of the new explosive are carried out in a series of isolated sheds of corrugated iron, spread at a considerable distance from each other, and situated on the picturesque banks of the Glenlean Burn, in a remote and lone Highland valley to the north of Holy Loch, in Argyllshire. This is the sole manufactory of amberite, whose production is alone carried on in this wild and isolated mountain pass. The scrupulous cleanliness and rigid method exercised throughout the Clyde mills are apparent

at every point; whilst the visitor, who has previously surrendered any matches or fuses he may have on him, is only permitted to enter the various sheds by putting on specially prepared boots, kept in readiness at each doorway.

The same stringent care is visible in every arrangement; the sheds are warmed by steam-pipes, whose boiler is nearly a mile away, on the other side of the Glenlean Burn; whilst artificial lighting of every description is absolutely tabooed, a prohibition which shortens the working day in winter to something like seven hours. Motive-power is derived from water-wheels and turbines in the burn below, whose dashing torrents are thus turned to good account, and with the additional advantage of producing neither flame nor sparks.

The testing of amberite forms a feature of the mills of Glenlean; and the visitor who is fortunate enough to gain access to that closely guarded manufactory will find much of interest to note in examining the rigid system of supervision applied to every batch of the new explosive ere it is permitted to leave the gates.

The speed of amberite is tested by a specially designed chronograph, due to Captain Holder. It is foreign to our purpose to describe in detail an instrument of exceptional ingenuity and mechanical perfection; suffice it, therefore, to point out that the speed of amberite is measured by the fracture of wires. A wire is stretched across the muzzle of the gun from which the charge is to be fired, whilst the target consists of a number of parallel wires stretched on a rectangular frame. An electrical current passes both through the muzzle and target wires, which are led into the chronograph house and attached to the instrument. Each wire supports a weight in the instrument by electrical contact. The *modus operandi* is very simple. On the discharge of the gun, the wire across the muzzle is fractured, and the current supporting the first weight being broken, the weight, which is a long copper rod coated with silver, commences to descend. On the shot reaching the target it severs one or more of the target wires, and by similarly breaking the electrical current, causes the second weight to descend. An ingenious arrangement of triggers in the chronograph causes the second weight to mark the first one in its descent, thus indicating the length of time which has elapsed between the release of each weight; the well-known law of the time occupied by falling bodies in their descent, enabling the length of the longer rod to be readily converted into the time occupied by the shot in traversing the distance—forty yards—between the muzzle and the target.

Amberite as manufactured for sporting purposes is guaranteed a minimum speed of 820 feet per second; whilst for the Martini-Henry and new Magazine Rifle the speeds are no less than 1350 and 2000 feet per second.

The strain on the gun due to the firing of amberite is measured by leaden gauges with a surface of one-twentieth of a square inch. The compression of the gauge indicates the pressure on the gun at the moment of firing. The normal strain on a gun from the explosion of

amberite is two and a quarter tons per square inch, and the maximum permitted is three tons. The firing of an amberite cartridge in the dark shows a flame extending about one inch from the muzzle.

Though scarcely a year has elapsed since amberite was placed on the market, its inventors, Mr George G. André and Mr Charles H. Curtis, have every reason to be satisfied with their new explosive, the product of many years of research and experiment.

The advantages to sportsmen of a smokeless powder are too obvious to need further comment; whilst amberite, which combines this desideratum with the utmost safety in all climates and immunity from harm by damp, fulfils every essential required of a powder, and cannot fail to come more and more into use as its inherent qualities become known and appreciated.

MOTHERING SUNDAY (MID-LENT SUNDAY).

'He who goes a mothering finds violets in the lane.'

—Old Proverb.*

A MIST of leaves, a maze of light, about the gates of Spring:

The sweet winds summon exiles home from wintry wandering;

And down the olden way they haste, whereof their feet are fain,

And he who goes a mothering finds violets in the lane.

And underneath the blue-gray sky the sunny paths grow hot,

The blue-gray buds unfurl to bloom in each familiar spot—

The white buds and the blue-gray buds, whose soft lips gently part,

In rapture such as one may know who hides on Mother's heart.

The blackbird in the greening elm brings a new song to-day,

The lark uplifts his ecstasy above the meadows gay;

The door stands wide, the wallflower-scent floats in across the sill,

And there upon the lintel-stone is Mother waiting still!

Throw open wide Thy doors, O Lord, for souls to enter in!

The days of exile overpast, the home-days shall begin;

Dear hands and lips draw nigh once more to welcome and to bless,

And all the lovely olden hours renew their loveliness:

Blue violets round the Trees of Life, blue violets at the brim

Of all the living water-springs where never light grows dim—

Where tears are dried, and dead hopes raised, and lost years found again,

And hearts may go a mothering for evermore, Amen!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

* To go a mothering is to visit parents on Mid-Lent Sunday.

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THE LABOURS OF THE EARTH-SPIRIT.

How any one can pass through one of our great factories without emotion and a certain feeling of awe, we never could quite understand. Long use, even, has made no difference to our own feelings in this respect. Some industries move us more than others; but through them all we can feel and see, in imagination, some mighty power labouring and striving towards its own end. For want of a better term, we will borrow from Goethe, and call this power the 'Earth-spirit,' for it is a mechanical power, working by physical means, using indiscriminately the energies of winds and rivers, or the stores of fuel hidden by the sun in the heart of the earth. It is not merely the glare of the furnace fire and the clang of steel that inspires this awe of the unknown. The glamour of the unseen sheds a sacred halo over every operation, if the narrow limits of our vision did not hinder our perceiving it. Of the whole gamut of colour our imperfect retinas are affected by little more than an octave; beyond the bright red on one side and the edge of the violet on the other lies a great blank. May it not be even so in other things?

Slow-moving machinery is, perhaps, of all things the most impressive. We could sit all day and watch a really large fly-wheel turning slowly and silently in its massive bearings, like the 'Wheel of Fortune' in Mr Burne-Jones's picture. There is hardly anything in the world more restful and soothing than a mill-wheel, where you get the added music of the waters. No one who visits Geneva should fail to see the machinery for utilising the motive-power of the Rhone. After a short walk along the river-bank, you enter the building where the natural forces are at work. Here in the stillness, forty steel arms, each ten feet long or so, move very slowly to and fro. They are actuated by twenty turbines, driven by the swirl of the blue Rhone, hidden beneath the

building. Between them they develop six thousand horse-power, and are used partly for supplying the district with water, partly for pumping water under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres to a reservoir in the hills, to be distributed afterwards as motive-power. One can see nothing of the force that moves these mighty arms, and one's imagination has full play. Backwards and forwards they go, slowly, resistlessly, relentlessly, moved by the waters from the Earth-spirit's own eternal snows.

The industries in which fire plays an important part are more terrifying, but scarcely give us time to think. Among them the most utter materialist cannot help feeling the presence of some higher executive power. Of the earth earthy, perhaps, but outside our knowledge. At an iron furnace one hardly notices the sprites who direct the machinery. There is the great furnace, some ninety feet high, into whose white-hot cavern come thundering large masses of coal, iron ore, and limestone. The hot blast, as it urges the materials to incandescence, seems like the breath of the Earth-spirit himself. Now the sand is removed from the tap-hole, and the viscid lava-like slag runs hissing and spluttering into pans of water. Now the lower tap-hole is free, and from the bottom of the hearth the dazzling white-hot metal runs scintillating into the moulds. A little farther off, a ball of 'puddled' iron is dragged to the steam-hammer, and the spongy metal is beaten together like putty, whilst the impurities are squeezed out. Again, perhaps we may be fortunate enough to see the Siemens-Martin furnace in which scrap-iron is worked up into steel; or to watch the Bessemer Converter at work. The large egg-shaped vessel is full of a seething mass of cast-iron, through which a blast of air is driven to burn out the impurities. The workman watches the flames as they issue from the mouth of the converter, with his spectroscope, and, when certain lines appear in the spectrum, a quantity of highly carburetted iron is thrown in sufficient to convert the

whole into steel, for steel is a compound of iron with a very little carbon. Then the great converter is swung on its axis, and the molten steel pours out into the Brobdingnagian ladle. Here is material for half the weapons in the Earth-spirit's armoury. Away it goes to the rolling mills to be fashioned into ships' plates, or into girders and steel rails. Who can say that there is no romance in our industries, and nothing but hard facts?

Very few people have any idea of the imposing and imaginative effects that are presented by even a moderate-sized gas-work, especially at night. Entering from the deserted streets, in a few minutes one is at the very heart and centre of the works, watching the exhaustor engines with measured throb pulling the gas from the retorts, and forcing it through the purifying plant into the great 'holders.' Conspicuously placed in the beautifully kept engine-room is a dial with a needle, which responds like an artery to every pulsation of the exhaustor. From the engine-room we walk past the station-meters, flying round as they record the passage of the gas; past 'washers,' 'scrubbing towers,' and large purifying-boxes, all looking black and mysterious in the flickering light of the scattered gas lamps, into the pleasant warmth of the retort-house. Here we are confronted by long rows of D-shaped iron discs, grouped in beds of six or eight, each one with its 'ascension pipe,' leading up nearly to the roof. The discs are the covers on the mouthpieces of the long clay retorts, whose ends only just peep out from the firebrick settings. The gas-lights are turned low, and the blackness is broken only by the glow of the furnace under each bed, reflected in the ash-pans, full of water, into which a stray cinder drops with a sharp 'sizzle' now and then. The foreman blows his whistle; the lights are turned up; the stokers troop in, and the 'draw' is about to commence. One of them, armed with an iron bar, loosens the lids of the retorts, and lights the residual gas with a live-coal from the furnace. When this has burnt off, the doors are thrown open, disclosing the yellow-hot retorts, nearly half full of coke. The radiation is so intense that it is with difficulty we stand opposite the end of the glowing tube, and, shading our eyes with our hands, peer down. We see a brilliant vista stretching away, apparently, into endless distance. Up and down its length lurid vapours curl and shimmer, and wreath themselves into fantastic imageries. A stoker, naked to the waist, pushes a long hoe-shaped rake into the retort. It is a picture to make a painter mad with envy and despair. The gleam of the concentrated rays throws every muscle, shining with sweat, into strong relief as he strains and tugs at the iron handle. At each pull, a shower of red-hot coke falls into the iron barrow beneath. Buckets of water are thrown over it, and, with loud mutterings, clouds of steam, reddened by the furnace glare, curl round the group and up to the roof. The Earth-spirit seems all around us as the coal, wrought by the trolls deep down in the earth, goes to light the busy city.

It is the same wherever we go. No operation is too mean, no industry too paltry, to be without its own share of romance. The clatter of the flying shuttles in the power-loom; the clang of the hammers on the steel plates as the rivets are driven home, and the rusty skeleton grows into the ocean steamer; the traffic in the street, the hum of the docks, all tell the same tale. Restless, ceaseless, human energy, guided by a master-hand; mayhap the Earth-spirit himself knows not whither.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XIV.—THE AXMINSTER PEERAGE.

At Genoa, as luck would have it, Arnold Willoughby found a place on a homeward-bound brigantine direct for London. That was all he wanted. He craved for action. He was a sailor once more, and had cast art behind him. No more dalliance with the luxurious muse of painting. In the daily drudgery of the sea, in the teeth of the wind, he would try to forget his bitter disappointment. Hard work and dog-watches might suffice to cauterise the raw surface of the wound Kathleen Hesslegrave had unwillingly and unwittingly inflicted.

He did wrong to fly from her, of course, without giving her at least the chance of an explanation; but then, that was exactly Arnold Willoughby's nature. He would have been other than himself if he had not so acted. Extreme modifiability was the key-note of his character. The self-same impulse which had made him in the first instance sink name and individuality at a moment's notice, in order to become a new man and a common sailor, made him also in the second instance rush at once to the conclusion that he had been basely deceived, and drove him to remodel, without a second's delay, his whole scheme of life and activity for the future. Half gentleman, half gypsy, he was a man of principle, and yet a creature of impulse. The instant he found his plans going hopelessly wrong, he was ready to alter them offhand with drastic severity.

And yet, he said to himself, it was never his own individuality he got rid of at all. That alone persisted. All these changes and disguises were forced upon him, indeed, by the difficulty of realising his own inner personality in a world which insisted on accepting him as an Earl, instead of reckoning him up, as he wished, at his intrinsic value as a human being. That intrinsic value Arnold Willoughby was determined to discover and appraise, no matter at what cost of trouble and disillusion; his naked worth as a man among men was the only kind of worth he cared one jot or tittle to realise.

When he reached London, therefore, he decided to see what steps were being taken in the vexed question of the Axminster peerage, before he engaged for a longer voyage to the northern seas, which he liked best to sail in bracing summer weather. So, on the very

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afternoon of his discharge from the brigantine, where he had signed for the single voyage only, he walked into a coffee-house on the river bank and invested a ha'penny in an evening paper. He was not long in coming upon the item he wanted. 'Axminster Peerage Case.—This afternoon, the House of Lords will deliver judgment upon the claim of Algernon Loftus Redburn, eldest son of the late Honourable Algernon Redburn of Masbury, Devonshire, to the Earldom of Axminster. The case is a romantic one. It will be remembered that the seventh Earl, who was a person of most eccentric habits and ideas, closely bordering upon insanity, disappeared without warning from London society—and so forth, and so forth. Arnold set down the paper with a deeper curl than usual at the corner of his genial mouth. It 'bordered on insanity,' of course, for a born gentleman, who might have spent his time in dining, calling, shooting grouse, and running racehorses, to determine upon doing some useful work in the world! So very undignified! Arnold was quite familiar by this time with that curious point of view; 'tis the point of view of nine-tenths of the world in this United Kingdom; but none the less every time he saw it solemnly committed to print, it amused him afresh by its utter incongruity. The contrast between the reality and the grasp of life he obtained in his chosen vocation of sailor, with the shadowy superficiality of the existence he had led in the days when he was still Lord Axminster, made such criticism seem to him rather childish than unkindly.

He made up his mind at once. He would go down to the House and see them play this little farce out. He would be present to hear whether, on the authority of the highest court in the realm, he was dead or living. He would watch the last irrevocable nail being knocked into his coffin as Earl of Axminster, and would emerge with the certainty that some other man now bore the title which once was his, and that he was legally defunct by decision of Parliament.

Go down to the House! Then a little laugh seized him. He was thinking of it to himself as he used to think in the days when he had but to order his carriage and drive down from Eaton Place to the precincts of Westminster. What chance would there be for a sailor in his seaman's dress to get into the House by mere asking for a place? Not much, he confessed to himself. However, he would try. There was something that pleased him in the idea of the bare chance that he might be turned back from the doors of the Chamber to which he hereditarily belonged on the day when he was to be declared no longer living. It would be funny if the Lords refused to let him hear them pronounce their decision of his own death; funnier still if they solemnly declared him dead in his living presence.

So he walked by St Paul's and the Embankment to Westminster, and presented himself at that well-known door where once—nay, where still—he had, by law and descent, the right of entry. It was a private business day, he knew, and their lordships would only be

sitting as a committee of privilege; in other words, half-a-dozen law lords would have come down sleepily, as a matter of duty, to decide the vexed question of the peerage before them. On such occasions, the Strangers' Gallery is never at all full; and Arnold hoped he might be lucky enough to corrupt by his eloquence the virtue of the under door-keeper. The door-keeper, however, was absolutely incorruptible—except, of course, by gold, which was too rare an object now for Arnold to bestow upon him lightly.

'I don't know all the peers by sight,' the official said with some contempt, surveying the new-comer from head to foot: 'there's peers from the country that turn up now and again when there's important bills on, that you wouldn't know from farmers. Times like that, we let any gentlemen in who's dressed as such, and who says he's a Markis. But *you* ain't a peer, anyhow; you ain't got the cut of it. Nor you don't much look like a Distinguished Stranger.' And the door-keeper laughed heartily at his own humour.

Arnold laughed in turn and walked away disconsolate. He was just on the point of giving up the attempt in despair, when he saw an old law lord enter, whom he knew well by sight as a judge of appeal, and who had the reputation of being a good-humoured and accessible person. Arnold boarded him at once with a polite request for a pass to the gallery. The old peer looked at him in surprise. 'Are you interested in the case?' he asked, seeing the sailor's garb and the weather-beaten features.

Arnold answered with truth: 'Well, I knew something of the man they called Douglas Overton.'

Lord Helvellyn (for it was he) scanned the bronzed face again with some show of interest. 'You were a ship-fellow?' he asked.

And Arnold, without remembering how much the admission implied, made answer with truth once more: 'Yes—at least—that is to say—I sailed in the *Saucy Sally*.'

The old peer smiled acquiescence, and waved him to follow to the door of the waiting-room. Arnold did so, somewhat amused at the condescending air of the new-made peer to his hereditary companion. In the House of Lords, he couldn't, somehow, altogether forget his traditions. 'Pass this man to the gallery,' the old law lord said with a nod of command to the door-keeper. The door-keeper bowed low, and Arnold Willoughby followed him.

The proceedings in the House were short and purely formal. The Committee, represented by one half-blind old gentleman, read their report of privilege in a mumbling tone; but Arnold could see its decision was awaited with the utmost interest by his cousin Algy, who, as claimant to the seat, stood at the bar of the House awaiting judgment. The Committee found that Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Earl of Axminster, was actually dead; that his identity with the person who sailed in the *Saucy Sally* from Liverpool for Melbourne under the assumed name of Douglas Overton had been duly proved to their satisfaction; that the *Saucy Sally* had been lost, as alleged, in the

Indian Ocean, and that all souls on board had really perished; that amongst the persons so lost was Albert Ogilvie Redburn, alias Douglas Overton, seventh Earl of Axminster; that Algernon Loftus Redburn, eldest son of the Honourable Algernon Redburn, deceased, and grandson of the fifth Earl, was the heir to the peerage; and that this House admitted his claim of right, and humbly prayed Her Majesty to issue her gracious writ summoning him as a Peer of Parliament accordingly.

Algernon Redburn, below, smiled a smile of triumph. But Arnold Willoughby, in the gallery, felt a little shudder pass over him. It was no wonder, indeed. He had ceased to exist legally. He was no longer his own original self, but in very deed a common sailor. He knew that the estates must follow the title; from that day forth he was a beggar, a nameless nobody. Till the report was read, he might have stood forth at any moment and claimed his ancestral name and his ancestral acres. Now the die was cast. He felt that after he had once stood by as he had stood by that day and allowed himself to be solemnly adjudicated as dead, he could never again allow himself to be resurrected. He should have spoken then, or must for ever keep silent. It would be wrong of him, cruel of him, cowardly of him, unmanly of him, to let Algy and Algy's wife take his place in the world, with his full knowledge and assent, and then come forward later to deprive them of their privilege. He was now nothing more than 'the late Lord Axminster.' That at least was his past; his future would be spent as mere Arnold Willoughby.

Had Kathleen proved different, he hardly knew whether, at the last moment, he might not have turned suddenly round and refused so completely to burn his boats; but as it was, he was glad of it. The tie to his old life, which laid him open to such cruel disillusion as Kathleen had provided for him, was now broken for ever; henceforth, he would be valued at his own worth alone by all and sundry.

But no more of women! If Arnold Willoughby had been a confirmed misogynist before he met Kathleen Hesslegrave by accident at the Academy doors, he was a thousand times more so after this terrible reaction from his temporary backsliding into respectable society.

He went down into the corridor, and saw Algy surrounded by a whole group of younger peers, who were now strolling in for the afternoon's business. They were warmly congratulating him upon having secured the doubtful privileges of which Arnold for his part had been so anxious to divest himself. Arnold was not afraid to pass quite near them. Use had accustomed him to the ordeal of scrutiny. For some years, he had passed by hundreds who once knew him, in London streets or Continental towns, and yet, with the solitary exception of the Hesslegraves (for he did not know the part borne in his recognition by the Valentines), not a soul had ever pierced the successful disguise with which he had surrounded himself. A few years before, the same

men would have crowded just as eagerly round the seventh as round the eighth Earl; and now, not a word of the last holder of the title; nothing but congratulation for the man who had supplanted him, and who stood that moment, smiling and radiant, the centre of a little group of friendly acquaintances.

As Arnold paused, half irresolute, near the doors of the House, a voice that he knew well called out suddenly: 'Hullo, Axminster, there you are! I've been looking for you everywhere.'

Arnold turned half round in surprise. What an unseasonable interruption! How dreadful that at this moment somebody should have recognised him! And from behind, too—that was the worst—for the speaker was invisible. Arnold hesitated whether or not to run away without answering him; then, with a smile, he realised the true nature of his mistake. It's so strange to hear another man called by the name that was once your own! But the voice was Canon Valentine's, fresh back from Italy, and the 'Axminster' he was addressing was not Arnold Willoughby, but the new-made peer, his cousin Algy. Nevertheless, the incident made Arnold feel at once it was time to go. He was more afraid of Canon Valentine's recognising him than of any other acquaintance; for the Canon had known him so intimately as a boy, and used to speak to him so often about that instinctive trick of his—why, there! as Arnold thought of it, he removed his hand quickly from the lock in which it was twined, and dodged behind a little group of gossiping peers in the neighbourhood just in time to escape the Canon's scrutiny. But the Canon didn't see him; he was too busily engaged in shaking Algy's hand—too full of his salutations to the rising sun to remember the setting one.

Arnold strolled out somewhat saddened. If ever in his life he felt inclined to be cynical, it must at least be admitted he had much just then to make him so. It was all a sad picture of human fickleness. And then, the bitter thought that Kathleen had been doing just like all of these was enough to sour any man. Arnold turned to leave the House by the strangers' entrance. In order to do so, he had to pass the door of the peers' robing-room. As he went by it, a fat little old gentleman emerged from the portal. It was Lord Helvellyn, who had passed him to the Strangers' Gallery. But now, the little man looked at him with a queer gleam of recollection. Then a puzzled expression came over his fallow face. 'Look here,' he said, turning suddenly to Arnold; 'I want one word with you. What was that you told me about having sailed with Lord Axminster in the *Saucy Sally*?'

Arnold scented the danger at once, but answered in haste: 'It was true: quite true. I went out on her last voyage.'

'Nonsense, man,' the little fat law lord replied, scanning his witness hard, as is the wont of barristers. 'How dare you have the impudence to tell me so to my face, after hearing the evidence we summarised in our report? It's pure imposture. Douglas Overton or Lord Axminster made only one voyage on

the *Saucy Sally*; and in the course of that voyage she was lost with all hands. It was that that we went upon. If anybody had survived, we must have heard of him, of course, and have given judgment differently. How do you get out of that, eh? You're an impostor, sir, an impostor!

'But I left the ship'—Arnold began hurriedly—he was going to say 'at Cape Town,' when it was borne in upon him all at once that if he confessed that fact, he would be practically reopening the whole field of inquiry; and with a crimson face, he held his peace, most unwillingly. That was hard, indeed, for nothing roused Arnold Willoughby's indignation more than an imputation of untruthfulness.

Lord Helvellyn smiled grimly. 'Go away, sir,' he cried with a gesture of honest contempt. 'You lied to me, and you know it. You're an impudent scoundrel, that's what you are; a most impudent scoundrel; and if ever I see you loitering about this House again, I'll give orders to the door-keeper to take you up by the scruff of your neck and eject you forcibly.'

Arnold's blood boiled hot. For a second he felt himself once more an aristocrat. Was he to be jostled and hustled like this, with insult and contumely, from his own hereditary chamber, by a new-fangled law lord? Next moment, his wrath cooled, and he saw for himself the utter illogicality, the two-sided absurdity, of his own position. It was clearly untenable. The old law lord was right. He was *not* the Earl of Axminster. These precincts of Parliament were no place for him in future. He slunk down the steps like a whipped cur. 'Twas for the very last time. As he went, he shook off the dust from his feet, metaphorically. Whatever came now, he must never more be a Redburn or an Axminster. He was quit of it once for all. He emerged into Parliament Street, more fixedly than ever, a plain Arnold Willoughby.

If Kathleen Hesslegrave wished to make herself a Countess, she must fix her hopes somewhere else, he felt sure, than on Membury Castle. For him, the sea, and no more of this fooling! Life is real, life is earnest, and Arnold Willoughby meant to take it earnestly.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLD QUESTION.

SINCE we explained the difficulties of 'The Silver Question' in special relation to the currency of the United States (*Journal*, September 30, 1893), Congress has repealed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, and the Treasury is no longer bound to buy four and a half million ounces of silver per month, to be coined into silver dollars which nobody wants, and to be paid for in Treasury notes which must be redeemed, on demand, in gold. In the meantime, the decision of the Indian Government to close the Indian mints against the free coinage of silver—that is to say, to stop the exchange of legal-tender rupees for silver bullion with all and sundry—has not had the effect which those who advocated that course

expected and predicted. It has not kept up the gold-price of the rupee—or the price of the Indian coin in sterling money—and it did not stop the imports of silver into India. On the contrary, the shipments of silver to India were largely increased, for a time, at any rate, with the result that what is called the 'balance of trade' was turned against that country. Instead of having a large excess of exports over imports to be paid for in gold, the reverse was the case. The official minimum rate of exchange for the rupee (one shilling and three-pence-farthing) could no longer be obtained; the India Office had to obtain parliamentary powers to borrow up to ten millions sterling in London, in order to meet the obligations of the Indian Government (for interest on bonds, &c.) due in gold in this country; and the gold-price of silver and the gold-price of the rupee fell lower and lower. By the middle of February the prices of both were lower than they had ever been in the history of commerce.

By price is here meant the equivalent value in gold, and this is why the present currency and exchange disorders relate to a gold crisis. How far the recent events go to support or condemn the theory of Bimetallism, we shall not here inquire, as the subject is too complex and controversial for our pages. But having recently shown the position of silver, we now propose to examine the position of gold, because—so long, at anyrate, as Great Britain remains Mono-metallic, and perhaps even if she became Bi-metallic—it is the yellow metal that dominates the course of exchange and the price of commodities.

Gold, of course, is a commodity and an article of commerce, as well as the medium of exchange; and one reason why gold has such a high value for money purposes is that it has such a high value for a variety of other purposes. An expansion or a contraction in the world's supply of gold is felt in every department of commerce and throughout all human relations. Is, then, the supply now contracting or expanding?

The United States Treasury officials estimated the production of gold in the world during the year 1893 at about 150 million dollars' worth, and the contribution of the United States themselves at 35 million dollars' worth, or about two millions more than in 1892. Another American estimate gives 1,675,000 ounces to Australia; 1,693,111 to America; 1,200,000 to Russia; 1,563,196 to South Africa; and 1,160,000 to 'all other countries,' making a total of 7,291,307 ounces, valued at £30,972,014. This is taking the mintage valuation; but in estimating the output of mines, it is usual to calculate at 70 shillings per ounce, to allow margin for refining and contingencies. On this basis the production, as estimated by the Americans, would be about 25½ millions sterling. The American estimate, made at the beginning of the present year, has not been altogether confirmed by London authorities, who, by marshalling the statistics of all the producing centres,

give the following as the world's production of gold and silver in 1892 and 1893:

	Gold.	Silver.
1893.....	£26,228,672	£16,354,490
1892.....	24,008,430	17,795,649
Increase...	£2,220,242	Decrease...£1,441,159

The decrease in the output value of silver is partly explained by the low price to which the metal has fallen, rendering it unprofitable to work all but the best mines. In the United States, for instance, the production of silver in 1889 was to the value of £7,326,760; and in 1890 to as much as £8,416,600; but in 1893 it did not exceed 5 millions. But these figures refer only to the gold-value of the silver, not to the quantity, which in 1893 amounted to about 52 million ounces, as against about 58 million ounces in each of the two previous years, when the high-water mark of silver-production was reached in America.

To return to gold, however. The increase in 1893, as we have shown, was at the lowest estimate close upon 2½ millions sterling, of which increase the United States proportion was something like half a million. Where did the rest come from? From South Africa and Russia. The South African mines yielded £5,622,250 in 1893, as against £4,633,879 in 1892; and the Russian mines £5,394,172, as against £4,844,363; while Australia did little more than preserve its level. The interesting fact is established that South Africa is now the second largest gold-producing area in the world—Australia still being first (with £6,560,000); South Africa, second; Russia, third; and the United States, fourth.

The development in South Africa is one of the phenomena of the situation. Seven years ago, the entire output of gold there was under 20,000 ounces, of the value of £70,000. Last year the output was 1,596,477 ounces, of the value above stated. It is predicted that in another year Africa will have shot ahead of Australia, and will be the foremost gold-producing country in the world. In round numbers, South Africa, which previously was not in the running at all, has since 1886 added about 18 millions sterling to the value of the world's stock of gold—in fact, we may say since 1888, for up to that year she had not sent us as much as a million altogether.

To appreciate the significance of this, it is necessary to recall that the prolonged depression of trade and the depreciation of silver have both been attributed to a diminution in the supply of gold since 1874, concurrently with an increasing demand for it. As gold became comparatively scarce, the value of the sovereign—that is to say its purchasing power measured in other commodities—rose. Prices were low because gold was dear, and because the nations could not agree among themselves that silver should be adopted as an alternative, or associated, measure of value. If, then, gold is becoming more plentiful, it would be reasonable to expect, other things being equal, a general rise in the level of prices of commodities, and a gradual abatement in the acuteness of the trouble connected with silver.

Those whose memories can carry them back to the Franco-German War will remember the tremendous 'boom' in trade which followed the conclusion of peace, and the high prices to which both the necessities of life and luxuries rose for a few years. As a single example, let us just mention pig-iron—the foundation of so many industries—which in 1873 reached 145 shillings per ton, while for some years past it has been ranging between 40 and 45 shillings per ton. The decline in prices which began after this inflation has brought us, in twenty years, to a level which would have seemed incredible and impossible in 1873. To what has that decline been due? First of all, to the diminished and steadily diminishing production of gold; next, to the increased and constantly increasing demand for gold for currency and other purposes; and lastly, to the demonetisation of silver by Germany, and the suspension of the Latin Union, explained in a previous article. Of these three causes, unquestionably the greatest was the decrease in the supply of the yellow metal from the mines. Few people realise how the world has been affected by the vicissitudes of gold-mining. After the Australian discoveries, and between the years 1851 and 1860, the average annual production of gold throughout the world was not less than 28½ millions, according to Dr Soetbeer, an acknowledged authority. But in the next decade the average fell to about 26½ millions sterling; in the next period, 1871-80, to 23 millions; and between 1881 and 1884, to 19½ millions, or a decline of more than one-third from the highest.

Now, it was just in this period, when the supply of gold was falling off, that Germany adopted a gold standard of currency; that the United States resumed specie payments, and that gold became more and more in request among the other nations both for money and for the arts. It is assumed, however, that the consumption of gold for money has now nearly reached its maximum, that the 'reserves' among the great nations are as large as they need to be, and that in the next few years the mintage demand for the yellow metal will be smaller than it has been during the last twenty years. Since 1885, the lowest point of production, three quite new sources of supply of gold have been found: South Africa, as we have seen, which is now yielding 5½ millions per annum; Western Australia, which last year yielded close upon half a million; and India, which is now yielding considerably over half a million per annum. With the increased productivity of the rest of Australia, of Russia, and of the United States, due to the improved methods of mining and of the treatment of ores, the production is once more approaching the annual average of the rich period, 1851-60. Indeed, some experts predict that in the present year the total yield will be considerably more than 30 millions sterling.

There is no room for wonder, before these facts, that silver has become so depreciated in relation to gold, that exchanges are disorganised, and that the currencies of silver-using countries have become demoralised. We are passing through a monetary revolution, which, like all revolutions, must be productive of discomfort

and loss somewhere, but which in its ultimate results ought to be beneficial. Within one generation, monetary revolutions of varying severity were brought about by the discoveries of gold in California and Australia, by the discovery of silver in Western America, by the demonetisation of silver in Germany and the suspension of the Latin Union, and by the Bland and Sherman Acts of the United States. The present crisis is in part the result of the discovery of gold in South Africa, and in part the result of the silver policies of the United States and India. (For further explanations on these points, see previous articles, 'What is Bimetallism?' and 'The Silver Question'.)

Commenting on the South African mines, a recent writer in 'The Bankers' Magazine,' says: 'The first great disturbance in recent times of the world's output of gold occurred in California and Australia in the decade of the fifties. The production during these years reached a total of something like 30 millions sterling annually for some years. The inevitable of quartz-mining then appeared; veins pinched out, or from various causes, became unworkable, and the production gradually dropped to about 20 millions of pounds sterling per annum, or less. This amount would appear to have been about an average production until the last year or two, when the increasing yields of South African and Indian mines commenced an era of increase destined to last the lifetime of the present generation, and probably that of the generation to come.'

The minimum production of gold, then, lasted for about twenty years. But in that period the production of silver reached its maximum, and the present price (in gold) of the white metal (say, half-a-crown an ounce) is just about one-half of what it was twenty years ago. Of course the Bimetallists say that had the two metals by international agreement been combined in a dual standard, the scarcity of gold would not have been felt, and the prices of commodities would not have depreciated. On the other hand, those opposed to Bimetallism contend that the effects prove their case—that it is impossible to maintain a fixed ratio between two metals of such varying supply, not only in actual quantity, but also relatively to each other. Of course the more scarce gold became, the more valuable it was, and therefore the prices of everything measured in gold went lower and lower. But that simply meant, as far as the masses of the people are concerned, that though they were able to earn less, they could obtain more for their money than in the year of big profits, high wages, and inflated prices.

Prior to the Californian discoveries in 1848, the annual average supply of gold was only about eight millions sterling, and commerce was languishing because the world had outgrown its supplies of the precious metal to adjust exchanges. The Californian discoveries were followed in 1851 by the opening of the Australian fields, and then it looked as if the world were to be smothered in a deluge of gold. So anxiously did some economists then regard the situation, that it was seriously proposed and gravely discussed that gold should be

demonetised, to stop the rise in prices. It is interesting to recall this proposal after forty years, at a time when prices are depreciated, according to some, by the demonetisation of silver, and when it is proposed again, not truly to demonetise gold, but to some extent to debase it by wedding it to the inferior metal. As the production of silver in 1870, when the value was five shillings per ounce, was worth £11,350,000, and as the production in 1893, when it was only worth, say, three shillings per ounce, was £16,350,000, it is evident that the supply of that metal has about doubled in quantity. But no further uses for it have been found in the arts, and it has become of less and less use as money, since the Continental nations decreed that it should no longer be legal tender. On the other hand, the uses for gold are constantly increasing, and while the currency requirements of Europe are now supposed to be satisfied, the United States will still require a large amount, estimated at not less than ten millions sterling, to make up the loss on the silver stored in the Treasury vaults under the Bland and Sherman Acts.

It was estimated by Mr Seyd that the entire stock of gold coin and bullion in the world serving the purposes of money—not including ornaments and the hoards of Eastern nations—is about 800 million pounds sterling; and of silver coin and bullion, about 720 million pounds sterling. This calculation was made some years ago, and we should be disposed to add half a million to each total as the present approximate sum. Anyhow, there is, roughly speaking, only about £2 of exchangeable gold for every person in the gold-using countries of Europe, North America, and Australasia. In a former article, we estimated the amount of gold annually used in the arts, or hoarded, or otherwise not put into currency, at 15 millions. On the present average production, therefore, there will be a margin of 11, and on the anticipated production, a margin of 15, millions available for coinage and as the basis of exchange. Now, looking at the effect which the enormously increased output has had on the value of silver, what are we to expect from this large increase in the supply of gold?

Obviously, a considerable fall in the value of the metal, which means a considerable rise in the prices of commodities and property. What happened after the Australian discoveries may be expected to happen now, though not to so tremendous an extent, nor so rapidly, because there are, as we have shown, many gaps to be filled up before the world can feel anything like an over-supply of gold. It is true that some people predict for the South African mines a yield which will vastly exceed even the highest point reached by the Australian fields; but we prefer not to deal with speculative predictions. It is safe enough to go upon the actual facts of the last year or two, and the immediate prospects as presented in the monthly workings.

It is, of course, curious that while South Africa has already added as much to the gold-supplies of the world as California and Australia did at the outset, we have not yet had the change in values which then almost at once

began. But there are various reasons for this. The world is larger, for one thing, and the area of distribution of gold for money purposes is much greater. The great depreciation in silver is another, for this has had a serious effect on prices in, and exchange with, the East. And the Australian and American commercial crises are other factors accentuating the general problem. But as gold becomes more abundant, silver should, along with other commodities, increase in value measured in gold, and in the ordinary course of events the tribulations of India ought to be relieved, not by the adoption of universal Bimetallism—for that now seems hopelessly impossible of attainment—but, strangely enough, by the new gifts of gold from Africa.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

VERA was conscious of only one feeling for the moment, a feeling of intense gladness that she was alone to grapple with the trouble which had come upon her. The discovery of an heir to Deepdene other than Dene de Ros had been like a bolt from the blue; but the latter revelation came like a flash of lightning out of a winter sky. It was worse than misfortune; it was disgrace. Vera had dropped the packet, and wrenched herself free from Ambrose de Ros' detaining grasp, fleeing homeward like Atalanta across the dewy lawn. Not until she reached her own room was she conscious that her stockinged feet were torn and bruised—no thorn by the wayside had troubled her.

The shadow of disgrace hung over her; and Ambrose de Ros knew it, had evidently been aware of it for a long time; and yet he had never swerved in his friendship, never so much as shown by one single sign that he had discovered how cruelly the late owner of Deepdene had deceived him.

Remember, that Vera's life had hitherto been apart from the world; she had lofty ideals of her own, and the rude touch of modern life had not taken the gilt from any idol, showing the feet of clay. Her pride in all her possessions had been great; she had regarded her father as a prince amongst men. How passionately she had admired him when misfortune had come upon them, and he gave way to the intruder without a murmur, and as a dethroned monarch would abdicate his crown. And, in her inmost heart, Vera had despised the degenerate offshoot of the race who had deposed the reigning sovereign. She would not admit that he could have risen to the sublime height attained by her father. And yet, all these years she had worshipped a trickster and a charlatan, an impostor who masqueraded in the armour of a gentle knight of high degree.

It was a harsh judgment for a negative crime committed in a moment of the fiercest temptation; but youth is prone to be hard in its judgments, and it is always those who have known no ungratified desire who are the hardest upon the weaknesses of poor human nature.

It was all over now, Vera told herself; the pleasant days had come to an end; she could

never show her face at Deepdene again. The organ would remain unplayed; she would tell her father of her discovery on her return, and then she would go away, never more to be seen by those who knew her story.

She was thankful that Ambrose had not followed her. All the afternoon she half expected him, but he came not. She never imagined that he was waiting until she could wrestle with and fight down her sorrow before he approached her. And, later on, when she was partaking of tea in solitary state, he arrived, and, unannounced, came into the drawing-room. Vera's back was to the light, which was softened and subdued by the palms in the long narrow windows, and he could not see the look of misery in her eyes.

Apparently, he was not in the least embarrassed; indeed, when you came to consider it, there was no reason why he should be. He sat down by the little gypsy table on which stood the quaint service of silver, and begged for a cup of tea. The smile on his handsome, simple face was pleasant to see.

'Well,' he said cheerfully, 'we did better than I expected with those poor fellows. None of them seem to be the worse for their adventure.'

Vera was conscious of a little pang of conscience. For some hours now, she had not given the shipwrecked mariners a single thought. 'I am glad to hear it,' she said in a strangled voice. 'How pleased David must have been. He behaved like a hero.'

'He did his duty,' Ambrose remarked; 'my boy would always do that. And they all turned out and cheered him afterwards till the tears came in my eyes. Pity you weren't there as well, because David would have liked it.'

'David does not know everything,' Vera said bitterly, conscious of a little tinge of reproach in the speaker's voice. 'If he did, he would hate me.'

Ambrose made no reply for a moment; he appeared to be raptly contemplating a sportive satyr depicted on the frescoed ceiling. Then a goat-hoofed Pan seemed to engage his earnest and critical attention. 'David does know everything,' he said quietly, without moving his eyes. 'In fact, it was David who first let me into the secret. You see, some two months ago I happened to be turning out the contents of old Del Roso's casket, when I came upon a bundle of letters—you know the ones I mean.—By the way, my dear, how did you come to discover them? You left me so hurriedly this morning, that I hadn't time to ask you any questions.'

Vera explained. So long as she was generalising upon an abstract bundle of papers, the words came glibly enough. She saw how the lines of the listener's mouth tightened as she proceeded with her story.

'Then Swayne knew all about these letters?' he asked curtly.

'Yes; he had found them there years ago, and had left them for safety. He did not know when they would be useful. There was no opportunity of abstracting them before my father dismissed him; but no doubt Swayne had taken notes of addresses. No wonder that

he found you so easily in Australia. Then he tried to blackmail my father, as you know, without success. Again the letters were useless. But when you dismissed this man as well, he saw his way to—to'—Vera's voice died away to a murmur; she could say no more.

Ambrose took up the broken thread for her; his face was grave, yet his eyes kindly. 'And you read those letters,' he said. 'My child, if what I say seems cruel, remember it is my earnest desire to be kind. You read those letters from my father to yours, telling the latter everything. Yes; I have read them myself. Leslie de Ros wrote to his kinsman here from time to time; but he never told my mother and myself that he had done so—we knew nothing. It was his desire that the succession which he had forfeited should remain in the present hands. He asks your father to preserve that secret. My father dies, and the secret with him. And then Dene de Ros is left absolutely master of Deepdene.' Ambrose concluded with the triumphant air of a man who had absolutely proved his case.

But Vera declined to see it in the same light. 'You have forced me to speak, and I must,' she replied slowly. 'It was wrong. You know it was wrong. My father traded on your ignorance of your proper position to enjoy the property here for twenty years. He assumed to be an honourable man, whereas he was an impostor.—Oh! to think I should feel the bitter shame of saying so much of my own father. It was his duty to disregard that foolish wish. We should have found you out and restored you to your own.—You shake your head. What would you have done under the same circumstances?' Vera bent forward with fierce eagerness to catch the reply.

For once in his life, Ambrose de Ros was tempted to prevaricate. He looked up helplessly at the goat-hoofed Pan, but derived no inspiration therefrom.

'Your silence is an eloquent reply,' Vera continued. 'You could not have done such a thing.—Oh, I have watched you for this year past. I was prepared to dislike and despise you; but my prejudices have turned to something like affection, because you are a good man and do good things. And when I was getting reconciled to everything, this trouble comes upon me. How can I ever look the world in the face again?'

There were tears in Vera's voice as Ambrose de Ros rose and laid his hands upon her shoulders. When he spoke, his voice was soft and sweet as a woman's. 'My dear,' he said, 'this is your first trouble, and you find it hard to bear. But if we forgive and forget, why should not you? You are not injured at all. There is no one amongst us, man or woman, who has not yielded to some temptations. There is none amongst us without sin to cast the first stone. Your father's temptation was great; he was only obeying the injunction of a dying man. And again, do you think he did not consider you? And then, did he not act honourably when I came forward and claimed my own? He could have bribed Swayne into silence; but his nature abhorred such a deed. My dear, he is your father.'

Vera made no reply for a moment, and yet it seemed as if the great weight about her heart was melting like snow in the genial sunshine.

'We ought to have destroyed these letters,' Ambrose de Ros went on. 'But I did not care to do so, because they were written by the husband of my mother. That is why we put them back in the old casket, thinking they would be safe there. It was a kindly providence that placed them in your hands.'

'A providence destructive of my happiness,' Vera murmured.

'You are wrong,' Ambrose replied. His voice was not devoid of severity. 'It is a lesson from which you will profit. Pride, my dear, is your besetting sin; it hides the perfect, generous woman; it keeps you away from the rest, as if you were a different clay, a thing apart. My dear, that wonderful poet of yours, whose works I am just beginning to understand, tells us that "Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood." Ah! when you come to mix with the world more, you will understand what that means. I am not like you; I lack your advantages.'

'No; you are not like me,' Vera burst out impetuously. 'You are a thousand times better, and I thank you for your kindness.—Oh! you dear, kind, generous, simple-hearted man, what a lesson you have given me! I am glad that you came here; I am glad the estates are yours, because you are much more worthy to control them than we are. And the people here are happier and more contented; I can see it in their faces.' Vera covered her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

Ambrose waited until the sun shone out from behind the clouds before he spoke again. 'Now you begin to be yourself,' he said. 'You will forgive your father?'

'Yes, if you wish it,' Vera said with a new sweet humility, 'I will.'

'I have done so long ago, remember. You will meet him as if nothing had happened; and this matter shall never be mentioned between us again. Those letters have been returned to the old casket, because it is my fancy that you should take them out and destroy them with your own hand. The secret belongs to three of us—Swayne we shall never see again—and it shall be laid aside for ever. You must come up to-morrow.'

Vera nodded; her lip was quivering, and two diamond drops trembled on her long lashes. The tears, so rare with her, seemed to have washed all her pride away. As Ambrose rose, she came to her feet, and taking a single yellow rose and maidenhair from a glass, pinned it on his coat. 'These are my colours, and you shall be my knight,' she said almost gaily. Her voice was still unsteady, but thrilling with happiness. 'You have won your way into my heart against my will; but you cannot say that my capitulation is not graceful. "Sans peur et sans reproche." That is you, sir.'

'I don't know what that means,' Ambrose said simply. 'But if it signifies that you look a thousand times handsomer and sweeter, now you are your natural self, I'm not going to argue the point.'

'And I feel it too,' Vera confessed.—'Yes, you may kiss me.'

The storm had died away along the deep; the oaks on the crest looked like sentinels; the waves rolled lazily in to the shore. Only the wreck lay on the granite spar, evidence of the tempest of yesterday. Already most of the wrecked sailors had departed for the nearest port of Hull; the wild feeling of excitement had subsided into quietness, for loss of life along that coast was, alas! no novelty.

Vera toiled along up the slope in the bright sunshine. She was on her way to the shore, before calling at Deepdene on the errand which Ambrose de Ros had placed in her hands. As a matter of fact, Vera wanted to view again the scene of David's exploit, to pore upon it sentimentally. Not that she admitted this to herself; she would have been angry had any one suggested it. She had no idea that this indignation would have been a direct evidence of love. But then Vera had no acquaintance with psychological analysis, since her knowledge of the works of Messrs W. D. Howells and Henry James was nil.

It was hard to realise the vivid scene of yesterday in the blue placidness of to-day. A little ridge of white bearded the shore, gray gulls floated idly on the water, a shag was gravely fishing off the wreck. Vera smiled at the contrast; her laugh rippled out on the air, and presently brought some one from behind a rock to listen. It was David, grave and courteous as usual.

'You here!' Vera faltered. 'I—I thought that I should be alone.'

She coloured at the boldness of the speech and the impression it conveyed. But David did not appear to notice anything calculated to wound. He only saw that Vera was wonderfully sweet and fair, and that there was a gentle light in her eyes that had never shone so meekly there before.

'I daresay,' he replied mildly. 'I'm looking for a knife I lost yesterday.'

Vera's laugh rang out loud and sweet. The anti-climax was too ridiculous. But it seemed to remove the feeling of restraint between them. 'Strange,' Vera said, with a little mocking note, 'that a man who is so reckless with his life should think so much of a pocket-knife.'

'It was given to me by a man who is dead,' David explained with a simple directness that reminded Vera of his father. 'Besides, it matters little to any one what becomes of my life.'

'For shame!' Vera cried indignantly. 'Think of your father.'

David laughed gently. By this time they had turned by mutual consent, and were climbing the cliff side by side. 'I do think of my father,' he answered. 'I have nobody else to think of. And yet, from your loftier standpoint, he is nothing but a poor, uneducated man, who occupies a position to which he is not entitled.'

Vera paused a moment, and laid her hand upon David's arm. Her lips were quivering, her eyes luminous with tears. All the pride

seemed to have gone out of her face, leaving it more beautiful than ever, and infinitely more sweet and womanly. 'You are wrong,' she said in a low voice. 'That was my opinion at first; but I have changed my mind. I regard your father as one of the best and noblest of men; and, were he ever so nearly related to me, I could not love him more; and I care not who hears me say so.'

'I am glad to hear you say that,' David replied. 'I always told you what a splendid man he is; and you recognise it at last.'

'I recognised it from the very first,' Vera replied, determined to make her confession full and absolute. 'I recognised it at once; but my foolish pride would not permit me to own it. And my feelings were the same towards you.'

But David refused to be quite pacified. Latterly, he had schooled himself to think nothing further of Vera save in a brotherly way. By this time they were passing through the woods trending down to Deepdene; the flaming torch of autumn blazed on the leaves, casting a red glow on Vera's cheeks. But the scarlet flush there was not all forged by the gleam of nature's furnace.

'That is kind of you,' David said, a little bitterly. 'But you are a thing apart from me. I am not mate for the caste of Vere de Vere.'

Vera made no reply. David cast no look at her as they entered the hall at Deepdene together. He knew why she was there, but he made no effort to accompany her when she turned towards the staircase. He stood before the burning logs on the hearth, his feet upon the hammered iron rail. It seemed to Vera that her pride had gone out and entered his soul.

She hesitated for a moment. A strange timidity had taken possession of her. She pronounced David's name softly, the first time she had ever done so, and he turned swiftly to her, his face aflame, expectant. The purple and amber light flashing from the storied device in the lancet window fell full upon her. There was supplication in her eyes, a warm look of invitation far more eloquent than any words could be. 'David,' she whispered again, 'come along with me; I want you.'

There was no occasion for her to repeat the command; he was by her side directly. He saw that the hand resting on the rail was trembling. Without a word spoken on either side, they passed into the gallery and along the dimly lighted place till they reached the casket of Del Roso. Vera opened the lid and fell on her knees before it. 'Help me,' she said, 'since you know what I require.'

Presently Vera had the fateful papers in her hand. She clasped them close until David had replaced the parchments; then she broke the string that bound them and dropped them in a fluttering heap on the hearth of the wide capacious grate. As if it were some solemn ordinance, David struck a match and applied it to the yellow pile. Gravely and quietly the twain watched until the sobbing points of flame died down sullenly, and nothing but a pinch of gray feathery ashes remained.

'It is gone, forgotten,' David murmured. 'Let it not be mentioned again.'

'But it must be,' Vera said with glowing eyes. 'David, do you know that I am glad I found those letters? Is not that a strange thing to say?'

'Well, rather,' David confessed. 'I should like to know your reason.'

Vera's face was turned upwards; her eyes were glowing with a luminous light. 'Because they killed my pride,' she murmured. 'They showed me how poor and mean I was; how noble and high-minded you. Forgive me, David; you would not have me say any more?' She held out her white hands to him, her face full of supplication.

David took the fluttering fingers in his own and held them firmly. 'There can be no half-measures between us,' he said almost sternly. 'I must have all or nothing. Vera, do you mean that you are mistaken—that you can care enough for me to be my wife?'

'Yes; I ask no greater honour; I covet no dearer happiness.' The eyes were clear and steadfast, the eyes full and true.

Very tenderly David took her in his arms and kissed her quivering lips.

Then, with a sudden impulse, Vera burst from him, and, crossing to the organ, played a wild 'Gloria in excelsis,' full of rich triumphant chords. 'It is the "Te Deum" for a soul that is free,' she explained reverently. 'The shadow of the past is uplifted, the morning of content is here. David, I have solved the enigma of Del Roso's poesy. Read it aloud, please.'

'Thys was my arke of safetie, here
I found the Englyshe shore;
Thys is my home, and here withyn
Is troubl gone and o'er'—

David quoted slowly. 'I think I can see your meaning, dearest.'

Vera laughed as she laid her head upon her lover's shoulder. 'Yes, this is my home in very sooth,' she said; 'and there, better, I discovered that which caused my trouble to be "gone and o'er."—And now, let us tell your father.'

They passed down the stairs hand clasped in hand; the light, filtered through the device of De Ros, fell upon Vera's face and made it glorious.

NORWEGIAN FOLKLORE.

THE stern grandeur of nature in Norway, the monotony of the long dark winters, and the wonderful fertility of the bright summers, have all manifestly contributed to the mythology of the Norsemen. Recent scientific investigations have proved that the Old Norse myths recorded in the elder Edda bear traces of the Christian religion and the Roman mythology transplanted on Northern ground and in a wholly national form. But the Norsemen also drew their ideas of their divinities and their different functions from the world around them; and the wild and beautiful nature-picture in which they dwelt presented a happy hunting-ground for their imagination. On the introduction of Christianity, the old deities disappeared as objects of

worship; but their memory is still a living one on the lips of the people. Our rich folklore shows distinct traces both of the influence of the physical world and the remains of heathen myths. The treasures of poetry living in song and story were well-nigh unknown till 'Asbjørnsen and Moe' in the middle of this century began collecting tales and legends, and thus made the whole nation acquainted with a side of its own individuality hitherto ignored.

The popular imagination peopled nature with supernatural beings with habits and occupations akin to the inhabitants themselves. In the valleys of the interior of Norway, away among the deep woods and rich pastures, the 'huldre' reigns supreme. Those who see her are generally shepherd-boys or milkmaids, who tend their flocks and herds on the 'sæter' in summer. To them the huldre appears as a tall and lovely woman with golden hair, driving a large herd of well-fed kine before her. But her beauty is but skin deep, for in reality she is ugly and disgusting, and her garments cannot hide the emblem of her origin—the cow's tail. So great is the fascination she wields, that those who come under her influence forget everything for love of her. Often when the peasant is cutting trees in the wood, he sees a fair girl sitting on the grass with her knitting, or he meets her driving her cattle. If he follows her, he will be taken into the mountain, and for ever say farewell to the society of men. The only way to save such is to set all church-bells a-chiming, and then the elves must let their victim go. But even when rescued from the enchantment, he who has been in the mountain never loses the impress which his life with the huldre has made upon him: he grows visionary, and never goes anywhere without seeing elves. There is, however, one way of seeing the huldre without harm, and that is if one can only get hold of the cap of invisibility, a most accommodating article of dress. Having this on, one is safe, and can without danger brave everything.

In one of his stories about the huldre, Asbjørnsen tells the following legend: On a sæter somewhere in Hadeland, it was impossible to tend the cattle, as they got so frightened by strange noises during the night. At last a maid came who was going to be married in the autumn, and whose betrothal feast had already been celebrated. As soon as she appeared, everything became quiet, and there was no difficulty in managing the cattle. She stayed on the sæter, her faithful watchdog her only companion. As she was sitting in the kitchen one Saturday afternoon, a great many women came in bringing with them her wedding dress and all kinds of ornaments, and began to dress her. She thought this very strange, but felt unable to resist them in any way. The dog, however, feeling uneasy, ran off to the farm where her betrothed lived. Suspecting some-

thing wrong, he took down his gun and set off for the sæter as fast as his legs would carry him. Arrived there, he saw a great many carts standing in the courtyard, and instantly thought of the elves. Being a prudent lad, he first looked through the window, and there caught a glimpse of his bride in her wedding dress, with the bridal crown on her head. She was quite ready, and only wanted a ring on her little finger to give her up to the elves. The lad loaded his gun with a silver button, the only telling missile against these folk, and fired into the room. In an instant the door opened, and one ball of gray worsted after another came rolling out; and all the food which the huldre people had brought with them had turned into nothing but mud and toadstools. The lovers of course were married at once, to prevent the elves getting any power over the bride, and the crown is still to be seen at the farm.

As the huldre is met with among the mountains, so the 'nisse' is busy in the stables, and keeps to the house as a domestic spirit. He appears as a little old man with a long gray beard, dressed in gray, and with a red pointed cap on his head. If treated kindly, he is good-natured, and lends a helping hand: the horses which he feeds are always glossy and well kept, and everything thrives under his care. But if he is taken no notice of, he takes his revenge in doing all sorts of mischief, and makes it thoroughly hot for the poor inmates of the house.

As life in Nordland is harder and more exposed to danger than in the southern parts of the country, so the folklore assumes a darker and wilder hue. In the autumn storms, when the fisherman is sailing for dear life through the stormy seas, the shrieks of 'drangen' make his blood curdle, for a look from the drang means death. This evil spirit, so feared by the seafaring part of the nation, appears as an old gray-haired man racing through the waves with the horror-stricken fisherman. Sometimes his hands only are visible, clinging to the thwart, but this is as ominous as seeing him in his large boat.

But not only are there lofty mountains, washed by a wild and stormy sea here in the North, for at the heads of the fjords the birches spread out their green and feathery boughs, and the wild strawberries scent the air. The thought of this delicate beauty has created the tale of a lovely fairyland, floating like an island on the waves. The favoured inhabitants of this island of bliss are fishermen like the less favoured mortals, but the sun there shines on richer meadows and yellower cornfields than elsewhere. Happy the man who, sailing in his boat one day, sees Udröst. There is a story of a poor man called Isac who was out fishing in stormy weather, and who, at last, coming to a beautiful island, went ashore. There were waving barley-fields and soft pasture, and on the coast was a small house, on whose roof a goat with gilt horns was browsing. A little man clad in blue was sitting on a stone in front peacefully smoking his pipe. He asked

Isac where he was going, and would have invited him to enter, but that he did not know what to do on the return of his three sons, as they could not stand the smell of Christian blood. Though rather scared at this, Isac entered the house, where he was treated to a meal the like of which he had never before tasted. Soon afterwards a great noise warned them of the approach of the three sons. Their father had great difficulty in pacifying them; but they ended in getting so friendly with Isac, that they went out fishing together the next day. The first day Isac caught nothing, as he used his own fishing-tackle; but on the two following days, when he borrowed the fishing-net of the old man, his boat was quite filled with the largest cod-fish he had ever seen. He reluctantly took leave of the inhabitants of Udröst; and when, next spring, he was to go to Bergen, a large boat, the gift of the elves, lay ready for him. Ever after he thrived well, succeeded in everything, and became a rich man. Though he never saw the elves, yet every Christmas Eve the light shone out from his boathouse down on the sea-shore, and the sound of their dancing and music from within was heard.

The clergy have from olden times been considered as peculiarly adapted to dealing with evil spirits. By the aid of the mysterious 'black-book,' they knew how to conjure up the evil powers and deprive them of their assumed forms. The Evil One—'Old Erik'—plays a prominent part in these encounters with the clergy. He is represented as an ordinary peasant with nothing specially diabolical about him. The only suspicious thing to a close observer is the fact—and here he bears some resemblance to his Scotch kinsman—that his left leg is furnished with a horse's hoof, and that his nails are extraordinarily developed. Old Erik delights in playing all sorts of tricks on people: he plays at cards with the peasants, cheating them disgracefully; places himself in the middle of the road, frightening the horses out of their wits, and does many other things more serious.

The Norwegian peasant has in times past been skilled in music and in the making of his favourite instrument, the violin. But the musician has not learned the sad sweet airs and wild weird dances from a human teacher. Sitting by the banks of a 'fos,' he has been listening to the music of its denizen the 'fossegrim.' He who wishes to profit by the teaching of the fossegrim must go to the river and throw in a large leg of mutton, and then the fossegrim will appear to him in the midst of the 'fos' playing on his violin. His strains are enchanting: at one moment so sad and touching as to make one weep; then, again, merry like a whirling dance, or expressive of wild passionate feeling. Whether the pupil will become a good musician or not depends upon the size of his gift; and if the leg of mutton is a very large one, he will be a true artist.

The belief in these supernatural beings who made hill and dale, fjeld and fjord, alive with their presence, is now fast disappearing, though much of the old superstition still remains, especially in Nordland and in the valleys of Inner Norway. But though the belief in the folklore may pass away, the legends themselves will continue to live in the memory of the people

for many a long day, and will always form a rich source wherefrom to draw information about the past intellectual life of Norwegian people and their ways of thinking.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE patent for the justly celebrated Bell telephone expired on the 30th day of January last, and it is now open to any one to make these instruments either for sale or for individual use. But it must be understood that this only applies to the hand-receiver, patents governing other parts of the apparatus being still in operation. With a couple of simple receivers, however, it is possible to carry on a conversation over a distance of some eight or ten miles without a battery, the only condition being that a metallic circuit exists between the two correspondents. The wonderful simplicity of Bell's telephone, comprising only, as it does, a bar magnet, a coil of wire, and an iron diaphragm, marks it as one of the most wonderful inventions of a prolific century. We have now become so accustomed to the transmission of actual speech over vast distances, that we hardly realise what a scientific triumph this telephone represents.

Discussion on the new Scottish Fishery Bill has directed attention to the possible cultivation of the mussel as a rival to the expensive oyster. The first-named mollusc has, we fancy, somewhat fallen into disrepute in this country from assertions as to poisonous properties, which have undoubtedly led in more than one reported instance to fatal results. But for many years in France the mussel has been cultivated in such a fashion that disasters of this kind are unknown. The apparatus employed is known as 'buchots,' and comprises stout poles bound together with wattles, to the lower parts of which the spat attaches itself. As the mussels grow, they are removed to the upper wattles, so that at every tide they are bathed in fresh food-bearing water, and run no chance of contamination. It has been suggested that the mussel industry might be carried on profitably on the lower reaches of many of our larger rivers.

Dr William Moor, a physician of New York, has made the discovery that Potassic Permanganate, which is best known to the general public in the form of a disinfectant called 'Condy's Fluid,' is an antidote for morphine poisoning. In the presence of a number of medical men, he swallowed three grains of morphine, which is ordinarily a fatal dose; and he followed this by drinking a solution of four grains of permanganate in as many ounces of water. For five hours the physicians present carefully watched the subject of this bold experiment; but the morphine had no more effect upon him than if he had swallowed the same

quantity of table salt. Dr Moor asserts that the remedy is quite as efficacious with other preparations of opium, if the antidote be acidified with vinegar before administration.

Two miles from Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, at a place called Ashwick Court, there is a well which for a long time has yielded water slightly tainted at times with petroleum. In July 1892 a considerable flow of the oil took place during a very dry season, and this has at intervals been repeated, in smaller quantities. Signs of the presence of petroleum have also been detected in other wells of this district. This interesting matter is now being investigated by experts.

An official connected with the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway writes in favour of electric headlights for locomotives in place of the usual oil lamps, and states that the latter will not discover an obstacle on the rails at a greater distance than one hundred and fifty feet, and that it is next to impossible to pull up a train in that distance. The electric light, on the other hand, will illuminate the track for from one-half to three-quarters of a mile. A good plea for the adoption of the electric light on the railway in question is afforded by the circumstance that cattle, especially in the rainy season, will stray on the line in the hope of finding a dry spot on which to sleep, and that the claims for slaughtered beasts brought against the company are constant and onerous. Sometimes, when the oil light was in use, as many as thirteen beasts have been killed on one occasion; but since the electric light has been employed, not a single animal has been run down. Therefore, it is surmised that the saving in the matter of stock claims will quite cover the increased cost of the new lights.

Identification by photography has for a long time been an important feature of our police system, and a 'wanted' man has often enough been tracked owing to the publication of his photograph. But this method of identification is not always quite as reliable as might be thought, for although nature does not often turn out duplicate faces, we know that resemblances between persons are occasionally met with. A case occurred lately which shows that the police must be careful to substantiate photographs by other proofs wherever possible. A man was charged with burglary, and pleaded guilty, but denied that he had been before convicted. The police thereupon produced a registered photograph and a description of the prisoner. The photograph certainly bore some resemblance to the suspected man, but the description told of tattoo marks which could not be found, whereupon the previous conviction had to be abandoned.

It is generally well known that an eggshell of the Great Auk is worth something like its weight in diamonds, and the price which was lately realised in a London auction mart for one of these curiosities kept up the tradition, for it fetched three hundred guineas. This particular egg had quite a respectable pedigree. Originally purchased in a curiosity shop in Paris by Yarrell for two francs, it remained in that writer's collection until his death, when

it was sold for twenty guineas. This was less than forty years ago, and it has remained until now in the purchaser's possession. There are only sixty-eight of these eggs which are known to collectors, hence the high price which a specimen commands.

Some months ago we were constrained to inquire why the phonograph, of which such great things were anticipated when it was first given to the world by Edison, had not come into actual commercial operation. Since then, we have been inundated with the clever contrivance, and there must be some thousands in use for exhibition purposes. In our own country the phonograph has not passed this stage. But in America, we understand, it is different, and phonographs there are being used by business men in place of an amanuensis. The plan adopted is either to speak to the instrument so as to make the record, and leave a clerk to subsequently translate the speech into written words; or to send the waxen cylinder by post to a correspondent, who will place it on another phonograph and listen to the words originally spoken. A cylinder will carry about the same number of words as one of the pages of *Chambers's Journal*, and if the communication is only of ephemeral interest, the impression can be shaved off, so as to present a fresh surface for use. This operation can be repeated about fifty times before the cylinder material is exhausted.

A collection of fans which Lady Schreiber has lately presented to the British Museum has a value which is not ordinarily attached to these articles of feminine adornment, for they bear pictures illustrative of the social life and historical events of the time in which they were painted. These fans will therefore form most useful authorities for settling many a question with regard to manners and customs of a period which is far too remote to embrace illustrated journalism, to which we look in later years for information of the kind.

In a paper read before the London Camera Club, Mr Burchett, a well-known painter, who has for some time been doing good work as an amateur photographer, brought forward a method of using coloured glasses in conjunction with the lens which, according to specimen photographs exhibited by the author, is a distinct help in the better rendering of colour values. It is well known that an ordinary photograph will render blues much lighter than they should be, and that yellows and reds suffer in the opposite manner. This fault has been corrected by the introduction of chemically prepared plates, but Mr Burchett claims to do the same thing by far simpler means. He inserts between the component parts of a doublet lens two screens of glass, the one green, and the other yellow, and these so far modify the light which reaches the sensitive plate that a far more natural effect is obtained than under ordinary conditions. One notable feature of the landscapes shown was the perfect rendering of cloud effects. Lenses prepared according to Mr Burchett's method are being placed upon the market by Messrs Dallmeyer, the eminent opticians of London.

The story of Samson finding honey in the

carcase of the lion is perhaps the earliest reference to a superstition which is referred to by many writers, including Virgil, who in the 'Georgics' describes the whole process of producing artificially a swarm of bees from the dead body of an ox. An American writer, Mr G. H. Bryan, M.A., has done useful service in showing, in 'The University Correspondent,' how the idea originated. There is a remarkable likeness between certain flies of the order 'Diptera' (two-winged insects) and those of the order 'Hymenoptera,' to which bees belong. Of the former, the common drone fly is frequently seen about our houses in the autumn, and from its habit of visiting flowers in company with bees, it has been confounded with the honey-producer. The larvæ of this fly are deposited in putrefying animal matter, generally in these days in ditches and sewers; but in times when sanitation was a secondary matter, and when the bodies of animals were left to rot where they fell, the drone fly did not neglect the opportunity afforded, and the swarms of perfect insects which subsequently emerged from the carcase gave rise to the natural misconception which has lasted for so many centuries.

In a Blue-book recently issued appears an account, by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, of the result of experiments with coal-dust collected from several mining districts. The experiments were made in a mine shaft, not in a laboratory, and from them the following conclusions have been drawn: That a gunpowder blast in the presence of dry coal-dust always ignites such dust, and so increases the burning and charring effects of the shot. That a large flame, such as that produced by a gunpowder charge, or by the ignition of a small quantity of fire-damp, will cause a dusty atmosphere to explode with great violence; that the explosion will continue throughout the length of that atmosphere, and will gather strength as it proceeds. That coal-dust from certain seams in different districts (named) are almost as sensitive to explosion as gunpowder itself. That, as a rule, the dust is more sensitive to explosion the higher its quality. That a ready supply of oxygen, such as is supplied by a brisk ventilation, makes explosions more probable and more severe; and that certain high explosives are incapable of igniting or exploding coal-dust. In view of these facts, it is recommended that gunpowder be abolished altogether from coal-mines, and that high explosives be substituted for it.

In an address on 'The Floor of the Ocean at Great Depths,' which was recently given before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr John Murray alluded to a curious observation which was recorded among his researches connected with the *Challenger* Expedition. Certain species of animals, exclusive of Protozoa, were found both in the antarctic and arctic seas, but were missing in the intervening waters. Were they to jump to the conclusion that the same conditions produced the same species of animals from different origins, the Development school would not agree with them; but if a common origin was to be ascribed to these widely separated forms, where did they get it?

The theory he suggested was this: That the whole ocean at one time was warm, perhaps seventy or eighty degrees, and that then there was a universal fauna. These arctic and antarctic animals might be the relics of that fauna which had been able to accommodate themselves to the gradual cooling at the Poles, while others, unable to do so, were now found in the coral reef and tropical regions.

A public meeting was recently held at Shrewsbury to take into consideration the desirability of erecting a memorial to Charles Darwin, who was a native of that town.

The utilisation of waste products is a subject of paramount interest to every community, and so much has been done in recent years in this direction, that the word 'waste' as applied to manufactures has almost ceased to have any meaning. It is now recognised that the destruction of town refuse by fire is an important aid to efficient sanitation; but even here the heat raised in the process is no longer to be allowed to run to waste. Professor Henry Robinson, in conjunction with the engineer of St Pancras vestry, London, is now carrying out a plan for a combined Destructor and Electric-lighting Station—that is to say, the heat from the combustion of house-refuse will raise steam for producing the electric current. It will be remembered that the vestry named have long ago taken the business of electric lighting into their own hands, and it has proved a great success. Detailed particulars of the entire scheme are furnished in the Report of a paper by Professor Robinson, which is published in the 'Society of Arts Journal' under the title 'The St Pancras Electric-lighting Installation.'

In the recent annual Report of the Brooklyn Electrical Subway Commission, it is stated that there have been many discoveries of gas and water pipes which have become corroded through the action of ground-currents. The lead-covering of telephone cables in the subways is also deteriorating from the same cause, and complaints of such injuries from many districts are becoming common. The Peoria Water Company (Illinois) have formally notified the city authorities that their mains are being so injured by the ground-currents from the street railways, that unless steps are taken to remove this source of injury to their property, they will refuse to make further extensions of mains, or to be responsible for the good condition of those at present in use.

For a long time a great battle has been in progress between the makers of guns and projectiles on the one hand and the forgers of armour-plates on the other: first one side scores a success, and presently victory is given to the other. Projectiles have recently been made of such tough material that after impact against a steel target they show no sign of change. The armour-plates made of toughened or Harveyised steel also seem to bear without injury any blows directed against them. But a difficulty is found in fastening these plates to the sides of the vessels for which they are destined. With ordinary plates, there is no difficulty in cutting and boring the necessary holes to receive the bolts; but these hardened plates offer resistance to the tools, which cannot

be overcome unless the metal is first softened. The difficulty will no doubt be surmounted, but at present it is exercising the minds of naval experts.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

It was evening in the manse. Æneas Cameron, elder and session-clerk, had just left. The minister sat like one dazed, his head bowed in his hands, the unfinished sermon by his elbow; for he felt 'sair hadden down.' Come of poor though decent farmer folk, and brought up to a life for which he was totally unsuited, he became known as 'Feckless Sandy,' until an aunt died and left him her savings on condition that he entered the ministry. So, at an age when other men were settled in manse and had taken unto themselves wives, Alexander McColl set out for Glasgow and the university there. A tall, lanky figure, in ill-fitting homespun, walking to and from the college always alone; for he made no friends amongst the students, partly because he was so much older than they, and partly from shyness, which amounted almost to a physical infirmity.

That was long ago—before his appointment to the little West Highland parish, nestling amongst hills and glens, and inhabited by simple folk, who loved and respected him.

But somehow, gradually there arose a feeling that the minister had neglected his duty. It was only amongst a handful of tradesmen and farmers, and amounted to this—that the minister should have taken a wife before now. Almost all of them had sisters and daughters, only too willing to occupy the position. For twelve years he had been with them, and they didn't pretend to find fault with his mode of living. It was meet and right that a minister should not be taken up with women, and should keep them at a distance; and it was known he never spoke to one unless it was absolutely necessary; then he addressed his remarks to the ceiling or the floor. Still, he owed it to the parish to marry, and more especially now that he had been unfortunate in the way of house-keepers. He had tried all kinds—young, old, and middle-aged—each turned out worse than the other, till the climax arrived. His last importation—a total abstainer and gray-haired—opened the door to the chief elder with a lurch like a seaman's, and cap coquettishly poised over one ear. That clinched the matter. A meeting was held, and it was decided the only way out of the difficulty was to get the minister to marry; and the woman was fixed on—Belle Lauder, the schoolmaster's sister, a fine strapping lass with plenty of common-sense, and not too young. To Æneas Cameron, a man of experience, he having had three wives, was deputed the task of arranging it with the minister.

But the minister was obdurate—said he would prefer to starve on a crust than be driven into matrimony with any woman. Not that he found fault with Miss Belle; she was better than most, being given to minding her own business; but bad's the best, as he knew from his experience of Glasgow landladies and

serving-maids. They might depose or suspend him, and report him to the Presbytery for having a disorderly house—that was his misfortune, not his fault; and he would resign his parish, himself never!

Eneas feared his mission was hopeless; but ere he departed, played his trump card. 'Weel, minister,' he said dryly, with his hand on the door, 'you may tell all that to the lassie; it's no' me that will do it; and she having signified her willingness.'

Truth to say, Belle was entirely ignorant of the plot for her settlement.

'Heaven help me!' thought the wretched man, 'hedged in on every hand.—And she seemed willing! And will be waiting for me to propose.'

Women felt these things keenly, he had heard; perhaps she would feel jilted. To and fro he passed all night, up and down his small room, till the candle flared and spluttered in its socket, and then died out. The dawn broke rosy and beautiful over the hills, but still no peace for him. Then the years seemed to roll back, and he saw himself a schoolboy again, entering by the cottage door, a strapful of ragged books in his hand. Inside, his mother stood by her tub, one foot on the rocker of his little sister's cradle, and crooning to herself the words of an old ballad—

For the broken heart it kens
Nae second spring.

Were the words not ominous? Had he not heard that Belle once had a romance which ended in sorrow. A medical student passed with honours, and all the world seemed before him; but a cold caught in the dissecting room settled on his lungs, and the poor overworked frame had no fight left in it, and gave up at once to the unequal strife.

Yes; he would go to her that afternoon when school was dismissed. She would refuse him, only she was too proud to enter into it with the elder. And never would mortal man take his refusal so gratefully as he. Locked away in his desk was a little book, often read by him surreptitiously, for was he not a Presbyterian minister? It had been left behind in the old Glasgow days by a Roman Catholic artisan who lodged with him. He took it up now, and read: 'The sting of suffering is extracted when we cease to fight against it.'—'If thou carry thy cross willingly, it will carry thee . . . where there will be an end of suffering.'—'If thou fling away one cross, without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier one.'

Yes, Belle was his cross. Anyway, he would go to her, and not flee from her.

The shadows were lengthening over the common when the minister wended his way to the schoolhouse. By the parlour fire sat Belle, mending an old coat of her brother's for some poor man; the firelight flickered over her face and chased away the wrinkles—she looked almost pretty. At the minister's knock, she jumped up, and apologised for her brother's absence, never taking the visit to herself.

'Plague take the woman! Maiden modesty

was well enough 'twixt boys and girls; but couldn't she give a man a lead?'

'My housekeeper,' he began, 'has proved no better than her predecessors—if possible, worse—although this one was chosen on account of her gray hairs. It is a striking illustration of the depravity of human nature from the cradle to the grave—in females,' he added.

Without defending the stigma on her sex, she quietly offered her assistance in choosing a 'new girl,' as that was evidently what had brought the man. She appreciated the compliment of coming to her instead of to the married women.

Nobly he took the plunge. 'Miss Belle,' he said, 'I'm not a ladies' man, and the manse is but a humble home, though good enough for an old bachelor like me. There came back to me the lines of an old song my mother used to sing:

The broken heart it kens
Nae second spring.

Do you hold with that, Miss Belle?'

Was it the minister who spoke? The man who shunned women! Was the slur of old-maidhood to be removed for ever? The homely face was illumined as she looked shyly up, with glistening eyes and glowing cheeks: 'Not a second spring, perhaps; but a sort of Indian summer—valued all the more because of coming after cold and gloom and fading hopes.'

He was not, as he said, 'a ladies' man;' but he understood. And if his sacrifice was great, great also was his reward; for with the advent of Belle to the manse, so closed his domestic worries.

A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

COULD I but hear the voice once more
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,
The warbling bird would cease its strain;
And hov'ring lightly on the wing,
Enraptured, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!
For which my wearied soul doth pine;
Oh, may I hear its sounds on High,
Mid angels' voices in the sky.

HELEN WILKIE.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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AMBER.

PRESUMING for a moment that our readers are forgetful of their geography, we invite them to open any ordinarily good atlas and turn to a map of the Baltic Sea. If they will now run their eyes down the northern coast of Germany along the shores of the Baltic from west to east, they will observe the name Memel very close to the Russian border. Memel is the most northern town within the dominion of the German Kaiser. The name of the place will doubtless call up the recollection of the vast quantities of timber that are annually exported from that northern town. Ships of every nationality represented on the high seas carry it thence to the four corners of the earth. The timber now so much in demand is pine, and comes from the forests of Lithuania. It forms a timber which seems to be specially adapted for the builder, and at the present day is known in the trade as 'Baltic.' If our readers will again run their eyes southerly and westerly along the northern coast, they will see a lagoon or lake-like expanse of water figured upon the map. This lagoon, four hundred and seventy miles long, is called the Kurische Haff, and is separated from the sea by a *Nehrung*, or tongue of sand. It opens into the Baltic Sea at one end of the lagoon by a narrow channel called the Memel Deep, which is only about three hundred feet wide. The word Haff means 'a bay,' and the whole term, the Kurische Haff, means 'the bay of the Cures,' who were an ancient people dwelling on the banks of that lagoon.

Proceeding still farther in the same direction, the Frische Haff or Fresh-water Bay will be observed upon the map, which in a like manner is separated from the sea by another *Nehrung*, and communicates with it in like manner by a narrow channel. Between these two lakes the reader will next observe a sort of peninsula called Samland, having Königsberg as its capital; and at the ultimate point of the peninsula of

Samland stands the well-known lighthouse of the Bruster Ort. From the most western point of the Frische Haff to Danzig the shore curves gently towards the north, forming the Gulf of Danzig. The coast-line of the two bays from Danzig to Memel has much the appearance of the figure 3, having the Bruster Ort as the central point.

The country along this northern coast is about the most dreary in the world. Long barren tracts of blowing sand, and sandhills ever changing, stretch in all directions. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, greets the eye for miles on miles. Everywhere is blowing sand, whose monotony is relieved only by driftwood. Here and there, at long intervals, as you pass inwards from the coast, a spot will be discovered where vegetation may be admissible. But the exception proves the rule. The reign of desolation is here terribly complete. And yet, in this rude, inhospitable place you may find little villages, and village maidens, too, with a strong trace of the mermaid in their nature. 'Can any good thing come out of Samland?' the casual observer might say of this truly desolate region. And yet for years this very spot has been called the California of East Germany. The riches of the place do not consist of gold, but of that peculiar mineralised resin called Amber. If we take our stand beside the solitary lighthouse of Bruster Ort, and look east and west along the bays referred to, we shall see the place from which, for centuries, the great supply of amber has been drawn. Although other places and countries have furnished small supplies, no other has yielded a quantity in anywise comparable to Samland.

There is no doubt that this valuable and beautiful substance is the gum of an extinct pine-tree. It must have exuded from the trees while they were still alive and flourishing. The probability is that where the great waves now roll in from the north-east of Samland, immense forests of these trees once stood and

waved their fragrant branches. The trees have long since disappeared. Every trace of root and branch and bark and leaf and flower has perished. The beautiful gum only has been preserved, indurated or mineralised by long immersion in the waters.

Amber was long known and highly prized by all nations of the world. The Greeks called it *elektron*, and prized it for the making of ornaments, three thousand years ago. Its singular property of attracting and repelling light objects when gently rubbed has stereotyped the name into that great force, electricity, which bids fair to revolutionise the world. The Turks especially regard it, and manufacture from it pipe-stems of marvellous beauty and construction. The bulk of the larger pieces finds its way to Constantinople, North Africa, and the Levant. The smaller portions go to Central Italy, Central Africa, and even to the South Sea Islands. In the latter places, the pieces of amber are generally carved into ornaments for the ladies of those lands. The belles of Timbuctoo, they say, are particularly fond of amber ornaments, the clear colour of the mineral probably contrasting agreeably with their swarthy complexions.

In appearance, amber is hard and resinous. It gives off a resinous odour when rubbed, and burns freely when ignited. Not unfrequently some 'flies of other days' are found embalmed within its lustrous substance. Sometimes a broken leg or dragged-off wing is found in close proximity to the entombed fly, telling a tale some thousands of years old, of the insect's struggle for existence, when the bright mass was viscous. And the flies are just the same as those we see around us here to-day.

For years the obtaining of amber has been jealously guarded by the German Government. Licenses were granted to certain persons to gather amber on the shores. All others, for interfering, were rigorously punished with the merest show of a trial. A Government officer watched the harvest operations, and sold the proceeds by public auction, allowing the men who collected it a certain percentage on the sale. Capital punishment followed any attempt at speculation. A gallows was erected on the shore, as a warning against theft. Since the beginning of the present century, however, the laws have been much modified. The more valuable portions of the coast are now farmed out to contractors, who pay an annual rent to Government for the right to gather all they can.

The method pursued for collecting amber has been threefold—digging in the sand, wading in water to the neck, and diving in deep water in a diving dress. The first method has been abandoned long ago, the result not having been deemed sufficiently lucrative. The modes now adopted are those of diving and wading.

The amber harvest reminds one slightly of the pilchard harvest on the coast of Cornwall. Scouts are placed along the coast to watch for broken weather. When the wind blows in from the sea, as it does so often with terrific violence, the boulders are loosened and rolled and tumbled at the bottom. Then great

quantities of sea-wrack are washed in upon the beach. This is the harvest of the waders. Then the men wade out into the water, and clutch and grasp with hooks and hands and nets the drifting seaweed, freighted with its precious burden. Deftly hidden in the roots and branches of the seaweed, lumps of amber may be discovered. The wrack grasped by the men is transferred carefully to the women, who stand in the water as near to them as possible. After a careful search among the tangle and the removal of all amber, the seaweed is cast away. It is a strange precarious livelihood, and a hard life for the poor people, living on a remote and desolate land. Yet they seem happy and contented, and increase and multiply as in other regions of the earth.

The divers wear a similar, and yet differently constructed 'dress' from that which we are accustomed to see about our shores. The helmet is not set square upon the shoulders, but lolls more forward, in order that the diver, who goes crawling about the bottom of the water, may more easily see the pieces of amber in his path. He has to search among a close crop of massive stones and seaweed. The reef most prized for 'fishing' by diving is that a little to the north-east of Samland Promontory, over which the Bruster Ort sheds its warning light. Here boats are stationed, from which divers descend. As the men below become exhausted, they are hauled up by their companions. The inspector removes the amber secured from the kind of pocket encircling the diver's waist. Then, after a short spell for breathing purposes, the man goes down again. The work is hard, and the temperature of sea and air is often very low; and yet these hardy men in Samland go on from year to year upon their perilous undertaking, suffering very few accidents, considering the dangers they must brave.

The finds are very variable. The largest piece of amber yet found is now in the Royal Museum, Berlin. It weighs eighteen pounds. The usual finds, however, range from the size of a man's head to little pieces almost like the sand. The large pieces are more valuable, and consequently rare. Loose pieces, probably, that have been rubbed together by the action of the sea, supply the smaller class. The larger pieces are those which have been found jammed in boulders or in tangles. The 'fishers' will remain down for from four to five hours a day, according to the season or the weather. In autumn, although the cold is intense, so hard is the work, that they often come to the top, for their spell, bathed in perspiration. In winter, the seas are blocked with ice, and all operations are suspended.

The annual take of amber is also various. It is hard to make an estimate, as full reports are not always given. The State still exercises a supervision; but that supervision is not carried out with rigour, so far as the Samland villages and villagers are concerned. Some of the great firms of Königsberg and Memel no doubt declare their output, and their profits may be guessed at. But between these firms and the casual gatherer, dredger, digger, finder, fisher, and wader, there is a great gulf fixed, the depth of the profits whereof no man

knoweth. Traders follow to the beach, and will buy a parcel from a man or woman even before the pieces which compose it have grown dry.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER XV.—IN A CATHEDRAL CITY.

WEEKS passed before Kathleen Hesslegrave recovered from the shock of that terrible disappointment. It shattered her nerves for the moment: it left her heart-broken. It was not so much the blow to her love, though that was bad enough—Kathleen was strong of soul, and could bear up against a mere love-trouble; it was the sense of being so completely and unjustly misunderstood; it was the feeling that the man she had loved best in the world had gone away from her entirely misconceiving and misreading her character. At the risk of seeming unwomanly, Kathleen would have followed him to the world's end, if she could, not so much for love's sake as to clear up that unendurable slight to her integrity. That any man, and above all Arnold Willoughby, should think her capable of planning a vile and deliberate plot to make herself a Countess, while pretending to be animated by the most disinterested motives, was a misfortune under which such a girl as Kathleen could not sit down quietly. It goaded her to action.

But as time went on, it became every day clearer and clearer to her that Arnold Willoughby had once more disappeared into space, just as Lord Axminster had disappeared after the Blanche Middleton incident. It was utterly impossible for her even to begin trying to find him. Week after week she waited in misery and despair, growing every day more restless under such enforced inactivity, and eating her heart out with the sense of injustice. Not that she blamed Arnold Willoughby; she understood him too well and sympathised with him too deeply not to forgive him all; for *tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner*. He could hardly have drawn any other inference from Mrs Hesslegrave's plain words than the inference he actually drew; and Kathleen admitted to herself that if she had really been what Arnold supposed her, she would have more than deserved the treatment he had accorded her. It was just that, indeed, that made the sting of the situation. She would have despised herself for being what she knew Arnold Willoughby couldn't possibly help thinking her.

Before long, however, many other things supervened to take Kathleen's mind for the present off Arnold Willoughby. Spring had set in over sea in England 'with its usual severity'; and Mrs Hesslegrave felt it was time to return from the balmy May of Italy to the chilly and gusty month which usurps the same name in our northern climates. So they struck their tents northward. As soon as they returned, there were the exhibitions to see about, and the sale of Kathleen's pictures and

sketches to arrange for, and the annual trouble of Mr Reginald's finances with their normal deficit. Mr Reginald, indeed, had been 'going it' that year with more than his accustomed vigour. He had been seeing a good deal through the winter of his friend Miss Florrie; and though Miss Florrie for her part had not the slightest intention of 'chucking up her chances' by marrying Mr Reginald, she 'rather liked the boy' in a mild uncommercial fashion, and permitted him to present her with sundry small testimonials of his ardent affection in the shape of gloves and bouquets, the final honour of payment for which fell necessarily of course on poor Kathleen's shoulders. For Miss Florrie was a young lady not wholly devoid of sentiment; she felt that to carry on a mild flirtation with Mr Reginald, whom she never meant to marry, as an affair of the heart, was a sort of sacrificial homage to the higher emotions—an apologetic recognition of those tender feelings which she considered it her duty for the most part sternly to stifle. The consequence was that while she never for a moment allowed Mr Reginald to suppose her liking for him was anything more than purely Platonic, she by no means discouraged his budding affection's floral offerings, or refused to receive those dainty-hued six-and-a-halfs in best Parisian kid which Reggie laid upon the shrine as an appropriate holocaust.

So, when poor Kathleen returned to London, distracted, and burning to discover Arnold Willoughby's whereabouts, the very first thing to which she was compelled to turn her attention was the perennial and ever-deepening entanglement of Master Reggie's budget. As usual in such cases, however, Reggie was wholly unable to account arithmetically for the disappearance of such large sums of money; he could but vaguely surmise with a fatuous smile that 'a jolly good lump of it' had gone in cab fares.

Kathleen glanced up at him reproachfully. 'But I *never* take a cab myself, Reggie,' she exclaimed with a sigh, 'except in the evening, or to pay a call at some house entirely off the bus routes. For ordinary day journeys, you know very well, I always take an omnibus.'

Reggie's lip curled profound contempt. 'My dear girl,' he replied with fraternal superiority, 'I hope I shall never sink quite as low as an omnibus.' (He was blandly unaware that he had sunk already a great many stages lower.) 'No self-respecting person ever looks at an omnibus nowadays. It may have been usual in *your time*'—Kathleen was five or six years older than her brother, which at his age seems an eternity—'but nowadays I assure you nobody does it. A hansom's the only thing, though I confess I don't think any gentleman ought to rest content till he can make it a Victoria. My ideal is in time to set up a Victoria; but how can a fellow do that on a paltry two hundred?'

Poor Kathleen sighed. How, indeed! That was the worst of Reggie; he was so unpractical and incorrigible. At the very moment when she was trying to impress upon him the enormity of owing money he couldn't possibly pay, and coming down upon her scanty earnings to make good the deficiency, he would burst in

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upon her with this sort of talk about the impossibility of stewing in the pit of a theatre, and the absolute necessity for every gentleman to have a stall of his own, and a flower in his button-hole, even though it devolved upon other people to pay for them. To say the truth, they had no common point of contact. Kathleen's principle was that you had no right to contract debts if you had no means of paying them; Reggie's principle was that you must live at all hazards 'like a gentleman'—even though you allowed a woman to pay with her own work for the cost of the proceedings.

As soon as Reggie's affairs had been set comparatively straight, and as many of his more pressing debts as he could be induced for the moment to acknowledge had been duly discharged by Kathleen's aid, the poor girl set to work in real earnest to discover, if possible, what had become of Arnold Willoughby. She didn't want to see him—not just at present, at least, till this misunderstanding was cleared up, if cleared up it could ever be by her bare assertion. But she did want to know where he was, to write and explain to him, to tell him how deeply and how completely he had misjudged her. It was all in vain, however. She had to eat her heart out with unfulfilled desire. Go where she would, she could hear nothing at all of him. She dived into the recesses of East End coffee-houses, sadly against her will—places where it seemed incredible to her that Arnold Willoughby should be found, and where, nevertheless, many sailors seemed to know him. 'Willoughby? ay, Willoughby; that's the chap that used to make me hand him over my screw, as soon as it was paid, and send three parts of it home to my missis; and keep the rest for me, for bacey and such-like.—Ay, he was a good sort, he was; but it's long sin' I saw him. Drowned, mayhap, or left the sea or summat.' That was all she could hear of Arnold in the seafaring quarter. It seemed quite natural to those hardy salts that a person of their acquaintance should disappear suddenly for a year or two from their ken, or even should drop out of existence altogether, without any one's missing him. 'It's like huntin' for a needle in a bottle of hay, Miss,' one old sailor observed with a friendly smile, 'to look for a seaman in the Port o' London. Mayhap, when the sealers come back to Dundee, you might get some news o' him; for Willoughby he were always one as had an eye on the sealin'.' With that slender hope Kathleen buoyed herself up for the present; but her poor heart sank as she thought that during all these weeks Arnold must be going on thinking worse and ever worse of her, letting the wound rankle deep in that sensitive breast of his.

One element of brightness alone there was in her life for the moment: her art at least was being better and better appreciated. She sold her Academy picture for more than double what she had ever before received; and no wonder, for she painted it in the thrilling ecstasy of first maiden passion. If it hadn't been for this rise in her prices, indeed, she

didn't know how she could have met Mr Reginald's demands; and Mr Reginald himself, quick to observe where a fresh chance opened, immediately discounted Kathleen's betterment in market value by incurring several new debts with tailor and tobacconist on the strength of his sister's increased ability to pay them in future.

As soon as the London season was over, however, the Hesslegraves received an invitation to go down to Norchester on a visit to the Valentines. Mrs Hesslegrave was highly pleased with this invitation. 'Such a good place to be seen, you know, dear, the Valentines; and a Cathedral town too! The Bishop and canons are so likely to buy; and even if they don't, one feels one's associating with ladies and gentlemen!' Poor Kathleen shrank from it, indeed, for was it not Canon Valentine who indirectly and unintentionally had brought about all her troubles by incautiously letting out the secret of Arnold Willoughby's personality? But she went, for all that; for it was her way to sacrifice herself. Many good women have learnt that lesson only too well, I fear, and would be all the better for an inkling of the opposite one, that self-development is a duty almost as real and as imperative as self-sacrifice.

So down to Norchester she went. She had no need now to caution Mrs Hesslegrave against opening her mouth again about the Axminster episode; for the good lady, having once hopelessly compromised herself on that mysterious subject, was so terrified at the result that she dared not even broach it afresh to Kathleen. Since the day of Arnold Willoughby's disappearance, indeed, mother and daughter had held their peace to one another on the matter; and that very silence overawed Mrs Hesslegrave, who knew from it how deeply Kathleen's heart had been wounded. As for the Canon, now Algy had obtained the peerage, it was more than ever his cue to avoid any allusion to the sailor he had so rashly recognised at Venice. He was convinced in his own mind by this time that Bertie Redburn must have committed some crime, the consequences of which he was endeavouring to shirk by shuffling off his personality; and if that attempt redounded to Algy's advantage, it was certainly very far from the Canon's wish to interfere in any way with the fugitive's anonymity. So he, too, held his peace without a hint or a word. He was willing to let the hasty exclamation wrung from him on the spur of the moment at Venice be forgotten, if possible, by all who heard it.

On their first day at Norchester, Kathleen went down with their host to the Cathedral. There's something very charming and sweet and grave about our English cathedrals, even after the gorgeous churches of Italy; and Kathleen admired immensely the beautiful green close, the old-world calm, the meditative view from the Canon's windows upon the Palace gardens. It was all so still, so demure, so peaceful, so English. As they walked round the building towards the great east window, the Canon was apologetic about his hasty flight from Venice. 'I went away suddenly, I know,' he said; 'but then, you must admit, Miss

Hesslegrave, it's a most insanitary town. Such smells! Such filth! It just reeks with typhoid.'

'Well, I allow the perfumes,' Kathleen answered, bridling up in defence of her beloved Venice; 'but as to the typhoid, I have my doubts. The sea seems to purify it. Do you know, Canon Valentine, I've spent five winters on end in Venice, and I've never had a personal friend ill with fever; while in England I've had dozens. It isn't always the places that look the dirtiest which turn out in the long run to be really most insanitary. And if it comes to that, what could possibly be worse than those slums we passed on our way out of the close, near the pointed archway, where you cross the river?'

The Canon bristled up in turn. This was really most annoying. As a matter of fact, those particular slums were the property of the Dean and Chapter of Norchester, and complaints had been going about in the local paper that they were no wholesomer than they ought to be; which made it, of course, all the more intolerable that they should attract the attention of a complete stranger. 'Not at all,' he answered testily. 'Those are very good cottages; very good cottages indeed. I can see nothing wrong with them. You can't expect to house working-people in the Bishop's Palace, and to give them port wine and venison every day *ad libitum*. But as working-men's houses, they're very good houses; and I wouldn't mind living in one of them myself—if I were a working-man,' the Canon added in an after-thought, 'and had been brought up to the ways of them.'

Kathleen said no more, for she saw the Canon was annoyed; and she knew when to be silent. But that morning at lunch the Canon enlarged greatly upon the health and cleanliness of Norchester in general, and the Cathedral close and property in particular. It was wholesomeness itself; the last word of sanitation. Nobody ever got ill there; nobody ever died; and he had never even heard of a case of typhoid.

'Except old Grimes, dear,' Mrs Valentine interposed incautiously.

The Canon crushed her with a glance. 'Old Grimes,' he said angrily, 'brought the seeds of it with him from a visit to Bath—which I don't consider at all so well sanitated as Norchester; and I told the Dean so at our diocesan synod. But not another case—not a case can I remember.—No, Amelia, it's no use; I know what you're going to say. Mrs Wheeler's fever came straight from London, which we all of us know is a perfect pest-hole; and as to poor old Canon Brooks, he contracted it in Italy.—The precentor! No, no! Goodness gracious, has it come to this, then?—that not only do vile agitators print these things openly in penny papers for our servants to read, but even our own wives must go throwing dirt in the faces of the Cathedral Chapter! I tell you, Amelia, the town's as clean as a new pin; and the property of the close is a model of sanitation.'

That evening, however, by some strange mischance, the Canon himself complained of headache. Next morning, he was worse, and they

sent for the doctor. The doctor looked grave. 'I've been expecting this sooner or later,' he said, 'if something wasn't done about those slums by the river. I'm afraid, Mrs Valentine, it would be only false kindness to conceal the truth from you. The Canon shows undoubted symptoms of typhoid.'

It was quite true. He had caught it three weeks earlier on a visit of inspection to Close Wynd, the slum by the river, where he had duly pronounced the cottages on the Cathedral property 'perfectly fit for human habitation.' And now, out of his own mouth, had nature convicted him. For, in his eagerness to prove that all was for the best, in the best of all possible Cathedral towns, for the tenants of the Chapter, he had asked for and tossed off a glass of the tainted water to which the borough sanitary inspector was calling his attention. 'Perfectly pure and good,' he said in his testy way. 'Never tasted better water in my life, I assure you. What the people want to complain about nowadays fairly passes my comprehension.' And he went his way rejoicing. But for twenty-one days those insidious little microbes that he swallowed so carelessly lay maturing their colony in the Canon's doomed body. At the end of that time, they swarmed and developed themselves; and even the Canon himself knew in his own heart, unspoken, that it was the Close Wynd water that had given him typhoid fever. When he made his will, he did not forget it; and the lawyer who opened it eight days later found that in that hasty sheet, dictated from his death-bed, the Canon had remembered to leave two hundred pounds for the improvement of the sanitary condition of the 'perfect' cottages which had proved his destruction.

One day later, Mrs Valentine succumbed. She, too, had drunk the poisonous water, 'for example's sake, Amelia,' her husband had said to her; and she, too, died after a short attack. It was a most virulent type of the disease, the doctor said; the type that comes of long sanitary neglect and wholesale pollution. But that was not all. These things seldom stop short with the original culprits. Mrs Hesslegrave was seized too, after nursing her two old friends through their fatal illness; and being weak and ill beforehand with regret and remorse for the part she had played in driving away the Earl whom Kathleen wanted to marry (for that was the way in which Mrs Hesslegrave thought of it to the very end), she sank rapidly under the strain, and died within a fortnight of the two Valentines. So Kathleen found herself practically alone in the world, and with Reginald on her hands, except so far as his 'paltry two hundred' would enable a gentleman of so much social pretensions to keep himself in the barest necessities at the florist's and the glover's.

In the midst of her real grief for a mother she had loved and watched over tenderly, it did not strike Kathleen at the time that by these three deaths, following one another in such rapid succession, the only three other depositaries of Arnold Willoughby's secret had been removed at one blow, and that she herself remained now the sole person on earth who

could solve the Axminster mystery. But it occurred to her later on, when the right time came, and when she saw what must be done about Arnold Willoughby's future.

THE FALLS OF THE GLOMMEN.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

NORWAY south of Christiania towards Gothenburg is not a sensational country. The mountains have sunk until they are merely hills of a trivial elevation. The characteristics of the valleys of the North, each pent in between its high barriers of snow-clad peaks, are wanting here. The country is just prettily broken, nothing more. If it were not for the pine-capped knolls, the charming outlook over the spacious, widening Christiania Fiord, and the very attractive appearance of the crimson-faced farmsteads in the hollows, the journey from Norway's capital to Sweden's second city would be almost dull.

For my part, however, on this January day I found plenty of entertainment in it. The weather was ideally wintry. The reluctant sun had declared itself at ten o'clock or thereabouts, and its radiance strove with the transparent mist over the salt sea. Overhead was the cheerful blue sky, a thought pallid, but still invigorating. The land was about a fathom deep in snow. The pine-trees and firs were weighted heavily with snow. From the rocky banks by which we sped, thick icicles hung in regiments, a weak blue or green in colour. The air was as crisp as fifteen to twenty degrees of frost could make it. And there was not a breath of wind. Such are the conditions under which a winter in Scandinavia is nothing less than charming.

We in our train were very snug. The thermometer marked a temperature of sixty, thanks, of course, to the heating apparatus. The warmth kept the windows clear, so that we had the further advantage of the bright panorama outside. Truth to tell, the train gave us full opportunity to appreciate the landscape. It was the express, but its pace seldom reached twenty miles an hour. At the larger villages it tarried long. The temptation to leave the train and join the Norse lads in their skating on the adjacent pools was hard to combat. This was especially so at the port and arsenal of Fredrikstad. We waited between two reaches of frozen salt water for half an hour. Ships were fast clipped in the ice. Gulls screamed to and fro between the motionless hulls; and little boys, with their hands deep in their pockets, swept about the ice much like the gulls in the air, shouting and singing and hailing us in the train. Fredrikstad, in short, was particularly alluring, and all the counter-attractions of our fellow-travellers were needed to keep us in the train.

These also were considerable. The Norse people appeal to persons of imagination as a rule. They are taciturn, and, like the average Anglo-Saxon, averse to unveiling their individualities to the first comer. We included a young woman with a face that an artist might

have memorialised as a 'Madonna of the North,' she was so placid in her beauty. Her blue eyes were like the wintry Scandinavian sky, clear and free from guile. When she turned them upon us, it was as if she had unbared her soul to us. She was, moreover, shapely and with a complexion of delicate peach-bloom; but that was the most remarkable thing about her. Next to her sat a youth, who was evidently her brother. Her traits, somewhat coarsened, were easily recognisable in him. And well they might have been coarsened, for the youth carried with him a quart bottle of cognac, from which he drank periodically. He once offered his beautiful sister the bottle. It was a sight to stab the soul. But, of course, she rejected the offer, and, moreover, with a sweet, slightly plaintive smile of reproach, as she measured the contents of the bottle with finger and thumb, that consoled the observer in a degree. The hardy Norseman is not an immaculate personage, though romancers have often made him seem so; and among his larger vices that of the love of strong drink must assuredly be included.

Our other companions comprised simple rustics, bashful young women, a student with a Latin grammar, two or three broad-chested adults who expectorated freely, and latterly a troop of the men of the 'Frelsesarmeen.' Frelsesarmeen being interpreted means 'Salvation Army.' If these last were types of the regulars in this religious force, their mere aspect might well have served to recommend General Booth's organisation to the dispassionate stranger. They were well built, cleanly, amiable, and with contentment written in every pore of their faces. One was sandy, and might have passed for a Highlander in any part of Scotland. He carried a violin, which he mercifully forbore to play. The others had hymn books and music sheets in their hands, as well as trumpets, fifes, and a drum. They were all in blue serge suits, and wore round caps with red bands to them. Without exception they sat undemonstratively among us until they came to the little station whither they had been summoned. The civilian travellers looked at them calmly. They were accepted facts of life—that was evident. Once the Madonna-like young woman held the eyes of the sandy violinist for half a minute at a stretch; then she reverted to the window; nor was there the faintest indication in her face or his that either of them was embarrassed by or interested inordinately in the other.

A few miles more of sunlit snow and rocks fringed with icicles—here, straw-coloured rather than blue or green—and then we are in a more open country. The river Glommen—the Thames of Norse industry—appears, with square acres of ice on its broad, resplendent surface, and countless pine-trunks reposing in its water or on its banks. There is a sudden rush of animation upon our fellow-travellers. It is difficult even for such controlled temperaments as theirs not to burst bounds and exclaim 'Beautiful!' For beyond the river with its marks of industry, the sun has dyed the snow a faint violet hue. The contrast between this and the dark foliage of the pines is more than fascinating.

The train stops again, and the guard cries 'Sarpsborg.' In a moment all thought of this fair phantasmagoria has departed. We are now to see something of nature's handiwork of a more thrilling kind. Certainly if the Northmen lack many of the gifts which the Great Mother bestows so bountifully upon Italy and the South in general, they are not left quite in the cold. This Schaffhausen of the North—as the local fall of the Glommen has been called—is finer than anything of its kind in Italy. To be sure, Tivoli can charm, and even strike awe. But the falls of the Teverone at Tivoli know nothing of the majesty of such draping and stage-setting of ice and snow as Sarpsborg in winter offers us.

If it had been cold at starting from Christiania in the morning, here, some seventy miles to the south, the atmosphere was much more searching. We stepped from a temperature of sixty degrees to one of but five degrees. For the moment it took the breath away. It nipped to the fingers with extraordinary quickness; then it caught the toes. There was nothing left for it but to run through the snow towards the collection of dusky, wooden houses which compose the modern town—due, it may be said, largely to British capitalists interested in the timber trade. An hotel was near; thither we hastened. A young lady, trim and statuesque, answered our bows with another bow as frigid as the Arctic Ocean. To our speech she pleaded ignorance. This was sad, as we flattered ourselves we spoke Norse like a species of native. But the hotel landlady proved herself of abler comprehension. She was not chary of her smiles, and she assured us that her cheese was excellent cow's cheese, and by no means the brown confection of goat's cream and sugar which had excited such pains in our stomachs at more than one well-appointed hostelry in the far North. Also she had, as she showed us, nuts and apples (Sarpsborg apples), and table napkins with lace edges. By the time we had been to the Falls and thoroughly satisfied our appetite for the wonderful, she would have ready for us a dinner that should content us in another direction. To all this carnal conversation, the trim and statuesque young lady with the gray eyes and haughty chin did not scruple to lend an ear. She viewed us as if we might have been escaped waxworks who had picked up a couple of souls on the way. But at length her lips relaxed, and her beauty was illumined by a smile that showed her sparkling teeth. She bowed, and we bowed; and again we were in the biting open, with our fingers numbed to insensibility ere we could thrust them into our pockets.

We traversed the town, eagerly gathering upon our tympana the sound of the water's roar which reached us from a distance. It is a dull place, with shops of a mean kind, supplied with sordid necessities alone. The two or three photographs in one window, which were the nearest perceptible approaches to luxury, were spoilt and blasted by weather-spots. The cold furthered our dissatisfaction with the town. The Sarpsborg boys had polished their snow pavements into skating rinks of an admirable kind. But even the most gentle-natured of

tourists does not like to stumble and fall several times in the chief thoroughfare of a town, when he knows that a dozen pair of bright eyes are upon him at each moment. We grew indeed very much out of humour with the Sarpsborg boys and the Sarpsborg municipality.

Every one whom we met in the place—hobbling carefully at a snail's pace—had a face quaintly decorated with icicles. The little children and the old men carried them from their noses—of considerable length. Most people had them at the chin. And for our part, we were vastly annoyed to find that if we kept our lips shut for two minutes on end, ice had formed across them from moustache to beard, which it was quite painful to break. It was the same with the eyes. Little stiletto-like points moulded themselves as pendants to our very eyelashes and annoyed us with their stabs. We had not expected such treatment. Even on the fjelds in the interior we had suffered less inconvenience in these respects than at this southerly sea-level town of Sarpsborg.

Having turned off from the town and descended a little, the imposing suspension bridge over the Glommen declares itself. The thunder of the cascade is loud enough to interfere with conversation; and its spray can be seen in a column rising from the valley. Then we pass a row of red houses, the like of which may be seen in any of our lugubrious British manufacturing towns. They are christened 'Foster Terrace,' in English, if you please, and bear date 1846; and were evidently designed for the operatives at the timber mills, whose high chimneys and lofty buildings may be seen, like the spray of the Glommen, above the river's banks. But whatever their first state, they are now inhabited by thoroughbred Norwegians. The children pushing each other down the snow-slopes near, shout in the vernacular of Christiania; and their parents show true Norse physiognomies as they stand, heedless of the thermometer, gossiping at their doors.

The post-sledge from an outlying village meets us at the extremity of the bridge. His eminence the postman is clad in a fur coat that cannot weigh less than a quarter of a hundredweight. The children look at him respectfully—he is a functionary, and all functionaries in his part of the world are estimable persons, to be saluted either fraternally, if you yourself are a functionary, or with humility, if you occupy no established niche in life. But we, at any rate, do not give this gentleman his due. Neither himself nor his sledge is anything like as interesting as the scene that is before and beneath us.

The Glommen swirls its green waters along through a broad bay until they reach the spot just under the suspension bridge. Then all is chaos: foam, rocks, and spray, with roar upon roar, so that the bridge trembles all day and all night, year after year, with the unintermittent shock. The drop is no less than seventy feet—not perpendicular, but in a sufficiently restricted area to make the spectacle a tremendous one. The width of the river in flood-time is about one hundred and forty feet. With us,

however, it is much less. The ice holds its volume in check, and has narrowed the stream. Nevertheless, the sight is one to thrill every nerve in the body; and the longer we look at it, the sterner is the grip of its fascination. It is just as well the bridge has high railings.

The river bed from the suspension bridge is like a gigantic staircase of huge boulders and semi-detached masses of rock. On this January day all these rocks are thickly coated with ice. Icicles a yard long hang like palisades in places, as large round at the base as a man's body at the middle. The spray descends in minute granules of ice, which give a charmingly crystalline appearance to the surfaces of the boulders. But they much impede and add risk to progress when we leave the bridge and attempt to clamber down over them as near as possible to the sublime kernel of the cascade.

On both sides of the river extensive mills are set. From these, rude bridges of single planks—now six inches deep in snow—run out across the various chasms in which agitated fillets of the Glommen hurl themselves along towards the lower level of the stream. Each fillet is made to do yeoman service for the mills. For the present, however, this is out of the question. Machinery and the vats into which the back-water flows are all clogged with ice. Men are breaking it with great wooden hammers; but it seems labour wasted. In such rigour of temperature there can be little hope of getting the wheels to move freely and with much likelihood of long continuance. The few men who move about in the yards are concerned mainly with the sawmills that have been protected from ice. There is thus the noise of whizzing saws added to that of the Glommen. We stand on a dizzy perch, with frozen snow to our ankles, peering into the central abyss until we, like the boulders, are covered with a dust of ice, and until our brains are in some danger of losing their balance.

As may be expected, a Fall of such magnitude has taken toll of human lives in the course of time. Before 1854, when the bridge was built, there was a ferry across the river just above the Fall. One might suppose the ancients of Sarpsborg were without nerves. Anyhow, they paid periodically for their temerity. The current of the Glommen would catch hold of the boat, and, despite shrieks and prayers, whisk it and its cargo over and down, down, into its deafening bed. Battered corpses, and a certain amount of wood splintered into the aspect of matches, were the only possible ultimate witness to such a catastrophe.

In 1702 a calamity of an even larger kind happened here. There was then a notable mansion on a cliff over the Falls, with spacious gardens and farm buildings in its precincts. The house, we are told, was double-walled and turreted. Suddenly it disappeared. House and inmates, and two hundred head of cattle, sank into an abyss formed by the action of the water. The Glommen rushed over all—and so it has continued to rush ever since. Fourteen persons were thus engulfed. Of the value of the personal effects thus in an instant appropri-

ated, nothing is known. They all lie deep under the furious river. The idea of digging them out is not to be entertained, even in this age of audacious undertakings.

We left the waterfall with reluctance. Scenes like these throw a spell over the mind. They are ennobling opiates. For the time they compel forgetfulness of the minor, and often exceedingly vexatious, affairs of life. Had we not the lure of dinner before our grosser appetites, I doubt not we should have dallied on these iceclad rocks till sunset.

We did not return straight to our hotel; the church tempted us into a detour. But we were not repaid for the new tumbles that came upon us, or the added length of the icicles from our beards and eyelashes. It is a modern building of red brick, quite unattractive. A gravedigger was picking at the hard earth as if it had been basalt. We marvelled that it was not the custom here, as in the far north, to stack the village dead in an outhouse during the winter and bury them only when the thaw came.

Our dinner was not worthy of a place with such a waterfall. The landlady had exaggerated her capabilities and her larder. She was assiduous in smiling, and she waited on us herself. But not until the coffee was served did we obtain compensation for the shortcomings of her cuisine. Then, however, we were invited point-blank by the trim and statuesque young lady already mentioned to join her in the parlour, where a large stove and a thicket of semi-tropical plants prepared us for a very warm quarter of an hour. So it was shyness at first, not unbecoming pride in her! She entertained us with pleasant monosyllables and little courtesies that cheered our hearts. And when at length it was time for us to go, she shook us by the hand and wished us 'Farewell' as if we had been her cousins. She was, unless I misunderstood her, the new schoolmistress. I think Sarpsborg may be congratulated on two things: its waterfall and its new schoolmistress.

A PRINCE'S LOVE-STORY.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN, Author of *Isabel's Burden*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'His Royal Highness Prince Hermann of Schweiningen-Pumpnickel and his suite will stay for the remainder of the shooting at Ardnashiel Castle. Ardnashiel has been lent to the Prince for the time by its noble owner.'

'There, Colonel, what do you think of that?' exclaimed the Colonel's wife, when she had read the astounding announcement from the *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press*, which had just arrived.

'I knew it before,' said the Colonel, stirring his tea and tasting it with the spoon.

'You knew it before, Colonel!' cried the lady, leaning back and swelling with indignation.

'Another lump of sugar, please, my dear,' said the Colonel, holding his cup to her: 'you know I always take two lumps.—Yes,' he continued, while she in deliberate amazement fulfilled his request; 'I read it two or three days ago in the *Times*.'

'And you never told us!' she exclaimed, looking round for sympathy on her two daughters.

'Oh, papa!' chimed in the younger, with an arch glance at her silent elder sister, 'how could you not have told us?'

'You might have read it for yourselves, every one of you,' said the Colonel, 'if you read the news as I do, instead of your rubbishy novels, that you litter up the house with!' And he glanced towards the sofa and the table by the window, which were notably burdened by yellow-covered books.

There was silence for a little, save for the sounds of teacups and knives and forks; for the Colonel and his family were at breakfast—not in their own home, but in a house—a minister's manse—far up the Deeside Highlands, which the Colonel had rented for the fishing and the fresh air.

'When was it, then, Colonel, may I be allowed to ask,' said the angry wife, 'that you saw the announcement?'

'Oh, on Tuesday or Wednesday—I forget what day exactly,' said the Colonel.

'Then he is there by now, in all probability!' exclaimed his wife.

'Very likely he is.—You're thinking of calling on him, I suppose?' laughed he.

'Calling on him? Certainly not. But if he knew we were in the neighbourhood, I have no doubt he would call on us. It's very little company we see here, and he was extremely kind and attentive when we were at Pumpernickel.'

'Oh, at Pumpernickel!' said the Colonel. 'That was another pair of shoes, and another pair of sleeves too, for that matter! At Pumpernickel, being military attaché, I was in an official position: I represented the Queen and Country in a sort of way, and I was therefore a person of consequence, to whom the Pumpernickel Court, and Prince Hermann among the rest, could not but be civil. Here it is different. He is still Prince Hermann; I am only Colonel Herries-Hay, retired on half-pay.'

'You are extremely fond, Colonel,' exclaimed his wife, 'of belittling yourself and your family! I don't see what good you expect to come of that.'

'Well, my dear,' said the good-natured Colonel, 'no harm can come of our being as we are, instead of pretending to a position we cannot possibly fill.—Have you ever heard, my dear, of the disastrous result to a silly frog that tried to swell himself out to the size of an ox?'

'Don't quote your absurd children's fables at me, Colonel! You have two daughters to provide for and establish in the world, and you do not give them a chance!'

'Oh, mother,' said the elder girl at last, 'what is the use of worrying father in that way?'

'You fool!' Her mother did not say the words, but she looked them.

'This is a fine day for the fishing, father,' said the elder girl, glancing out of window towards the rushing, roaring Dee. 'You are going out, of course?'

'Yes,' said he; 'I think I'll have a try.'

Nothing further was said concerning the advent of Prince Hermann of Schweiningen-Pumpernickel; and it may be well to take this opportunity of stating more fully than the conversation over breakfast conveys, what were the relations of the Herries-Hays with His Royal Highness. The Colonel and his family had been little more than six months returned from the capital of the kingdom of Pumpernickel, where the Colonel had been for some time military attaché of the British Embassy. Whilst he was thus serving his Queen and Country, it was in the polite and diplomatic course of things that he and his family should be invited now and then to Court functions. His elder daughter only was old enough to accompany her parents on these occasions; she was a tall, straight, and extremely handsome and intelligent girl; and at a certain Court ball she had the good (or the bad) fortune to attract the notice of Prince Hermann, the second son of the Royal House of Schweiningen-Pumpernickel, who danced with her, and with her alone, and thereby caused much jealousy and heartburning among the noble maidens of the Court. That was the beginning of a few months' friendly intimacy between Prince Hermann and the Herries-Hay household, of which the worthy Colonel fancied himself the provoking cause; for the Prince fondly availed himself of every opportunity of discussing the art of war with the old soldier. The intimacy lasted but a few months, as I have said, for, somewhat unexpectedly and prematurely, the Colonel was retired from his post in favour of a younger man, and neither he nor his family suspected that his removal might have been suggested by the Court of Pumpernickel. He was hurt, but not troubled; for he had saved a little money, and he had his half-pay, and he was very happy with a wife who managed most things for him and kept him in order. He had, however, no mind for extravagant expenditure—there his wife could not prevail over him—and therefore, on his return to his native country, he had taken for a season this Deeside house—at a reduced rate—that he might enjoy his favourite leisurely sport, and give his daughters the benefit of the Highland air, scented and made vivifying by the delightful aromatic odour of fir and heather.

His elder daughter, Margaret, he had taught to fish as well as himself; and after breakfast on this morning when our story begins, they went off together, taking their lunch with them. That was the opportunity of the astute and ambitious lady who was wife and mother. She sat silent for a while in the window in an easy-chair, apparently reading the paper. But her gaze, levelled across her buxom bosom, could find nothing but 'His Royal Highness . . . at Ardnashiel Castle.' Soon her gaze wandered from the paper contemplatively through the window. How were Ardnashiel

Castle and the manse to be brought together? If the castle would not come to the manse, the manse must go to the castle. Had she any deep design in that desire? Well, hardly. She had fleeting, floating visions of possibilities. She knew Prince Hermann had been very much taken with Margaret: she had seen more, and guessed deeper, than had her husband and lord; but yet she knew that it was folly to expect a Royal Prince, even if only of a German reigning house, to marry a girl however attractive who had no particular birth to speak of; yet—and yet—Princes in the past had done it when they pleased; and Princes in the present had done it now and then, though they had stepped down from their lofty rank to do it. And, after all, if the Prince himself was impossible, would there not be likely young men in the Prince's suite? She returned, however, again and again to the thought of the Prince. The notion of a Royal Prince stooping from the second step of a throne, so to say, for love of her daughter fascinated her. It appealed to her love of romance more even than to her ambition; for, as her husband was in moments of candour tempted to say, what was not temper in her was sentiment. What should she do? She could not determine; she would be a waiter upon Providence; but she would so far put herself in the way of Providence as to attend the kirk next morning—this being Saturday—with her two daughters.

Presently it was time for herself and her younger daughter to take their pre-lunch drive in the pony phaeton. John Macaulay brought the phaeton as usual, and asked where 'my lady' would like to take her jaunt to this morning.

'Is Ardnashiel Castle far?' asked Mrs Herries-Hay.

'Do ye mean, mem, far wast or far south?' asked John.

'I mean,' said Mrs Herries-Hay, inwardly exclaiming against the polite stupidity of the natives, 'is it a long way?'

'It will be a very stey brae up by Ardnashiel for the sheltie, mem,' said John.

'I suppose you mean "steep?"' said the lady.

'Ay, just that,' said John.

'Well,' said she, 'the pony—or sheltie,' she concluded—is not so hard-worked usually but that he can get up a steep place sometimes.'

'No, mem,' said John; 'he is a very willing beast; there will not be a better-willy beast for a hundred miles round Braemar.'

So John drove the ladies up the steep hill past Ardnashiel Castle. At the lodge-gate the Colonel's wife suggested a rest—the sheltie might be tired, might like a drink; and they themselves would not object to a draught of milk, if the lodge-keeper could accomplish it. John knocked at the door of the lodge; it was opened by the keeper's goodwife, to whom John proffered the request that they might refresh themselves. The goodwife was polite and hospitable, after the manner of Highland folk: she gave John a bucket to get water from the spring; and she said, would not the ladies like to 'come in by and rest them,' and eat a morsel of oatcake and butter or cheese along

with their draught of milk; but she was also curious, and when the ladies entered and sat down to their milk, she questioned John about them—Mrs Herries-Hay being all the while tolerably aware of what was going on. Did she not know, he asked, that they were the wife and daughter of the 'grand Kornel man' that had come to fish the 'watter?' Oh, exclaimed the goodwife, and where did they bide? Where other should they bide, said John, but in the manse, that they rented from the minister while he was away on a long jaunt to the South, and to Edinburgh?—And what was their name?—Ah, they had two grand names of their own, for the 'Kornel' was a grand man, and the names were grand Scottish names—and what should they be but Herries-Hay?

Then the goodwife turned to the ladies, and was questioned in her turn. Had the Prince really arrived? asked Mrs Herries-Hay in her most persuasive tone. Oh yes, the Prince had arrived three days ago; and, oh yes, he had a great many gentlemen with him: they were all up the glen that day after the deer.

'We knew the Prince,' remarked Mrs Herries-Hay with a condescending smile, 'in his own country—in Germany.'

'And did ye, indeed, mem!' exclaimed the goodwife with simple cordiality. 'And he is a kind of far-away cousin to the Queen—isna he, mem? And he is a very pleasant young gentleman, and he speaks very good language.'

Mrs Herries-Hay rose to go without having attained the point in particular which she desired. She offered the goodwife money for her entertainment; but the goodwife declined it with a dignified smile; and then she bestowed a penny each upon two lint-haired children that gazed with round eyes on 'the leddies.'

'You have a comfortable place here, I suppose?' said Mrs Herries-Hay.

'Not that ill, mem,' answered the goodwife. 'You see, my man is coachman.'

'Coachman, is he?' exclaimed the lady, who greedily seized upon the fact as likely to serve her. 'Just now,' said she, 'he'll have little to do except on Sunday.'

'Just that, mem. But the Sabbath's a hard day when the Earl's at hame, because the castle gangs to the kirk at Crathie on account o' the Queen.'

'Crathie is a long way,' said Mrs Herries-Hay sympathetically. 'But surely the Prince won't go so far as Crathie. Your husband ought to prevail on him to come to our kirk,' she continued with a smile: 'we call it ours because we are staying at the manse, you know.'

'I know, mem,' answered the woman. 'And it would be easier, whatever, for my man to drive there and back.'

Mrs Herries-Hay left the lodge with the sure and certain hope that something would come of her suggestion; for she knew how the great have their indifferent movements regulated from below, and she knew, moreover, what a talent Highland people have for polite dictation to those whom they serve.

Mrs Herries-Hay's hope did not go unfulfilled; for next morning there drove up to the kirk-yard gate the carriage from the castle; and there

strode into the kirk a stalwart young man, with fair moustaches sticking out about six inches on either side, followed by two other young men and a middle-aged one. The Colonel and his family recognised them all: the Prince; his bosom friend, the Count von Saxe; his equerry, Colonel von Stultz; and his Chancellor or governor or secretary, the Herr Cancellarius von Straubensee, who represented the king of Pumpernickel, and who accompanied the Prince to keep an eye on him. The last was a benevolent-seeming gentleman, with a stiff gray beard and moustache, and a foolish-looking, fluffy white head. Colonel Herries-Hay's family were considerably perturbed by this magnificent influx of people whose names were in the *Almanach de Gotha*. The mother was exultantly conscious of having succeeded in her motherly design. Margaret, the elder daughter, could not refrain from blushing; and Nancy, the younger, slyly glanced from the one to the other. As for the Colonel himself, he was devoutly reading, by the aid of his glasses, the dedication at the beginning of the Bible, 'To the Most High and Mighty Prince James.'

When the service was over, the Colonel and his family, being near the door, reached the kirkyard before the royal party; but they were quickly overtaken by the Prince. The Colonel was in the act of walking off—for he was a shy old gentleman—when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

'How do you do, Colonel?' said Prince Hermann in a loud voice and with a certain stiffness of accent: he spoke 'very good language,' as the goodwife of Ardnashiell lodge had said. 'It is very nice to see you again and your amiable family.' He included all the ladies in a bow—which they returned with courtly curtsies—but his bright, vivacious eye was on Margaret. 'Some of my people have said, "The Herr Colonel Herries-Hay lives close by, and goes to the kirk;" and so I have come also to see you.' Mrs Herries-Hay looked consciously down her nose. 'Ha, ha!' laughed the Prince. 'It is very nice to see you again—very nice, indeed!' But his eyes were fixed on Margaret's face, whose colour kept changing from pale to red.

'The pleasure is ours, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'as well as the honour.'

'And are you also here to shoot the deer, Colonel?' asked the Prince.

'No, sir,' answered the Colonel. 'I am too old to stalk the deer; I content myself with fishing in the river.'

'And the Fräulein Herries-Hay, what does she do?' asked the Prince, at length addressing Margaret both with eye and tongue.

'I also fish a little with my father, sir,' answered Margaret.

Presently the Prince and his suite moved off to their carriage—the suite bowing low to the ladies whom their Prince delighted to honour. The country-people gazed with respect and curiosity on the old Scotch 'Kornel' with whom a Royal Prince—a kind of far-away cousin of the Queen—was so familiar; and the Herries-Hay household returned to the manse with very mingled feelings.

That was the beginning of it.

Next morning, after breakfast, the Colonel stood on the bit of green before the manse practising with his salmon gaff as if he were driving at golf, in order to supple the muscles of his arms, when a dogcart drove up and stopped before him.

'Good-morning, Colonel,' cried a cheery voice—Prince Hermann's!

The Colonel was too astonished to reply at once to the greeting. He merely stared while the Prince and his bosom friend, the Count von Saxe, jumped from the vehicle, and then drew from its interior fishing-boots, fishing-rods, and other appliances for sport in the river. That done, the Prince said a word to the man in charge of the dogcart, and the vehicle was driven away.

'This is not a day for the deer, Colonel,' said the Prince. 'I will go to fish with you: you will teach me your fishing of the salmon. It will be very nice and agreeable for me and my friend Von Saxe. You remember Von Saxe, Colonel?'

'I remember the Count von Saxe perfectly, sir,' said the Colonel.

The ladies were all flustered to receive such distinguished visitors in their morning-gowns; but Margaret slipped away and quickly re-appeared, ready to accompany her father on his fishing. She looked extremely handsome, Amazonian, and fascinating in her short skirt and the rest of it; and the Prince paid her the ardent compliment of his eyes. The Colonel agreed with no great show of good-will—his wife declared he had no manners—to teach the Prince his method, and the four set off to the fishing together. But they had not been in the river long when, somehow, the Colonel found himself in the company of the Count von Saxe, and saw the Prince a little way off taking his lessons from Margaret.

When the fishing was over, they tramped back to the manse in excellent spirits, all four. The Prince discussed fishing with the Colonel, and the Count discussed anything with Margaret. When the Prince and his companion had doffed their fishing-boots, they sat down to tea in the most friendly manner with the flurried ladies. Mrs Herries-Hay looked a little heated; but she asked the Prince, with perfect self-possession, if he took sugar—and cream. (A lady who is in the way of serving tea would probably ask these questions if she were at the tea-table within an hour of her execution.) The Prince gladly took both, and bread-and-butter and cake; for he was young—he was only four-and-twenty—and he was enjoying himself as much as a schoolboy out of bounds.

'Ha, ha!' he laughed in sheer glee. 'This is very jolly—very jolly, indeed!'

Mrs Herries-Hay observed that it was exceedingly pleasant to receive His Royal Highness on a friendly footing in their humble abode.

'Yes,' said His Royal Highness, absently, for both eyes and thought were fixed on Margaret. But he bestirred himself to be affable and 'nice' with her father. 'You know, Colonel,' said he, 'I think fishing is far better sport than deer-stalking. I agree with you: it is much jollier. I will fish, instead of hunting the deer.'

Then he turned to Margaret, and expressed the hope that she had not forgotten Germany, and especially Pumpernickel. He glanced at the piano, and asked if she played any German music now. Would she play something?—something from Schumann or Beethoven? She rose and went to the piano; and he rose also and leaned his tall form over her to turn her music. He looked through her books and sheets of music, found something, and asked her if she would play and sing *that*. She answered with a smile that she would play the accompaniment if he would sing. He accepted the offer, and sang in an excellent baritone voice, 'Kennst Du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?'

Then the dogcart came to carry the Prince and his companion back to the castle. The Prince said he would have liked to stay much longer; he hesitated; he lingered a little; but finally he said his adieus and drove away.

When he was gone, Mrs Herries-Hay turned to her husband and declared again he had 'no manners;' had he not seen that the Prince wished to stay to dinner?—Why had he not asked him to do so?

'Look here, Mary,' said the Colonel. 'The Prince is a very good-natured, manly, young fellow: I like him very well; but I will not be thought to encourage him to hang about my family too much, to the neglect of the duties and—the amusements that belong to his high station.'

But the Prince and his friend came again next day. They came partly on the pretext of bringing to the family an invitation to witness the Highland dances and such-like that were to be held by torchlight at the castle on Friday evening.

THE LIFE-GUARDS.

WE Londoners of to-day are so accustomed to see the six-foot troopers of the Life-guards about our streets, and to regard their existence as a matter of course, that it occurs to few of us to inquire into the origin and history of the two regiments which, with the Royal Horse Guards, form the Household Cavalry Brigade, and are the premier cavalry regiments of the British army.

To get at the origin of the Life-guards we must go back some two hundred and thirty years, to the Restoration of King Charles II. in 1660; and it is to the 'Merry Monarch' that we owe the formation of these famous regiments. When Charles was restored, he selected from the cavaliers who had followed him into exile eighty gentlemen, to form, under the command of Lord Gerard, a body-guard modelled on the French 'Garde du Corps,' and styled 'His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards.' Within a month of its formation, Lord Gerard's troop was a regiment six hundred strong, and these earliest Life-guards headed Charles's entry into London.

Macaulay, in his 'History of England,' gives the following account of the first Life-guards: 'The Life-guards, who now form two regiments, were then distributed into three Troops, each of which consisted of two hundred carabineers,

exclusive of officers. This corps, to which the safety of the king and royal family was confided, had a very peculiar character. Even the privates were designated as Gentlemen of the Guard. Many of them were of good families, and had held commissions in the Civil War. Their pay was much higher than that of the most favoured regiment of our time, and would in that age have been thought a respectable provision for the younger son of a country Squire.' The three Troops were known respectively as 'The King's Own,' 'The Duke of York's,' and 'The Duke of Albemarle's,' and of these one Troop was invariably raised in Scotland. The Duke of York was, of course, Charles's brother, afterwards James II.; and the Duke of Albemarle was General Monk, who had been mainly instrumental in bringing about the Restoration. The Captains of the three Troops were Lord Gerard, Sir Charles Berkeley, and Sir Philip Howard, and their commissions all bear date January 26, 1661.

The uniform of the troopers consisted of gold-laced scarlet coats with wide sleeves, slashed in front, and having lace from wrist to shoulder. They wore cuirasses and iron caps or 'pots,' the latter hid by the broad-brimmed, heavily-plumed cavalier hats; buff boots reaching to the middle of the thighs; and arms according to the 'Regulations' of Charles II., dated March 5, 1665, as follows: 'Each horseman to have for his defensive armes back, breast, and pot; and for his offensive armes a sword and a case of pistols, the barrells whereof are not to be under fourteen inches in length; and each Trooper of Our Guards to have a carbine, besides the afore-mentioned armes.' They must have made a brave show, these royal troops, even as do their descendants of the present generation, and, like their descendants, they could fight well when necessity arose.

From the first pay-lists of the royal army (preserved in the Record Office) we learn that the pay of the troopers was four shillings a day; that of the trumpeters and kettle-drums, five shillings a day; and of the corporals, seven shillings a day in the King's Troop, and six shillings in the others. Apropos of these corporals, of whom there were four to each Troop, it is worthy of note that the rating of corporal still maintains in the Household Cavalry to the entire exclusion of that of Sergeant. Sergeant, Troop-sergeant-major, and Regimental-sergeant-major are replaced in the Household Cavalry by Corporal-of-horse, Troop-corporal-major, and Regimental-corporal-major.

The first public duty of the Life-guards appears to have been that of separating the hostile factions of France and Spain on the quarrel for precedence between the respective ambassadors, on which occasion the troopers had to charge, sword in hand, 'to preserve the peace.'

On the 16th of September 1668 we find, from Pepys's Diary, that 'the Duke of Monmouth do to-day take his command of the King's Life-guard by surrender of my Lord Gerard;' and the diarist further states that Lord Gerard received twelve thousand pounds for his commission.

At the Duke of Albemarle's death (January 3, 1670), his Troop of Life-guards was made the 'Queen's Troop,' thus becoming the Second Troop, and taking precedence over the Duke of York's Troop. The Queen was Catherine of Braganza, and her Troop of Life-guards wore facings of sea-green, Her Majesty's favourite colour.

The first war-service of the Life-guards was at Maestricht in 1673, in the war with Holland; and in 1685 they were among the troops which defeated Monmouth at Sedgemoor. It was at the head of the Scots Troop of Life-guards, too, that Claverhouse rode against the Covenanters at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge. The First Troop were at the Battle of the Boyne; and from 1692 to 1697, both Troops were busy fighting in Flanders.

Amongst the domestic changes in the regiments about this time may be noted the following: On James II.'s accession in 1685, their title was altered to 'Troops of Life-guards of Horse;' and in 1698 they discarded their cuirasses. In 1678 a division of mounted Grenadiers was added to each Troop; and in 1693 these divisions of Horse Grenadiers were embodied into an independent Troop. In 1702 a Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards was raised at Edinburgh and attached to the Scots Troop.

At Dettingen (1743) and Fontenoy (1745), the Life-guards rendered good service; and all through the Peninsular War they maintained their high reputation. By their charge at Vittoria there fell into the hands of the English one hundred and fifty-one guns, four hundred and fifteen caissons, forty thousand pounds of gunpowder, two million cartridges, the enemy's military chest, and Marshal Jourdan's bâton! A very good haul!

Prior to the Peninsular campaign, however, the Life-guards had been reconstituted. In 1746, the Third Troop had been disbanded; and in 1788, George III. ordered his Life-guards to be formed into two distinct corps under the titles of 'First' and 'Second Regiments of Life-guards.' The pay and privileges of the troopers were both abridged, and they were enlisted as for the rest of the service. A few of the 'private gentlemen' continued service under the new regulations; others accepted commissions in the line; but the majority appear to have retired on pensions. The uniform at this time consisted of long scarlet coats, faced and lapelled with blue, and laced across the breast, and on the collars, cuffs, and skirts with gold; cocked-hats with white plumes, leathern breeches, and jack-boots.

After the Peninsula, the Life-guards proceeded to the Netherlands, and there took part in the crowning victory of Waterloo. The charge of the Household Cavalry—with whom were the 1st Dragoon Guards—is an event of history, and will be remembered as long as history lasts.

Then ensued a long interval of seventy years, occupied with the peaceful duties of State ceremonials; and the only changes which took place were those of dress and equipment. In 1817, steel helmets superseded the brass ones which in 1812 had replaced the cocked-hats; and in 1821, at the coronation of George IV.,

these in their turn gave way to bearskin caps, similar to those of the Grenadiers, with a white plume on the left side passing over the crown. For this function, also, steel cuirasses were again issued, and have never since been discarded. The present carbines were adopted at the same time as the helmets; and the long muskets with bayonets and large horse-pistols were deposited in the Tower.

And now we arrive at the last act—up to date—in the history of the Life-guards. In 1882 they, in conjunction with the rest of the Household Troops, were ordered to Egypt; and croakers were found who prophesied that the long interval of peace would have spoilt the efficacy of the Guards, and foretold the failure of the 'drawing-room soldiers.' How entirely wrong these prophets of evil were the results soon showed; and not only by the famous midnight charge at Kassassin, but by their whole record throughout the campaign. The Guards proved that they were, as they had ever been, 'first-rate fighting-men,' and that, whenever called upon, they might be relied on to do their duty as valiant men and true.

THE WISE WOMAN.

It was a wintry evening about fifty years ago. The snow had ceased for a little while, but there was evidently plenty more to come in the dull gray clouds that hung low over the moor. A little cottage stood all by itself, the snow thick on its low thatch; behind it stretched the lonely moor, with a few old oak-trees on one side of it, the outposts of the forest, which showed a dark purple line against the horizon. Outside, all looked dreary and desolate; but inside the cottage it was cosy enough; the fire was burning with a clear red glow; a great tabby cat was lying in front on the warm red bricks, purring drowsily; and an old woman was sitting in a big wooden arm-chair, her hands folded in her lap, her head poked a little forward, her dark intelligent eyes looking into the fire. On the shelves of the little corner cupboard behind her stood long rows of bottles and jars containing ointments, nettle tea, elderberry wine, cordials and medicines; for she doctored the whole parish, which was an outlying one, with no doctor living within several miles: but all the country people said 'they didn't want no doctor; the Wise 'Oman was worth ten o' they.' She nursed them when they were ill, too, and advised them in all their affairs; and they always said, 'to tell the Wise 'Oman a secret were like droppen a stone into a well—you was sure you'd never hear o' it again.' She was a very old woman, though exceedingly hale and active. No one knew exactly what her age was.

Her mother was a gypsy; and from her she had learned a slight knowledge of surgery and the medicinal qualities of herbs. She would wander for miles in search of these. All the flowers, too, in her little garden had their uses. Now, however, there was nothing in it save a few cabbages sticking out of the snow.

As the room grew dark, the Wise Woman rose

and lighted a candle, putting it in the window, where it was always placed as a beacon to guide people across the moor. She had scarcely lighted her candle when there was a loud tap at the door. 'Come in,' she called; and the door opened, letting in a keen rush of icy air and a shower of snow-flakes, and a man entered.

'It be snowen fast agen,' he said, going to the fire and shaking the snow off himself. 'You'll be pretty nigh snowed up.'

'Ah! I dessey there'll be some un to dig me out, if I be,' said Mrs Warne comfortably.

'I'll warn't there will,' replied the man. 'We couldn't get on without you no sense; and I be come now to ask you what I be to do about my hedge. You knows my beautiful hedge? Wull, now, he be gotten old; the 'ood in un be nice for burnen; and some un comes every night pretty handy and pulls it out; and I can't find out who 'tis; and if you can't tell me, I'll set up all night, but I'll find out!'

'No need fur that, Bill,' said Mrs Warne, after having thought for a moment. 'You just listen now. You get out there to-morrow and make-prefence as you be amending the hedge; and you take a gimlet and bore little holes in the 'ood, and fill 'em wi' gunpowder, and I'll warn't you wun't be troubled no more!'

'Eh! mother but you be a noted 'oman fur cleverness, that you be!' said Bill admiringly, bringing his large hand down with a smack on his knee. 'I'll be off at once down to shop and get some powder.' He took a leather bag from his pocket and brought a shilling out of it, which he laid on the table. 'I be ter'ble obliged to ye,' he said.

'You'm vurry welcome,' replied Mrs Warne as he went away.

She stood watching the snow fall softly against the window till her eye was caught by a light in the distance that rapidly grew larger, and disclosed itself to be a lantern. The bearer of it came hurrying along and opened the door without stopping to knock. 'Oh, Mother Warne!' he began, 'John Long hev fell off a ladder and hurt himself ter'ble!'

'Dear, dear! Any bones broke?'

'I don't rightly know; but he groans dreadful!'

Mrs Warne bustled about collecting a roll of bandages, a pot of ointment, and a small bottle; then she put a long knitted purse in her pocket, bundled herself in a big shawl and bonnet, and said: 'Now I be ready to start.'

'It don't sim hardly right to ask ye to come out such a night,' the man said; 'but then we don't know what to do fur him, and Mis' Long be in a ter'ble twitter!'

'Bless me! Harry, anybody 'ud think you was talking to a *old* 'oman!' said Mrs Warne briskly.

The man laughed. 'Well, 'tis true,' he said. 'Many a young 'oman med be glad to be as peart as you be!'

'How did he do it?' asked Mrs Warne.

'He was cutten hay fur the horses, and the ladder were slippery, and he fell right from top o' it.'

They were well out into the moor by this time, and further conversation was impossible, for the fine snow blew straight into their faces and took their breath away. Around, above, nothing was to be seen but the dancing snow-flakes; but

presently the lights of the cottage began to show through them.

'Wull, I bain't sorry to hev got here,' said Mrs Warne as she entered the cottage.

The door of the inner room opened, and a woman put her head out. 'Here be Mother Warne!' she said; and instantly the watchers round the bed gave a sigh of relief. The man was keeping up a low moan of pain.

'Well, John, let's see what you've done to yourself,' said Mrs Warne cheerfully as she went up to him. She found his injuries to be a badly bruised shoulder, a sprained wrist, and cut head. In no time the wrist and head were bandaged and ointment put on the bruises, while she propped him up comfortably with pillows. In a few moments the strained look of suffering on his face relaxed. 'That ointment be powerful soothing,' he said.

'Ah! that be some o' my own making,' said Mrs Warne complacently.

'How long shall I be led up?' he asked.

'I dunno for sure. Maybe a few days, maybe longer. But you mustn't talk, and I be goen to give you some poppy water to send you to sleep.'

'John be goen on nicely,' she said, going to the outer room, where several of the neighbours were still waiting; 'and I shall bide the night, so there's no occasion fur you to stop.'

When they were gone, the two women sat talking softly. 'How long will he be laid up, really?' asked Mrs Long.

'Well, I'm afraid he wun't work again fur some time, fur he've sprained his wrist pretty tightish.'

'Oh dear, what shall us do! And only a fortnight to Christmas too; and the childun, poor things, hev bin looken so forward to it; they'll hev but a pinched Christmas now!'

'Bless me, Mary, don't meet trouble half-way! Summat all turn up afore then, I don't doubt. Hev ye got anything in the house?'

'Scarcely anything. Wi' so many childun, the money goos out as fast as it come in.'

'Well, then, you take this,' said Mrs Warne, turning out the contents of her purse. 'Tain't much, but it'll help you on fur a bit.'

'Oh! mother, I don't hardly like to take it from ye!'

'Nonsense! You can pay me back some day, if you like; and if you don't, I shan't quarrel wi' you! And I don't doubt I'll manage the childun's Christmas somehow, though I don't know how, now.'

Mrs Warne had not been home long the next evening when she heard scuffling footsteps approach; the door burst open, and an old man rushed in. 'Lor-a-mussy! Mother Warne, lor-a-mussy!' he ejaculated, 'if my fire bain't bewitched! Come and say summat over it, fur the love o' mercy, or I'll be blowed up!' It was an old man who lived in a tumble-down cottage on the other side of the moor. He was a wretched, half-clad old creature, though he was reputed rich, and indeed was very comfortably off, though so miserly he would not spend a penny if he could help it.

'Wait a moment, Sammel,' said Mrs Warne, putting on her shawl with an expression of triumph. 'I'll come and see to it, sure 'nough!'

When they got outside, the moor stretched ghostly in the light of the stars, which were shining brilliantly, for it was freezing hard. When they reached the cottage, the fire had burnt down somewhat, but the old man brought some fresh fagots and put them on it, Mrs Warne taking good care to station herself on the other side of the room. In a minute or two the fire certainly did begin to pop and explode in the most extraordinary manner. Bill Holmes had well powdered it, and it flew all over the room. 'Lor-a-mussy!' began the old man again, his knees shaking under him.

'Sammel Simmons!' said Mrs Warne solemnly as they stood outside listening to the fire popping away, 'twas by no good means you come by they fagots. Evil sperrits wouldn't hae no powers over 'em if you had, and its pretty plain to see as they has now!'

'Oh! Mrs Warne, whatever shall I do? I dar'n't stay here wi' them goen on like that!'

'I tells you what 'tis; you must take all they fagots you has left—you best knows how you come by 'em—over to the cross-roads and chuck 'em away.'

'You must come wi' me, then, or I'd be afear'd out o' my life.'

'No; 'twouldn't do no sense if I war to go too; you must do as I says, and go alone, or I wun't answer for it!'

'Law sakes! I can't go there by myself,' said Samuel, oppressed by his guilty conscience.

'Yes, you must; and I must stay here and watch the fire. You wun't come by no harm if you does as I tell you; Mother Warne condescended to add.

At last she persuaded him to start, giving him a final injunction to say 'Avaunt thee, Saten!' three times as he threw the fagots away.

He went off, holding the bundle at arm's-length.

'The old rascal!' she chuckled to herself as she re-entered the cottage. 'I'll warnt he'll hev a good fright, and serve him jolly well right!'

She began to have a good look over the old man's room. At last, in a corner of the cupboard she discovered a box hidden, to which she gave a vigorous shake. It was answered by a loud rattle of money. She put it back in its place with a satisfied expression. 'I allus *did* want to know if he'd got money put away, as they said he had,' she murmured. In the little back room she found a small basket of coal, which Mr Simmons had intended to last him at least a week; but she put them all on at once, soon having a blazing fire. Now she placed the little kettle on it, and going to the cupboard, took from it some tea and made herself a cup of it. Then she sat down by the fire, warming her feet and sipping her tea with an expression of complete contentment.

Meantime, the old man, spurred by his guilty conscience, was hurrying over the moor, that showed ghostly in the pale light of the stars. Something white rose in front of him and startled him; but it proved to be only a stunted moor-tree with the frozen festoons of snow hanging from it. By-and-by he got off the open moor, where walking was easier; but as he neared the cross-roads his heart beat faster and faster. A tall tree, hung with white, stood by the cross-

roads. He stopped suddenly, fancying he heard something moving; but it was only a mass of frozen snow blown from the tree. It struck him on the face; and then close on it came another sound that made Samuel's knees give way under him. Perhaps it was but a bough creaking, but he could have sworn that on the wind came a faint rattle and clang of chains from the old gallows-tree. He cast the fagots wildly from him, shrieked out, 'Avaunt thee, Zaten!' and then turned and darted off, half falling in his haste. He ran into the cottage, and stood gazing at Mrs Warne, speechless with indignation.

'Well, Sam,' said Mrs Warne affably, 'come and set ye down by the fire after your cold walk, and take a cup o' tea to keep the cold out.'

'Ye old witch!' said Samuel furiously, 'how dare ye come into my house and take *my* coals and *my* tea like that?'

'Now, Samuel, don't ye get becalen me; fur, as I set here, it were borne in upon me that they fagots were stole out o' Bill Holmes's hedge! And if ye gets abusen me, I'll go and tell him.'

'No; don't ye, now,' said old Samuel, nearly collapsing under this last stroke. 'Fur, if I did, I've a bin punished fur it; fur, as sure as you stands there, I heard the ghostie; and I've haed a ter'ble walk home! Oh dear! And 'twas becoz I be so poor, I can't afford nare bit o' 'ood.'

'Poor! wi' all that money put away,' said Mrs Warne contemptuously. 'No, Samuel, don't you get gammonen me. Do you think I can't tell when you be spoken truth or no? I tell you what 'tis, unless you gives me five pound, I'll go over to Bill's this very night and tell him!'

'Five pounds! I han't got five pounds in the world! I'll give you five shillens, and be pretty near rooned doen it!'

After some wrangling, he at length consented to give a sovereign: he fetched it reluctantly, grumbling and groaning all the time.

'Well, good-night to 'ee, Sam; thank ye fur a very pleasant evening,' were Mrs Warne's parting words as she left him and made her way through the snow, chuckling to herself now and then. She did not go straight home, but turned off to the road that led to Mrs Long's. Mrs Long came to the door holding a candle in her hand, which she lifted high to see who it was. 'Why! 'tis Mis' Warne!' she said. 'Whatever's brought you out so late?'

'Well, Mary, didn't I say summat 'ud turn up? And so it has!' said Mrs Warne triumphantly.

Mrs Long's pale tired face brightened as she saw the money. She half put out her hand to take it, then drew it back again. 'I didn't ought to take it from ye, Mis' Warne,' she said.

'Taint fur you at all; 'tis fur the childun. I shan't say how I come by it; but this I will say, 'tis all right, sure 'nough.'

'Well, you be good, mother,' said Mrs Long gratefully as she took the money.

'No; I bain't that,' said Mrs Warne, remembering her treatment of Samuel. 'I'm feared I be a ter'ble crafty old 'oman!'

As Mrs Warne went to see her patient the next day, every person she met stopped her to give his impressions of the ghost Jim March had seen, including Jim himself, who, looking very red and excited, told her that 'just as he

got to the cross-roads last night with the horse's new harness that he'd been to fetch, he heard a voice call out "I be Zaten!" and then a terrible scuffling noise; whereupon he had turned round and run back to his brother-in-law's house as fast as his legs could carry him, where he had spent the night. 'It bain't amany as can say as they've a heard Zaten,' he finished with some pride; 'but I can, and a terrible ugly voice he've a got too! It be like the scroopen o' a ungreased wagon wheel!'

'I shouldn't wonder at all, Jim, if it warn't a warning to ye not to stay so long at the "Horseshoe," evenings; and if you takes my advice you'll never be home later nor nine o'clock again,' said Mrs Warne, remembering that Mrs March had been to her a little time back to complain that Jim was 'too fond o' his glass o' an evening.'

'I'll warrant I never will!' said Jim; and he never was from that time.

The moor was darkening, and the sunset crimson had died out of the west, when Mrs Warne returned to her cottage. She was overtaken, as she reached her garden, by the milk-maid from the farm. 'I wants you to give me a charm to hang on Brindle's horn,' she said. 'There never was such a nasty cow! She kicked the bucket over only this afternoon. I thinks she's possessed by summat evil.'

'Vurry well. I'll give you something as ull cure her if 'tis she's possessed by summat evil. But if 'tis only a bad temper, I can't do nothing, or I'd a made my fortune long ago!' chuckled Mrs Warne, going into the cottage and bringing out what looked like a string of very ordinary brass buttons cut from a man's coat; but the Wise Woman said they were charms, and every one believed her. She drew one off and offered it to the girl.

'Missus said I was to bring you some milk fur the charm,' she said, taking it, and bringing out a little can from under her shawl.

Presently a shepherd came to warm some milk for his lambs by her fire. 'Tis freezen harder nor ever,' he said as he came in. 'There be such a bitter wind comen athwart the moor, and the stars be so thick, and glintens like di'monds!'

'Ah! 'tis amany years since I've known it so cold—not since I were a young maid, when we had such a hard frostie they'd pick up the heäres and rabbits friz dead by it.'

'How many years ago were that, Mis' Warne?' asked the shepherd curiously.

'Amany, many years ago—long afore you was borned, Fred,' answered Mrs Warne indefinitely.

'I've brought you a fagot o' fuz,' said the shepherd, dropping his prickly burden on the hearth.

'Put a bit on the fire, and I'll warm you some elderberry wine,' said Mrs Warne, bustling into the other room and fetching a bottle of wine, which she poured into a little saucepan and set on the fire, that was now blazing, crackling, and flaring up the wide black chimney, lighting up the shepherd's clear-cut, thoughtful face and every detail of his clothing—his long frieze-coat, corduroy trousers strapped in at the knee, his white linen jacket and great thick lace boots—and making the face of the dignified old woman

opposite him look more lined and strongly marked than ever.

'It be cold out in fields now, Fred?'

'Ah! I'll warn't it be!' said Fred, drinking off his hot wine at a draught. Then he stood up, straightened himself, took his crook and milk-can, and departed. When he had got to a little distance, he looked back at the lonely cottage with its one bright window and the bleak line of moor behind it. 'Tis a terrible lonely place fur a single 'oman,' he thought. 'But there no one wouldn't do nothen to she.'

Mrs Warne came to the window and watched him go, a dark figure, save where the light from his lantern caught him. It threw a wide brilliant light on the sparkling snow. Away and away he went till the light was but a speck, and then the darkness hid him. A few minutes after, there came a loud knocking at the door. She opened it to see old Samuel outside, waving his arms and shaking his fist. 'You sly, crafty, old thing!' he cried furiously. 'Who was it told Bill Holmes to put gunpowder in his 'ood?'

'I did,' replied Mrs Warne amiably.

'Ah! you knows it bain't no good to deny it, with Bill boasten about all over the place, and you comen and gammonen me— Oh, you artful old thing! And I believes now as how you knowd I'd money put away was because you went and found it when you'd sent me away.'

'Quite right, Sammel; so I did.'

'Oh, you old witch! But I'll sarve you out, that I will! I'll tell everybody about you.'

'Be you agoen to tell everybody as you stole Bill's fagots, my son?'

Samuel stopped short in his gesticulations, and looked down into the room for a moment. The strong gusts of wind coming in blew the candle, and by its wavering light Mrs Warne looked more witch-like than usual as she peered up at him. The cat's eyes in the dark chimney corner looked like round green globes; and the bunches of herbs on the rafter swinging backwards and forwards cast long fantastic shadows on the wall. Then he turned and walked slowly off, shaking his head and groaning: 'Oh! you be a wicked old 'oman! that you be!'

'No, Sammel,' Mrs Warne called in bland accents after him. 'You means a wise old 'oman!'

FALLING LEAVES.

It was the noontide, and a solemn peace
Brooded o'er dale and down, o'er wood and wold;
The autumn sunshine quivered on the trees
And kissed their locks of gold.

Alas! too soon will all their glory fade;
The sword of death hath leapt from out its sheath;
And it shall strew their leaflets, torn and frayed,
Upon the earth beneath.

Yet ere their little lease of life be done,
Ere the blasts rend them from their foster trees,
Their dying hours are cheered with warmth and sun,
And wrapt in perfect peace.

R. C. K. E.

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THE LAPWING'S ARTIFICE.

It was an evening in early June. The day had been bright and warm; but as the sun made its course toward a setting over the Ochil Hills, the sharpness of the east wind became perceptible, and we quickened our pace along the path that lay by the north shore of the Forth. Our walk was at that part of the Firth where the channel narrows, and becomes more like a beautiful inland lake than an arm of the sea; where the rich fields, pasture-lands, and woods grow down to the edge of the waters, save in some spots on the Fife side where ancient piers, ruminating over the past, occasionally rouse themselves to supply coal to old-fashioned schooners that hail from the Netherlands.

We had come out to think over what we had been reading, but found, as we have frequently done, that the attractions of nature were too strong to be resisted. It seems impossible to think out any other subject while nature entices with her beauty. We feel compelled to attend to her. Scarcely had the walk begun, when a mass of yellow crowfoot attracted attention. Over it flew two blue-winged butterflies, and as one alighted on the flower and closed its wings, an opportunity was afforded of seeing the under tint of brown with its white and red spots. The sea-daisy, growing in tufts of grass on the rocks, looked inviting, and we could not refrain from plucking the flower and renewing our acquaintance with its honeyed smell. From the neighbouring wood came the singing of many birds. We tried once more to interpret the refrains in the song of the chaffinch and the yellowhammer; and the delightful fullness of the rich round notes of the blackbird wooed us finally from the object that had originally occupied our mind.

Coming to a bay from which the water had receded, we felt puzzled as to the appearance of some birds wading on the edge of the outgoing tide. The waters and the mud had

borrowed a grayish colour from the sky, and objects at a distance could not readily be defined. We thought at first that they might be whistling plovers, whose notes are not unfamiliar in this district; but a closer survey showed they were the common gull or seamew. They moved about silently, and would have created little interest but for a carrion crow which stood on a weed-covered rock just left bare by the tide. He flapped his wings and cawed so vigorously that we paused to consider as to his noisy clamour. His motive was not apparent, and the mud-shore precluded our making close inquiry. Was he instructing the seamews as to our appearance? If so, they gave little heed to his warnings. Suddenly he caught sight of two crows flying over him, one chasing the other, which had a large piece of food in its mouth. Instantly our black-coated friend left the rock, gave chase; and the last we saw of the trio was their disappearance over the old dovecot that stands among the elm and plane trees. Amused at the roguishness of the bird, we pursued our way, recalling many instances of his waggery, and thinking that in him we had found a subject for our evening's homily. But it was not to be so.

Leaving the shore pathway, we turned up the steep farm-road that led to the higher fields. Still thinking of the crows and their ways, our attention was gradually drawn to a bird that hovered over us, and whose reiterated call of 'Peewit' told that we had been met by the Lapwing. He was an old acquaintance. Regularly as we walked this way, he came from his home in the large pasture-field and greeted us with his 'Peewit.' But his notes were not a greeting of joy. Siren-like, they were meant to deceive and decoy us from the field where his young were sheltered. The repeated call of the bird drove the remembrance of the crows with all their drollery from us, and we could not help feeling interested in the solicitude shown by the lapwing for the safety of his progeny.

The bird lingered, again cried 'Peewit,' then flew leisurely over the field of beans that lay to the right, disappeared, and was silent. This was his first move. 'Why not follow me through these bean-stalks? You are sure to find my young among them,' he seemed to say. Unfortunately for him, we had previous experiences, and knew that the direction taken by the bird was the last that ought to be followed by him who would see the nestlings. He still remained silent. We could not understand the reason for it. He, so clamorous at our approach, now to cease his cry as we got nearer the field where lay his progeny. Was experience making him wiser? Had the partridge taught him something of its cunning as he lay flat on the same field only to move when his presence was certain to be found out? Had he resorted to a new device, and planted himself in silence among the beans, so that we might be effectually thwarted in our supposed evil intentions on his nestlings? No; that could not be. His voice was heard in the distance. He had got over to the pasture-field, and his cry of 'Peewit' could be heard, as if giving warning to all whom it might concern that a stranger was approaching. Back again he came, flying over the bean-field; but he never uttered a note. He moved in all directions except the right one, was still silent, and flew at leisure, as if he desired to indicate a total indifference at our appearance. At last it became too much for him. Our steady pace forward showed him that he had not a novice to deal with. He could restrain his voice no longer. He dropped his manoeuvring, and with a sharpness in his cry that seemed to indicate business, he flew direct for the pasture-field.

Approaching the entrance and seating ourselves on the crossbar gate, we discovered him, with crest erect, standing among some tall grass. A further survey showed that he was not alone. Other birds were moving about, and apparently ready to join in a wailing chorus should we proceed to walk over the field. Jumping off the gate on to the grass, the lapwings at once rose, and approaching, so roused our interest by their reiterated 'Peewit,' that we decided to cross the field and look for those objects, the care for which was so exercising the parent birds. It was late in the first nesting period, and we did not expect to see any of the black, blotched, cone-shaped eggs, or find the young birds as mere fledglings. Had that been the case, the old birds would not so readily have risen in the air, but tried some manoeuvre, such as the artifice so common with some birds, of pretending that they had a broken wing.

We commenced to cross the field; and the lapwing that had first met us raised his mournful protest in well-accented notes. His call was repeated by the others. As we proceeded, the cries became more vigorous. Two birds in particular cried out; other two moved around excitedly; while the remaining pair took it easy, as if our progress were just what they desired. The cry became a wail in the minor key: a cry of distress. They came nearer, then flew off, as we knew, in a direction different from that from which their young were hiding. The mares browsing on the field

—two brown ones and a gray one—held their heads up; and their clear, intelligent eyes indicated that they wondered as to what all the uproar was about. The cows paid little heed to it, and continued with their evening meal.

The first lapwing appeared to have undertaken the principal duty of decoy. He again returned to the bean-field, settled down, erected his crest, and, walking away, repeated twice his cry of 'Peewit.' We made a movement as if to proceed toward another field where the corn was yet green, and where there was too much yellow charlock (*Scotice*, skelloch), or what is popularly known as 'mustard,' to please the farmer. He immediately forsook the bean-stalks, soared over us, and uttering his 'Peewit' with a sharp cry, tumbled in the air, and flew before us, as if to confirm our decision. It was no use. We had only made a feint in order to see what the bird would do. The corn-field was not our destination.

Advancing up the face of the field, the birds flew around, prolonging their melancholy tone on the first note, and allowing it to subside on the second and final note. They seem to have two distinct cries—one ending on the high note, the other on the low note. They flew so low that a good view was obtained of the silvery plumage on their breasts. For a time they came so close that it looked as if they meant to attack us. But that could not have been their intention. In their anxiety to divert our steps and save their young, they were prepared to risk their lives. One flew so close, flapping its heavy wings—from which action the bird receives its name of lapwing—that a stroke from a stick might have brought it down. The bird's infinite fondness for its young leads it to expose itself thus. It is difficult to realise what fears and troubles enter the breast of the lapwing at such a time, and with what terror it may look upon the face of man.

We had searched over a large part of the field and as yet found nothing. Many places were noticed where nests had been, not merely of lapwing but of skylark. The parent birds still hovered by, uttering their distressful if not distracted cry. These lapwings have not the artifice of some other birds. The pheasant will crouch down on the field, keep silent; and it is difficult, except to experienced eyes, to distinguish the game-bird from a stone or mole-hill. Had the lapwing not come to meet us, we would never have thought of him, and continued our walk by the lane where the rose-buds are ready to burst, for the season is phenomenally early, and June has come in to find her garment already prepared. Here we were, however, in the centre of the field, looking at all the brown spots we could see and trying to discover the bird's progeny.

As the search was continued, it was curious to note that the voice of the lapwing went gradually away. It looked as if they had got tired of their wailing, and, giving up hope, had left us to our devices. We sauntered over the grass, knowing well that the young must be near, for the terror of these birds is shown at its greatest when the stranger is farthest from the nest. A sudden whir startled us. It was the rise of a partridge. We went over and looked at the spot. There was nothing. The

bird had only been resting, and resting how quiet, and crouching how low! We were close to it and did not notice the bird. We might have passed it; but evidently the bird felt that our approach was becoming too dangerous, and it ought not to incur further risk of discovery. Again pursuing the search, we were frequently deceived by the brown bare patches where nests had been. The long grass lent itself to the deception. A lark rose, we thought, from its nest, but, going forward, we only found a bare spot. But what was that crouching amid the tall grass and white, honeyed clover? It was a bird. We approached it gently, desiring to discover what kind of a bird it was before it flew. We got nearer, yet it never moved. It was not a small bird. It had a dark-brown, yellow-marked back; but nothing more could be seen. By stealthy steps we got closer, and at last looked over the bird. It did not stir. We bent down cautiously, placed our hand on it, and raised the bird. A young lapwing! Where were the parents? Why were they not here now, crying and screaming their mournful 'Peewit,' and making us feel guilty and melancholy at our daring? There was not a voice near us. A distant note could only be heard at the lower end of the field. The young bird was of fair size, but it lay motionless in our hand. It was just large enough to fill the hollow we had lifted it from. That bare spot could not have been the original nesting-place. It must have been a larger one that held the four nestlings that usually form the brood. The parent birds always choose a spot for the nest where they can see all round them. They are content with its bareness, and have no desire to become master-builders. Nor are they particular as to the removal of their eggs. Should any of them be taken, they will make good the loss and complete the quartet. The exposed condition of their nests makes them liable to many dangers. They may be trampled upon by the foot of beast or man. The ploughshare may turn over the nest of the first arrivals, for these birds are migratory. They leave at the end of autumn, it is said, for the Emerald Isle, and come back, some as early as February, their return being generally followed by a storm known as 'the lapwings' storm.' Nor does the bird so readily forsake its nest when disturbed, as most birds will. The ploughman when crossing the field has stopped his team when he saw a nest in danger, lifted the eggs, and placed them on the newly turned soil. The birds appreciate the kindly act, and take possession of their new home.

We laid the young bird down on the spot where it had taken shelter, and left it there to recount its experience to its fond parents. We knew that the other members of the brood could not be far away, and that they would speedily gather themselves together at the call of the parent bird. Like chickens, the young lapwings run about immediately on leaving the shell, sometimes even with a portion of that natal home clinging to them. Thus, on the approach of a stranger, being unable to fly, they crouch under cover, and use an artifice that appears to forsake them in their later years.

Looking carefully round, we discovered at some distance another of the brood. On raising it, it kicked out its legs, then lay perfectly quiet. We put it back, and went in the direction of the other field, or, more properly speaking, the northern slope of the same field; for it is only a tall white hawthorn hedge that makes a partial division. Near to the hedge we came across another young lapwing. It remained perfectly quiet in our hand; but on laying it down, we were amused to see it rise and run off. Like the others, its breast was covered with soft, white, downy feathers, which as yet gave no indication of its coming beauty. It raised its half-formed crest, and every now and then it would pause in its flight, turn round its head, and look inquiringly as to our movements. There must have been some feigning on the part of the other birds, more especially the first. It was fully the size of this last one, but it never moved itself after we replaced it; and one who did not know the ways of these birds would have thought that the bird was helpless, and as yet unable to move about. Doubtless, the bird thought that its only safety lay in being perfectly quiet.

As we gained the northern part of the field, and stood by the hawthorn bush, the sun was setting behind a great dark cloud that hid the Ochil range, more like an autumn than a summer sunset. On the waters of the Forth were reflected the delicate tints of the evening sky, the ruddy orange lying by the circle of trees that marked where the churchyard lay by the shore. The larks were singing in a further field, and their flood of melody came as a welcome relief to the distressful cry of the lapwing.

R. A. M.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XVI.—WITHOUT SECURITY.

As soon as the funeral was over, Kathleen returned to town to prove her mother's will. Mrs Hesslegrave had little to leave, and her pension died with her. Her own small property, a trifle scarcely worth considering, she divided in equal shares between Kathleen and Reginald. But Mr Reginald was not a little surprised at this equitable arrangement. 'Of course, I don't grumble,' he said magnanimously to his sister, as she turned her pale face up to him from her newly-made mourning; 'but it's beastly unfair; that's what I call it: and I confess it isn't quite what I'd have expected from the Mater.'

Kathleen stared at him with tears in her eyes. It shocked her inexpressibly to hear him speak of their mother at such a moment with so little feeling. 'Unfair!' she exclaimed, taken aback; 'why, how do you make that out, Reggie? We're both to share alike. I don't quite see myself how anything could well be made very much fairer!'

But Reggie plumed himself on the sense of

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what Aristotle describes as 'distributive justice.' 'I don't at all agree with you,' he answered with vigour, digging his hands into his trousers pockets doggedly. 'I'm a man; you're a woman. That makes all the difference. A man's needs in life are far greater than a woman's. He has society to think of. A woman can live upon anything, her wants are so few: a man requires much more—cigars, cabs, theatres, an occasional outing; a Sunday up the river; a box at the opera.'

In which chivalrous theory of the relations of the sexes, Mr Reginald Hesslegrave is kept in countenance by not a few of his kind in London and elsewhere.

'I don't see why a man should have all those things any more than a woman—if he can't afford them,' Kathleen answered with more spirit than she was aware she possessed. 'Because so many women are content to scrape and slave for the sake of the men of their families, I don't see that that entitles the men to suppose every woman is bound to do it for them. Why should you be any better entitled to a box at the opera, if it comes to that, than I am?'

'Oh, well, if you've no sense of family dignity,' Reggie interjected obliquely, taking the enemy by a flank movement at the weakest point, 'and would like to see your brother sit stewing in the pit among a promiscuous pack of howling cads, or wearing a coat that would disgrace an office-boy, why, of course, there's no answering you. It's wasting words to argue. I was taking it for granted you had still *some* sense left of sisterly affection, and some decent pride in your relations' position. But I suppose you'd like to see me sweeping a crossing.—Besides,' he went on after a brief pause, 'you've your painting to fall back upon. You can earn money at that. It's a jolly good profession. The Mater ought to have considered the differences in our positions, and have "governed herself accordingly," as we say in the City.'

'But *you* have your salary!' Kathleen exclaimed, distressed to hear him question so lightly their mother's sense of justice; for, like most good women, she was more loyal to her mother than her mother (to say the truth) had ever deserved of her. 'That's something fixed and certain; you can always count upon it; while my work's precarious: I may happen to sell, or I may happen to make a failure. And then, too, you're a man; and what's the use of being a man, I should like to know—a superior being—a lord of creation—if you can't be trusted to earn your own livelihood better than a woman could? If there's to be a difference at all, surely it's the women, the weaker of the two, and the less able on the average to take care of themselves, who ought to receive the most! A man can work for his living; a woman can't so well; more doors are closed to her: and I think all that ought to be taken

into consideration in arranging inheritances as between sons and daughters.'

'My salary!' Mr Reginald repeated, with supreme scorn in his voice. 'My paltry salary! A beggarly two hundred! How can you expect a man brought up with the tastes and feelings of a gentleman to live upon a miserable pittance like that? You don't understand these things, that's where it is; you're not in society. You go and paint half your time at some place or other in Italy'—Mr Reginald had a profound and impartial contempt for all foreign countries—'and you don't understand the needs and requirements of a man about town. They don't come home to you. Why, neckties alone! there's an item for you! I'm distracted with the difficulty of providing good neckties. And flowers, again! How can one do without flowers? I don't suppose I should ever have a chance of rising to be an Authorised, if Jones were to see me without a gardenia in my button-hole!'

'Rising to be a what?' Kathleen inquired, looking puzzled.

'An Authorised,' Reggie replied with a superior smile. 'Oh no; I didn't expect you to understand what I meant. It's a beastly vulgar slang, the slang of the Stock Exchange: but what can you expect? If a man's put by his people into a hole of a stockbroker's office, instead of into a cavalry regiment, where his appearance and manners entitle him to be—why, of course, he must pick up the vile lingo of the disgusting hole he's been stuck in. An Authorised is a clerk, a superior clerk, a sort of Trusted Servant, who pays a special subscription to the House, and is entitled to act on his employer's account exactly like a broker. He gets a jolly good screw, an Authorised does, in a good firm. I hope in time, by my merits, to rise to be an Authorised. I'll make things hot then, I can tell you, Kitty: Threadneedle Street won't know me!'

'And who's Jones?' Kathleen inquired once more, never having heard till that moment of this mysterious personage.

'Why, our senior partner, of course,' Reggie answered with gusto.

'But I thought he was a Greek, with a very long name,' Kathleen answered, much puzzled.

'So he is,' Reggie replied. 'His full name's Ioannipulides. Now, no Christian body can be expected to say "Mr Ioannipulides" fifty times over in the course of a working day—which is only eight hours—so we call him Jones for short. It's every bit as effective, and a deal less expensive on the vocal organs.'

'I see,' Kathleen replied, and was silent for a moment.

'However,' Mr Reggie continued, returning to the charge, unshattered, 'it doesn't much matter how the poor Mater *left* the money, don't you know, one way or the other: that's neither here nor there. The long and the short of it is, whether you like it or whether you lump it, you'll have to fork over your share to me as soon as we've got clear through with this beastly probate business; for I want the tin, and, to put it fair and square, I can't do without it.'

Kathleen stood aghast at the proposal. 'What,

all dear Mother left me!' she cried, thunder-struck. 'You expect me to give it up to you?'

Mr Reginald assumed a severely logical expression of face. 'I don't *expect* anything,' he replied with conscious moderation. 'In this world, I know one's exposed to perpetual disappointment. People are so selfish, that's the fact: they never think at all of other people's situations. They won't put themselves in their shoes. All I say is this; I *expect* nothing; but if you want to see your brother hauled up in the Bankruptcy Court—liabilities, seven hundred and fifty odd: assets, four-and-tuppence—the bankrupt was severely reprimanded by the learned Commissioner, and did not receive his discharge"—why, of course, you're quite at liberty to look on and enjoy that charming spectacle. It don't matter to *me*. I'd soon get used to it. Though I *would* have thought mere family affection, to say nothing of family pride—for I perceive you haven't got any'—

'But Reggie,' Kathleen cried, horror-struck, 'you don't mean to tell me that with an income of two hundred a year you're more than seven hundred pounds in debt. It isn't really true, is it?'

Reggie gazed at her contemptuously. 'What a storm in a teapot!' he answered with gentlemanly scorn. 'Maybe six hundred and fifty. Maybe eight hundred. A gentleman doesn't generally trouble himself about the details of these matters. He buys what he can't possibly do without; and he pays for it by instalments from time to time as occasion offers. His tailor says to him: "Would it be perfectly convenient to you, sir, to let me have a few pounds on account within the next six weeks or so? For, if so, I should be glad of it. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir; but you see your little bill has been running on so long!"—and he rubs his hands apologetically. And then you say to him in a careless way: "Well, no, Saunders; it wouldn't. I don't happen to have any spare cash in hand to waste on paying bills just at the present moment—Ascot coming on, don't you know, and all that sort of thing; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you; you can make me a couple more suits, tweed dittoes, and knickerbockers!"—That's the way to manage tradesmen; they don't mind about money as long as they get your custom: though, as a consequence, of course, one doesn't always remember exactly what one owes within a hundred and fifty pounds or so.'

'Reggie,' Kathleen said firmly, 'I call it wicked of you—wicked!'

'So one's people generally remark,' Reggie answered with perfect unconcern. 'I was talking over this subject with Charlie Owen yesterday, and he told me his governor made precisely the same remark to him last time he struck for an increased allowance. It's astonishing how little originality there is in human beings!'

It was useless being angry with him; so Kathleen began again. 'Now, Reggie,' she said in a serious voice, 'I'm not going to make you a present this time of anything. You must find out what you owe, and show me the bills; and then perhaps I may be disposed to lend

you what you need, on note of hand, you understand, till you're rich enough to pay me.'

'Oh dear, yes, I understand,' Reggie answered with alacrity. 'I understand down to the ground. Notes of hand are my *spécialité*. Almost all this that I want to clear off just now is on note of hand, Kitty. Fact is, I'm in a hole; and it's no good denying it. Of course, if you choose to leave your brother in a hole, like Jacob's sons, for the Midianites or somebody to pull him out and sell him up, you're perfectly at liberty, I admit, to do it. But a hole I'm in; and it's notes of hand have put me there. You see, I expected to come in to whatever private property the poor Mater had; and I expected it to turn out a good deal more than it actually has done. I'm a victim of misapprehension. I flew a kite or two, making 'em payable within six months—of—well, you know, what they call a post-obit. And now I find I can't meet 'em, which is awkward; very: and unless the members of my family come forward and help me, I suppose I must go into the court—and lose my situation.'

That was a good trump card, and Mr Reginald knew it.

'But you solemnly declared to me, only six months since, you hadn't a debt in the world except the ones I paid for you!' Kathleen exclaimed reproachfully. 'Why didn't you tell me then the exact amount of your indebtedness?'

'No fellow ever *does* tell his people the exact amount of his indebtedness,' Reggie answered with airy candour. 'It's a trait of human nature.' Which was no doubt quite true, but not particularly consolatory to Kathleen in the present emergency.

'It's very, very wrong of you, Reggie,' she said again, trying to be properly stern with him.

'Oh, that's all rot,' Reggie answered, with his usual frankness. 'It's no good pitching into any chap because he behaves exactly the same as every other chap does. I told you there's precious little originality in human nature. I've gone on as all other young men go on in a decent position; and you've gone on in the ordinary way common to their people; so now suppose we drop it all, and get forward a bit with the business.'

And get forward with the business they did accordingly. After a great many subterfuges and petty attempts at deception, Reggie was at last induced to furnish Kathleen to the best of his ability with a tolerably complete list of his various creditors and the amounts he owed them. Every item, he explained in detail, was 'simply unavoidable.' These gloves, for example, were necessities; most undoubted necessities: any judge would pass them, for a fellow in his position. Those flowers were naturally part of his costume; hang it all, a man must dress! if people appeared in public insufficiently clad, why, as a matter of common morals, the police interfered with them. As for that fan, put down at fifty shillings, Florrie Clarke had bought that one evening when she was out with him; and he said to the shopman, 'Put

it down to me!'—as also with the bouquets, the brooch, and the earrings. 'But what could I do?' he pleaded plaintively. 'She said she wanted them. I was a man, don't you see. I couldn't stand by and let a woman pay for them.'

'It strikes me you're going to let a woman pay for them now,' Kathleen put in with just severity.

Reggie smiled his graceful smile (and as he did so, Kathleen couldn't help admitting that, after all, he was a very good-looking boy, Reggie).

'Ah, but that's quite a different matter,' he answered, laying one brotherly hand on her shoulder, with a caressing glance. 'You see, *you're* my sister!' And what a creature a woman is! How inconsistent! How placable! That one fraternal act made Kathleen overlook all Reggie's misdeeds at once and for ever. I regret to have to chronicle it; but she stooped down and kissed him. The kiss settled the question.

Reggie swept the field in triumph. Before he left Kathleen's rooms that afternoon, he had extracted a promise that on his producing his bills, and stating the precise amounts of his funded debts in the way of notes-of-hand with his various creditors, he should receive a sufficient sum in ready cash to settle in full and begin life over again. He meant to turn over a new leaf, he said, cheering up at the prospect. And so he did—in the ledger. A clean sweep of all his bills would allow him to start afresh with increased credit—since his creditors would now conclude he had come into money. Indeed, he instantly formed, in his own imaginative mind, a splendid scheme for inviting Florrie and her Mamma down to Richmond on a drag, with Charlie Owen to assist, and a few other good fellows to help drink the dry Monopole. What's the good of getting your people to pay off all you owe, if nobody but the beastly tradesmen is to derive any benefit from their generous behaviour?

So convinced was Mr Reginald of this truth, indeed, and so firmly determined not to let Kathleen's kindness be wasted for nothing, that on his way down town again from his sister's rooms he turned casually in to his tobacconist's in passing. 'I say, Morton,' he observed in an easy tone, 'will you just let me have your little bill to-night? I'm thinking of paying it.'

'Oh, certainly, sir,' the subservient tobacconist answered with an oily smile, wondering mutely to himself whether this was a dodge to obtain fresh credit.

Reggie read the thought in his eye, and gave a nod of dissent, to correct the misapprehension before it went any further. 'No, it ain't that *this* time, Morton,' he said briskly, with charming sociality. 'No larks, I promise you! I'm on the pay just now; come into a little oof, and arranged with my people.' (That impersonal form sounds so much more manly, and so much more chivalrous, than if one were to say outright, 'My sister!') 'But I want some weeds, too, now I come to think of it, so you may send me round a couple of boxes of those old Porto Ricos. But if you like, you

needn't deliver them till after the bill's paid. Only,' he added, looking his purveyor very straight in the face with a furtive yet searching glance: 'I'd like you to put them down on the bill, don't you know; and if it's all the same to you, I'd like you to antedate them—say last February—or else I expect my people won't pay, and will cut up rusty.'

The tobacconist smiled a meaning smile. He was well acquainted long since with such threadbare little ruses, which, after the fashion of gentlemen doing a risky trade with young men about town, he condoned as in the end very good for business. 'All right, sir,' he answered with a nod; 'I quite understand. They shall be entered as you wish. We deal as between men. And just to show you, sir, that I trust you down to the ground, and have perfect confidence in your honour as a gentleman—there need be no trouble about waiting for payment; I'll send the cigars up to your rooms this evening.—Will you take a weed now, sir? I can offer you a really very nice Havana.'

Reggie was so delighted with the encouraging result of this first attempt, that he ventured to go a single step further in the same direction. It's convenient, don't you know, for a gentleman to have a little spare cash in hand for emergencies like the projected visit to Richmond. 'And look here, Morton,' he went on, evasively: '*would* you mind just doing me a *very* small favour? I'm in want of ready cash; no rhino in hand: but my people, I'm proud to say, are behaving like bricks. They're paying up everything. They'll settle anything in reason I bring in just now as part of my embarrassments. They're prepared for a lump of it. *Could* you make it convenient just to lend me a mere trifle of twenty-five quid for the immediate present—a nominal loan, don't you know, not to take effect till I've paid my debts—but antedate the IOU, say, from last December or January? It'd give me a little ready money for current expenses, don't you see—which is really an element "making for virtue," as Charlie Owen says, because it prevents one from getting into new debt the very day one's out of the old one!'

Morton hummed and hawed; to antedate the IOU was a felonious act, he rather fancied; but in the end he gave way; and the net result of Mr Reginald's day was finally this—that he had induced poor Kathleen, out of the slender patrimony which was all she had for certain to count upon in the world, to pay off his debts for him; and that he now found himself with twenty-five pounds of her money in pocket, with which to begin a fresh campaign of silly extravagance. But if you think these proceedings gave Mr Reginald Hesselgrave a single qualm of conscience, you very much misunderstand that young gentleman's character. On the contrary, meeting Charlie Owen on the way down the Strand, he begged that like-minded soul to partake of dinner with him forthwith at a first-class restaurant, triumphantly confided to him in the course of the meal, without extenuating aught or setting down aught in malice, the whole of these two dialogues, and finally extended to him a

cordial invitation to share a boat up the river with him and the Clarkes, some day very soon, out of the remainder of poor Kitty's plundered money.

BREATH-FIGURES AND DUST PHOTOGRAPHS.

It has long been known that under favourable conditions objects bearing designs in low relief give rise to more or less perfect impressions on polished surfaces near which they are placed, and this curious phenomenon has now and again occupied the attention of scientific men, as a sort of mild philosophical recreation. The designs are known as 'Breath-Figures' from the fact that they are made visible by breathing on them.

As far back as 1840, Professor Karstens of Berlin, by electrifying a coin laid on glass, produced a latent image, which revealed itself when breathed upon; and about the same time, others found that similar impressions could be obtained with simple paper devices, and that these could be fixed so as to be always visible. In 1842, Möser of Königsberg attributed the results he obtained to the action of light, and compared them with those of Daguerre. Möser indeed expressed the opinion that light acts uniformly on all bodies, and that all bodies depict themselves on others, though extraneous circumstances govern the possibility of the images becoming visible. The assumption is certainly a great one, though perhaps not quite unjustified in view of certain facts of modern photography; but the multitude of images would lead to confusion, and only freshly polished surfaces, on which no more than one definite impression had been made, could be free to show it.

For the production of the most perfect breath-figures it is necessary to call in the aid of electricity, and the following method has been found most successful. A glass plate six inches square is put on a table for insulation. On it is placed a coin, with a strip of tinfoil passing from it to the edge of the glass; and above this, again, is put the glass to be impressed, which should be about four or five inches square. Above the glass a second coin is laid. The glass should be scrupulously clean, and dry-polished with leather. The coins may be chemically cleansed or not, and may be of any metal without affecting the results. The poles of a Wimshurst electrical machine, giving three- or four-inch sparks, are connected to the tinfoil and the upper coin, and the handle turned for two minutes, during which one-inch sparks must be kept passing. On examining the glass thereafter, no change is visible to the eye, even with the help of a microscope; but when either side is breathed on, a clear frosted picture appears of the side of the coin which faced it, so minutely perfect, that even a sculptor's mark below the head can be read. The breath appears to adhere to the parts of the glass answering to the sunk portions of the device, making these appear white. There is a fine gradation of shade, corresponding to the depths of the cutting, and the raised parts of the coin appear black. The microscope

shows that there is a deposition of moisture over the whole surface; and the size of the minute water granulations increases with the darkening of the shade of the picture. The disc is surrounded with a black ring about a quarter of an inch broad, and this is sometimes marked with radial lines, caused by the milling on the edge of the coin.

If carefully protected, such figures remain permanently distinct, but are generally soon obscured by the dust which gathers after they are often breathed on. After more than two years, some have been found still clear and well defined. Rubbing with leather while the glass is moist effaces them, but not readily; and several plates bearing figures may be laid together to preserve them without their being blurred by the contact. It may be noted that in the production of breath-figures in this way there is no actual contact between the coin and the glass, for in unworn coins the rim keeps the device clear of the surface, and the most perfect pattern is perfectly reproduced.

The arrangements may be modified in various ways. Several coins placed side by side touching each other give beautiful results, and there is no necessity for each coin exactly facing one on the other side of the glass. Coins and glasses may be piled up alternately, and by regulating the application of electricity, perfect images may be obtained on both sides of each glass. If several glasses are superposed, and coins applied to the outer surfaces, images appear only on the outside pair. Sometimes, when electricity has been applied in excess, the impressions come out wholly black, and in such cases rubbing the glass when dry with leather reduces the excess; while, if this is not done, the image may appear as it were to develop by time, so that the over-excited glass usually gives a clear picture after a day or two.

Photographs have been taken of breath-figures, and they have been rendered visible by sifting finely powdered red-lead on the plates, instead of breathing on them. Some experimenters have succeeded in fixing the figures by etching the glass with hydrofluoric acid. Experiments tried to ascertain the effects of various gases showed very little variation, except that oxygen gave the best results. No figures could be obtained in a vacuum.

The polish of the surface which it is desired to impress appears to be the chief essential of success. The glass used may be either sheet or plate glass, and of any thickness; and probably any polished surface may be susceptible of taking the impression. Quartz plates give perfect images, which remain fresh longer than those on glass. Mica and gelatine do not give such good results, owing to the impossibility of giving the necessary fineness to the surface-polish of such materials. Metal surfaces give fairly good impressions if oiled paper is put between them and the coins.

The use of electricity appears only to hasten and perfect the production of breath-figures, as these may be obtained in certain circumstances by mere contact and light pressure. It is a familiar fact that a coin resting for a while on glass will give an outline of its disc, and sometimes faint traces of the pattern when the glass

is breathed on. If a coin is lightly pressed for thirty seconds on the new surface of a freshly split piece of mica, a breath-image is left behind. A piece of paper printed on one side, placed between two plates of glass and left for ten hours or so, either in the dark or in daylight, and weighted with a small weight, unless the glass is heavy, will yield a breath-impression of the print on both pieces of glass. That which faced the blank side will, of course, read directly; and that which was in contact with the print, inversely. This experiment is not always to be relied on to yield perfect results, as atmospheric conditions appear to have some influence on the molecular activities involved. The impressions also vary in appearance. Sometimes one or both may be white, sometimes black; or one part may be white, and another black. They may even change while being examined.

Other experiments of this kind are simple, and easily succeed at any time. Stars and crosses of paper placed for a few hours below a plate glass yield clear white breath-figures of the devices. A piece of paper folded several times each way to form small squares, then spread out and placed under glass, gives white breath-traces of the raised lines of the folds. Writing on paper with ordinary ink and well dried, leaves a very lasting white breath-image after a few hours' contact with a piece of glass. If the writing is traced on glass with an ivory point, using slight pressure, a black breath-image may be got at once, which reads directly, while the white image reads inversely. Inverse impressions, if looked at through the glass from the other side, of course read directly.

If glass plates are allowed to lie for some hours on a table-cover bearing flowers or other patterns worked in silk, they yield strong white breath-images of the various patterns, which may be increased in clearness by warming the glass. Curiously enough, variations in the materials have been found to cause differences in the images. Wool and cotton give black; silk, white.

It has been supposed that these curious figures are due to the presence on the surface of the glass of dust or other impurities, which form nuclei for the condensation of the moisture of the breath into minute droplets of various sizes. It is probable that there is also some kind of molecular bombardment between the impressing and the impressed surfaces, which is intensified by electrification.

There is another class of somewhat analogous figures, known as 'Dust Photographs,' which are observed in special circumstances, and are doubtless due to similar causes. One example was observed in a London hotel, where a window had on the inside, but not in contact with it, a ground glass screen, bearing the words 'Coffee Room' in clear, unfrosted letters. When the screen was removed, these words were left plainly visible on the window, and no amount of washing could obliterate them. In another case, the same words were noticed, on misty days, on the window of a room in a London lodging, which on inquiry was found to have been a hotel two or three years previously, when this particular window had been

fitted with brown gauze blinds, bearing in gilt letters the inscription which had left this natural photograph of itself.

Mr W. T. Thistleton Dyer communicated to *Nature*, in December 1892, an account of a remarkable instance observed by him in the Victoria Street Station of the District Railway. An arrangement for informing passengers of the destination of the next train consists of a shallow box with glass sides, into which boards are let down bearing the names of the stations in white letters on a blue ground. The board with the words 'Inner Circle' is most frequently exposed. The box is illuminated at night by a lamp at each side. On the occasion referred to by Mr Dyer there was some uncertainty as to the destination of the next train, owing to dislocation of the traffic, and the box was empty. Glancing at it sideways, he saw the words 'Inner Circle' on the glass in quite clear dark letters, on a pale illuminated ground; and a platform official, on his attention being called to it, remarked that he thought he had seen it before. At ordinary times, there would be little opportunity of seeing it, as the box would not be empty. The explanation suggested by this observer was, that the light of the lamps had caused some molecular change in the paint of the notice board, affecting the blue and white differently; while there might be a different electrical condition between the board and the glass, which would cause a bombardment of particles of the blue paint on to the glass, to which they had adhered. These particles, by scattering the light, would produce the effect of a pale illuminated ground; the spaces occupied by the letters being clear, would stand out relatively dark.

There may be often noticed on the inner side of a glass which has lain above a picture for years, being kept out of contact by the mount, an outline of the picture, which is visible without breathing on it. This appears to be a dust-figure, easily removed, and caused by the loosening of fine paint particles by heat and light, which have been drawn up and attached to the glass by the electricity generated by rubbing the outer side to clean it. Unless the picture has been well framed, so as to be practically air-tight, dust and damp get in and spoil the effect.

There have been frequent instances noted in which the deposits of soot from lamps have been so distributed as to map out on the ceilings of large rooms the outlines of the joists, the laths, and sometimes even the heads of the nails supporting the laths, and, in the case of large cornices, the supporting bars. Two possible explanations have been given of this phenomenon, which suit respectively those examples in which the soot marks out the lines of the joists and laths, either by accumulating over these, leaving the spaces between them light in colour; or by accumulating in the intervals, indicating the positions of the joists and laths by leaving them comparatively free from deposit, which is more frequently observed. In the former, the soot appears to be deposited by the molecular action which drives dust out of warm air to settle on all cool surfaces; the woodwork, where it is in contact

with the plaster, keeping the latter cool by conducting the heat away from it, while the portions of the plaster which have no backing of wood are warmed to the temperature of the room, and receive no coating of dust. On the other view, the soot gathers over the interspaces of the woodwork, because the porous plaster acts as a dust-filter on the warm air which streams upwards, more or less freely, through its porosities, into the open space above, while the wood prevents this action where it touches the plaster. Why the one action should take place rather than the other is no doubt due to local circumstances—the nature of the plaster, the heating of the room, or more obscure conditions. The presence of actual smoke is not necessary for the phenomena of dust-deposition to be observed. Ceilings are blackened even above incandescent lamps—the cleanest of all forms of lighting—by the upstreaming warm air parting with its dust-contents to the cooler surfaces.

Hoar-frost has been observed to bring out figures of the same kind. On a smoothly boarded gate, the parts behind which the bars of the framing ran were marked out by a much thicker coating of hoar-frost than the rest; and similarly, on a wooden pier, the planking was crossed by broad belts of white, which exactly outlined the supporting timbers. Such appearances are probably due rather to differences in the rate of melting than to an increased deposition of frost; the parts thickened by the supports taking longer to warm up and melt the frost-covering, when the temperature of the air rises.

A PRINCE'S LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER II.

THE Prince delivered that invitation as if it were the business he had come upon; but he again went fishing, again left the Count in the Colonel's company, and made himself the devoted pupil of Margaret; and again took tea with the ladies when the fishing-day was over. But more than that; Mrs Herries-Hay somehow or other managed to get her way, and the Prince and his companion stayed to dinner; for the dogcart did not come for them till nine o'clock.

When his distinguished and perturbing guests were gone, and his wife and younger daughter were preparing for bed, the Colonel asked Margaret to go for a walk with him. Father and daughter went out and walked through the fine, fresh, fir-scented air, made musical with the distant sound of rushing water. They walked a little while in silence: they were good comrades, these two, and they completely understood each other.

'If I'm not mistaken, father,' said Margaret presently, 'you have something to say to me?'

'I have, my dear,' answered the Colonel.

'What about Prince Hermann?'

'What about him, father?'

'Well, my child, let us be frank. It is quite plain to me, and I will not do you the discredit to think it is not plain also to you, that he is coming here daily after you.'

'Frankly, then, father,' said Margaret, 'I think so too. But what can I do? I cannot hinder his coming.'

'No, my dear. But tell me truly: do you care for him? It occurs to my memory that we saw a good deal of him in Pumpernickel; and it is possible that some sort of liking may have sprung up between you there, without my suspecting it. Are your affections at all engaged with him, my child? Do you love him?'

'He has not said a word of love to me, father,' answered the maiden, somewhat evasively.

'But he makes love with his eyes and his behaviour. Do you care for him? Answer me truly, Meg.'

'I like him very much, father.'

'Now, let me point out to you how very dangerous it is to let this go on—to let your affections get committed to him more. He is a very nice, manly fellow, I grant you; but he can never marry you.'

Margaret was silent a moment; then she said reluctantly, 'I suppose he can't,' quite as if she had been turning over in her mind the question whether there really were any insuperable barriers to marriage.

'It is said he is engaged to the Princess Ernestine of Starkenburg, and has been these two years. Besides, even if he be not engaged to anybody, he is a Royal personage, and therefore he cannot marry any one but a Royal Princess without losing his rank and such chance as he may have of the throne—unless, of course, he marries morganatically. And a morganatic marriage, as I daresay you know, from an English point of view is about as bad as no marriage at all.'

'I certainly should not like a morganatic marriage,' answered Margaret.

'Then,' said the Colonel resolutely, 'I must have a talk with him: I must ask him what his intentions are.'

'But, father, just think. He has not said a word to me yet, and he has only been coming to see us two days: will it not look rather absurd to ask a gentleman—a Prince—what he means by coming to see us two days running?'

Yes, the Colonel dolefully admitted, it would look rather premature and foolish; and it was therefore agreed to let things take their course for the present.

About the same time, or a little later, a conversation of similar character was conducted between the Prince and his friend, the Count von Saxe. The two were smoking cigars in a room of the castle which looked eastward. The Prince strode to the window, flung it open, and leaned out. The end of his cigar glowed like a coal between his fingers, the river sang its hoarse monotonous song below, and eastward he could descry the little spire of the little kirk piercing the still clear air. He guessed at the position of the manse, but there was no light visible, and he turned into the room again. 'Saxe,' said he, 'I love that girl.'

'That is very evident, sir,' said Von Saxe.

'She is a most adorable creature. You do not know, Saxe, how different she is from any other woman, particularly a German

woman. She is handsome, beautiful, everything, Saxe; but what I like most in her is that she can be a comrade to a man. Oh, she is delightful, adorable!—Now, Saxe, I and you have always been bosom-friends—tell me, what do you think of her?

'I have told you before, in Pumpnickel, sir, that I agree with you. She is handsome, adorable.—But what do you propose, sir?'

'I shall marry her, Saxe.'

'Morganatically, sir?' queried Von Saxe.—The Prince was silent, and chewed his cigar. 'The English, sir,' continued Von Saxe, 'so far as I have learnt, do not have morganatic marriage—they do not like morganatic marriage; they prefer marriage complete, or nothing at all.'

'You are dull to-night, Saxe; let us go to bed,' said the Prince.

The next day was again a fine day for the fishing: would the Prince again appear, or would he not? That was the question considered at breakfast-time by the Herries-Hay household from varying points of view of curiosity, anxiety, hope, and exultation. He came, as usual, breezy, cheerful, and self-confident; what reason can a Royal Prince ever have for doubt or hesitation even in his love affairs? As Thackeray says, it must be hard for a man with ten thousand a year to consider himself 'a miserable sinner;' so must it be well-nigh impossible for a Prince to believe he cannot have the love of any woman he deigns to regard with favour. He came, and the Colonel looked gloomy and anxious. They all went out fishing as aforetime; and, in spite of the Colonel's determination to keep his eye on the Prince and separate him from Margaret, the Prince managed to evade him—perhaps, if the truth be told, with Margaret's connivance. And hence arose a critical accident.

Both the Prince and Margaret were wading on the margin of a deep pool above a swirling rapid of the river. The Prince was paying more attention to his fair companion than to his fishing-rod; there came a tug at his line; he stumbled, missed his footing, fell souse into the deep water; and before Margaret could guess how it had happened, he had risen to the surface on the dangerous edge of the rapid. The Prince could swim, but he did not know the stream; he was being swept away into the roaring torrent below, when Margaret, who knew every step of the bottom, plunged towards him, and was just in time to lay hold of the waistband of his jacket with the hook of her gaff. She drew him in till he regained his footing. Both were dripping wet; and without a word, they waded out, Margaret winding in her line the while—the Prince's rod was away down stream with the fish that had tugged at it. When they reached the bank, the Prince burst into laughter.

'Ha, ha, ha!' he cried. 'That was very droll—very droll indeed! A great fish like me to plunge into the water and make the salmon afraid!'

But Margaret was pale, wide-eyed, and serious. 'You might have been drowned, sir!' said she. 'Another second, and nothing could have saved you, short of a miracle!'

Then, looking on her, he became serious also. 'I have to thank you, Miss Margaret,' said he, 'very, very much! You have saved my life!'

'Now we must run up to the house, sir,' said she hurriedly, 'and put on dry clothes.'

So they ran up to the house, which was not very far off. There was no one at home save the servants. Mrs Herries-Hay and her younger daughter had gone out for their morning walk or drive. Margaret considered the Prince with a practical eye for an instant: he was about the height and build of her father; therefore she ran to her father's room before she changed her own wet things, and set out dry clothing for the Prince. Then, having shown him her arrangement for his comfort, she went to her own room to change.

In a little while they met again below. It was an embarrassing moment for Margaret. She had stood in the presence of the Prince before, but never before alone and unoccupied, as now. Moreover, she saw him in the familiar clothes of her father, and somehow his Royal rank fell from him, and she saw only a man, agreeable, handsome, and manly, who (she believed) desired her love, and who—she could not doubt—had just been saved by her from drowning. That last fact worked a subtle change in her feelings: it gave her a new sense of personal interest in him, of tenderness and possession. Therefore was she embarrassed; and being embarrassed, she turned to the piano to give her hands occupation. She lightly fingered the keys, and he came and stood by her.

'How very clever you are!' he said. 'You fished me from the water; you brought me in the house; and you found for me clothes. I could not have found clothes without my valet!'

Margaret laughed. 'My father, so far as I know, has never had quite what you would call a valet, and certainly I have never had a maid! I am used to looking after myself.' She saw something in his eye that made her head swim. 'Shall we go out again to the river?' said she, making as if to rise; but she could not rise without pushing him aside.

'I have had enough of the river to-day,' said he. 'Besides, my rod is gone.' He leaned still nearer her. 'Let us stay here. You have saved my life,' he continued. 'It is yours. Will you not give me something else in return?'

Now Margaret saw where she was. She recognised anew that this was a Royal Prince who was addressing her; she understood they were both on the brink of love-confession, and that, she perceived, with wild alarm, might be as disastrous for both as the plunge into the pool had well-nigh been for the Prince.

'Please, your Royal Highness,' said she in a flurried voice, scarce knowing what she said, 'let me go!'

'Are you afraid of me, Miss Margaret? I am sorry, indeed, if you are, for you are the only woman I wish to see interested in me!'

'You do me too much honour, sir!' panted Margaret. 'Please, let me go!' She insisted

upon rising, and so compelled him to fall back a little.

'You are afraid of me,' he complained with sparkling eyes. 'Why? Because I am a Prince? I do not care to be a Prince! I will not be a Prince! I wish to be only a man to you, Miss Margaret; but you do not care!'

She cast a glance on him; she saw he was sad; and she was moved with pity for him. 'I only fear that I care too much!' she said, and so escaped from the room.

Margaret had barely retreated and left the Prince somewhat at a loss how to behave, when the Colonel and the Count von Saxe returned. The Colonel, being anxious concerning the close association of the Prince with his daughter, and having lost sight of them, had insisted on looking for them; not finding them by the river, but only a stranded fishing-rod—which the Count recognised as the Prince's—he had hastened home in fear of what might have happened. His daughter met him at the door, told him the whole story, and led him to understand that she had just descended from her room after making a change of clothes.

'And I, Colonel,' said the Prince, 'am wearing *your* clothes.'

'You are very welcome, sir,' said the old man—to them, he added inwardly, 'though not to my daughter.'

'I think,' said the Prince, with politeness, 'I ought to return to the castle to put myself into clothes of my own. But there is no carriage, and five miles make a long way to walk.'

'If your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'cares to accept the use of the pony phaeton belonging to the manse, it is at your service.'

The Prince flushed, and his eye flashed: he did not expect to be thus taken at his word, and to be treated so inhospitably.

'Thank you, Colonel,' said he; 'I will take the pony phaeton.'

And thus, through a foolish question of clothes, and the anxious touchiness of the Colonel, the Prince avoided a frank explanation regarding his desires towards Margaret; and thus also Margaret herself, who heard the passage of dialogue—and who exclaimed to herself, 'How can father?'—postponed any revelation of what had passed between her and the Prince. And thus also I come to have some story to tell; for, if an immediate understanding had been arrived at among these three, there would have been almost no story at all: there would have been only to chronicle something like—

The parson told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell.

The Prince drove in the pony phaeton to the castle in a fume of huff; and Mrs Herries-Hay, when she returned from her walk and heard what had happened, informed her husband again that he had 'no manners.' But the Prince, being at bottom a good-tempered, manly fellow, forgot his huff as soon as he had sent back the pony phaeton with the Colonel's clothes, and forthwith was as much in love with Margaret and her family as ever. He passed all through the halls of the castle humming scraps of music, roaring love-songs, and slamming doors.

'He is a whirlwind; he is a tornado; he is a mountain storm!' exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius, who encountered him once in his perambulations and who heard him throughout.

A second time, on leaving the library of the castle, the Herr Cancellarius met the Prince. The Prince stopped at sight of him, as if the Cancellarius had provoked an idea, and drew him back into the library.

'Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'I wish to have a few words with you; let us sit down here.' He motioned the Herr Cancellarius to a high-backed chair; and the Cancellarius sat down, and smiled benevolently, for he had been somewhat prepared by the Count von Saxe for what he guessed was coming.

'Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'I beg to inform you, as my father's representative—the personage whom my father has put over me in this country—that I am about to ask a young lady to be my wife.'

'Soh! your Royal Highness!' exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius.

'And I wish you,' continued the Prince, 'to accompany me to her parents in my father's name.'

'Who is the privileged young lady, your Royal Highness?' asked the Herr Cancellarius.

'She is the elder of the two daughters of Colonel Herries-Hay.'

'If I do not make a mistake, sir, she is the same young lady as your royal father the king thought you were too attentive to in Pumpernickel?'

'You are right, Herr Cancellarius—she is the same.'

'It is unfortunate, sir,' said the Cancellarius, 'that you should have met her again—and here.'

'I call it exceedingly fortunate,' said the Prince, bending on the Cancellarius a fine frank frown.

'Your Royal Highness will find it difficult, I believe, to arrange a marriage morganatic in this country,' said the Cancellarius. 'In all my reading'—and he glanced round the library—'I have not come upon any mention of marriage morganatic; and Sir Walter Scott, I am sure, makes no mention of it.'

'I do not intend to offer morganatic marriage,' said the Prince quietly.

'And the Princess Ernestine, sir?'

'Of course, I cannot marry her; you will write to my father to that effect.'

'Your Royal Highness will understand that I cannot stir at all until I have written for instructions to His Majesty.'

'You can go with me to Colonel Herries-Hay,' said the Prince, 'and write to my father afterwards.'

'Your Royal Highness will pardon me, but I cannot,' said the Herr Cancellarius. 'It would be such a gross breach of duty as I cannot allow myself to commit.'

'Then, Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'you must telegraph.'

'The telegraph is public, sir, and the telegraph is liable to make mistakes. I remember, your Royal Highness, a terrible mistake made by the telegraph. It was in the War year'—

The Prince interrupted him. 'What is the

use of the telegraph if it does not serve for writing when you are in a hurry? If you do not telegraph, I shall telegraph myself.'

'It shall be so, then, sir; I shall telegraph.'

But the Herr Cancellarius was a man of craft, and of conceit as well; and if his craft was as deep as his conceit was high, then was there no reaching the bottom of it. Why should he trouble His Majesty of Pumpnickel with this very matter, which had been aforetime entrusted to him to arrange? He would manage it triumphantly all by himself, and so would he gain great credit with his master the king; and he would telegraph also—oh yes! he would telegraph! Ha, ha! He would appeal—with a statement of the case—to Her Majesty of England, to remove the obnoxious Herries-Hay family from the neighbourhood, and, if possible, pack them out of the country. But it was not etiquette for him to send direct to the Queen, who was only a few miles off at Balmoral. He telegraphed to the Schweiningen-Pumpnickel ambassador in London; who called upon the English Foreign Minister; who replied instantly that, owing to freedom of the British subject, &c., the Herries-Hays could not be moved, but who promised to communicate with Her Majesty the Queen. The Schweiningen-Pumpnickel ambassador telegraphed back to that effect to the Herr Cancellarius. It was after noon on Thursday when the Herr Cancellarius received the ambassador's reply. It was not very promising: it seemed that he must expect from the English Government or the Queen no aid in the removal of the Herries-Hays; he must trust to his own admirable knowledge and craft.

He sat in the library of the castle and thought; he paced to and fro and looked at the backs of his favourite books; and he evolved a scheme which, he conceived, had seldom been equalled for daring and originality.

NAVAL TITLES AND SEA PHRASEOLOGY.

To a seafaring nation such as we belong to, whose vessels are on the surface of every ocean throughout the known globe, and in whom so large a proportion of the community is more or less interested, either by relationship with their crews or passengers, or in the cargoes they are carrying, a study of the origin and growth of our sea-terms and habits should be both interesting and instructive. We can trace the gradual growth of these from the earlier days of the existence of our navy, bringing home the fact to our knowledge that nearly in all things we are a composite people—in race, habits, customs, manners, and language. Even in the present age, with a changed system of ships' materials, equipments, and propulsion, the process is still going on.

In modern steam-vessels and war-ships many old terms have become obsolete; but in sailing-vessels they are still in common use. The bulk of the following explanations refers to the vessels of the Royal Navy. Many of our sea-terms have

peculiar derivations; a large section of them originated from military ones, as in the earlier days of our naval organisation, vessels of war had double crews, a military one for fighting purposes, and another of mariners for navigating duties. In course of time, alterations gradually took place, which ended in a ship-of-war combining the duties of both under one crew. But many of the terms used under the former dual system were still retained.

In the early days of our fleet, the rank of Admiral was unknown; the chief officer of the squadron was called a Constable or Justice. The term admiral as now used is derived from the Arabic 'amir' or 'emir,' a commander (as in 'Amir-al-Bahr,' commander of the sea). The early English form was 'amiral,' and is still preserved as such by the French. The Spanish and Portuguese forms are 'almirante;' the Italian, 'ammiraglio.'

The title Captain is not a naval but a military one. Under the older organisation, the real captain of the ship was a Master; but a military officer was placed on board, although he knew nothing about nautical matters. As the captain became bigger and bigger, the master became smaller and smaller, until, as at the present day, he fulfils a subordinate position, which is gradually becoming obsolete, being replaced by an officer under the style and title of a Navigating Lieutenant. Commodore comes from the Spanish 'comendador.'

The title of Lieutenant, borrowed directly from the French, is more modern, and is meant as a place-holder, or one who took the place of the captain when absent. Sub-lieutenant is still more modern, and at the same time a misnomer, as he never was a sub-lieutenant, but merely a mate, or one who assisted. In former days we had no Cadets, but Volunteers. However, with the gradual advance of politeness, the more seemly term of cadets was borrowed from the French, and adopted as a title for the young gents in our navy. In place of Paymasters, the ships of old had Purser, who looked after the provisions. The naval purser did more; he had charge of the stores of the ship and the money-chest.

Surgeons and Surgeons' Mates fulfilled the duties of doctors. Chaplains are of modern introduction. Naval Instructors and Schoolmasters ruled in their stead. The term Mate was rather a universal one, and applied to all branches. Many yet exist; the master, purser, surgeon, gunner, and boatswain, and even the cook, all had mates or assistants; the last four still retain them.

The Gunner of old—now replaced to a certain extent by the modern Gunnery Lieutenant—whose chief qualifications used to be that he must be a good helmsman, and having charge of the guns, had so to steer the ship as to be able to fire a concentrated broadside into the enemy. From the gunner comes the gunroom, which was his quarters, and is now the cabin of midshipmen and cadets. The Boatswain, from Saxon 'swein,' a servant, or the boat's-servant. Next to the Master, he was the most important sailor of all, having charge of the boats, sails, rigging, cables, anchors, flags, and cordage. Coxswain, similar to boatswain, is also derived from 'cock,'

a boat, and 'swein,' and denotes the chief boatman or boat's-servant.

The term Quartermaster, as used in both the army and navy, appears to be confusing and anomalous. In the army it is the title of a commissioned officer who performs important and responsible duties. In the navy he is simply a warrant officer directing subordinate duties. In old ships and under former arrangements, his position was a more important one, so much so, that he was considered to be the fourth part of the Master; hence the term quartermaster, being principally engaged in assisting him in the navigation of the ship. Even at the present day they have charge of the steering-gear and the men at the wheel.

Other terms accentuate the fact of the original military predominance on board our war-ships in early days. One of these still exists under the title of Captain. There are captains of the quarterdeck, forecastle, foretop, hold, maintop, mainmast, mizzen-mast, mizzen-top, &c. The ship's Cook was once a great man on board ship; and there are instances on record of his being promoted for efficient preparation of food.

Up to the reign of Charles II., the two most inferior ratings on board a man-of-war were those of 'Swabber'—that is, one who swabbed or mopped up the inside of the ship—the other being the 'liar,' who held the lowest of all, as he was not permitted to meddle with the inside of the ship on any pretence whatever. Another old-time official existed, the Caterer, now known as the 'Ship's Steward,' who looked after the division and issue of the men's food.

As regards terms connected with the ship, its hull, masts, decks, and rigging, they are innumerable; and, singular to remark that, as our military terms are derived from the Normans, the greater number of our naval ones come from the Saxon and Dutch, such as ship, boat, boom, &c. The terms larboard and starboard come from the Italian 'questa borda' and 'quella borda,' which by rapid delivery became starboard and larboard; but owing to the strong similarity of sound, have been changed into starboard and port (Latin 'porto,' to carry), the use of the terms in the original form having been the cause of many accidents.

Quarterdeck originated from the arrangement that the portion of the deck so called was about one-fourth of the whole space. Fore- or forward-castle received its name as being the principal part of the ship in which the fighting took place, being raised much above the level of the other part of the deck, and holding a commanding position. Poop, the raised after-part of the ship set apart for officers, both in meaning and derivation comes from the Latin.

Gangway has been handed down from the days of the ancient galley of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, it having been a board which ran along the whole length, serving as a passage for the rowers to and from their seats. It was also utilised as a resting-place for the mast and sail when not in use. The term now denotes a place of exit or entrance from or to a vessel, generally from the shore by means of a long plank or platform.

The Cockpit—in the lowest part of the vessel, below water, used during action for the treatment of the wounded—is derived from the old days

of the English sport of cock-fighting; but this has been modernised, and is now known as the 'flats;' why, no one can explain.

Booms—long spars used to stretch out sails to their utmost—are now unknown in war-ships, except those extending from a ship's side to suspend nets upon, as a protection against torpedoes. In the days of sailing-ships, nearly every yard and spar had its special boom for one purpose or another. From boom comes the term 'bum-' or 'boom-boat,' for the sale of luxuries and fresh provisions to the crew; the reason why it was so called being that its owners were only permitted to secure it to one of the lower booms specially used for boats alongside.

Lubber (Dutch), a lazy, cowardly fellow, from whence we also have 'lubber's hole,' through which nervous, pluckless fellows creep into the tops, in preference of climbing the 'futtock shrouds' in a proper seaman-like style. Anchor comes from the Latin 'anchora' or 'ancora,' which, up to 600 B.C., consisted simply of a large stone with a hole through it.

The peculiarity of so many portions of a ship's rigging bearing names derived from the trappings of a horse can only be accounted for from the fact, as already mentioned, of the early war-ships being manned by soldiers as well as sailors, the natural consequence being that they, the soldiers, adapted some of their terms to meet the requirements of their changed employment. Amongst the various ropes, &c., will be found bridles, whips, bits, stirrups, &c.

The names of sails agree with the masts to which they belong, rising from the largest to the smallest: fore, main, or mizzen, with top, topgallant, and royal sails. Supplementary sails were often used in a fair wind, called stunsails, or, more properly, studding or extending sails. Another form of supplementary sail is known by the name of staysails, triangular in shape, and fixed to the supporting or mainstays between each mast. In very calm latitudes, where light winds blow, another class of additional sails are used aloft, and above the ordinary royal sails; these have received peculiar but appropriate names, and are called sky-scrapers and moon-rakers.

Reference must not be omitted to the old and well-known sea-term, grog, which was originated as a term of derision and disgust when Admiral Vernon, in 1745, introduced the wise innovation of making his crew drink their spirit ration diluted with water, instead of neat, as they had hitherto done. Jack did not like this watery business, and in revenge nicknamed the admiral as 'Old Grog,' and his diluted mixture as 'grog,' from the fact that he generally wore an overcoat of a colour then known as program gray.

The days of towering wooden walls with their clouds of snow-white canvas spread to the wind, and moving over the bosom of the ocean like a thing of beauty, are gone and past. No more 'tacking' or 'wearing,' 'great circle sailing,' 'bouting ship!' with the stentorian commands of 'Tacks and sheets!' 'Mainsail haul!' These are now all levelled down to 'Full steam ahead!' or 'Astern!' The crew of an ironclad would be rather astounded, if not flabbergasted, if some captain of the past made his appearance and gave the order to 'hoist the starboard foretopmast

studding-sail,' or 'clew up your lee garnets,' and 'stand by the jigger-fall!'

Yet, with all these changes, 'Britain still rules the sea.' Long may she do so!

A FIGHT WITH THE NAVAJOES.

'THAT is the mark of an Indian arrow, a Navajo arrow,' said the Colonel as he applied a lighted splinter of cedar to his cigar. This was said in answer to my remark, calling attention to a dark red scar on his right arm about two inches above the wrist, which was revealed as he stretched out his arm towards the fire to light the chip of wood.

The Colonel and I, with our host, were sitting round the stove one evening in October when the nights were getting chilly. We were living at a ranch which was situated among the foot-hills of a range of mountains lying in New Mexico to the east of the Rio Grande. The Colonel had driven thirty miles that day in his two-horse buggy, and having as far again to go before he reached his destination, he had stopped at the ranch for the night, availing himself of that hospitality which is so freely offered to travellers by all ranchmen in the Wild West.

'Tell us the story, Colonel,' said our host, relighting his pipe, and leaning back comfortably in the rocking-chair.

The Colonel was an old Indian fighter, and had seen some rough work in the 'winning of the West.' With the usual preliminary 'Well,' which seems the usual way for an American to begin a story, the Colonel commenced.

The Navajoes, a powerful tribe to the west of the Rio Grande, had for long been on the war-path, robbing and murdering white settlers, more especially at isolated mining camps, until most of the mines were left tenantless, the owners having either been 'wiped out' or obliged to flee to the towns or more settled districts. The Government was at length roused to take steps to put an end to this state of things. A strong force, composed principally of cavalry, was sent out against the Navajoes, marching through their country, destroying their towns, and killing many of the tribe in numerous engagements and skirmishes. Finally they returned, escorting about eight thousand prisoners. I was there with the —th Cavalry, and a pretty busy time we had of it rounding up these redskins. They were marched to Fort S—, and located close to the fort, being kept within their camp by cavalry patrols. In spite of our utmost vigilance, several small parties of Indians escaped. As the force at the disposal of the Commandant was not large enough to follow all the scattered bands of fugitives, I got orders to raise a company of scouts, in order to patrol the range of mountains lying between the fort and the Navajo country.

After a considerable time and no end of difficulty, I got together a band of as thorough

ruffians as it was ever my lot to see. These were hunters, trappers, scouts, miners, Indians, half-breeds, ruined gamblers, and scamps of every kind and nation, but all well used to Indian fighting and Indian ways. I may mention that this was the band which my old friend, Mayne Reid, calls the 'Scalp-hunters.' After the expenditure of a good amount of time and temper, not to mention physical force, I managed to get them into some sort of discipline. With this band I was camping out on the east side of the mountains, when news was brought from the fort that a band of six hundred Indians had escaped, and were making their way westward. They would be obliged to cross the mountains by one of three passes. We were encamped at the centre pass, and the passes on either side of us were eighty miles apart from each other. After consulting with my chief scout, a Mexican called Santos, we agreed that they would probably make for the North pass, and would likely send a small party on ahead to see if the coast was clear; so we resolved to make a reconnaissance in that direction.

Leaving the main body of the men, with orders to watch the South pass as well as the Centre one, I rode off with Santos, taking two led mules with us. As we expected, we found the trail of the scouting party, and soon came in sight of them, or rather of the cloud of dust which they raised as they made their way towards the mountains. Keeping well out of sight, we passed them, and made for a spring where I expected the Indians would camp. We rode hard all day, and towards sunset arrived in the neighbourhood of the spring. Halting about a mile from it, Santos dismounted and crawled forward among the sage-bush. On examining the ground, he saw that the Indians had not been there. We accordingly watered the horses, and then retired to a cañon about two hundred yards from the spring. It soon became quite dark; and as there was no sign of the Indians, we went to sleep.

At daybreak next morning I went up the side of the cañon, and crawling through the sage-bush, I examined the neighbourhood with my glass. I discovered the Indians encamped about two hundred yards from the spring on the farther side. They had arrived after dark, and so had not discovered our trail. As I was watching them through my glass, and trying to make out their numbers, I saw a sudden movement in the camp. They began to move towards their horses, at the same time gesticulating and pointing in our direction. Looking behind me, to my dismay I saw a column of smoke slowly rising in the air. I knew at once what had happened. I had many a time expostulated with Santos about his habit of smoking at inconvenient times; and now, after lighting his cigarette, he had managed to set the grass on fire. I at once crawled back through the sage-bush; and as soon as I was out of sight of the Indians, I rose to my feet and ran down to our camp, where I found Santos vainly endeavouring to beat out the fire.

'No use now,' I said. 'We are discovered, and must run for it.'

We mounted our horses, and leading the mules, set off at a gallop, the Indians keeping on our left, to cut us off from the fort, where they supposed we were going. They did not actually chase us, but just kept along parallel to our course; and so we raced along over the plain, which was of sand and gravel, with a scanty growth of gramma grass, with here and there a cactus or soap-plant. All day long we kept on, sometimes stopping to change the saddles from the horses on to the mules, or back again to the horses, and on again in that monotonous gallop, parched with thirst and covered with dust.

Towards evening, we were nearing the Mal Pais, that great lava-bed which stretches for seventy miles along the plain. The lava is piled up in great ridges, cracked and fissured in all directions, broken up into huge blocks, which here and there are upheaved forty and fifty feet above the plain, with grass and small trees growing in the interstices. Most of the bed is quite impassable for horses; but I remembered one pass, of which I had taken advantage on a former occasion. Skirting the lava-bed to the right, we came to the high piled-up blocks, which I knew indicated the whereabouts of the pass.

At length we reached the place where the path led over the lava. Leaving Santos to watch if the Indians were following us, I rode up the pass. My limbs were rather cramped after our long gallop; and I had taken my right foot from the stirrup, and had crossed my leg over the horn of the saddle, and was leading the mule with my left hand. The path was so narrow that the mule had to follow in the footsteps of the horse. In my right hand was my repeating rifle, at that time a novelty, resting across my right knee. I had nearly gained the highest part of the pass, and was advancing between two walls of lava, when my horse suddenly threw up its head, and looking down, I found myself looking right into the muzzle of a rifle. I instinctively drew back, tightening the rein, and causing the horse to rear. At the same moment a shot was fired, and the horse fell with a bullet through his head. Almost at the same instant several other shots were fired, and I fell with the horse, wounded in the left shoulder and right thigh. As I fell, I threw up my right hand with the rifle, and received an arrow in the arm, which left this scar. The mule was tugging at the rope as I lay stretched out with my left leg under the dead horse, and my left arm stretched beyond my head by the backing of the mule, the lariat being still held in my hand, and partly twisted round my wrist. At this moment an Indian appeared just before me. I can see that man still; every feature is stamped on my memory. I thought my last hour had come as he stepped towards me clutching his knife. I raised my wounded arm, holding the rifle like a pistol, and fired point-blank at the Indian, who dropped dead on the spot. Then the mule gave a scream and reared up, dragging me from under the horse, wrenched himself loose, and galloped down the pass. My idea at the time was that an Indian had attempted to get at me from behind, but find-

ing the mule in the way, had thrust his lance into it. My surmise was probably correct, as the mule eventually arrived at the fort with a lance-wound in its flank.

My repeating rifle evidently disconcerted the Indians, and although I fired several more shots into the bushes, I never caught sight of them again. They fired once or twice, and now and then an arrow fell near me; but they were careful never to expose themselves.

It was now quite dark; and I managed to drag myself into a corner among some high blocks of lava, and sat, leaning against them, with my rifle across my knees, expecting every moment to be attacked. I extracted the arrow, and the blood began to pour over my hand. Getting out my knife, I ripped up my sleeve. I felt the blood coming in jerks, and knowing by that that an artery must be wounded, I improvised a tourniquet by tying a knot on my handkerchief, and, with my unwounded hand and my teeth, bandaged the arm and stopped the bleeding. I began to feel rather done up, and was leaning back against the rock, when I heard a slight rustling over my head. On looking up, I could see between me and the sky the bushy head of a soap-plant being thrust over the edge of the rock. This was evidently a ruse on the part of the Indians to see if I were on the alert. I instantly fired upwards, and the soap-plant disappeared. I dared not go to sleep, and I felt comparatively happy. I remember distinctly of repeating poetry to myself; and rather appropriately, Burns's poem, 'Man was made to mourn,' kept running through my head. My sense of hearing seemed to be intensified, and I could hear the slightest rustle of a leaf, which I often took for the stealthy tread of a foe.

About three o'clock, as near as I could judge, I heard what I at once recognised as the sound of metal striking a stone. It was very faint, and seemed a long way off; but I felt sure that it was caused by the iron shoe of a horse; and if so, it was probably the horse of a white man, as the Indians almost never shoe their horses. I listened intently for a repetition of the sound; and shortly afterwards heard another sound, which I knew by experience to be caused by the rush of a number of horses over an *arroyo*; and then all was silent again. I waited for some time, and then heard faintly the unmistakable tramp of horses galloping. The sound gradually became more distinct, and then suddenly ceased. Soon I heard voices, and recognised those of Santos and the lieutenant of my troop. At last I heard the order given to advance. I cried out: 'Look out. There are Indians all round.'

'My God!' I heard the lieutenant say, 'he's still alive.'

Just then I heard a rustling all round me, caused by the Indians making off; and, to my intense relief, I saw the lieutenant and a number of dismounted troopers coming towards me. As I could not sit on a horse on account of my wounds, as soon as it was daylight they constructed a horse-litter, and conveyed me to the fort, where I lay for something like three months. I was told that Santos, hearing the shots when I ascended the

pass, and no answering call from me, concluded that I was killed or a prisoner, and rode off to the fort, returning with help just in time for my rescue.

CREAM-OF-TARTAR TREES.

NATURE'S laboratory is ceaselessly working, developing and storing up products for the use of mankind at large. In the vegetable kingdom this is especially noticeable; and if man sometimes only succeeds, after much experiment and work, in making the plant give up its useful properties, at other times—and these are of frequent occurrence—he finds the product already manufactured, and requiring but a small amount of preparation to render it fit for utilisation. To this latter category of plants yielding ready-made products, the Cream-of-Tartar Trees may be said to belong; they are members of the genus 'Adansonia,' of the natural order 'Bombaceæ.' Until within the past few years, it was thought that only one species could rightly claim the title of the cream-of-tartar tree—the 'Adansonia Gregorii,' the gouty-stem tree of Northern Australia. Recent researches have, however, proved that the Baobab ('Adansonia digitata') of Senegal contains nearly two per cent. of free tartaric acid, and nearly twelve per cent. of bitartrate of potassium. The acid is found in the farinaceous pulp surrounding the seed, and has at all times been highly esteemed by travellers, who mix it with a little water in order to make a refreshing beverage.

Until the discovery of the Mammoth Tree of California and the Eucalypts, the Adansonia was considered the largest tree in the world. Its height is from forty to seventy feet, and its diameter near the base very often thirty feet, whilst the top is over one hundred and eighty feet across. A Venetian who has left us the most ancient description of the tree, tells us that in 1454 he found one at the mouth of the Senegal with a circumference of one hundred and twelve feet. The tree is very disproportionate, as may be gathered from the fact that Gregory—after whom the Australian species is named—saw one eighty-five feet in circumference at a height of two feet from the ground. A missionary in Madagascar, writing some years back, speaks of the 'Adansonia madagascariensis,' an allied species, as the ugliest specimen of a tree he had ever beheld, and likened it to a fat two-gallon bottle the neck of which had been knocked off, and a few birch twigs placed there instead. The lower branches of the 'Adansonia digitata' are very long, and at first horizontal, extending, perhaps, sixty feet; the consequence of which is that they bend down to the ground, entirely hiding the trunk, and giving the tree the appearance of a huge mass of verdure.

Not the least curious feature about these trees is the age some of them are supposed to have attained. From inscriptions Adanson discovered cut into the trunks of some trees in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he computed—judging from the depths of the cuts, which were covered with new layers of wood, and from the comparison of the thickness of

trunks whose various ages were known—that the trees having a diameter of thirty-two feet were 5150 years old. Dr Livingstone, too, has paid a tribute to the wonderful vitality of the trees. He says: 'I would back a true Mowana [the name given to the tree in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami] against a dozen floods, provided you do not boil it in salt water; but I cannot believe that any of those now alive had a chance of being subjected to the experiment of even the Noachian deluge.'

Dr Duchassaing, some years back, recommended that the bark should be used medicinally in the place of cinchona bark; but, for some reason, his suggestion was never followed up. The bark contains a remarkably strong fibre, which in some parts is made into ropes, and in others woven into cloth. Experiments have been made in this country with a view of utilising it for paper. All who tried it agreed that the bark possessed magnificent properties; but it cannot be imported in sufficiently large quantities to make it of any commercial interest.

A bitter principle, to which the name of 'Adansonin' has been given, is extracted from the bark. It appears in fine white needles of a smell similar to that of aloes or gentian, and is extremely bitter in taste. It is interesting from the fact that it is the only product known up to the present that has an antagonistic action to the Strophanthus arrow-poison, a deadly poisonous seed used by the natives on the west and east coasts of Africa, to insure their arrows inflicting a fatal wound. Although both Adansonia and Strophanthus grow in the same vicinity, the natives seem to be unaware of the antidotal properties of the former.

A DAY IN APRIL.

SHIFTING shine and fleeting shadows

Passing o'er the crocus lines;

Drifts of daisies in the meadows

Nodding to the celandines;

Tassels on the larch-boughs swaying,

And the sound of rushing rills;

And the merry south wind playing

With the yellow daffodils;

Catkins on the hazel bushes,

Where the blackbird warbles high;

And the songs of larks and thrushes

Blending with the cuckoo's cry;

And the fragrant hawthorn breaking

Into foam in sheltered dells,

Where the violets are waking;

And the gold on gorse fells;

Cherry boughs 'neath snow-flakes bending;

Apple buds of white and pink;

Lines of primroses unending

Blooming by the river brink;

And the myriad flowers beaming

By each lonely roadside way;

And the distant blue sky gleaming—

Make a perfect April day.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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'MORE LIGHT.'

FROM the cradle to the grave, the supreme object of man's exertion is, or ought to be, 'More Light.' The daintily reared infant coos in its laced *berceau* at the gleam of a rose-tinted lamp. The workhouse child hushes its wailing in ecstatic contemplation of a flaring gas jet. The aged pauper, staring at the dull unchanging stone, craves, like the dying philosopher, for 'more light.' Each is most pathetically unconscious that the darkness is within as well as without; yet to each is light, life; darkness, death. Through all the changing scenes of life—from the ethical researches of the philosopher and the investigations of the scientist, down by infinite degrees to the credulous inquirers into futurity by cards and gypsies—all are seeking 'more light.' Man, it has been said, dreads death as a child dreads the dark; and for the same reason—ignorance of what it hides. To enter a dark, unknown room is puzzling to the brave and experienced; to childhood, it is appalling, simply, for it is peopled to the full with imaginary possibilities and horrors—possibilities and terrors, which, for thousands of years, have peopled the hours of darkness with ghosts and spectres—hallucinations, which even those who see do not believe in; any more than Hamlet believed that he had been visited by one from that bourn from whence, as he himself said, 'no traveller returns.' No; though one and all are bound for that new and unexplored country, to whose borders friendly hands and fond words have accompanied us, there comes a moment when fond words are unheard, friendly hands unfelt, and the unclothed spirit departs alone to the place appointed. But what that place may be like, or what are the powers, privileges, or deprivations of the new estate, not one scintilla 'with lessening ray' has pierced the darkness that shrouds the mystery of Death to enlighten us; no more than if a single ghost-story had never been narrated. If

there be, as we believe, 'no darkness but ignorance,' then, in the matter of death, the ignorance and the darkness are co-equal. Even to the imagination it is painful to think of leaving 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day;' for, to be cheered by light and depressed by darkness are alternations only unrealised by those who have been blind from their birth.

But while darkness may be irksome or terrifying, even light, if unalloyed, is capable of destroying instead of aiding vision—of producing discomfort instead of delight. The fierce glare of publicity is utterly repugnant to shrinking, timid souls, whose happiness lies in keeping themselves and their concerns in decent obscurity. They may not precisely prefer darkness; but they can see to make up their minds by the light of brighter intellects than their own, and will even prefer to live in the shadow cast by another man's lofty reasoning, than go to the trouble and expense of lighting their own private candle of common-sense. The saying that neither the Sun nor Death can be looked at steadily, is only true for such as will not use a piece of smoked glass, or habituate themselves to the contemplation of a mortal putting on immortality. If these devices be practised, the desire for more light and the ability to support it will grow together. Even the various metaphorical phrases in daily use demonstrate how admirable and desirable is more light. To get a side-light on a dark page of history, to hear a master of the art throwing a light on a difficult subject, is equivalent to finding sunshine in a shady place, or to watching the 'netted sunbeams' dance for our delight. How a man's face lights up if he be pleased; and when a whole nation rejoices, its ordinary method of showing its elation is by having an illumination. As early as the eighth century, books and missals adorned with colours and gilding were said to be illuminated. And France, Germany, Spain, and Belgium, have all, at various periods,

rejoiced in Societies of learned or quasi-learned men who styled themselves 'Illuminati.'

Thus it would seem that in all ages—from Homer's shepherd downward—men have agreed in blessing the useful light, whether it be that of sun or moon, or the light of knowledge, or the serener ray of an untroubled conscience—shedding its mild light over poverty and disease, age and loneliness. To have light is to have life and something more than mere vitality. As a plant placed in the sunshine thrives and puts forth its best of leaf and blossom, so a soul that is enlightened expands day by day, and yields pure thoughts, good deeds, puts on that beautiful behaviour which is the very perfume and offspring of 'light.' So conscious are all of the advantages of light, real and metaphorical, that but to intimate that 'more light' is required for any course of action, argues a certain amount already in the possession of the seeker. Any one who cannot 'see his way' to this or that proceeding—to taking a share in a new company, to granting a favour, to acceding to a request, to lending money, to apologising, to eating humble-pie—has only to state that he is waiting for 'more light,' to be justified in his own and others' opinion for the delay. So praiseworthy a desire of course covers many spurious or at least doubtful, as well as earnest and honest, aspirants with its decorous mantle. As when, not long since, the son of an acquaintance who had received a 'call' to a larger congregation, replied to our question if his father were going to accept it: 'Well, father's praying for more light; but,' added the youth, with an ingenuously knowing look—'but nearly all the furniture's packed!'

That science has in recent years shed abundant light on paths leading to the material comfort and well-being of mankind, we all gratefully acknowledge. Our homes are brighter and healthier, our friends are brought nearer to us, age and disease are being fought with a vigour that is the admiration even of the unscientific; and if the plague-spot of poverty remain, it is neither despised nor ignored. If this were all, it were well. But among the many inventions sought out by man, it is not merely the beneficent that boasts disciples and devotees. Hundreds of human beings are spending their lives in devising means of destroying in the quickest and most wholesale manner—life. And how many are sacrificed yearly to the incidents and accidents attendant on experiments made with engines of destruction? More than this, the invention is no sooner what is called 'perfected,' than it is pirated, and turned by ignorant hands against a fancied or real enemy. No matter that the innocent die an agonised death, with or in place of the offender; here is the fiendish invention to hand, and opportunity and recklessness combine to use it. And more light results in greater darkness—at least for a time.

Again, the vessel, designed, doubtless, to protect the friend no less than to overawe or destroy the enemy; the structure armed cap-a-pied, and filled with well-instructed ardent souls; full of the light of scientific

inventions also, makes trial of herself, and encounters—not the human enemy against whom she was so fully armoured, so impreguably furnished, but precisely that that had been overlooked in her enlightened construction—a rough-and-tumble game with the winds and waves. Did souls perish, how fearful would have been the resulting loss! How grievous the sacrifice, not made to virtue or to justice, to patriotism or to nobleness, but to a mistake! a misapprehension of the power of nature and the caprices of a storm!

It is legitimate, while smarting under such and similar experiences, that we lament the apparent decadence of national aims and ideals. To be wise, noble, just, and free, is to have an ideal of goodness that is immortal; to be strong, smart, bright, highly accomplished in the art of destruction, to be powerful in wiping out men and cities, in putting back the hand of the clock of civilisation a century or two, is to possess an aim and an ideal as mortal as the rivalry and emulation of which it is composed. Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself, when the aim of a nation is to be the first in power, instead of first in right of the justness and nobility of its intentions and actions. The same flaw runs through all the phases of existence. To grasp at power, place, station, at wealth and dignities, instead of seeking after goodness, truth, honour, after integrity and dignity, is to substitute a lower ideal in the place of a higher and simpler one. More light should enlighten, not dazzle and blind. Even in architecture, in the every-day building of every-day houses, what a huge mistake are the enormous plate-glass windows which have replaced the diamond-paned casements of our wiser ancestors. True, the former admit 'more light;' but in a climate of which four or five months are characterised by cold winds and low temperature, it is not merely 'more light' that is admitted through those huge sheets of glass; cold is allowed to enter with 'more light'—just as in some instances the chill of scepticism makes its way into the broadly lighted halls of knowledge, made 'dark with excess of bright.'

Yet so convinced are human beings of the power of knowledge, that their familiar proverb attributes potential sovereignty to the devil himself provided he can tell the unknowable—the unknowable, that is, to them. Doubtless, the greatest goad to the search after nature's secrets is this same restless curiosity, which continually demands, and here and there obtains, 'more light' on the process called cosmic. Thronging the two great highways that lead to knowledge—the scientific highway, that examines nature, and the ethical highway, that does justice and loves mercy and walks humbly—thronging these two broad roads, and mixing with the crowd of anxious, earnest seekers, are the wild herd of rash, inconstant ones, who madly assail every 'no thoroughfare' and furze-barred gate, who, because their desire is for 'more light,' because their intentions are good, imagine they have got the 'open sesame' of both science and virtue; and who, when thorn-pricked and bleeding, retire, wailing loudly, from the contest. Or else, victims to some

marsh-light of their own imagining, they shout ignorant triumph at what a few hours of patient investigation would have proved, even to themselves, to be a phosphorescent failure. Nothing short of a life-long devotion to science on the one hand, or an equally life-long continuance in well-doing on the other, entitles or obtains for a human being the 'more light' for which it is at once his privilege, his burden, and his glory to crave.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XVII.—THE HEART OF THE DECOY DUCK.

IT was about those same days that the brand-new Lord Axminster, strolling down the Row one afternoon arm in arm with his impeccuous friend Captain Bouchier, nodded a little familiarly to a very pretty girl on a neat chestnut mare, accompanied by a groom of the starchiest respectability. Lord Axminster's salute was too easy-going, indeed, to be described as a bow; it resembled rather the half-playful bob with which one touches one's hat to some man acquaintance. But the pretty girl considered a recognition, no matter how scanty, from a man in Lord Axminster's position, too important a matter to be casually thrown away; and reining in her mount, she drew near to the rails, and exclaimed in a saucy yet sleepy voice: 'Well, how goes it this morning?'

'Oh, all right,' Lord Axminster answered in a nonchalant tone. 'Are you going to the Graham Pringles' hop this evening?'

'I don't think so,' the pretty girl responded with a careless smile. 'Too hot, you know, for dancing.' Which was a graceful way of covering the unacknowledged truth that she had not in point of fact received an invitation.

Lord Axminster asked a few more of the usual useless society questions, and then stifled a yawn. The pretty girl stroked her mare's glossy neck, and with an easy nod went on her way again, rejoicing in the consciousness that she had attracted the attention of the loungers by the rails as the acquaintance of a genuine nobleman. As soon as she had gone, Captain Bouchier turned to his friend. 'I say, Axminster,' he observed with a tinge of querulousness in his voice, 'you *might* have introduced me. I call it beastly mean of a man to keep all his good things to himself like that. Who is the young woman? She's confoundedly good-looking.'

'Yes, she *is* a nice little thing,' Axminster admitted, half grudgingly. 'Nothing in her, of course, and a kind of sleepy Venus; but distinctly nice-looking, if you care for them that way. A trifle vulgar, though; and more than a trifle silly. But she's good enough for a trip up the river, don't you know? The sort of girl one can endure from eighteen to eight-and-twenty.'

'Who is she?' Captain Bouchier asked, looking after her with obvious interest.

'Who is she? Ah, there you come to the point. Well, that's just it; who is she? Why, Spider Clarke's daughter. You've heard of her; the Decoy Duck.'

Captain Bouchier pursed his lips. The news evidently interested him. 'So that's the Decoy Duck!' he repeated slowly with a broadening smile. 'So that's Spider Clarke's Decoy Duck! Well, I don't wonder she serves her purpose. She's as personable a girl as I've seen for a twelvemonth.'

'She *is* pretty,' Lord Axminster admitted in the same grudging fashion.

'Any brothers?' Captain Bouchier asked, as though the question were one of not the slightest importance.

Lord Axminster smiled. 'Ah, there you go straight to the point,' he answered, 'like a good man of business! That's just it; no brothers. She's the only child of her father, and he's a money-lender.—I admire you, Bouchier, for the frank and straightforward way you put your finger on the core of whatever subject you deal with. No beating about the bush or unnecessary sentimentality about *you*, dear boy! She *has* no brothers; she represents the entire reversionary interest, at fourteen per cent., in old Spider Clarke's money.'

Captain Bouchier assumed at once an apologetic air. 'Well, you see,' he said candidly, 'if one's looking out for tin, it's such a great point to find the tin combined with a young woman who isn't wholly and entirely distasteful to one. I don't go in for sentiment, as you justly observe; but hang it all, I don't want to go and fling myself away upon the very first young woman that ever turns up with a few thousands to her name, irrespective of the question whether she's one-eyed or humpbacked, a woolly-haired nigger or a candidate for a lunatic asylum. Now, this girl's good-looking; she's straight and well made; and I suppose she has the oof; so, if one's going to give up one's freedom for a woman at all, I should say the Decoy Duck was well worth inquiring about.'

'Very possibly,' Lord Axminster replied, as one who dismisses an uninteresting subject.

'Well, has she the dibs? That's the question,' Captain Bouchier continued, returning to the charge undismayed, as becomes a cavalry officer.

'Spider Clarke is rich, I suppose,' Lord Axminster answered with a little irritability. 'He ought to be, I know. He's had enough out of *me*, anyhow. I'm one of his flies. He did all those bills for me, before anybody believed my cousin Bertie was really dead; and as it was very speculative business, of course he did them at a heavy discount. He feathered his nest from me. His kites must have swallowed up five years at least of the Membury rent-roll, I should think, before he was "through with it," as that American girl says. I know he's left me pretty well cleaned out. And Florrie will have it all, I suppose. The girl's name is Florrie.'

'Do you think Lady Axminster would ask me to meet her?' Captain Bouchier inquired tentatively.

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The new peer raised his eyebrows. 'I'm sure I don't know,' he replied with a doubtful air, like one who could hardly answer for Lady Axminster's conduct. 'They're not exactly the sort of people my wife cares to ask—not even before we'd got things set straight with them financially. Her acquaintance with Miss Florrie and Miss Florrie's Mamma was always of the most formal and perfunctory description. Besides, if you want to know the girl, there's no need to approach her as if she were a Duchess. It's easy enough for anybody with a stiver to his name to pick up Florrie Clarke's acquaintance.'

'Oh yes, of course; I can see that for myself,' Captain Bouchier went on with the same cynical candour. 'It's plain enough to any one she's the sort of young lady who's directly approachable from all quarters. But that's not what I want, don't you see? I want to be introduced to her, fair and square, in the society way, and to judge for myself whether or not she'll do for me. If she does do, then I shall have put things from the first upon a proper basis, so that her father and mother will understand at once in what spirit I approach her. Hang it all, you know, Axminster, when a man thinks it's on the cards he may possibly marry a girl, why, respect for the lady who may in the end become his wife makes him desire to conduct all his relations with her from the beginning decently and in order.'

Lord Axminster's lips curled. 'I appreciate the delicacy of your feelings, my dear boy,' he answered, with a faint touch of irony; 'and if Ethel doesn't mind, you shall meet the girl at dinner.'

It was a proud evening indeed for Mrs Clarke and Florrie when first they dined at Lady Axminster's. To be sure, their hostess put up her tortoise-shell eye-glasses more than once during the course of the dinner, and surveyed the money-lender's wife through them with a good long stony British stare, for all the world as if she were a specimen of some rare new genus, just introduced from Central Africa into the Zoological Gardens of English society. But Mrs Clarke, who was too stout to notice these little things, lived on through the stares in the complacent satisfaction of the diamonds that glittered on her own expansive neck; while as for Florrie, with her short black hair even more frizzed and fluffy than ever, she was too deeply taken up with that charming Captain Bouchier to notice what was happening between her Mamma and their hostess. Captain Bouchier, she felt, was quite the right sort of man: a perfect gentleman. He was older than Reggie Hesslegrave, of course, but very nearly as good-looking; and then, he was well connected, and held such delightfully cynical views of life—in fact, disbelieved in everybody and everything, which, as all the world knows, is so extremely high-toned. Miss Florrie was delighted with him. He wasn't rich, to be sure; that Papa and Mamma had heard; but he was the son of an Honourable, and the first-cousin of a peer, not to mention remote chances of succeeding through his mother to a baronetcy in abeyance. Florrie felt at once this was a very different case from poor dear Reggie Hesslegrave's; and

when at the end of the evening Captain Bouchier gave her hand the most delicately chivalrous pressure imaginable, and trusted Mrs Clarke would allow him to call some day soon at Rutland Gate, Florrie realised on the spot this was genuine business, and responded with a maiden blush of the purest water. That dainty little baby face was always equal to such an emergency; for Miss Florrie had the manners of the most shrinking *ingénue*, with the mind and soul which might reasonably be expected of Spider Clarke's daughter.

And yet not wholly so, as things turned out in the end; for, after Captain Bouchier had called once or twice at Rutland Gate, and had duly poured into Miss Florrie's ears his tale of artless love, and been officially accepted by Miss Florrie's Papa and Mamma as the prospective inheritor of Miss Florrie's thousands—a strange thing came to pass in the inmost recesses of Miss Florrie's heart; a thing that Miss Florrie herself could never possibly have counted upon. For when she came to tell Reggie Hesslegrave that she had received a most eligible offer from a Captain in a cavalry regiment, and had accepted it with the advice and consent of her parents, poor Reggie's face grew so pale and downcast that Florrie fairly pitied him. And then, with a flash of surprise, the solemn discovery burst in upon her—in spite of Papa and Mamma, and the principles they had instilled, she and Reggie Hesslegrave were actually in love with one another.

It was true, quite true; so far as those two young people were capable of loving, they were actually in love with one another. The human heart, that very incalculable factor in the problem of life, had taken its revenge at last on Miss Florrie. She had been brought up to believe the heart was a thing to be lightly stifled in the interests of the highest bidder, social or mercantile; and now that she had accepted a most eligible bid, all things considered, she woke up all at once to sudden consciousness of the fact that her heart, her heart too, had a word to say in this matter. What she had mistaken for the merest passing flirtation with Reggie Hesslegrave, was in reality a vast deal more deep and serious than what she had been taught to regard as the grave business of life with Captain Bouchier. She had feelings a little profounder and more genuine than she suspected. The soul within her was not quite so dead as her careful upbringing had led her to believe it.

In point of fact, when real tears rose spontaneous, at the announcement, in Reggie Hesslegrave's eyes, real tears rose to meet them in Miss Florrie's in turn. They were both astonished to find how much each thought of the other.

Not that Florrie had the faintest intention—just as yet—of throwing overboard her eligible cavalry officer. That would be the purest Quixotism. But she recognised at the same time that the cavalry officer was business, society, convention; while Reggie Hesslegrave was now romance—a perilous delight she had never till that moment dreamed of. As romance she accepted him, therefore, and much romance she got out of him; risky romance of

a sort that stirred in poor Florrie's sleepy, sluggish heart a strange throbbing and beating never before suspected. She was engaged to Captain Bouchier, of course, and she meant to marry him; one doesn't throw overboard such a chance as that of placing one's self at once in the very thick of good society. But week after week, and month after month, while she met Captain Bouchier from time to time at dance or racecourse, she still went on writing in private most passionately despairing letters to Reggie Hessegrave whom she could never marry. As she put it herself, she was dead stuck on Reggie. Week after week, and month after month, she made stolen opportunities for meeting him, unawares, as it seemed, by Hyde Park Corner, or saying a few hurried words to him as she passed in Piccadilly. Then the interviews between them grew bolder and bolder; Florrie pencilled a few hasty lines, 'Will be at the Academy with Mamma to-morrow at ten; meet me, if you can, in the Architectural Drawings; it's always empty. I'll leave Mamma in one of the other rooms; she doesn't care to go round and look at all the pictures.' And these fleeting moments grew dearer and ever dearer to Florrie Clarke's mind; they came as a revelation to her of a new force in her bosom; till she got engaged to Captain Bouchier, she had never herself suspected what profound capacity for a simple sort of every-day romance existed within her.

Moreover, 'tis a peculiarity of the thing we call love that it gets out of every man and every woman the very best that is in them. Reggie Hessegrave began to feel himself in his relation to Florrie quite other than he had ever felt himself in any other relation of his poor wasted existence. He loved that girl, with a love that, for him, was very nearly unselfish. He thought of her and he dreamt of her. He lived day and night for her. He risked Kathleen's money recklessly for her sake on impossible outsiders, and backed the favourite at race after race, in utter disregard of worldly circumstances, in order to win her a princely income. That was about the highest point Reggie's industry, affection, and unselfishness could reach; in his way, he was raised above his own normal level; for Florrie he would almost have consented to wear an unfashionable coat, or to turn down his trousers when Bond Street turned them up, or to do anything, in fact, that a woman could wish—except curb his expenditure and lay by for the future.

So, for about eighteen months, things went on in this way; and then, flying rumours began to flit about town that Spider Clarke of late had not been doing quite so well in his money-lending as usual. His star was waning. It was whispered at the clubs that, emboldened by his success with Algy Redburn, whom he was known to have financed during the tedious course of the Axminster peerage case, he had launched out too freely into similar speculations elsewhere, and had burnt his fingers over the monetary affairs of a very high personage. With bated breath, people mentioned his Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Weissnichtwo. Whether this was so or not, it is certain at least that Spider Clarke was less in repute in

St James's than formerly; the ladies who returned Mrs Clarke's bows so coldly at the theatre, returned them now with the very faintest of possible inclinations, or affected to be turning their opera glasses in the opposite direction, and not to notice her. Even Captain Bouchier himself, whose suit had been pressed hard and warm at first, began to fancy it was a precious good thing that innocent-looking little Decoy Duck had played so fast and loose with him; for, as things were turning out now, he was confoundedly inclined to doubt whether the man who got her would get enough pickings with her to make it worth his while to give up that very mysterious entity he called his liberty. Henceforth, he was seen less and less often at Rutland Gate, and affected more and more at the Flamingo Club to speak of his relations with the Spiderette as a mere passing flirtation, that had never been meant to come to anything serious.

So matters went on till the end of the season. Meanwhile, the less Florrie saw of the accepted lover, the more and more did she see of the clandestine and romantic one. As for Reggie, he began to plan out a mighty scheme for winning himself fortune at a single stroke—a heroic investment of every penny he could raise, by pledging his slender credit, on a famous tip for the coming Cesarewitch. He intended to be rich, and to cut out that beastly Bouchier man, and to make himself a swell, and to marry Florrie. On the very afternoon when the news of his fortune was to reach London by telegram, however, he received a despatch at his office in the City which considerably disquieted him. Just at the first blush, to be sure, he thought it must be meant to announce the triumph of Canterbury Bell, whom he had 'backed for his pile;' but when he opened it, what he read was simply this: 'Come round to-night to see me; ask for me at the hall door; important news; must speak with you.—FLORRIE.'

Mr Reginald wondered much what this message could portend. He determined to go round to Rutland Gate at the earliest possible moment, as soon as he had satisfied himself that Canterbury Bell had behaved as he had a right to expect of such a filly, and that he was indeed the possessor of a marrying competence.

THE AUSTRALIAN MEAT-TRADE.

A REMARKABLE statement appeared among the Australian telegrams in the daily newspapers a few months ago. It was to the effect that during the year 1892 the number of sheep in New South Wales had decreased by three and a quarter millions as compared with the previous year. This decrease was ascribed, not to drought, which has so often committed havoc among the Australian flocks and herds, but to the increased demands of the boiling-down establishments and the growth of the frozen-meat trade. Whether or not cause and effect were correctly represented, the statement was sufficiently noteworthy, and is worth following up.

The exportation of frozen meat from Australia has only attained large dimensions within the last few years; but it dates back to about 1880, prior to which year Australian beef and mutton reached us only in tins. But since the invention of mechanical refrigerators, and the fitting-up of steamers specially for the conveyance of fresh meat—in a state of what one may call suspended animation—from the Antipodes to Europe, the business has become so enormous, that huge freezing establishments and several fleets of large steamers are kept constantly employed. The supply has created a demand in the English markets to such an extent that it has been found most profitable on the Australian runs to shear the sheep for three or four years, and then to kill them for export as frozen carcasses. In the third or fourth year, it is said, the maximum of quality and quantity of both wool and meat will be secured. So many run-owners have acted on this principle, that the flocks of New South Wales have been depleted as above mentioned; but this, of course, is a method of eating into capital—of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs—not to be commended as a permanent policy. If the frozen-meat trade is to continue one of the staple industries of Australia, the pastoral capital must be maintained.

About the beginning of 1893, a dinner was given by the Agent-general of Queensland in London, to celebrate the inauguration of a new development in the industry of that colony. Until quite recently, the exports to this country from Queensland of fresh meat were comparatively small; but as the colony possesses some twenty million sheep and some six million cattle, it was resolved to make a great effort to secure some of the purveying of the mother-country and dependencies. Thus, in 1893, depôts and freezing-stores were established at Gibraltar, Aden, Ceylon, Hong-kong, Singapore, and at other naval stations and ports of call, with the object of supplying fresh Australian meat to the garrisons and to British vessels. At the dinner given by Sir James Garrick, the Agent-general, in London, all the meat served was imported from Queensland.

The sheep-stock of Australia in 1889 numbered about 85 millions of sheep, which yielded about 340 million pounds of wool, realising in the English market something like 18 millions sterling. It is not easy to grasp these figures. Besides these 85 millions of sheep, there were no fewer than eight millions of cattle.

Yet Australia as a sheep-raiser is barely a hundred years old. When Captain Cook landed on 'Terra Incognita Australis,' whoever may have been before him, there was neither in Australia, in Tasmania, nor in New Zealand, any animal in the remotest degree related to the sheep. It is a curious fact that the greatest mutton and wool raising area in the world is the only pastoral area that has not had native sheep. In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there have been distinct breeds of wild sheep; but Australasia, upon which we now so much rely for food and wool, had to import the stock

from which the present immense flocks have descended. The first convict fleet that sailed for Botany Bay in 1787 called at the Cape of Good Hope for supplies, and there took on board some sheep, and these were the first to land on the Australian continent. That is just one hundred and seven years ago.

There came a time when wool ceased to pay, because the flock-masters were producing more than the home markets could absorb. It is said that the price fell as low as sevenpence-halfpenny per fleece on the run, and that sheep were sold by the thousand at a shilling a head. This was in 'the forties,' before the gold discoveries, and stock-holders were on the verge of ruin—many of them indeed were actually cleaned out—when a Sydney gentleman suggested that sheep might be slaughtered and boiled-down for their hides and tallow. Most of the large flock-masters acted on the hint, and thus Australian tallow appeared in the market, bringing some twenty-five pounds per ton in the colony, though fetching some forty pounds per ton, after payment of freight and duty, in London.

About 1862, a trade was begun in salted mutton, which those who engaged in it found profitable; but the market for it was necessarily limited, being for the most part confined to the shipping. A few years later, a hint was taken from America, and 'canning' was commenced. But soon after mechanical refrigeration began to be adopted on the Transatlantic steamers for the transport of fresh meat, a new vista opened before the colonies. The credit for the new method belongs, we believe, to the late Mr J. J. Coleman, the inventor of the Bell-Coleman Refrigerator, first adopted by the American steamers for meat-cargoes.

When the mechanical process had been thoroughly tested on the Atlantic, it only required the fitting-up of steamers on the Australian and New Zealand lines, with the requisite machinery for the longer voyage through the tropics, to bring the colonies into direct relations with the London meat-market.

New Zealand was the first of the colonies to go extensively into this business—perhaps because the New Zealand sheep are fatter and more fit for the butcher than the Australian—and by the year 1889 was already exporting frozen meat to the value of £780,000. There are now some twenty-two freezing-works in New Zealand alone, capable of freezing about four millions of sheep per annum; and in Australia, some seventeen establishments, capable of freezing about three millions annually.

The business is now almost entirely in the hands of highly organised companies, some of which have also their own steamers for direct transport of the meat from the colonial ports. A refrigerating work capable of treating and holding ready for shipment one thousand sheep a day costs about twenty thousand pounds, so that a large capital is locked up long before the shipment begins. The farmer receives about twopence per pound for sheep in good condition, not over seventy pounds in weight, receiving back the skins and fat. The cost of slaughtering, freezing, &c., preparatory to shipment, and putting on board the homeward steamers, is rather less than one halfpenny per pound. The

freight and other charges amount to three-half-pence more; and the total prime cost of Australian and New Zealand mutton landed in London is thus about fourpence per pound.

Unfortunately, a large proportion of it is sold—as the recent Report of the House of Lords' Committee on Foreign Meat shows—as Scotch and English mutton, and the consumer has not as yet obtained the full benefit of these bountiful supplies from the Antipodes. No doubt, the large imports have had the effect of cheapening home-grown meat; and the above-mentioned Report says that the best New Zealand mutton is quite equal to the best British mutton.

When the steamers arrive in London, they discharge the contents of their 'cold chambers'—storage-spaces in which the temperature is kept uniformly just above freezing-point all through the voyage—into barges in waiting. These barges then proceed alongside one of the new meat warehouses, which are among the most wonderful of recent developments in the river-side enterprises of London. There the carcasses are not taken in at the front-door, so to speak, but are sent by outside elevators up to the roof—the reason being that, as warm air rises and cold air sinks, it is desirable to have the freezing chambers at the bottom, and the doors at the top, of the building. On the top-most flat, the carcasses, as they are received in their winding-sheets, are sorted according to their brands and qualities, and quickly despatched to the storeroom to which their quality entitles them. As expedition is necessary to prevent injury to the meat, everything is arranged to take in and store as quickly as the largest ocean-liner can deliver by day and night.

In the freezing chambers the carcasses are piled in long, high rows in a temperature kept uniformly at twenty degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature is provided by means of a series of pipes, running the whole length and across the chamber, through which is driven, by powerful machinery, compressed ammonia, which passing through minute apertures in the pipes, suddenly expands, and produces the cold current required. To keep the cold current in circulation, ventilators are employed, and men have to be constantly on the watch to see that the pipes do not become clogged with hoar-frost.

In these chambers the meat can be preserved for an apparently indefinite time without injury to the fibre and flavour. Certain it is that storage for upwards of twelve months, after the passage from Australia, has found it as good as ever when thawed. When required for market, the carcasses are sent up to the top flat again, and from there sent down by outside lifts to the waiting vans and trucks. The delivery usually begins at midnight, to be in time for the early Smithfield market; and tens of thousands of carcasses are every week thus sent in and out of these cold stores.

The machinery required for all this is very elaborate; and to show the extent to which the trade has now grown, we may mention that in 1893, 2,514,541 carcasses of sheep and 171,640 quarters of beef, were received from Australia and New Zealand; besides which there were 1,373,723 carcasses of sheep from South America.

The chilled meat from the United States and Canada comes mainly into Glasgow and Liverpool; and the imports last year came up to about 80,000 tons. This was beef, in competition with which the colonies have not yet made large progress, although Queensland is making vigorous efforts.

To show the extent of the entire chilled and frozen beef-trade we append the imports for 1893: Fresh Beef—from Australia, 225,000 cwts.; New Zealand, 15,000 cwts.; River Plate, 37,000 cwts.; United States, 1,470,000 cwts.; Canada, 100 cwts.; other countries, 52,900 cwts. Total, 1,800,000 cwts., or 90,000 tons. Queensland as yet has appliances for treating only about one-fifth of such a quantity, and some mistake was made in the earlier shipments, which rather prejudiced people against the colonial beef. But the cargoes sent forward in the later part of last year were found of such excellent quality that the demand grew rapidly, and Queensland frozen beef has now, to use an Americanism, 'come to stay.'

It is mutton, however, to which Australia and New Zealand pin their reputation; and the extent of their shipments may be seen in the following list of imports at London and Liverpool last year: Fresh Mutton—From Australia, 605,692 carcasses; New Zealand, 1,893,601 do.; Falkland Islands, 16,425 do.; River Plate—at London, 109,808 do.; at Liverpool, 1,263,915 do. Total, 3,889,444 carcasses. Australia and New Zealand together have thus very nearly three-fourths of the trade in frozen mutton, and their share will doubtless go on increasing. But this does not represent all the business of the colonies, for large quantities of meat are now being shipped direct to Continental ports and to British coaling-stations and ports of call abroad.

It is almost astounding the rapidity with which this fresh-meat trade has developed—all within about twelve years. In 1880, for instance, only four hundred carcasses of fresh mutton were imported into this country from Australia, and none at all from the River Plate. Year by year the quantity has gone on increasing; and on summing up the annual totals, we find that the carcasses of no fewer than 22,073,144 sheep and lambs have been imported into this country, and sold as fresh meat, since 1880 and up to the end of 1893. Of that enormous quantity, 2,253,093 came from Australia, and 11,324,879 from New Zealand.

It is almost impossible to measure the value of this boon to the mass of the population; while it is probable that but for this new trade in meat, Australian and New Zealand sheep-farmers would have been completely ruined under the low prices which have prevailed for wool. It is estimated that the meat consumption of the United Kingdom amounts to 2,122,000 tons per annum; and of that quantity, quite one-third is now imported. This is not only a large proportion in itself, but is important in view of the fact that the home production of beef and mutton does not increase so rapidly as the population; and that the foreign supplies are capable of almost indefinite extension. It is practically only a question of storage and carriage; and as for carriage,

there are now eighty-eight full-powered steamers fitted with refrigerating machinery, with an aggregate carrying capacity of 6,700,000 carcasses per annum, or nearly twice as many as were imported last year. Of these vessels, sixty-seven are engaged in the Australian and New Zealand trade with London, and twenty-one in the River Plate trade with Liverpool and London.

The Australian mutton has not hitherto been ranked so high in the home markets as the New Zealand, but has competed more with Argentine mutton in point of quality. But as experience has been gained in the trade, stock-raisers and shippers are learning what is most wanted here, and in the quality of the meat and size of the carcasses are coming nearer and nearer to British prejudices. So far, lambs have come mostly from New Zealand, the Australian shipments of lambs last year not having been very well selected. It is not generally known, perhaps, that fresh lamb can now be obtained out of the refrigerating stores all the year round, although the traditional respect for 'seasons' is still preserved.

As the agricultural returns for the United Kingdom show a material falling off in the number of cattle and sheep, the development of the dead-meat trade with Greater Britain is of direct importance to all of us. Of course we ought to have the benefit of the low cost, which, according to the Special Committee on Foreign Meat, is mostly swallowed up by the middlemen. That will doubtless be remedied when the whole business is more thoroughly regulated, as is proposed. But in the meantime it is interesting to know from this Committee that only experts (and not always they) can distinguish between home-grown and imported meat; that the home consumer does not suffer (except in pocket) if he is supplied with imported instead of home-grown; and that the average quality of imported meat is as high as the average quality of home-grown meat, while being more free from any suspicion of unhealthiness.

The Committee reported that the balance of evidence was in favour of the increase in popularity of imported meat as it becomes better known. 'While the Committee believe that it will be impossible to place before the consumer meat equal in quality to the best that can be grown in these islands, and that, consequently, such meat will continue to command the top price, they think that there is a large quantity of meat produced in Great Britain of less good quality, which is inferior to the beef imported from America and the mutton imported from New Zealand. The ultimate result, therefore, will be that the meat will come to be divided into four general classes, with considerable variation of price. First, the best home-grown meat; secondly, the best imported meat; thirdly, the second-class home-grown meat; and lastly, the inferior meat, both home-grown and imported.'

The Australasian colonies have gone through so many vicissitudes, and have especially been smitten so severely by financial storms during the past year, that all must rejoice in the establishment of a sound regular industry of such promise, such capacity for expansion, and of such interest and importance to the mother-

country. But care will be needed in the colonies to preserve the industry from all suspicion, and to cultivate the approval of the home consumer.

A PRINCE'S LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE Prince had not appeared for the fishing on Thursday; and Margaret, in spite of her admission to herself that it would be best that she should not see him again, was rather sad. In the gloaming, before dinner, she wandered a little way along the road to Ardnashiel Castle. Suddenly a man appeared from the gloomy pine-wood on her right, and stood before her. 'You will be Miss Herries-Hay—Miss Marget Herries-Hay—I'm thinking?' said he.

'Yes,' said she; 'that's my name.'

'I've something for ye frae ye ken wha,' said the man. With a grin, he handed her a letter, and turned and disappeared again in the wood.

The letter, thought Margaret, was of course from the Prince! She hastened back to the manse and to her room to read it. She looked at the superscription: she had never seen the Prince's handwriting before; she hesitated about opening it—a letter thus secretly conveyed to her!—to break the envelope flap seemed like committing herself to a dangerous course; and to read the protestations of love which she was certain it must contain seemed as if it must be an acceptance of the Prince as a lover. She thought she heard her sister coming, and she crammed the letter into her pocket. No one came; and she drew it out again and tore it open. It contained only a line or two: 'Meet me in the Summer-house at the entrance of the Castle Garden at eight o'clock of Friday evening. I have to say to you something very important.'

There was no signature; but Margaret could not doubt that the note came from the Prince. The dinner bell rang, and she put the note in her pocket and went down-stairs. When dinner was over, she asked herself whether she should tell her father of this latest incident. But she had said nothing yet to him of her moving interview with the Prince; perhaps there would be no need that she ever should, for the Prince might now only wish to disclaim any intention of making love to her, and in that case the whole matter had better be plunged in oblivion. Neither that night, therefore, nor the next day did she mention what had occurred.

After tea on Friday afternoon, the Herries-Hay family all set off to Ardnashiel Castle, the Colonel on horseback, and the ladies in the phaeton—and in something of a temper; for the Colonel had refused to let them stay to the supper and the dancing within doors, which were expected to follow the demonstration without. It was growing dusk as they passed the lodge where Mrs Herries-Hay and her younger daughter had been entertained; but between the tall firs of the avenue it was almost dark. A considerable company had assembled in the

castle courtyard, and on the green-sward before it, to witness or to join in the dancing. There were gentlemen and ladies; there were friends of the house, and tenants and clansmen, the latter all in Highland dress. When the pipes played and the pipers strutted and the clansmen marched, bearing torches, the scene became lurid, impressive, and warlike; and such on-lookers as had not seen the like before—among them Mrs Herries-Hay—declared it reminded them of something they had read in 'Waverley' or the 'Legend of Montrose' or somewhere else in Scott's novels.

The Prince came and talked a little with the Herries-Hays after their first greeting, and Margaret blushed when he addressed her. She admired, while she wondered a little at, his apparent unconsciousness of the impending interview between them. He was still talking with the Herries-Hays when the white-headed gentleman whom Margaret had seen on Sunday morning at the kirk came and carried the Prince off to talk to some one else; and in a little while Margaret, furtively glancing at her watch, discovered it was upon half-past eight.

It was not difficult to slip out of the line of spectators into the darkness behind. Margaret found it quite easy; but when she was in the deep shade of the trees, she was at a loss; for though she had thought she would easily find the summer-house, at the entrance of the garden, she now was sure she could not. She was standing still a moment to consider which way she ought to turn, when a man in Highland dress appeared before her. 'You will be wanting the summer-house, Miss Herries-Hay,' said he—and his voice sounded familiar—and I will just be here to take you there.'

Without question or demur, she committed herself to the guidance of the man. He led her away among the trees. They continued for some time in silence until she began to be alarmed; it was very dark among the trees, so that she could not tell in what direction they were really moving, yet she had a feeling that she was being led altogether away from where she conceived the garden was; moreover, the sound of the pipes was dying away behind them. She stopped.

'Where are we going?' she demanded.

'We'll be there in a blink, my dearie,' said the man.

His familiarity alarmed her. 'Who are you that speak to me like that?' she demanded. 'Take me back. I insist. You are leading me wrong.'

'Now, hinny, dinna be frightened,' said the man, laying a controlling hand on her.

At that she took violent alarm. She struck his hand away, and turned to flee; but he laid hold of her again, and whistled 'loud and shrill.' In a second or two, another man appeared, also in Highland dress. Margaret set herself to scream; but the first man clapped his hand on her mouth, while the second seized her arms.

'Nane o' that, my leddy!' said the first. 'Just ye gang with us, and there's naething'll harm ye. But ye mustna skelloch.' She tried to scream again—when he insisted on gagging her with a cork and her own handkerchief—

which he drew from her pocket—while the second bound her hands with a scarf. 'It will be a pity, my leddy,' said the first man, 'if we should ha'e to carry ye. Will ye gang, or will ye no gang, on your ain feet? Gang ye must. We ha'e our commands, and we must obey them. And it will be a pity for a fine bonny young leddy to be carried by twa orra men. As sure as death, there's nae wrang will come to ye; so now, like a braw young leddy, step it out yourself.'

Resistance Margaret saw was useless; she was hot, ashamed, and indignant; but she sensibly submitted to walk between the two men, rather than be carried by them. They had gone but a little way when they came upon another man, not in Highland dress, who held a pony by the bridle. The pony was furnished with a side-saddle, into which it was signified to Margaret that she must mount. She mounted; and the three led her away through the wood till they came out upon the mountain side and saw the lights of the castle below them. On they marched by difficult mountain paths, and still on, till the castle was left far behind, and then her captors were considerate enough to remove the gag from Margaret's mouth.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard and on the grass, the pipers piped and the dancers danced and 'hooched,' and the spectators looked on with interest and enthusiasm, especially the German spectators. The Herr Cancellarius exclaimed to a neighbour: 'But the Scottish "hooch!" is just the German "hoch!" That is so!' and he declared his intention of causing a monograph to be written on the subject on his return to Pumpernickel. Colonel Herries-Hay looked on with the critical eye of one accustomed both to military and Highland pageants. At intervals he glanced round with a half-absent eye for Margaret. At length he said to his wife: 'Where is Margaret?'

'Where is Margaret?' echoed Mrs Herries-Hay, gazing round her without any alarm. 'Isn't she here?—Oh, well, I daresay she's trying to find a better point of view than ours. Don't worry. Perhaps she's with the Prince. I saw him over there a few minutes ago with a lady.'

'With the Prince!' The Colonel did not like the suggestion, though in common civility he could not resent it. And the pipers piped, and the dancers danced, and the Colonel looked on, but with a wandering eye that sought the figure of his daughter or of the Prince.

Presently the Prince turned up at his elbow.

'You will stay for supper with my friends, will you not, Colonel?' asked the Prince, while his eye seemed to seek something beyond the Colonel.

'I hope your Royal Highness will excuse us for going away before supper, but we have a long way to drive.—It may seem a foolish question, sir,' continued the Colonel, 'but—have you seen my daughter Margaret? We must be going soon, and I have missed her for some time.'

'No,' answered the Prince; 'I have not seen her since the moment after you came.—But I

will go and find her,' he added briskly, and went off, with the Colonel's request not 'to trouble' sounding in his ears.

The Colonel watched the Prince working steadily round the crowd, and then he himself started off to work round in the opposite direction. In a little while they met.

'Have you seen her, sir?' asked the Colonel.

'No,' answered the Prince; 'I have not. It is strange—is it not? But she must be all right.' Their eyes met, and they considered each other a moment. 'I wish to talk with you, Colonel,' said the Prince, 'to-morrow or the next day, and to bring the Herr Cancellarius with me.'

The Colonel heedlessly murmured that he would be pleased to see the Prince and any of his friends; but he was thinking anxiously of his daughter: where could she have gone?

'You will forgive me, sir, but I cannot help wondering what has become of my daughter. She cannot have gone home: the distance is too great to walk—and at night. But may she not have wandered into the wood and lost her way?'

'She may, Colonel—certainly she may,' said the Prince. 'I will at once send some men with torches to see.'

'And I will go with them, sir,' said the Colonel.

By that time the piping and the dancing were almost at an end; and the Prince, after directing some of the bearers of torches to attend Colonel Herries-Hay, went to receive his supper-guests. Now, it so fell out—whether by chance or by design, I will not suggest—that the Herr Cancellarius was by when the Colonel told the torch-bearers what he desired them to do. Hearing the Colonel's words, the Herr Cancellarius came forward and addressed him. 'Perhaps, Herr Colonel,' said the Herr Cancellarius, 'the young lady has wandered into the forest and has been carried off by banditti!'

'Carried off by banditti?' exclaimed the Colonel. 'What banditti? There are no banditti, sir, in Scotland! You must be thinking you are in the mountains of Italy or of Greece!'

'But you have your Highland clans, Herr Colonel—your caterans, your robbers! They are here to-night; they are everywhere. To-night they are good friends, but they are not always. That is so, eh?'

'You are strangely mistaken, Herr Cancellarius,' said the Colonel, in wonder and suspicion. 'The Highland clans—such as are left of them—are not robbers or caterans. The clansmen you have seen to-night are decent farmers and work-people. I venture to say they have never robbed or fought with weapons in their lives.—Eh, what say ye?' he appealed to the torch-bearers, who protested 'No, no!' and laughed prodigiously when they had fully understood the suggestion of the German gentleman.

'But,' said the amazed and perplexed Herr Cancellarius, 'have you not your Rob Roy and his people and the Dougal Creature and all that kind of men in your Highlands? Have you not?'

'I perceive,' said the Colonel, compelled to laughter, 'that you have been reading Sir Walter Scott, Herr Cancellarius, and that you have forgotten—or have not known—that even when Sir Walter wrote—and that's more than sixty years since—the state of the Highlands which he set down had ceased to exist.'

'Is that so?' exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius.

'Certainly, that is so,' replied the Colonel.

'And now,' said the Herr Cancellarius, in a tone of lamentation, 'there is no romantic thing in your Highlands?—no robbers, no Rob Roys? Hein?'

'No more Rob Roys now in the Highlands,' answered the Colonel, 'than there are snakes in Iceland.'

'Then I was wrong!' dolorously exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius.

By that time they were moving with their torches about the wood, starting from the point where Margaret had stood with her parents, and the Herr Cancellarius followed, murmuring, 'Yes, I was wrong!' The torch-bearers spread without hesitation about the wood, with the features and tracks of which they were perfectly familiar. Presently one of the foremost called out, and the Colonel, followed by the Herr Cancellarius, hurried up to him. 'Here is a letter, Kornel,' said the man, 'that I found on the ground. And ye can see there has been a hantle o' scuffling feet hereabout.'

'Let me see,' said the Colonel, taking the letter.

He looked at it: it was addressed to Miss Herries-Hay! (It must have been drawn from Margaret's pocket with her handkerchief when her captors bound her.) He took the letter from the envelope and read it: it was the anonymous note that we know.

'No signature!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'This is a scoundrelly trap!—This is sufficient explanation. We need not search any more, my friends. Thank you for your assistance.—And now, sir,' said he, turning to the Herr Cancellarius, who had remained at his elbow throughout, 'I shall be obliged if you will conduct me to your master and secure me a private interview with him.'

It was a strange scene that the tall fir-trees of the wood looked down upon—the gray and lean old Colonel, pale and trembling with fury, which he was politely trying to keep down. Opposite him, the white-headed, round-bodied Cancellarius, clearly much disturbed, but striving to assert his own dignity and the royalty of his master; and the torch-bearers around, bound by overwhelming curiosity, and holding high their lights to see the combative pair clearly.

'His Royal Highness, Herr Colonel,' said the Cancellarius, 'will not be able to grant a private interview to-night. He is now engaged with his guests, and thereafter he will retire to his private apartments.'

'His Royal Highness must see me alone at once!' exclaimed the Colonel.

'*"Must,"* Herr Colonel,' said the Cancellarius, 'is not a word you should permit yourself to use.'

'Do not presume, sir,' exclaimed the furious Colonel, 'to lecture and bully me! I am not

a subject of your absurd kingdom of Pumpernickel! I am a Scotsman, and a British subject, and I would have an explanation, and—and reparation to-night, were the Prince of Pumpernickel a Prince of the Blood Royal of England!—So lead on, sir, or I will myself bring your Prince out from his supper party!

The Herr Cancellarius, therefore, made a little stiff bow, and led on out of the wood, back to the castle.

In a few minutes the angry Colonel stood face to face with His Royal Highness in the library. The Prince looked surprised, but completely alert.

'You demand a private interview with me at once, Herr Colonel?' said the Prince.

'Alone, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, glancing at the Cancellarius.

'Leave us, Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince. The Cancellarius went out, 'Now, Colonel?'

The Colonel stated briefly how they had begun to search for his daughter, and had found a letter addressed to her lying on the ground.

'Will your Royal Highness look at the letter?' The Colonel handed it to him.

The Prince glanced at it, started, frowned, and read its few words through. 'Well, Colonel, I have read it,' said the Prince.

'You are a young man, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'of such lofty station that few people would be inclined to apply to your conduct the ordinary standard of behaviour. But, sir, I am an old man, who have seen a great many young men, and I must say, sir, I had expected different conduct from you; moreover, I am her father. What have you done with my daughter? Where is she?'

'It may seem presumption in a young man, Colonel,' said the Prince; 'but permit me to say you prove yourself a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, as I was sure you were. At first, Colonel, I will confess I have thought different thoughts from those I think now. And this letter—well, why should he not pay for his own folly? That was mostly as Greek to the Colonel; but when the Prince went to the door and called 'Herr Cancellarius,' the Colonel was bewildered. The Herr Cancellarius entered, and the Prince at once addressed him volubly in German, which the astonished Colonel toiled to follow. This is how the Colonel hurriedly translated to himself. 'Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'what is this you do? This'—holding out the letter—'is your foolish and absurd handwriting! Why do you interfere thus in my affair? You are a swine, a Jew, a creature entirely without sense of fitness! What have you contrived, and where have you put the young lady?'

There followed quick question and answer—sharp as the 'tention!' 'shoulder arms!' of the parade ground—which the Colonel's diplomatic knowledge of German did not permit him to follow with understanding. At length the Prince turned to him and explained.

'The Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'confesses himself the person responsible for the disappearance of your daughter! Not that he has abducted her for himself, but that he meant to abduct her from me; and he hopes

on that ground to be forgiven!—Permit me to explain, Colonel. I love your daughter, and I desire to marry her: so much as that it was necessary for me to say, two days ago, to the Herr Cancellarius, who represents with me my father the king, so that the Herr Cancellarius might communicate with my father the king. But the Herr Cancellarius took upon himself to relieve me of the young lady your daughter. He wrote this letter, and arranged that she should be carried off! But why did he think that any one should believe she was carried off? Ha, ha! you must laugh with me, Colonel, and forgive him!—The Herr Cancellarius, in his old age, had read Walter Scott, and he believed there were Rob Roys in Scotland to-day, and that Rob Roy and no one else would be blamed when your daughter disappeared! He thought every one would say: "Rob Roy! Rob Roy has carried her off into his mountain fastness!"'

'Where is my daughter, then?' asked the Colonel, who was not yet prepared to laugh.

The Prince turned to the Herr Cancellarius and asked a question, and then turned again to the Colonel with a reply. 'The Herr Cancellarius declares that no harm has happened to her; but he is foolish to the last, for he does not know the precise place beyond the mountains to which she has been taken by the men he engaged to do his work! But he shall discover!'

The Prince turned and uttered an order; and the Herr Cancellarius with a humble bow went out.

A GREAT RAILWAY'S JUBILEE.

THE 'One Hundredth Half-yearly General Meeting' of the Midland Railway Company was held at Derby in February this year; but the actual date of the Jubilee of the great corporation is a little later, for it was on the 10th of May 1844 that the Midland Railway was formed by the amalgamation of the Midland Counties, the North Midland, and the Birmingham and Derby systems of lines. And the condition, extent of, and work done by the Midland Railway now is a striking proof alike of the clear views of its early promoters, and of the vast growth of the railway interest in the half-century. It is well known that the first beginnings of what is now the Midland Railway were in the formation by 'a few enterprising coalowners' of a modest little line. It was in 1832 that the Leicester and Swannington Railway was opened, and the opening brought down the price of coal in Leicester. The colliery proprietors of Nottinghamshire district felt it needful to take steps to protect their own industries, and meeting at the 'Sun Inn' at Eastwood in August of the year just named, they decided to construct a railway from their own coalfields to Leicester; and thus began the Midland Counties system. The North Midland, and the Birmingham and Derby, were creations of George Stephenson; and between the three lines a keen competition began, ending in the amalgamation we have spoken of, and justifying Robert Stephenson's axiom, 'where combination is possible, competition is impossible.'

After the formation of the Midland Railway, a series of amalgamations enlarged its boundaries rapidly. The Birmingham and Gloucester, the Bristol and Gloucester, the Leeds and Bradford, and other railways, were successively taken in by the Midland; but it is better known perhaps by the branches it has constructed than by those it has purchased. It felt the need for an entrance of its own into the metropolis, and formed a line from Bedford through St Albans to St Pancras; it made a branch from Chesterfield to Masborough; and by the expenditure of some four millions, it sent out a line of seventy miles long, the Settle and Carlisle branch, which gave it, by its ally, the Glasgow and South-western, a direct access into Scotland. Over the half-century since the formation of the Midland Railway, the policy of extension has been enterprisingly followed, and now the line of this great company stretches from London and Bournemouth to Carlisle; and from Cambridge to Morecambe; and from Swinton to Swansea. Nor is its line complete. This year it will open for passenger traffic a costly branch that, starting from Dore to the south of Sheffield, pierces the Peak of Derbyshire, and reaching Chinley, will not only serve to open out a new scenic country, but will greatly expedite the traffic to Manchester from the south and south-east (see *Chambers's Journal*, June 4, 1892).

The Midland Railway is a wonderful outgrowth. The little line of 1844 had 181½ miles of permanent way; the latest official Report states that the miles of railway now constructed and owned by it are 1330; and in addition there are 595 miles of which it is the joint owner with other railway companies. Over its own and other railways its engines now run for 1998 miles. Its capital is enormous: the total authorised by Parliament is £101,594,266; and though a small part of this sum is a nominal addition to enable stocks to be reduced to one of common dividend, yet it must not be forgotten that much of the stock stands at so high a premium that its value is far above the nominal. The last half-year was one in which the Midland lost £708,000 of traffic through the deplorable strike in its district; but even then its revenue for the six months was the large sum of £4,190,462. In another way, the extent of the area and of the duty done, and the possessions of this great railway, may be indicated by the statement that it is compelled to pay close upon seven hundred pounds for each day for 'rates and taxes.' It needs 2217 locomotive engines, 4653 carriages, and 112,712 wagons and trucks to do its work on the line; there are the auxiliaries of 4339 horses and 4230 drays and carts; and for the last six months of 1893 it paid an average of £42,000 monthly for the coal and coke it needed for locomotive power. And it may be said in concluding this statistical statement that, apart from season-ticket holders, the Midland Railway carries each month about 105,000 first-class passengers, and 3,337,000 third-class passengers. The naming of two classes only is a reminder of the fact that it is to the initiative of the Midland Railway that we owe the addition of

third-class carriages to all trains; and that a later date witnessed on it the commencement of the abolition of second-class passenger traffic.

It would be vain to attempt to give an idea even of the variety of the districts and the industries that the Midland Railway serves. The 'Official Guide' to the railway points out that it serves many of the health-resorts of England, cathedral cities, ruined abbeys, baronial halls of the past and present; the homes of Bunyan, Cowper, Byron, Izaak Walton, the Brontës, George Eliot, and a score of others who gave literary interest to the reality of the life of the line. It is the greatest of our railway carriers of coal—and probably of beer also. Distinctive industries, such as the straw-plait manufacture of Luton, the sugar-refineries of Bristol, the chocolate productions of Birmingham, the cutlery of Sheffield, the porcelain of the Potteries—all mingle on its line with the cotton of Lancashire, the woollens from Yorkshire, the shoes from Northampton and Leeds, and the lines from Barnsley. Its own needs cause it to become a creator of industries; and thus its vast works for locomotive, carriage, and wagon building are marvellous in extent and in industry, whilst no attentive observer can pass through the great stations of the Midland without noticing how it has become the parent of trades. The line of which Ellis, Thompson, and Paget have been chairmen, and Allport, Noble, and Turner general managers, is widely different from the little line of fifty years ago. Its operations and aid have permitted the upgrowth in many parts of the country of vast industries; have drawn together great populations; and may be literally said to have changed the physical face of a large part of England, so that the jubilee of its history would have been well worth celebrating.

MISS AGATHA.

NOTHING could have been trimmer than the garden of Bramble Cottage, except, possibly, the two old ladies who tended it. The house lay well back from the high-road, and was almost surrounded by orchards, so that you came on it quite unexpectedly. It had green lawns about it and pleasantly shaded walks, and in the south corner a little colony of beehives. Hardly any sound of the outside world reached the place, and the postman was the centre of excitement; even he was an unofficial-looking person, who carried a heavy stick, and generally had a dog at his heels.

It was a pleasant, sunny afternoon in early autumn, and a letter had just been left at Bramble Cottage, addressed, in a very pretty hand, to Miss Agatha Musgrave. She sat down by an open window to read it, with Miss Deborah opposite her. The difference in age between the sisters could not have been great; but the advantage lay with Miss Agatha, who carried herself with an air of greater authority than the other, and took the lead in all matters

of propriety and household management. They were both comely ladies, with kindly eyes and delicate well-bred faces, that had a sort of second bloom upon them. Miss Agatha's eyes were dark, and had not lost the power of flashing with a very pretty, dangerous light; Miss Deborah's were blue, and gleamed with the pleasantest simplicity and tenderness. As yet, there was no touch of gray in the hair of either.

Miss Agatha opened her letter carefully and spread it out upon her lap. Miss Deborah laid down her needlework and watched her complacently. The laden bees were coming home, and went past the window with a pleasant hum.

'Well,' said Miss Deborah, 'what has Lucy got to say to-day?'

'Give me time to read the letter first, sister. Don't hurry me!' Miss Agatha read it through twice; at the end of the second perusal she handed it, with a frown, to Miss Deborah. 'There is a good deal too much about Captain Danby,' she said. 'It begins and ends with Captain Danby. I don't like it at all.'

Miss Deborah did not appear in the least disturbed. She handed back the letter with a smile. 'Well,' she said, 'I believe Captain Danby to be a very pleasant young man. His father, you know, was a brave soldier, and a most intimate friend of ours many years ago.'

'I'm afraid you don't quite realise the situation, Deborah,' said Miss Agatha. 'When young people are thrown together as these two appear to have been, the very worst consequences may be apprehended, and there is no denying that Lucy is a most attractive child. The only good thing about it is that she seems quite candid, and does not try to conceal her liking for him.'

Miss Deborah took up her needlework again and bent over it. She was secretly pleased by the letter. She remembered this Captain Danby when he was a boy, and what a brave, sturdy little chap he had been. Indeed, she had been fully aware that he was to be one of the guests at the country house where Lucy had been staying. Perhaps she felt a little penitent that she had not acquainted her sister with the fact.

'There can be no harm done,' she said, after a pause; 'Lucy is very young.'

'That is precisely the reason why harm should have been done,' said Miss Agatha. 'She has no knowledge of the world, and may have grown to—love this man unconsciously.'

'And would it be so very terrible if she had?' asked Miss Deborah with a boldness that made her blush.

'My dear Deborah!' said Miss Agatha sternly, 'you have had no experience in such matters.' Miss Deborah bowed her head a little lower over her work, but said nothing. 'I have had some insight into the heartlessness of men. I do not wish to speak about myself, but I can never forget my own trouble.'

Miss Deborah put down her work once more and went and stood by her sister's side, resting one delicate little hand upon her shoulder. 'My dear,' she said, 'we will not speak of that. But I am afraid we cannot always hope to keep Lucy with us.'

'Nor would I wish to do so,' said Miss Agatha, softened. She had had a very great disappointment in her early life. She had loved once, wholly and unreservedly; and then her lover had left her suddenly, without having declared himself, and leaving no message behind. She heard of his existence occasionally from distant parts of the country, but never a word addressed to herself. This had not soured her; she was cast in too fine a mould for that; but though the wound was healed, it had left a general theoretical mistrust of mankind behind, that made itself apparent in her judgment of male sentiment.

'She will be coming back in three days' time,' said Miss Deborah. 'Do not let us spoil the poor child's pleasure by shortening the visit.'

'I cannot help thinking it would be wiser to send for her at once!'

'Three days can make no difference,' pleaded Miss Deborah.

'Well,' said Miss Agatha, 'have your own way. But remember, that you will be responsible for any unpleasant consequences that may follow.'

Miss Deborah smilingly undertook the responsibility, and it was decided that Lucy should not be recalled.

When she came back, the old ladies were in the garden, waiting to welcome her. They were both very much excited, and Miss Deborah was in an almost pitiful flutter of expectancy. She felt sure, as the girl ran towards them with a flushed and happy face and outstretched hands, that there was something in her eyes that had not been there before. But neither of them said a word about the subject which had been discussed between them until the evening, when they were all sitting in the parlour together, with the window open to the lawn. Lucy was in a low chair between them, her hands clasped behind her head. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes like Miss Agatha's, and a wonderful crown of brown hair that held the sunlight in it. She looked straight before her into the garden, down a path flanked on either side by standard roses. Every now and then she tapped with her foot upon the floor, as though beating time to a tune.

'You are not sorry to be back, dear?' said Miss Agatha, frowning across at her sister.

'N-no,' said Lucy; 'I am not sorry. Of course I enjoyed myself very much; but Bramble Cottage is the dearest place in the world.'

Miss Agatha looked relieved; Miss Deborah went on quietly with her work. She was waiting for something more.

'They were all nice people, I suppose?' queried Miss Agatha, trying to catch her sister's eye, and failing utterly in the attempt.

'Oh yes,' said the girl, 'delightful! Didn't I tell you all about them in my letters?'

'You told us a great deal about one of them,' said Miss Agatha; 'I think his name was Captain Danby.'

Lucy started and blushed. That was exactly what Miss Deborah had been waiting for; she was quite sure now. She looked at the girl with what was intended for encouragement;

but her glance quailed under the rebuke of Miss Agatha's frown.

'Is he a very agreeable sort of person?' asked Miss Agatha.

Lucy looked first at her and then at Miss Deborah; there was a smile of approval on the younger lady's face that was unmistakable. She took Miss Deborah's hand, and was rewarded by a caressing pressure of the fingers.

'Very,' said Lucy, after this little pause.

'He is a son of Colonel Danby's, is he not?' continued Miss Agatha.

'Yes. He was in the Egyptian war. He distinguished himself very much. He is a V.C. I saw it!'

'Oh!' said Miss Agatha. 'I suppose he told you all about himself?'

'He never told me a word: I heard it all from other people. He showed me his Victoria Cross; but I asked him to let me see it!'

'My dear child!' ejaculated Miss Agatha.

Miss Deborah squeezed Lucy's hand again, and then patted it gently. She felt that it must be coming now—and so it was.

'Aunt Agatha—Aunt Deborah,' said the girl, 'I want to tell you something.'

Miss Agatha sat up very straight in her chair and said nothing, Miss Deborah nodded her head with a smile.

'Captain Danby and I saw a great deal of each other. I—I liked him very much from the first time I met him. He—he has asked me to marry him!'

'Good gracious, child!' cried Miss Agatha. She could not have been more surprised by a proposal addressed to herself. To have her very worst fears put into a single sentence like this was overpowering. It took her some time to recover; then she turned herself sternly to her sister.

'I was sure something dreadful of this kind would happen, Deborah.'

'I don't see anything very dreadful in it!' said Miss Deborah, keeping tight hold of Lucy's hand, as much for her own support now as the girl's.

'Of course you refused him?' said Miss Agatha, ignoring her sister's remark.

'No; I didn't,' said Lucy, 'because, you see, I love him. I told him that I must first get your consent.'

'But you are only eighteen, child! How can you possibly know your own mind at that age?'

The girl blushed at this, and Miss Deborah felt her hand tremble. She hastened to interpose.

'I think we must not press Lucy too closely on that point,' she said. 'She must consult her own feelings in the matter.'

'He is coming to see you next week,' said Lucy; 'and oh, Aunt Agatha, I do hope you will be kind to him, and—judge him fairly.'

'Coming here!' cried Miss Agatha.

'I am sure we shall be very pleased to see him,' said Miss Deborah.

This was too much for Miss Agatha. 'Your Aunt Deborah,' she said severely to Lucy, rising, 'is most impractical. I will speak to you *alone* to-morrow morning about this. In the meantime, my dear, don't trouble yourself about it; you may be sure I shall do what

seems best for your happiness.' And although this was said very judiciously, she kissed the girl with the utmost affection, and went upstairs with a warm glow at her heart and an unusual moisture in her eyes.

'Do you think,' said Lucy, putting her arms round Miss Deborah's neck, 'that Aunt Agatha is really angry with me?'

'She is more angry with me than with you,' said Miss Deborah, stroking the girl's hair. 'I am sure when she sees Captain Danby it will all come right. She has the kindest heart in the world, and wishes, above everything, to see you happy. And you know, dear, that I am on your side.'

'I knew you would be,' said Lucy, kissing her.

It happened, however, that when Captain Danby came, he found the opposition much less than he had expected; and this is how it came about.

Two or three days later, Miss Agatha was in the garden alone. Miss Deborah and Lucy were out together, and the elder sister was busy about her rose-bushes. She had a wide-brimmed straw hat on her head, and her hands were protected by brown leather gauntlets. The day was warm, and she worked slowly, pausing often to watch the sunlight striking through upon the apples in the surrounding orchards. Overhead, tiny fleets of white cloud were being piloted across the blue by a light breeze. Presently she heard the gate click. She looked up with some surprise, wondering who her visitor could be. She saw a tall, grave-looking man, with a heavy gray moustache and a slight stoop, approaching the house. At first, she regarded him with some curiosity; and then she suddenly let her pruning scissors fall with a clatter to the ground. 'It's John Temple!' she said with a gasp.

He looked up and saw her. For a moment he stood quite still. Appearing to recover himself, he approached her bareheaded, bowing as he came.

Miss Agatha did not move a step to meet him; she was too utterly astonished to stir; and, more than that, there began a strange fluttering at her heart, that she vainly strove to conquer.

'You remember me?' he said, holding out his hand.

She took it, and looked him full in the eyes. She had expected that he would show some sign of embarrassment; but he returned her gaze without a tremor of the eyelid. What little change had come to him in all that time! It was the same earnest, almost appealing, look that she had known so well many years before.

'Yes,' she said, 'I remember you.'

'I happened, quite by accident, to be in this part of the country, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing you once more.'

'It was very good of you,' she said, and there was not even a touch of scorn in her voice. The little fire of resentment that she had hoarded for so long against him burnt very low in his immediate presence; indeed, it seemed inclined to die out altogether. She had believed, all these years, that he had treated her with unpardonable heartlessness; and yet,

when he stood before her, the belief grew very dim and faint.

She invited him to go indoors; the sun was hot, and possibly a glass of wine might refresh him. He accepted; and as they walked towards the house, he offered her the conduct of his arm. This she declined, immediately repenting, however, when he bowed, drawing his lips tightly together. She set a decanter and glasses before him with her own hands, but he made no move towards them. He sat for some time with bowed head, she watching him. It was the very chair which he had so often occupied thirty years before, and the recollection returned so sharply upon Miss Agatha that she could have cried out. Presently he looked up, and, filling a glass with a hand that clearly trembled, raised it to his lips, setting it down again, however, almost untasted. 'May I,' he said, 'ask you a question about something that happened a long time ago?'

Miss Agatha's head swam. The room and the strangely familiar figure in it she saw through an unreal mist. Her own voice sounded very distant as she answered: 'You may ask, but I cannot promise to answer you.'

'Well,' he said, 'I could not hope for more. Why did you not answer my last letter? It seemed to me then that it was unkind in you not to give me any reply at all.'

This was not the question which she had expected. All at once she began to see clearly again, but the sense of unreality remained. The fluttering at her heart grew worse, and she leant heavily with both hands upon the arms of her chair. 'What letter?' she asked. 'To the last one I received from you, I did reply.'

John Temple started and looked at her. His face suddenly grew a little pale. 'Was it,' he said, 'a letter of any importance?'

'Of no more importance,' she answered, 'than many letters I had received from you.'

He rose and paced the room. Once or twice he paused and tried to speak, but could not—his lips trembled and his breath came hurriedly. After some minutes, by a great effort he mastered himself. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'there has been a terrible mistake. Is the apple tree still standing where we used to hide notes to each other in the old days?' He blushed as he said this, in spite of his gray moustache. Miss Agatha blushed too.

'Yes,' she said.

'May I go and see it?' he asked. 'Thirty years ago—it was a warm summer night, and all the lights in this house were out—I placed a note, addressed to you, in the hollow of the old tree. I never had any reply. From your silence, I concluded that I had been mistaken after all. I went away. I was too proud in those days again to offer what I thought had once been scorned. To-day, I come back, and find that my foolish pride may have cost more—more than I dare to think of.'

Miss Agatha rose; she felt such pity for herself and him that tears were in her eyes. 'Let us go and look,' she said.

As they crossed the garden to the tree which had played so large a part in both their lives, she did not refuse the offer of his

arm, but leant upon it heavily. The green lawns about them lay unshadowed in the hot sunlight. The wind had fallen almost dead, and not a bird sang. Neither of them spoke until the familiar spot was reached. It was a very old apple tree, covered with lichen, and almost fruitless, with a hole on the garden side large enough for the insertion of a hand. John Temple explored the space with eager fingers.

'The whole trunk is hollow now,' he said. 'I do not think it used to be so. It is possible, however, that it may have commenced to go even then. The night was dark, and I could not see to place the letter carefully.' He turned to Miss Agatha. 'I believe,' he said, 'that this tree holds my secret still. May I search further?'

'Yes,' she answered.

He struck the tree near the base with his foot. The wood crumbled and the branches above quivered. He went down upon his knees and broke away the rotten bark with his fingers. In a few minutes there was a hole large enough to admit his hand. Miss Agatha turned away; his face moved her too strongly. When she looked again, he was on his feet, with a piece of folded paper in his hand.

'Here it is,' he said, holding it out to her—'it is yours. If you will read it now, it may make things clearer to you.'

She took it. The paper was stained and soiled with dirt and damp, but upon the cover she could still read her name. She opened it, and saw the words that had been intended for her eyes so long ago. In it, the man before her asked her to be his wife. He loved her—that was all. She had lived for thirty years believing him untrue, and all that time in her own garden had been the record of his true and honourable love.

The memory of her own suffering did not strike her then; her only thought was to do him justice, though so late. But he was at her side before she had time to frame a word.

'If it is not too late,' he said, 'read that letter as though the ink were not yet dry. To-day it is all as true as it was then. I have been faithful to you all these years. I have, if I may say so, grown gray in your service. Give me the reward of faithfulness.'

'My dear John,' she said, holding out her hand, and with tears running down her face—'my dear John, if you still wish it, I have not a word to say. I have loved you always.'

He kissed her gently, with a delicacy and love that made her heart go out to him in one low cry. The thirty years of waiting were blotted out.

When Lucy came in, Miss Agatha sought her in her own room and begged for her forgiveness. 'My dear,' she said, 'you shall marry any man you love. If it is Captain Danby, you shall marry him. I have to-day learnt the best lesson of my life.' And then followed a sudden burst of confidence that left Lucy glowing with unexpected happiness.

Thus it was that all opposition was suddenly withdrawn; and of the three ladies in Bramble Cottage, two were married on one day. Miss

Deborah alone remained; but she was quite content in the happiness of the other two. Perhaps she had strong reasons for remaining single, but if she had, she never told them—not even to Miss Agatha.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR BARRELS.

THE disadvantages inherent to the construction of barrels from wood have long been admitted, for the evaporation and absorption of such material, as well as its liability to leak, are well known; it is not, therefore, surprising that many efforts—as the records of the Patent Office abundantly testify—have been made from time to time to find some suitable substitute for the manufacture of an article so universally in demand. Hitherto, such attempts have been confined to the production of iron drums—namely, of vessels perfectly cylindrical in shape and lacking the customary bilge. These drums proved too heavy for practical purposes, and the absence of the bilge proved a serious drawback, for it rendered them difficult to handle and roll, and generally militated in no small degree against their introduction. An effort was subsequently made to mitigate the disadvantages due to loss of bilge by the introduction of external hoops specially adapted to facilitate the rolling and transport of the casks; these, however, only added to the weight without increasing the internal capacity, and generally failed to improve matters.

At length, however, the introduction of mild steel placed at the disposal of the barrel manufacturers a material which combined all the valuable qualities of iron with greater strength; or which, in other words, would yield equal strength for considerably less weight of metal. The difficulty, however, was not yet solved, for although steel would bend in such a manner as to form the much-desired bilge, as opposed to iron, which could not stand such curvature without serious risk of failure, machinery had to be invented which would turn out steel barrels not only of the highest workmanship, but at such a cost and in such numbers that they would hold their own in the market. This has at length been accomplished, and the steel-barrel manufacture now ranks as one of the industries of the country.

Steel can now be produced of such excellent quality that the barrels made from sheets of it only one-sixteenth to one-quarter of an inch in thickness stand every strain and rough usage possible. The remarkable lightness arising from the employment of such thin yet strong material needs no further comment. The body of each cask being rolled from a sheet of steel, has one longitudinal seam, which is welded together by a special electrical process, which closes the joint in a manner at once absolutely sound and tight. The ends are stamped out of sheet steel in the required circular form, each having a circular flange or turned-up edge to form connection with the body of the barrel already described. The flanged ends are then fitted into the barrel body, and are securely jammed between an inside and an outside steel hoop, thus making

four thicknesses of metal to form the 'chimb' or end-edge. These being all fused together electrically, form one solid steel 'chimb,' which cannot possibly move or become loose.

A special feature in this process is the formation of the bilge from cold steel—namely, the metal does not require to be heated ere being rolled and stamped to the shape of the body of a cask, and consequently, any risk of one portion of the sheet becoming thinner and weaker than another is entirely obviated. On completion, the barrels are tested by hydraulic pressure to forty pounds on the square inch, so as to ensure an absolutely sound job ere they are permitted to leave the factory. Both bungs and bung rings are similarly stamped out of steel, the ring for the central bung being welded on the inside of the barrel, to avoid any outside projection.

Many incidental advantages accrue in the adoption of the new steel barrels; thus, the gauging and taring, when once properly done, remain correct, and do not require readjustment. Wood-barrels, on the other hand, gradually acquire weight through absorption and impregnation, and their capacity, moreover, changes with every repetition of the process of rehooping.

In regard to the rates charged for freight and insurance, steel barrels should effect considerable alterations; for at present, ship-owners regard many light volatile oils, spirits, acids, chemicals, &c., as sources of risk when stored in wood-casks, and charge correspondingly for their carriage, whilst many lines of steamers absolutely refuse to carry them.

In cases, moreover, where influences of climate and the ravages of rats, mice, and insects have to be specially guarded against, steel barrels undoubtedly will command a large business.

It is indeed difficult to overrate the many useful purposes to which a barrel at once cheap, strong, and durable can be applied, when constructed of impervious and practically indestructible steel. But enough has been said to demonstrate that the new invention now occupying our attention has all the elements in it of great success, and of undoubtedly conferring considerable benefit on all classes of the community.

MID-MAY.

A WISH.

In long, lush grass the deep-hued bluebells blow:
Above, the foliage—Summer's glorious green
Chastened by Spring's last touches; and between
The tremulous network glimpses of the snow
Of little wandering cloudlets, sailing slow
Across the pure cerulean: silver sheen
Of hawthorn all around: the air serene
Suddenly throbs to a lark's wild music's flow.
Some lives are Aprils with a few bright days,
A few fair flowers by weary searchings found,
And dark clouds threatening ere the sunny rays
Can kiss the leaves, or glint upon the ground.
But be thy joys unsought, thy life like May's
Deep lavish woods full of sweet sight and sound.

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THE ROMANCE OF ORCHID-COLLECTING.

SOME FACTS ABOUT A FASHIONABLE CRAZE.

THERE is no real justification for surprise at the sometimes fabulous prices paid for Orchids. The cost of obtaining them is so great, both in money and in human life, that the wonder really is they are so cheap. And some orchids are cheap. You can stock a greenhouse with specimens of a hundred varieties bought at an average of half-a-crown apiece. But you can also spend as many guineas as there are days in the year on one ugly little bulb which is the sole representative of a new species or variety; or which is a departure from the established type of a known variety, either in colour or in some other detail. These are the orchids which daring men seek in almost unknown regions. The adventures attending the search would fill many books. Generally Germans, but sometimes Frenchmen or Englishmen, the collectors must have the patience of Job, the courage of Nelson, the lingual fluency of a courier, and the knowledge of a professor of science; combined with power to endure years of hardship.

Some years ago, a collector for an English firm was sent to New Guinea to look for a *Dendrobium*, then very rare. He went to the country, dwelt among the natives for months, faring as they fared, and living under very trying conditions, and he found about four hundred of the plants. He loaded a little schooner with them; but he put into a port in Dutch New Guinea, and the ship was burnt to the water's edge. He was ordered to go back for more, and he did. He found a magnificent collection of the orchids in a native burying-ground, growing among exposed bones and skulls. After much hesitation, the natives allowed him to remove the orchids, some of them still in the skulls, and sent with the consignment a little idol, to watch over the spirits of the departed. Little wonder that

these plants sold at prices ranging from five up to twenty-eight guineas each.

The dangers of the collector's task are terrible. Eight naturalists seeking various specimens in Madagascar once dined at Tamatave, and in one year after there was but a single survivor. Even this favoured person was terribly afflicted, for, after a sojourn in the most malarious swamps, he spent twelve months in hospital, and left without hope of restored health. Two collectors seeking a single plant died one after the other of fever. A collector detained at Panama went to look for an orchid he had heard of; and the Indians brought him back from the swamps to die. A man who insulted a Madagascar idol was soaked with paraffin by the priests and burnt to death. Mr Frederick Boyle shows that these dangers must be encountered invariably, if rare or new orchids are to be found, for he speaks of one which 'clings to the very tip of a slender palm in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fevers and mosquitoes.'

And the difficulties of the work are as great as its dangers. One collector was known to wade up to his middle in mud for a fortnight seeking for a specimen of which he had heard; another lived among Indians for eight months, looking in untracked forests for a lost variety. To obtain the orchids which grow on trees, the collector must hire a certain area of woodland with the right to fell the timber. The natives cannot be trusted to climb to the summits and gather the plants, and the collector cannot spare the time. So the wasteful plan of felling the trees is adopted; natives are employed to do the work, and the collector gathers his specimens from the fallen trunks. This, however, generally takes place far inland; the plants have then to be brought home. In one case they have to be carried six weeks on men's backs from the mountains to the Essequibo River; then carried six weeks in canoes, with twenty portages to Georgetown;

then to England over the ocean. Mr Boyle talks of a journey to the Roraima Mountain as quite easy travelling, yet it involves thirty-two loadings and unloadings of cargo; and in another direction 'one must go in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice alternately for an uncertain period of time, with a river to cross almost every day.' Moreover, after all this trouble, the specimens often die on the journey, and the speculator has to risk the loss of one thousand pounds on a single cargo. What wonder that orchids are often dear?

Yet it is not so much the difficulty and danger which make them dear as rarity or peculiarity. Amongst a lot of the commonest orchids, some years ago, was found a plant similar to the rest in every characteristic except the colour of its stem, which was green instead of brown. When it flowered, the bloom should have been green; but it was golden, and the plant became in consequence practically priceless. It was divided into two parts, and one was sold to Baron Schröder for seventy-two guineas; the other to Mr Measures for one hundred guineas. This latter piece was several times divided, selling for one hundred guineas each time; but Baron Schröder's piece was never mutilated, and is now worth one thousand guineas! It would bring that sum, say the authorities, in the public saleroom. The good fortune of orchid buyers is sometimes remarkable. Bulbs which have not flowered, and give no sign of peculiarity, are often treasures in disguise. An amateur once gave three francs on the Continent for an *Odontoglossum*; it proved to be an unknown variety, and was resold for a sum exceeding one hundred pounds. Another rarity, bought with a lot at less than a shilling each, was resold for seventy-two guineas to Sir Trevor Lawrence, who has one of the finest collections, if not the finest, in England. A *Cattleya*, developing a new and beautiful flower, at once advanced in value from a few shillings to two hundred and fifty guineas; it was afterwards sold in five pieces for seven hundred guineas. Simply because its flower has proved to be white instead of the normal colour, two hundred and eighty guineas have been given for a *Cattleya*; and hundreds of guineas are available at this present moment over and over again for rare or extraordinary orchids either in private collections or in the market. A plant no bigger than a tulip bulb has been sold for many times its weight in gold; and 'a guinea a leaf' is a common, and often inadequate, estimate of the worth of rarities.

Only quite recently there was something in the nature of a pilgrimage of orchidists to the lothouses of Messrs Sander & Co., of St Albans, where a wonderful new orchid was on view. It is named '*Miltoniopsis Bleni Nobilus*,' and carried sixteen blooms, each nearly five inches in diameter. The colour is a flesh white, two rose wings of colour spreading laterally, and in the centre of each blossom is a blotch of cinnamon tint with radiating lines. But it is altogether indescribable in the exquisite beauty of its hues. Nature has rarely been so lavish as over this gem. It is the newest and probably the most magnificent of all orchids.

The orchid mania is not diminishing; on the contrary, it is more active now than ever it was. In spite of the constant risk of loss, and the inevitable difficulties and dangers of the enterprise, one nurseryman in this country devotes himself entirely to the orchid trade. He deals in nothing but orchids, and trusts to the high price which the collectors will pay for a rarity to recompense him for the expenses of the collector's journey, and the losses which occur in the transfer of the plants from one continent to another. And there must be rarities for many years to come; because, although there are some two thousand varieties of orchids in cultivation, it is estimated that there are probably ten thousand in existence, could they all be found.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XVIII.—PRECONTRACT OF MATRIMONY.

THAT night was the most eventful of Mr Reginald's life. For some weeks beforehand, indeed, he had lived in a perfect ferment of feverish excitement, intending, in his own expressive dialect, to 'pull off a double coup' on the day when Canterbury Bell provided him at one stroke with a colossal fortune. To say the truth, he held in his pocket, against this foregone contingency, a most important Document, which he designed to pull forth and exhibit theatrically to the obdurate Florrie at such a dramatic moment of triumph that even Florrie herself would have nothing left for it but to throw overboard incontinently the cavalry officer, and fly forthwith to love in a cottage with her faithful admirer. Mr Reginald had planned this all out beforehand in the minutest detail; and he had so little doubt of Canterbury Bell's ability to land him at once in fame and fortune, that he pulled forth the Document many times during the course of the day and read it through to himself once more with the intensest satisfaction.

Still, it's hard to wait for hours, slaving and toiling in an office in the City, when you know full well—on the unimpeachable authority of a private tip—that wealth and immunity are waiting for you all the while—to a moral certainty—at a bookmaker's at Newmarket. But necessity knows no law; and Mr Reginald nathless so endured till five in the evening. By that hour he had reached the well-known office in the Strand where he was wont to await the first telegrams of results from the racecourses of his country. As he approached those fateful doors, big with hope and apprehension, a strange trembling seized him. People were surging and shouting round the window of the office in wild excitement. All the evil passions of squalid London were let loose there. But Mr Reginald's experienced eye told him at once the deadly news that the favourite must have won—for the crowd was a joyous one. Now, the crowd in front of a sporting paper's office on the evening of a race day is only jubilant when the favourite has won; otherwise, of course, it stands morose and silent before

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the tidings of its failure. But Canterbury Bell was what Mr Reginald himself would have described in the classic tongue of the turf—the muddy turf of Fleet Street—as ‘a rank outsider,’ for it is only by backing a rank outsider at heavy odds, ‘on unexceptionable information,’ that you can hope to haul in an enormous fortune at a stroke, without risking a corresponding or equal capital to start with. So the pæans of delight from the crowd that danced and yelled outside the office of the sporting paper made Reggie’s heart sink ominously. Could his tipster have played him false? It looked very much like it.

Worse and worse, as he drew nearer he could catch the very words of that jubilant cry—‘The Plunger! The Plunger!’ A hundred voices echoed it wildly to and fro in their excitement. The whole air was fairly rent with it, ‘The Plunger! The Plunger!’

Now the Plunger was the name of that wretched horse, the favourite! Reggie came up with bated breath. His heart stood still within him. ‘What’s won?’ he asked a costermonger who was shouting with the rest. And the man, giving him a cool stare, made answer at once: ‘Wy, can’t you see it up there, you image? The Plunger! The Plunger!’

Reggie raised his eyes at once to the big lime-lit transparency on the front of the sign-board, and read there his doom. It was the Plunger!

‘And Canterbury Bell?’ he gasped out, half clutching the man for support.

‘Canterbury Bell!’ the costermonger responded with an instinctive gesture of profound contempt. ‘You ‘aven’t gone and risked yer money on Canterbury Bell, ‘ave yer? Wy, Canterbury Bell was never in it at all. I could ‘a told you that much if you’d ‘a axed me aforehand. Canterbury Bell’s a bloomin’ fraud. She wan’t meant to stay. She wan’t never so much as in it.’

Reggie’s brain reeled round. With a sickening sense of disillusion and disappointment, he clutched the Document in his pocket. Then all was up. He could never marry Florrie. The bubble had burst. He had chucked away his bottom dollar on a ‘blooming fraud,’ as the costermonger called it. Life was now one vast blank. He didn’t know where to turn for consolation and comfort.

His first idea, in fact, was to slink off, unperceived, and never keep the engagement with Florrie at all. What use was he now to Florrie or to anybody? He was simply stone-broke. Not a girl in the world would care for him. His second idea was to fling himself forthwith over Waterloo Bridge; but from that heroic cowardice he was deterred by the consideration that the water was cold, and if he did, he would probably drown before any one could rescue him, for he was a feeble swimmer. His third and final idea was to go and tell Florrie every word of what had happened, and to throw himself, so to speak, on her generosity and her mercy.

Third ideas are best. So he went, after all, to Rutland Gate, much dispirited. A man-servant in a mood as dejected as his own opened the front door to him. Was Miss

Clarke at home? Yes, the servant replied still more dejectedly than ever; if he liked, he could see her. Reggie stepped in, all wonder. He rather fancied that man-servant, too, must have lost his all through the astounding and incomprehensible victory of the Plunger.

In the drawing-room, Florrie met him, very red as to the eyes. Her mien was strange. She kissed him with frank tenderness. Reggie stared wider than ever. It began to strike him that all London must have backed Canterbury Bell for a place, and gone bankrupt accordingly. Argentines were nothing to it. He had visions of a crash on Change to-morrow. But Florrie held his hand in hers with genuine gentleness. ‘Well, you’ve heard what’s happened?’ she said; ‘you dear! and still you come to see me?’

‘What? The Plunger?’ Reggie ejaculated, unable to realise any save his own misfortune.

‘The Plunger!’ Florrie repeated in a vague sort of reverie. ‘I’m sure I don’t know what you mean. It’s this about poor Papa. Of course you’ve heard it.’

‘Not a word,’ Reggie answered with a pervading sense that misfortunes, like twins, never come single. ‘Has anything dreadful happened?’

‘Anything dreadful?’ Florrie echoed, bursting at once into tears. ‘Oh Reggie, you don’t know! Everything dreadful! everything!’ And she buried her fluffy head most unaffectedly in his shoulder.

Reggie was really too chivalrous a man, at such a moment, when beauty was in distress, to remember his own troubles. He kissed away Florrie’s tears, as a man feels bound to do when beauty flings itself on him, weeping; and as soon as she was restored to the articulate condition, he asked, somewhat tremulous, for further particulars. For ‘everything,’ though extensive enough to cover all the truth, yet seems to fail somewhat on the score of explicitness.

‘Look at the paper,’ Florrie cried with another burst, all sobs. ‘Oh Reggie, it’s too dreadful. I just couldn’t tell you it.’

She handed him an evening journal as she spoke. Reggie glanced at the place to which her plump little forefinger vaguely referred him. The words swam before his eyes. This was truly astonishing. ‘Arrest of the Well-known Money-lender, Mr “Spider” Clarke, for Fraud and Embezzlement. Alleged Gigantic System of Wholesale Forgery. Liabilities, Eighty Thousand; Probable Assets, Nil. The Spider’s Web, and the Flies that filled it!’

Reggie read it all through with a cold thrill of horror. To think that Florrie’s Papa should have turned out a fraud, only second to Canterbury Bell, in whom he trusted! It was terrible, terrible! As soon as he had read it, he turned with swimming eyes of affection to Florrie. His own misfortunes had put him already into a melting mood. He bent down to her tenderly. He kissed her forehead twice. ‘My darling,’ he said gently, with real sympathy and softness, ‘I’m so sorry for you! so sorry! But, oh Florrie, I’m so glad you thought of sending for me.’

Florrie drew out a letter in answer from her pocket. ‘And just to think,’ she cried

with flashing eyes, handing it across to him with indignation; 'that dreadful other man—before the thing had happened one single hour—the hateful, hateful wretch—he wrote me that letter. Did ever you read anything so mean and cruel? I know what to think of him now, and, thank goodness, I've done with him!'

Reggie read the letter through with virtuous horror. As poor Florrie observed, it was a sufficiently heartless one. It set forth, in the stiffest and most conventional style, that, after the events which had happened to-day before the eyes of all London, Miss Clarke would of course recognise how impossible it was for an officer and a gentleman and a man of honour to maintain his relations any longer with her family; and it therefore begged her to consider the writer in future as nothing more than hers truly, **PONSONBY STRETFIELD BOURCHIER.**

Reggie handed it back with a thrill of genuine disgust. 'The man's a cad,' he said shortly; and, to do him justice, he felt it. Meanness or heartlessness of that calculated sort was wholly alien to Reginald Hessegrave's impulsive nature.

'Thank you, Reggie,' Florrie said, drawing nearer and nearer to him. 'But you know, dear, I don't mind. I never cared one pin for him. After the first few weeks, when I thought of him beside *you*, I positively hated him. That's the one good thing that has come out of all this trouble; he won't bother me any more; I've got fairly rid of him.'

Reggie pressed her to his side. 'Florrie dear,' he whispered chivalrously, 'when you talk like that, do you know, you almost make me feel glad all this trouble has come—if it has had the effect of making us draw closer to one another.'

And that it had that effect at that present moment was a fact just then visibly and physically demonstrable.

Florrie laid the frizzy curls for a minute or two on his shoulder. In spite of her misfortunes, she was momentarily quite happy. 'I always loved you, Reggie,' she cried; 'and I can't be sorry for anything that makes you love me.' And she nestled to his bosom with the most confiding self-surrender.

This confidence on Florrie's part begot in return equal confidence on Reggie's. Before many minutes, he had begun to tell that innocent, round-faced girl how narrowly he had just missed a princely fortune, and how opulent he would have been if only Canterbury Bell had behaved as might have been expected of so fine a filly. 'And it was all for you, Florrie,' he said ruefully, fingering the Document all the while in the recesses of his pocket. 'It was all for you, dear one! I thought I should be able to come round to you to-night in, oh such triumph! and tell you of my good-luck, and ask you to throw that vile Bouchier creature overboard for my sake, and marry me offhand—because I so loved you. And now it's all gone smash—through that beastly wretch, the Plunger.'

'Did you really think all that?' Florrie cried, looking up at him through her tears, and smiling confidently.

'Do you doubt it?' Reggie asked, half drawing the Document from the bottom of his pocket.

'N-no, darling, I don't exactly *doubt* it,' Florrie answered, gazing still harder. 'But I wonder . . . if you say it just now, so as to please me.'

Reggie's time had come. Fortune favours the brave. He held forth the Document itself in triumph at the dramatic moment. After all, it had come in useful. 'Read *that*!' he cried aloud in a victorious voice, like a man who produces irrefragable evidence.

Florrie gazed at the very official-looking paper in intense surprise. She hardly knew what to make of it. It was an instrument signed by the Right Reverend Father in God, the Archbishop of Canterbury; and it set forth in fitting terms his archiepiscopal blessing upon a proposed union between Reginald Francis Hessegrave, Bachelor, of the Parish of St Mary Abbott's, Kensington, and Florence Amelia Barton Clarke, Spinster, of the Parish of Westminster.

Florrie gazed at it, all puzzled. 'Why, what does this mean, dearest?' she faltered out with emotion. 'I don't at all understand it.'

That was a proud moment for Reggie—about the proudest of his life. 'Well, it's called a special license, dear,' he answered, bending over her. 'You see, Florrie, I took it for granted Canterbury Bell was safe to win—as safe as houses—so I made up my mind to try a *coup* beforehand. I went to the surrogate and swore a declaration.'

'A what?' Florrie exclaimed, overcome by so much devotion.

'A declaration,' Reggie continued. 'Don't you know, a sort of statement that we both of us wished to get married at once, and wanted a license; and here the license is; and I thought, when Canterbury Bell had won, and I was as rich as Croesus, if I brought it to you, just so, you'd say like a bird: "Never mind my people; never mind Captain Bouchier. I've always loved you, Reggie, and now I'm going to marry you." But that beastly fool the Plunger plunged in and spoiled all. If it hadn't been for him, you might perhaps have been Mrs Reginald Hessegrave to-morrow morning. Mrs Reginald Hessegrave is a first-rate name, darling.'

Florrie looked up at him confidently. She recognised the adapted quotation from a well-known poet. 'And it's no good now,' she said plaintively, 'since the Plunger put a stop to it!'

A gleam of hope dawned in Reggie's eyes. He was in a lover's mood, all romance and poetry. 'Well, the *license* is all right,' he said, taking Florrie's hand in his and smoothing it tenderly. 'The license is all right, if it comes to that. There's no reason, as far as the formalities go, why I shouldn't marry you, if you will, to-morrow morning.'

'Then what stands in the way?' Florrie inquired innocently.

'You,' Reggie answered at once with a sudden burst of gallantry. 'You yourself entirely. Nothing else prevents it.'

Florrie flung herself into his arms. 'Reggie, Reggie,' she sobbed out, 'I love you with all my heart. I love you! I love you! You're the only man on earth I ever *really* loved.'

With you, and for your sake, I could endure anything—anything.

Reggie gazed at her, entranced. She was really very pretty. Such eyes! such hair! He felt himself at that moment a noble creature. How splendid of him thus to come, like a modern Perseus, to the rescue of beauty—of beauty in distress at its hour of trial! How grand of him to act in the exact opposite way from that detestable Bourchier creature, who had failed at a pinch, and to marry Florrie offhand at the very time when her father had passed under a serious cloud, and when there was some sort of merit in marrying her at once without a penny of expectations! Conduct like that had a specious magnanimity about it which captivated Reginald Hessegrave's romantic heart; the only point in the case he quite forgot to consider was the probability that Kathleen, unconsulted on the project, might be called upon to support both bride and bridegroom.

He clasped the poor panting little Decoy Duck to his bosom. 'Florrie dearest,' he murmured, 'I have nothing; you have nothing; we have both of us nothing. We know now it's only for pure, pure love we can think of one another. I love you. Will you take me? Can you face it all out with me?'

Florrie hid her face yet once more in Reggie's best white waistcoat. He didn't even stop to reflect how she tumbled it. 'Darling, darling,' she cried, 'how unselfish! how noble of you!'

Reggie drew himself up with an ineffable sense of having acted in difficult circumstances like a perfect gentleman. He was proud of his chivalry. 'Then to-morrow,' he said briefly, 'we will be married with this license, as the Archbishop directs, at St Mary Abbott's, Kensington.'

Florrie clung to him with all her arms. She seemed to have a dozen of them. 'Oh you dear!' she cried, overjoyed. 'And at such a moment! How grand of you! How sweet! Oh Reggie, now I know you are indeed a true gentleman.'

Reggie thought so himself, and stood six inches taller in his own estimation; though even before, Heaven had granted him a fairly good conceit of himself.

(To be continued.)

A ROYAL RESTING-PLACE.

DAYBREAK on a glorious March morning in North-western India. The clear blue of the glassy sky melts on the horizon into a tender blush of softest pink. Palm and peepul glitter with heavy beads of the drenching dew which bathes the dusty highway, whence green rice-fields extend to the sandy bed of the sacred Jumna. A tall crane, his dark form silhouetted against the brightening glow of dawn, stands fishing in the blue current, shrunken by winter drought; and gaily-clad natives dip brazen 'lotahs' in the stream, scattering the precious drops far and wide in the mystic incantations with which their ancient creed hallows the coming day. An intense hush lingers over the silent land; but as

the rosy eastern clouds deepen to crimson, and stretch like flaming wings across the sky, a faint indefinable sense of waking life stirs the solemn silence of the radiant dawn. A bright-eyed monkey throws a bunch of unripe nuts at the 'gharry,' as we pass under the overshadowing branch to which he clings with one wrinkled hand; white oxen draw creaking wagons across the verdant plain, and bronze-hued women with jewelled nose-rings, and arms laden with clanking bangles, leave palm-thatched huts to draw water from the well.

We halt before a noble red sandstone gateway in a huge machicolated wall, where a little town nestles under the shadow of the ruddy battlements. The business of daily life is already in full swing, and we are at once surrounded by a picturesque crowd, offering for sale amulets, charms, and mosaics, pictures of the famous Tomb we have come to see, and of the beauteous Queen who rests within it. Dewy wreaths of purple 'grave-flowers'—the common name of the *Bougainvillea* in India—are pressed upon us; but with the Taj Mahal as the goal of our journey, the parasitic town which has sprung up around it fails to interest us, although at any other time the brilliant colouring of the fantastic groups would be worthy of notice. For a moment we pause before the majestic portal, and look upward at the wreathing inscription in Persian character, which reminds us that 'Only the pure in heart shall enter the Garden of God.' These solemn words, which consecrate even the threshold of the outer courts surrounding the Taj Mahal, seem like a talisman which guards the sacred shrine of a deathless love from every profane and curious gaze.

As we pass into the shadowy gloom of the vaulted roof between the double arch, turret and watch-tower, pinnacle and cupola, rise on either side to accentuate the importance of the great memorial temple, to which this noble architectural group forms the mere outer porch and vestibule. Before us rise the green avenues of a grand and shadowy garden, a veritable Eastern paradise, full of dreamy coolness and repose. The freedom and space of woodland and wilderness combine with the highest degree of cultivation to produce a scene of unrivalled beauty. A dark aisle of towering cypresses extends for nearly a mile before us, framing a marble bank of clearest water, from which rises a long row of sparkling fountains, each one darting a slender jet high in air. On the farther side of each cypress wall, a broad road, shadowed by luxuriant foliage, ascends gradually to a marble terrace built round the central fountain half-way down the avenue, where vases of tropical flowers make a focus of gorgeous bloom. As we rest on the marble seats placed here as a halting-place for the pilgrims, even the exceeding beauty of woodland, lake, and fountain is at first but dimly realised, for at the end of the noble vista in front of us, on snowy marble terraces, rising tier above tier between the garden and the holy river, a glorious dome soars upward like a pearly cloud, its ethereal whiteness spiritualised into still more dream-like beauty by a faint rose-flush reflected from the morning sky. Arrowy shafts of ivory whiteness, and clustering cupolas like foam-bells tossed in mid-air, surround this

majestic vision, which suggests the evanescent loveliness of some atmospheric illusion. We might almost expect to see the cloudlike dome detach itself from the perforated marble arches of the main fabric, and mount upward to the blue heaven of which it seems a part.

Four sky-piercing minarets white as driven snow stand one at each corner of the spacious marble platform, to remind the pilgrim that the Taj Mahal is a place of perpetual prayer. This idea is enforced by the presence of an immense sandstone mosque on either side of the sacred temple of death; and the snowy purity of this crown and flower of Mogul art is emphasised by the ruddy domes and minarets which flank the white terraces on which it stands. As we approach the great flights of marble steps, a nearer view reveals the fact that dome and cupolas, walls and minarets, of the Taj Mahal are richly inlaid with an intricate mosaic of precious stones and costly marbles, which, instead of detracting from the general effect of dazzling whiteness, only enhance the almost transparent delicacy of the fairy fabric. Rock-crystal and coral, garnet and sapphire, amethyst and turquoise, gleam amid agate and cornelian, jasper and lapis-lazuli, from the many-coloured marbles which relieve the background of all-pervading white. Diamonds still glitter round the inaccessible heights of the dome, though many of the most valuable jewels were picked out of their settings by successive conquerors of Agra. The jewelled embroidery of the Taj is one of the most exquisite refinements of the art which, in obedience to Moslem creed, refrains from the exact representation of any natural object, while suggesting with marvellous fidelity every variety of tropical vegetation in a manner which indicates the spirit rather than the form of leaf and flower.

Let us pause outside the low doorway in the fretted arch which gives access to the shrine, and call to mind the love-story which it immortalises. The fairest queen of Mogul India sleeps beneath this mighty dome. Legends of her surpassing beauty and of the devoted love which has rendered the name of the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, more famous than the memories of war and conquest, are still told to the traveller who visits the halls of the royal Zenana within the Fort of Agra. We should hardly look for the highest type of conjugal love in the union of an Eastern despot and his favourite wife; but 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' and the divine fire, which with divine impartiality is sometimes bestowed like the sun and rain alike on just and unjust, was lit in the Mogul monarch's heart, raising him above the apparently insuperable barriers of creed and custom, and making him for all time a supreme example of constant affection.

The traditional portraits of Arjamund, his idolised Persian wife, convey the idea that some intangible charm of voice, manner, or smile must have stirred the statuesque repose of the delicate aquiline face which looks out at us with dark heavy-lidded eyes from a cloud of ebon hair roped with pearls. We can scarcely believe that the imperial Zenana with its galaxy of loveliness furnished no more brilliant type of beauty than that which belonged to 'The Exalted of the

Palace,' the chosen queen of the Emperor's heart and life, on whom he conferred this title of honour. The face of Arjamund expresses simplicity and sweetness; but the soft loveliness and tender colouring in no way resemble the darkly glowing beauty of the Hindu, or the rose and lily fairness of Georgian and Circassian. The union of Shah Jehan and his Persian bride was for many years like one long summer day of perfect happiness. The wealth and power of the Mogul Empire made the life of the Indian Court a gorgeous pageant, resembling a dream of Arabian Nights rather than the reality of an earthly kingdom; but the sun was sinking below the horizon: the myriad slaves who lived but to serve the Persian queen, the armies to whom her name was the watchword of victory, and the passionate devotion of the Emperor, were alike powerless before the Angel of Death. The dread fiat had gone forth, and with the submission of Oriental fatalism Shah Jehan bowed his head to the divine decree. His heart and thoughts were fixed henceforth upon the mysterious world whither the soul of Arjamund had fled, and one labour of love yet remained to be accomplished. The fabulous wealth and inexhaustible resources of the empire were put into immediate requisition, in order that the burial-place of this Queen of queens should immortalise her memory and her husband's love.

In 1630 A.D. the Tomb was begun; it is said to have occupied twenty thousand workmen for seventeen years, at the end of which it was completed at a cost of three millions sterling. India, China, Tibet, Arabia, and Persia were ransacked for the gems and marbles which formed the material of this temple of love and sorrow. Armed caravans, with their long trains of horses, camels, and elephants, crossed desert, river, and mountain frontier in every direction, laden with treasure from all the kingdoms of the East. Might was right in the days of Shah Jehan, and every disputed demand was enforced by fire and sword. Even the labour was forced, and the curtailment of the workmen's allowance of food resulted in frightful distress and mortality. The sacrifice of human life represented by the erection of the Taj Mahal casts the one dark shadow over the memories which it recalls. Even the architect was assassinated by imperial command, on the completion of the Tomb, as a precaution against any future repetition of the design which might hereafter detract from the unique glory of Arjamund's resting-place. The ideal love interwoven like a golden thread with the oppressive tyranny of Eastern despotism is a strange anomaly in the complex character of Shah Jehan. The room in the palace of Agra into which he was carried in his dying hours, in order that his last look might rest upon the finished beauty of the Taj, is still shown to the visitor. The arched window frames an exquisite view of the pearly dome and minarets rising from the shadowy trees which border the polished terraces laved by the blue Jumna. Across the sacred river which gives an additional sanctity to the spot, the Emperor was at length borne from the palace to the Tomb, where he rests by the side of Arjamund, 'The Exalted of the Palace,' whom in death he raised to a higher pinnacle of fame in the sight of a wondering world.

The narrow doorway, through which only one at a time can pass, prevents any unseemly crowding into the burial hall of the royal pair. A low chant from a dervish, prostrate before the perforated marble screens, like veils of filmy lace around the shrine, is repeated in a musical echo which loses itself in the vastness of the dome; otherwise, all is still. The shadowy heights of the soaring sphere rise in mysterious beauty above us, with the gleam of gems shining through the translucent whiteness of the milky marble. The same exquisite elaboration of geometrical and floral design is visible within as without. Legends and mottoes in Persian character, the sacred language of Mohammedanism, and the native tongue of the Mogul queen, encircle dome and walls with fantastic scroll-work. As the beautiful texts with their poetic imagery are translated to us, we recognise in their solemn words those great central truths which are not only the common property of Moslem and Christian, but which form the basis of every known religion that has ever crystallised itself into a creed. The contrast between time and eternity, the rewards of virtue, the joys of heaven, the vision of God, and man's dependence on the divine will, are all set forth in the sacred writings of ancient Persia. The beauty of scroll and flower and gem culminates round the shrine of Arjamund, the pearl which the casket contains, and the climax of its loveliness.

The marble network of screens around the Tomb is relieved by cornices and panels in a floral mosaic of many-coloured jewels. A white arch enriched with the same lavish decoration pierces the central screen, and rises high above it. On three mosaic steps which surmount a marble dais, inlaid with conventionalised jasmine, lily, and rose, stands the alabaster Tomb of the Mogul Queen, wreathed from base to summit with Persian scrolls and jewelled flowers. The intricate and delicate Persian characters seem the very poetry of calligraphy, and it would be difficult to find a more beautiful inscription than that which encircles the alabaster slab of the monument. The literal translation is said to give but a faint idea of the expressive power which belongs to the original language; but even in its English interpretation the legend retains a solemn and impressive beauty: 'This world is only a bridge; therefore cross over it, but build not upon it. The future is veiled in darkness, and one short hour alone is given thee. Turn every moment into a prayer, if thou wouldst attain unto heaven.'

In the stillness of the domed and vaulted hall, the words come to us like a message from the dead. A wandering breeze steals through the low doorway, and stirs the tendrils of the purple wreaths which lie on the steps of the Tomb. The melancholy call of the ringdoves in the banyan trees outside echoes softly through the marble silence, and the murmur of flowing water tells where the river hastens on its way to the thrice-holy spot where the sacred streams of Jumna and Ganges meet.

At the side of the central tomb, and raised a little higher from the floor to show that it is an Emperor's monument, is the plain marble sepulchre of Shah Jehan; but it is to the Queen that the post of honour belongs in this fair memorial temple. The entire subversion of

Moslem custom and precedent shows the intensity of the feelings which proved powerful enough to supersede them both. Western prejudice is such a frequent hindrance to any just appreciation of Oriental character, that even the identity of our common humanity is apt to be forgotten. The ideal love recorded on the marbles of the Taj Mahal is revealed to us as a heavenly inspiration, which attained to greater heights than those reached by the majority of mankind, even when raised by a purer creed and a higher moral code into a social atmosphere infinitely superior to that which environed the Mogul rulers of India. A pilgrimage to the Taj may still claim a sanctifying power, if, by widening Christian sympathies, it helps to bridge over the great mental chasm which yawns between East and West.

When we leave the shadowy twilight of the marble dome the sun has mounted far above the horizon, and the great building is sharply outlined against the blinding blue in a transfiguration of glittering light. Presently the yellow brooding heat of noon, which clings in almost tangible form to the sun-baked land, silences bird and breeze, and lies heavily on the drooping flowers. Shady paths thread the dense gloom of tropical woodlands to a kiosk, where the hot hours may be spent in the comparative coolness, more correctly described as modified heat, in this blazing March weather. As the afternoon shadows lengthen, the delicious breeze which precedes the sunset fans the garden with its balmy breath—the mournful cypresses, unstirred by the soft air which flutters palm frond and bay leaf, cast their slender shadows across the marble tank, and through the long vista the Taj appears under a new aspect. The Indian sky flames with amber and carmine glory, as though a vast conflagration were raging in the heights of heaven, and into this sea of fire the great dome floats like a sphere of burnished gold. Shaft and minaret are pointed with flame; and the snowy whiteness and solidity of the main building separate it from the visionary dome with the sharp line of demarcation which divides an earthly reality from a celestial dream. All too quickly the magical colouring fades, and the 'purple peace' of the Indian evening darkens over garden and Tomb; but the last and loveliest vision is yet to come.

As the yellow moon rises above the dark line of woods and throws a flood of light upon the Taj Mahal, the majestic fabric is idealised into the semblance of a spiritual creation, an aerial temple 'not made with hands'; the arched façade with its fretted marbles and delicate tracery shimmers with an opalescent gleam, as though it reflected light from within; minaret and pinnacle sparkle like spires of frosted silver; while suspended high above them, a diaphanous orb of silvery mist melts into the violet sky. The wonderful lightness of effect given by the elaboration of ornament is supposed to account for the mysterious moonlight beauty of the Taj. The ineffaceable impression produced by this mystical vision is deepened by the surrounding silence, only broken by the ripple of fountains and the low murmur of the Jumna.

Some dark figures crouch on the marble terraces, as they watch a twinkling lamp which floats far away on the silver tide, probably some

Hindu offering to the divinity of the holy river. As we leave the darkness of the garden and turn for a parting look at the fairest of earthly monuments, we accord to some words which originally referred to the founder of a Christian cathedral a wider application than they were intended to bear, for surely of the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, we may say in the presence of the Taj Mahal:

He dreamed not of an earthly home,
Who thus could build.

A PRINCE'S LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

'COLONEL,' said the Prince impulsively, when the Herr Cancellarius was gone, 'the time is growing late; you are tired, and your family must be tired. Rest all of you in the castle to-night, and let me ride over the mountains and bring your daughter back.'

'Your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'must permit the remainder of my family to return to the manse; and I myself, sir, her father, will ride over the mountains to bring my daughter back.'

'Colonel,' said the Prince, turning pettishly aside and kicking a footstool, 'you will not trust me.'

'It is a dangerous thing, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'for a young lady of middling station to be loved by a Prince.'

'At least,' said the Prince, 'you will permit me to ride with you.'

When the Herr Cancellarius returned with the knowledge which he had gleaned from the friends of his agents of the place to which Margaret had probably been taken, the Colonel and the Prince prepared to set out together in pursuit. First, the Colonel sent his wife and younger daughter home, and then he and the Prince mounted two sure-footed ponies and with a Highland guide set out over the mountain.

That midnight ride through the heather was embalmed in the memory of the two men. It made them better acquainted with each other than all former meetings, for by its means they got at the bones of each other's thoughts and views of life. The Colonel persistently told himself that his companion would be the finest, manliest, most desirable young man in the world, if only he were not a Prince, and he steadily refused to entertain any of the arguments with which the Prince urged his suit for the hand of Margaret. The Prince pleaded with all the fire and recklessness of youth; and the Colonel replied with all that wisdom of experience which hot youth regards as little as the thistle-down. This is the way their argument went on.

'I have understood, sir,' said the Colonel, 'that you are bound to the Princess Ernestine.'

'That was only a political arrangement,' said the Prince, 'which I can cast aside as easily as I throw away this cigar.'

'That is dangerous, sir,' said the Colonel: 'that might set the heather on fire.' And he dismounted and turned aside to tread the cigar

out. 'Permit me, sir,' said he, when he had remounted, 'to draw you a lesson from that. Your thoughtless repudiation of your engagement with the Princess Ernestine might cause a political conflagration. The king and the people of Starkenburg would take it as an insult. And permit me to point out that your royal rank entails upon you duties to your father and your country which do not fall upon a private gentleman.'

'I shall become a private gentleman,' answered the Prince. 'I shall give up my royal rank. What is my royal rank? I am second son only, and my royal rank only serves to wall me in and to control all my actions. I have no freedom. I command a regiment, it is true. But I could command a regiment better if I were only a Herr Graf, or a plain soldier like yourself, Colonel.'

'You cannot, sir,' maintained the Colonel, 'get away from the fact that you are bound by all kinds of subtle ties to your position, and the cutting of one or two of them would irritate instead of relieving you.'

'I shall cut them all. I shall withdraw from Pumpernickel and Germany altogether,' declared the Prince. 'I shall become an English subject; and I shall offer my sword to the Queen of England.'

'And ten years afterwards,' said the Colonel, 'you would bitterly regret it. No, sir; no woman is worth so much sacrifice. And I will not permit it for my daughter.'

While the Prince and the Colonel were gone upon their expedition of recovery, the Herr Cancellarius von Straubensee was not idle. He had been defeated in one skirmish, he told himself, but he had not yet been defeated on the main issue. He knew his Prince well enough to believe that he was capable of sending for a chaplain or minister as soon as the young lady was brought back, and he had no reason to think that the Colonel would oppose the marriage. As soon, therefore, as the supper party was got rid of, he made preparations for continuing his campaign hotly on the first line of its inception. This time he hesitated at nothing that would help him to success. He sat down and prepared a long telegram to Prince Hermann's father at Pumpernickel, begging him to exert all his influence to prevent so disastrous an alliance as that contemplated by the Prince. He wrote a telegram also to the Pumpernickel Minister in London, begging him anew to exert all his influence with the English Government. Then he had a nap in the library of an hour or so while a carriage was being got ready to drive him to Ballater to the telegraph office. His nap over and a morsel of food eaten, he set forth on his long drive through the still and dark hours of the early morning.

He insisted upon waking the telegraph official at Ballater before his time, and his messages were soon speeding over the telegraph wires by way of Aberdeen. His telegraphic business accomplished, he got fresh horses put into the carriage and galloped back to Balmoral; for, in his desperation, he had brought his astonished white head to disregard etiquette and to plead for the Queen's immediate assist-

ance. He was accorded the extraordinary favour of an audience as soon as Her Majesty had breakfasted. What passed at that audience I cannot tell, even if I would; but the Herr Cancellarius left the castle with victory shining on his jocund face, and a German Prince of the Queen's own immediate connection sitting beside him in the carriage. But his victorious career was not yet over; for the carriage turned aside from the direct way of its return to Ardnashiel, so that the Herr Cancellarius might deliver a message from the Queen to a Royal Prince, one of her own sons, who was staying in the neighbourhood; that message requested him also to join in remonstrance with Prince Hermann and to exert his influence. And all this to prevent a young man from marrying a young woman with whom he was in love!

'That,' said the Herr Cancellarius to the German Prince, as they whirled by the manse, 'is the house where the preposterous Colonel and his objectionable family dwell!'

The Colonel himself stood on the green before the door practising golf-strokes with his salmon gaff, as was usual with him after breakfast. He glanced towards the carriage as it drove by, but he recognised neither it nor its occupants. He was waiting for his daughter Margaret to wake, that he might have a long and serious talk with her. She had been found at a lonely shieling over the mountains in the charge of an old Highland dame. The Colonel had bargained with the Prince that no word of love should be uttered when she should be found; the Prince might explain that the letter had not been sent by him, and that her abduction was not arranged by him, but no more. In spite of that undertaking, however, the Prince found opportunity to whisper a word or two as they rode back all three through the heather. She was too weary and shaken with her strange adventure, however, to attend to the Prince's love-making. Her father was more considerate with her than the Prince, and did not trouble her with talk, except the most casual and ordinary, even when they were being driven from Ardnashiel to the manse. And therefore he was waiting, when the Herr Cancellarius drove by, to have that talk with his daughter which he had so patiently postponed. He was the more anxious to have it over, that the Prince before they parted had reiterated his intention of calling that day in the formal company of the Herr Cancellarius, and he wished to be sure of his position before he met them.

At length Margaret awoke. The Colonel heard her bell ring, and he went in and sent up word to her that he wished to have a talk with her immediately in her room.

'I daresay you guess, my dear,' said the Colonel, as soon as he had sat down, 'what I am in a hurry to talk with you about. Perhaps you heard the Prince say when we parted from him that he was coming here to-day?'

'I did hear him say something of the sort,' answered Margaret, with a blush.

'Well, I shall tell you plainly what his declared purpose is in coming: he means to formally ask your hand of me in marriage.'

'It is very early to talk of marriage, don't

you think, father,' said Margaret, with a rather forced laugh, 'before there has been any courting?'

'That, my dear,' said her father, 'is the way royal marriages are conducted.'

'Royal marriages!' exclaimed the girl.

'Don't let us fence, my dear,' said the Colonel, 'and waste time. Your marriage would be a royal marriage, if it came off.'

The girl emitted from her bright eyes a quick glance of surprise and disappointment. She was in that state of feeling which many young ladies find so delightful: she would and she wouldn't; she amused herself with the possibility of possessing a royal lover, and perhaps a royal husband, though, in her toying with the question, she had scarcely yet considered properly the issue of marriage; and therefore it caused her the cold shock of something real and fateful to hear her father hint a doubt of the likelihood of anything coming of all this.

'You will oblige me very much, Meg,' resumed her father, 'if you will tell me whether you have ever had any kind of spoken understanding with the Prince?'

Then Meg frankly told her father what had passed after the ducking in the river—that the Prince had said such and such things, evidently implying love, and that she had given one small answer and then made her escape.

'Hum!' said the Colonel, looking on her very seriously. 'So you do care for him?'

'I care for him a great deal, father,' answered Meg boldly: 'I cannot help it.'

'That's a pity,' said the Colonel simply, 'because nothing but vexation or disaster can come of it.'

Meg's face grew hard when he said that, and she scarcely heard him when he went over the old ground of the Prince's rank, and his engagement to the Princess Ernestine.

'To do him justice, however,' continued the Colonel, 'he declares he will cast off rank and everything only to have you.'

'He has said that?' exclaimed the girl. 'Then he is a lover in a hundred thousand!'

'But we cannot let him do anything of the kind,' said the upright, matter-of-fact Colonel. 'It would completely ruin him; he would for ever regret it.'

Margaret did not believe a word of that. The fire of devotion had seized both heart and head, and she heard no more that her father said. She only knew that before her father went, she had agreed to a formal refusal of the Prince's suit; but that did not trouble her, for her whole nature was glowing with the fire of devotion. As soon as her father was gone, she jumped up and hurriedly dressed, and sat down in the heat of her feeling and wrote a few lines at a great rate: 'DEAREST PRINCE—You are the noblest lover in the world. I have heard of your devotion, of all you would give up for me. I am yours. I have promised to refuse your formal offer of marriage. I must leave it to you to make that of no avail.—Yours ever, MEG HERRIES-HAY.'

She would not venture to read over what she had written lest she should be ashamed of it, or repent of it; she hurried it into an

envelope, and hastened forth with it in her pocket to find a messenger to bear it to its destination. By good luck she found the gillie who commonly attended her father and herself when they went fishing; he was wandering disconsolately around, 'looking at the weather,' as he said, being in want of an occupation; and he gladly undertook—for the handsome consideration which the young lady pressed into his hand—to carry the letter with all expedition; he knew, he said, where he could borrow a sheltie.

Meanwhile, Prince Hermann at Ardnashiel Castle was surrounded by great people, 'exerting their influence' to make him forego his intention of marrying the Colonel's daughter. There were the German Prince who was a near connection of the Queen; and the Royal Prince who was the Queen's own son; and another German Prince whom the Queen's own son had brought with him: all were 'exerting their influence' and bringing it to bear. Moreover, as the day wore on, there came by special messenger a telegram of dissuasive advice from the representative in London of His Majesty of Pumpernickel; and on the heels of that a telegram from His Majesty of Pumpernickel himself, containing German words of great length and angry and threatening import. While the Prince was thus sore bested, there was handed to him Margaret's impulsive note. He read it, and flushed with the triumph of love.

'Messieurs,' said he to the Princes who were exerting their influence, 'I have heard you patiently all the morning. I now ask one thing of you in return: come with me and see the lady.' They hesitated; they demurred. 'It is the only reply I can make at present to the interest you take in this matter, and to your kind professions of regard for me.'

Finally, they agreed to go to see Miss Herries-Hay. The four Princes set forth in one carriage, and the Herr Cancellarius and the Count von Saxe—for Prince Hermann insisted that they should go also—in another. The Herries-Hay family were sitting down to tea when the carriages appeared before the manse door.

'Gracious!' exclaimed Mrs. Herries-Hay; 'who can all these be? I hope there are cups enough!'

Presently the door was opened, and the flustered servant ushered in Prince Hermann and his friends and attendants.

'Do not go away,' said the Prince to the servant.

The servant stood by the door, Colonel Herries-Hay—who recognised all the Princes—rose in bewilderment, and all the family wondered, but not for long. Prince Hermann stepped directly up to Margaret and took her hand. 'Permit me,' said he, looking round upon his friends and attendants, and including also the servant at the door in his glance, 'to introduce to you all—*my wife!*' There was a dead pause of astonishment and bewilderment. 'I know,' he continued, glancing at the Colonel in a flash of triumph, 'your Scottish law. I have declared your daughter my wife in the presence of witnesses, and so she is my wife!'

Margaret stood pale and trembling, with her hand in the Prince's. The Colonel recovered his wits the first of the bewildered company—at any rate he spoke first.

'It is nobly and generously intended, your Royal Highness,' said he; 'but I cannot permit it!' The Princes pricked their ears and gave all their attention. 'Whether your declaration is good in law or not, neither I nor my daughter can hold you bound by it.'—The Prince pressed Margaret's hand.—'On our conscience, we cannot, sir!'

'What does the lady say?' queried the Prince, the Queen's own son.

At that Margaret started and drew her hand from the Prince's, and looked about her. She paused and let her eyes drop before she replied. 'Let this unexpected declaration of Prince Hermann,' said she at length, 'go for nothing. But if he returns at the end of two months and claims me as his wife, I shall not repudiate him.'

In two months Prince Hermann returned as the Count von Angemar. He had dropped his royal rank, as he had declared he would; the offer of his sword had been accepted by the Queen of England; and he had become a British subject. He returned and claimed his betrothed. They were married in the little church adjoining the manse. Whether or not he regrets what he has done, it is yet too early to say.

GREAT GRIMSBY PONTOON.

GREAT GRIMSBY PONTOON, in the early morning hours of a midsummer day, presents a scene of unrivalled activity. Long before the sun rises, the Estuary of the Humber is all alive with myriad craft. Dingy funnelled steam-trawlers, their holds packed to overflowing with a multitudinous variety of fish, glide swiftly into dock; while in their wake come the sailing smacks, bearing a no less rich cargo. As the sun rises, the damp mists begin to disperse, and the ruddy sails lend colour to the picture; while the still dripping nets and slippery decks glisten by reason of the silvery fish-scales which cling to them like newly fallen snow-flakes. These vessels, innumerable as they seem to be, form but a part, and a very small part, indeed, of the great fishing fleet which makes Grimsby what it is, the largest and most important fishing port in the world. The fleet numbers 819 vessels all told, including 695 trawlers and 124 cod vessels, with a registered tonnage of 56,998, and carrying crews to the number of 4591 men, and with a fish-traffic of 73,650 tons per annum—a decided increase since the year 1854, when the tonnage was only 453. All these vessels, large and small, iron built or wooden, steam or sail, ply between Grimsby port and that happy hunting-ground of the North Sea fishermen, the Dogger Bank.

By six or seven A.M. the vessels have all come to anchor alongside the covered pier which stretches parallel with the shore for nearly a mile, and is known everywhere as the famous Grimsby Pontoon. Then the excitement of the day begins. The Pontoon loungers,

one and all, seem suddenly galvanised into preternatural activity, and with one bound the boats are boarded and the unlading begins. The fish have been carefully packed in ice compartments down in the hold; now they are unshipped, and are carried in boxes, tubs, and trolleys, to be laid in shining rows along the Pontoon. The casual visitor must keep a sharp lookout, otherwise he might easily take a header into the water, which at low tide is not exactly redolent of the briny ocean. It takes some experience to thread one's way between the jostling, pushing crowd, the slippery fish, and the huge blocks of ice and sacks of coal which stand in readiness for embarkation.

At length the fish are sorted; the small haddocks, plaice, and soles are laid in long rows, and are flanked by huge halibut and turbot, looking coldly conscious of their superiority to the smaller fry. It must be very ignominious to be landed together with the common herd and sold wholesale in a box; but quite otherwise is it to be a majestic halibut, whose mighty proportions tax the strength of a couple of men to lift on to the trolley and push along the Pontoon to the place for sale. Lemon-spotted fish are there in abundance, which the London fishmonger will possibly introduce to his customers as 'lemon soles,' but which the Grimsby fishermen call simply plaice.

The far-famed English sole, for which the New York epicure in vain sighs when at home, is growing fickle, and is forsaking its North Sea haunts, much to the sorrow of the Lincolnshire fishermen. Nevertheless, the North Sea sole holds its own in the market, and, not unlike certain warm-blooded animals, is living upon its reputation. The Grimsby soles are still to be seen in Billingsgate Market; but the majority of them have been caught in St George's Channel, and have made a slight detour via Grimsby, en route from Milford Haven to London, by this little strategy very much enhancing their market value.

Next the auction sale opens; and the busy crowd is reinforced by a more leisurely contingent, who can afford to saunter down by eight o'clock. The delicate but very definite lines which separate the aristocracy from the democracy in the fish-world are here emphasised. All fish, such as cod, halibut, and turbot, which have been caught by hook are put up to regular auction, and are honoured by the presence of a duly authorised auctioneer; but the humbler net-fish, which have been captured in shoals, are ignominiously sold 'downhill' by Dutch auction; while all cod, halibut, or turbot which have been so misguided as to slip through the meshes of the net must pay for their temerity by being bid for in the rapidly descending scale.

Long before noontide, the Pontoon has been cleared of fish; and the trucks which the railway company run down to the water's edge have been filled, and are speeding on their way, some to the Midlands, and others to the north country, but by far the larger proportion to the London markets.

Grimsby is indeed intersected by a perfect network of rails, and it owes its more recent

prosperity to the enterprise of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, who own the docks upon which the trade of the port depends, and who have done much to increase their area. Originally, the company built its line skirting the town; but the population has grown so rapidly, that now, in American fashion, the line runs through the very centre, scaring the nervous stranger who finds himself compelled every few minutes to traverse some level crossing. Much to the credit of the company, however, no public-house for the sale of intoxicants in any form is permitted upon the Pontoon. A bright, clean-looking Coffee Tavern does a brisk trade; and boys with baskets of substantial pies and other viands are in readiness the moment the boats come in to supply the fishermen at moderate prices.

During the summer season, many of the vessels remain at the Dogger Bank for as long as six weeks at a stretch; their catchings are transferred to 'carriers,' which ply to and from the shore at regular intervals. How grateful, then, to the eye and to the palate it must be, after these long weary weeks of rough ship fare, to find baskets of fruit and nicely cooked food brought down to the boats; and how much this excellent system must deter from drunkenness!

July is the busiest season of all, for the herring shoals from the northern seas are due off the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire coasts. The scene then becomes exceedingly animated, for the women and girls of the ports are called into requisition. They board the boats, and help the men to sort and salt and ice-pack the shiny, scaly herrings, which in a good season almost overwhelm the fisher folk, and the prompt disposal of which taxes their resources to the utmost.

The curing-houses used to be close by; but the wooden huts having been burnt down, brick buildings were erected; and here it is that the work of preparing and curing is almost entirely carried on by women and girls. Poverty Dock is the point to which all those vessels gravitate which stand in need of repairs. There 'Lord Salisbury' finds herself laid up side by side with 'Gladstone;' or 'Little Jessie' gently rocks alongside the 'Scottish Chief;' and 'Hebe' and 'Diana' lie close by 'Isaac Watts' or 'Oliver Cromwell.' Mythology, hymnology, history, and fiction are all pretty equally represented in the names with which the boats have been christened. The nets must also be seen to; and many of the men set to work to mend them as soon as the fish have been landed. There is indeed an amount and variety of work in this seafaring life of which the landsman is barely cognisant.

Certain fish make sad havoc with the nets; and during the winter months, and the autumnal and vernal equinoxes, when the winds and waves are most boisterous, many a boat comes back minus its nets, and alas! too, often boats and crew are also missing.

The old household system of net-making is a thing of the past; and just beyond the Pontoon, scores of women and girls are employed by the Salt and Tanning Company in their

long, narrow, and well-ventilated factory. Net-making, or 'net-braiding' as it is technically called, involves considerable muscular power; but it is clean and wholesome work; and the girls who, with a rapid jerk, knot the thick cord into its meshes, are as a rule tall and shapely, and endowed with more than the average good looks and health. It would be difficult to find a finer set of girls than these, as they sit or stand in long rows in their pretty cotton blouses, their neat skirts, and charmingly arranged hair.

In the summer, work is usually slack; but during the busy season, working by the piece from eight A.M. to five P.M., girls can earn from eight to eighteen shillings per week according to skill. And it is pleasing to find here an airy, comfortable, furnished dining-room, provided with excellent culinary conveniences.

The Pontoon with its surroundings, although of chiefest interest to the passing visitor, forms but a small portion of the port, which from its Royal, its Union, and its Alexandra Docks, despatches a fleet of fourteen powerful steamers to Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and many other of the principal European ports.

SYMPATHETIC INKS.

SYMPATHETIC or secret ink may be defined as 'any liquid with which we may write invisible letters that will not appear until some particular agent is employed to give them colour.' There are several varieties, requiring different treatment—one merely needing exposure to the air; another, to fire; a third, the application of a certain vapour; and so on. Ovid, in his 'Art of Love,' teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing their love-letters with new milk, and to make the writing appear by rubbing coal-dust over the paper. Any thick and viscous fluid, such as the glutinous and colourless juices of plants, aided by any coloured powder, will answer the purpose equally well. A quill pen should be used. The most common method is to pen an epistle in ordinary ink, interlined with the invisible words, which, doubtless, has given rise to the expression 'reading between the lines' in order to discover the true meaning of a communication.

Letters written with a solution of gold, silver, copper, tin, or mercury dissolved in aqua-fortis, or, simpler still, of iron or lead in vinegar, with water added until the liquor does not stain a white paper, will remain invisible for two or three months if kept shut up in the dark; but, on exposure for some hours to the open air, will gradually acquire colour, or will do so instantly on being held before the fire. Each of these solutions gives its own peculiar colour to the writing: gold, a deep violet; silver, slate; lead and copper, brown; but all possess this common disadvantage—that in time they eat away the paper, leaving the letters in the form of perforations. There is a

vast number of other solutions that become visible on exposure to heat, or on having a heated iron passed over them; the explanation being that the matter is readily burnt to a sort of charcoal, simplest among which we may mention lemon juice or milk; but the one that produces the best result is made by dissolving a scruple of sal-ammoniac in two ounces of water.

Writing with rice-water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practised successfully in the correspondence with Jelalabad in the first Afghan war. The letter was concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded, on which appeared the single word 'Iodine.' The magic liquid was applied, and therewith appeared an important despatch from Sir Robert Sale.

In the course of a trial in France last year, a letter was read from a man named Turpin, a chemist, under sentence of five years' imprisonment as a spy, giving directions to a friend with a view to establishing a secret correspondence with him while in prison. This led to an official inquiry on the subject by the French authorities, and some strange revelations were obtained from some of the convicts. It appears that when information has to be conveyed to a prisoner, a formal letter, containing apparently nothing but a few trivial facts of a personal nature, is forwarded to the prison. This is read by the governor, who stamps it, and allows it to be handed on to the man to whom it is addressed. The latter, however, is aware that there is another letter to be read within the lines, this being written in milk, and being easily decipherable on being rubbed over with a dirty finger.

Perhaps the most dangerous of its kind is one that was described in a French scientific journal at the beginning of 1883, at least it might prove so in unscrupulous hands. It consists of an aqueous solution of iodide of starch. In four weeks, characters written with it disappear, preventing all use or abuse of letters, and doing away with all documentary evidence of any kind in the hands of the recipient. But a recent discovery by Professor Braylants of the University of Louvain, surpasses all, inasmuch as no ink at all is required in order to convey a secret message. He lays several sheets of note-paper on each other, and writes on the uppermost with a pencil; then selects one of the under sheets on which no marks of the writing are visible. On exposing this sheet to the vapour of iodine for a few minutes, it turns yellowish, and the writing appears of a violet-brown colour. On further moistening the paper, it turns blue, and the letters show in violet lines. The explanation is that note-paper contains starch, which, under pressure, becomes hydramide, and turns blue in the iodine fumes. It is best to write on a hard desk, say a pane of glass. Sulphurous acid gas can make the writing disappear again, and it can be revived a second time.

By digesting saffre in aqua regia, by which is obtained the calx of cobalt, we get a secret ink by means of which pretty scenic effects may be produced. It was thus described many years ago by Macquer, known as the author of

the 'Chemical Dictionary': 'This ink may be applied to the drawing of landscapes, in which the earth and trees destitute of verdure, being drawn with common ink, give a prospect of winter; and which may be made to assume the appearance of spring by exposure to a gentle heat, which covers the trees with leaves and the earth with grass, by rendering visible those parts of the landscapes which are drawn with this sympathetic ink; and as the solution of regulus of cobalt or zaffre in spirit of nitre acquires a reddish colour by the application of heat, the red solution might be contrived to represent the fruits and flowers.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE British Association will meet this year at Oxford in the second week of August, under the Presidency of the Marquis of Salisbury. The Presidents of the various sections have been appointed; and Sir Douglas Galton will be proposed as President for the meeting of 1895, which will take place at Ipswich.

It is said that Mr Edison has completed his 'Kinetoscope,' about which various absurd reports have been current during the past year. This instrument is for the purpose of photographing figures in motion, so that by afterwards combining the pictures in a projection apparatus, the movements are apparently reproduced. This is no more than was done some time ago by Muybridge of California, Anschütz in Germany, and by Marey at Paris. But there may possibly be some novelty in Mr Edison's apparatus which does not at present appear.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., in the course of a paper which he lately read at the Society of Arts on 'The Rainfall Records of the British Isles,' spoke of a very curious observation which he had made. He said that thirty years ago he had noticed that for many years two rules seemed to have prevailed—(1) That every year ending with the figure 4 had less than the average rainfall, except when that rule was interfered with by another, which was—(2) That every twelfth year back from 1860 had more than the average rain. This rule appears not to have been broken since the year 1812. Mr Symons also pointed out how irregular was the occurrence of rain in the metropolitan district, the rainfall varying from six inches in one particular month to less than half an inch in another. He also alluded to the phenomenal fall of rain on June 23, 1878, when three and a quarter inches fell on London in one hour and a half, a fall which would mean three hundred and thirty tons' weight of water on every acre of ground. In conclusion, the lecturer spoke of the large army of unpaid workers who are now engaged in making rainfall records all over the country.

On the 5th of March last a brilliant meteor was seen by various observers in different parts

of England. The luminous body must have been of vast size and great brilliance, for it was observed in bright sunlight. It is described as moving from a north-westerly direction, and as having the appearance of a second-magnitude star.

Shuman's process of embedding wire in glass so as to form large sheets of transparent material for the glazing of hothouses and the like, has recently been brought to great perfection at the works of the American Wire-glass Manufacturing Company at Tacony, Philadelphia. The idea of associating wire with glass is by no means new, as many a specification in the English Patent Office will testify; but there are points in the Shuman process which get over difficulties which no previous inventor was able to surmount. The method adopted is briefly as follows: Molten glass is poured upon a heated cast-iron table, and is rolled, to a thickness previously determined upon, by a heated metal roller. A sheet of wire network of the same size—also heated—is now brought upon the surface of the molten glass, and a ribbed roller passes over it so as to imbed it in the plastic mass. A smooth roller now removes the furrows caused by the previous one, and the result is a sheet of transparent glass supported by an inner metallic skeleton. A few hours in an annealing oven completes the process of manufacture.

A correspondent of the *Times of India* points out that the burrowing wasp if watched at work will furnish a sight quite as full of hints for the sluggard as the busy bee or the industrious ant. Watching one of these intelligent insects, he saw it dig a hole in the soft earth much as a terrier will accomplish the same work, but with a more definite object in view. Having made the hole to its apparent satisfaction, it went away to a little distance, and dragged to the grave the body of a large spider, which it had evidently killed previously. The corpse of the spider was thrust into the hole; and after being treated to a few stings, to make sure that it was dead in earnest, the wasp carefully restored the earth to its place, and ran several times backward and forward over the newly-made grave, with the apparent intention of obliterating all trace of its work, so that no marauder should steal the delicacy buried below.

So many are interested in the use of oil-fuel for heating steam-boilers, that a few particulars relative to its employment in lieu of coal at the Chicago Exhibition will not be out of place. During the time for which the Exhibition remained open there were used between ten and eleven million gallons of oil, which was supplied by contract at about three-farthings per gallon. The boiler-house comprised two hundred and ten burners, which atomised the oil beneath fifty-two huge boilers, and required the attendance of forty-two men. To produce the same amount of energy by means of solid fuel, between five hundred and six hundred tons of coal per day would have been required, or seventy thousand tons in all. It has been pointed out in a recent Report upon the subject, that this vast amount of coal could not have been handled expeditiously in the limited

space available except with great danger to life and property. The saving by the use of oil-fuel instead of coal is calculated to have been about twenty-seven per cent.; the engines worked from start to finish without a break, and the smokelessness and absence of odour was a matter of common remark.

A curious question came before the law-courts the other day, when an inventor was sued by an engineer for the price of certain work upon a machine which would not work. The engineer pleaded that he never guaranteed that it would work, for it was a machine for producing perpetual motion. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that there were several thousand inventors engaged in attempting to solve this old problem. An extremely curious circumstance, if we reflect that half an hour's study of the modern doctrine of conservation of energy would demonstrate its impossibility to any reasonable mind. History repeats itself, and the search for the philosopher's stone which ruined so many enthusiastic workers in medieval times is with us still under another name.

A very curious natural provision for the protection of certain trees growing along the swampy southern portion of the Ganges delta, is described in an interesting article in the 'Journal' of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal under the title of 'The Blind Root-suckers of the Sunderbans.' Many of the trees of this locality are furnished with these root-suckers, which take the form of woody processes proceeding from the whole length of the roots, and growing in an upward direction, they grow until they reach the highest level of the tides, and thus form a kind of network around the tree stems, and so protect them from being uprooted in the most violent wind. These root-suckers never produce buds, and are furnished with air-chambers for the aëration of the roots.

Professor Redwood, and Mr Topley, the Government geologist, have reported upon the recent discovery of petroleum on the Ashwick estate, Somerset. They believe that the oil exists in sufficient quantity to warrant further expenditure in boring; and at their suggestion, a few charges of a high explosive were fired in the well, in order to liberate the oil from the contiguous rock. This had the desired effect, and the water came up thickly coated with oil. The oil seems to be of good colour and quality generally, having the odour of refined rather than crude petroleum. It has a very high flashing-point.

A prize worth about one thousand pounds sterling is offered by a Russian Count for an efficient means of protecting from, or the curing of horned beasts suffering from cattle disease, the prize to be awarded by the Curator of the Imperial Institute of Experimental Medicine at St Petersburg, with the help of a Committee of experts. The competition is open to the world, members of the above-named Institute only being ineligible; and a description of the remedy must be sent in before the 1st of January 1897. In order to give time to test the efficacy of the remedies proposed, the award will not be made until two years have elapsed from the above date.

A very interesting paper on 'Forging by Hydraulic Pressure' was lately read before the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr R. H. Tweddell. After giving a brief history of the development of the process since the year 1846, when the proposal was first made to work hot or cold iron under the Bramah press, the author pointed out the advantages of the hydraulic press over the steam hammer. He showed that the power of the former was practically all exerted upon the forging under treatment, and not dissipated in shocks to framing and foundation, quoting the axiom that noise and waste of energy were convertible terms. More work, he asserted, could be turned out by the press than by the hammer in a given time; while dies were uninjured, and some were employed that could never be used under the hammer. The effect of the latter was momentary; but with the hydraulic press the same rate of working per hour could be maintained; and the effect of the continued pressure was to increase the homogeneity of the forgings under treatment.

The 'Photoret' is an apparatus formed like a watch, and is perhaps a trifle larger both in diameter and thickness than the railway time-keeper carried by guards and engine-drivers. But its duty is not to mark the flight of time, but to take photographs. This is brought about by a simple slot movement to change the position of a circular film of sensitised celluloid inside the apparatus; and pressure upon the knob of the handle gives a rapid exposure while the Photoret is held in the hand. Six exposures can be made on one film, each little picture being about half an inch square, but capable of after-magnification. The ingenious device emanates from a New York firm, for whom the London agents are Messrs Brigham & Sheldon, 102 Fore Street, E.C.

London's 'Eiffel' Tower, which, when complete, is to be one hundred and fifty feet higher than its Parisian prototype, is now complete to its first stage, and it is already a notable object, which can be seen from many miles around Wembley, which, by the way, is not far from Willesden Junction. There are two hundred men employed upon the work, which has occupied nine months of the two years allowed for the completion of the Tower. The total height of the erection will be 1150 feet, or about three times the height of St Paul's Cathedral, and its weight is estimated at 7500 tons.

An ingenious manner of obtaining a photograph of the gorilla without too close an approach to that ferocious animal, was lately described to an interviewer by Professor Garner. The Professor set his camera in a likely locality, and focused it upon a bait in front, which, by means of a string, was attached to the instantaneous shutter of the instrument. The gorilla in seizing the bait could not fail to pull the string and have his likeness taken.

We trust, now that it is shown how a little money may be wisely spent in directing attention to improvement in common things, that others will come forward with their purses open in a like manner to tempt inventors to seriously review some other outlets for their ingenuity. Cannot, for instance, some improvement be made in the design of the common

suburban villa?—we mean those houses which are tenanted mostly by the superior artisan class, and are built in rows which are hideous in their regularity, and an eyesore to the landscape. Into the details of these and other houses we dare not venture, for they are so full of things open to improvement. They want windows which will not rattle, door-knobs which will not come off, walls which will hold a nail, and cement which will not peel. These are a few of the things which are, like the London cabs, decidedly open to improvements.

Some years ago, in a then popular novel, a scheme was jokingly described for collecting sawdust and compressing its particles once more into solid wood. What was stated in joke then, has become a reality now, in the product known as Xylolith, or wood-stone, which is being manufactured on an extensive scale by Messrs Otto Sening & Company of Pottschappel, near Dresden. The material is made by mixing sawdust with magnesia cement, or calcined magnesite, saturating the compound with a solution of chloride of calcium, and finally subjecting it to a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch. After drying in the air, the sheets into which the pasty mass has been compressed can be sawn, planed, or otherwise dealt with by ordinary wood-working tools. Xylolith is very hard, uninflamable, can easily be rendered waterproof by paint, is amenable to any kind of decoration, and is so useful in various ways, that it is coming into extensive employment for many purposes.

A tramway company at St Louis, United States, America, are adopting an air-brake on their cars much of the same pattern as that in use on our railways. But in the absence of steam as the compressing force, the pump is worked by the revolution of the wheel axle. In running a distance of two hundred feet, the maximum pressure of forty pounds to the inch can be easily obtained.

In a recent lecture by Professor Miall, F.R.S., of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, a somewhat unfamiliar subject was broached in the consideration of life on the surface of water. Such a situation afforded certain special advantages to that class of plants able to occupy such a position, and these were principally free access to air and sunlight, for from such sources plants derived an important part of their nourishment. But against these advantages was the danger of overcrowding, for it was obvious that the surface of water, having no depth, was limited in its accommodation. As a typical instance of the tendency to overcrowd in the case of large-leaved plants, the huge water-lily, the 'Victoria regia,' was named. A leaf of this plant would support the weight of a man, and when crowded by its neighbours, it shot out a rim, and thus defended itself from overlapping. The leaf was riddled with what might be called pin-holes, so that rain could not accumulate on its surface.

The Board of Trade Report for 1893 on the working of the Explosion of Boilers Act has recently been published, and it shows that a goodly number of the accidents reported upon are preventable. A large proportion of

the explosions of boilers used for heating purposes take place in frosty weather, and are directly attributable to faulty fittings of the domestic hot and cold water supply.

SOMETHING ABOUT LEAF-MINERS.

WHILE the glory of autumn colours gratifies our sense of the beautiful, another aspect of the leaves appeals to our interest and curiosity. The great army of Leaf-miners which produce the effects alluded to may be looked upon as a connecting link between the numerous insects which feed outside the leaves and those which require the plant to provide them a special food and shelter, like the gall-flies. For while they do not, like these latter, cause any abnormal growth on the plant, they yet feed and lodge *within* the leaf. The adult insect is a fly which pierces the skin—botanically, the epidermis—of the leaf and lays an egg beneath. When the grub is hatched, it does not, like that of the gall-fly, cause a special growth round itself; it merely eats away the green substance of the leaf lying between the epidermis and the veins. It thus forms a little dwelling for itself, sheltered from the weather with a roof formed by the leaf-skin. This eating away of the leaf shows itself externally as brown, greenish white, or white patches, and markings of various shapes. As the grubs are hatched and at work during the summer, the markings on the leaves begin to make themselves conspicuous in the autumn.

Looking round the garden, we note rather large brown patches on many of the leaves of the lilac tree. These are not merely touches of the general autumnal decay, as might be supposed at first, but the result of the work of a species of leaf-miner. Lift up carefully the brown shrivelled skin, and you see—ah, no; there is nothing there! Try another. In this there is a small caterpillar, with its head towards the outside of the eaten-out patch. It is busy eating—the one object of its life. The little tomtit knows all about these inhabitants of the lilac leaves, and one of the interesting sights of autumn is to see him hunting for them. There he is, clinging by his feet to the very end of a leaf, engaged in eager search. If there is a caterpillar in that leaf, its chances of escape are small. Perhaps Mr Tomtit had been at that one we found empty, or perhaps the caterpillar had left the leaf itself; for at times they may be seen hanging by their silken threads from the leaves, evidently descending to the ground. Hence it is to be supposed these leaf-miners do not, as some others do, pass their chrysalis stage within the leaf.

On the leaves of the raspbush the work of the leaf-miners shows as light whitish green patches. Holding them up to the light, a light-coloured caterpillar with a dark head is seen. Its head is at the circumference of its eaten-out dwelling.

On other leaves the work of the leaf-miner shows itself in a more picturesque fashion. Irregularly winding, narrow tunnels, gradually increasing in breadth, show themselves on the surface, something like the mapping of very

meandering rivers. These caterpillars have eaten out tunnels of which the increasing widths correspond with their increasing appetites. Sometimes the course of the tunnel turns round and crosses itself—in this unlike a river. Such tunnels are abundant on the leaves of the snowberry, and may be seen also on those of the primrose, columbine, and other plants. By the roadside they occur frequently on the cow-parsnip and honeysuckle. The grub is found at the end of the tunnel on lifting the epidermis, unless it happens to have left the leaf.

Certain leaf-miners emerge from the leaves as perfect insects, leaving behind them their chrysalis robes as evidence. On this leaf of alder, for example, the space between two of the parallel veins on the under side of the leaf is occupied by a brown patch where the leaf-substance has been eaten out. At the end of the old caterpillar dwelling, the empty chrysalis case is standing at right angles to the leaf. The white patches which mark the insects' work on the oak-leaves have each a dark body in the centre. On examination, they are seen to be empty chrysalis cases. When we remember the various abnormal growths produced on the oak by gall-flies laying their eggs on it, the fact that the eggs and young of the leaf-miners produce no such effect is not a little strange; for on the very same leaf as the white patch of the leaf-miner, with the black chrysalis robe in the centre, are several little round galls.

Certain leaf-miners in their tracings on the leaf form a transition between the tunnel and patch producers. A narrow tunnel winds about for a short distance, and then spreads out into a patch. They may be compared to short rivers expanding into lakes; and as a lake may have several streams feeding it, so many of these patches have more than one tunnel leading to them. Here are some good examples on the leaves gathered from a young laburnum tree in the garden. The beginning of each little river is marked by a brown spot. Sometimes the lake has expanded so as to obliterate its river. The brown spots mark where the eggs were laid, and where the caterpillars began to eat themselves dwelling-places in the leaf. When we see more than one tunnel leading to a patch, we infer there has been more than one caterpillar at work forming it; and on removing the epidermis, we find two or more caterpillars sharing a common dwelling. Sometimes so many caterpillars have been at work that little of the leaf remains intact. This is the case with one of our laburnum leaves. The tunnels are all obliterated, though the brown spots where each caterpillar commenced work are still discernible.

Such are the means by which the leaf-miner obtains board and lodging in one. A strikingly convenient and economical arrangement. With man, the possession of a noble appetite is not exactly conducive to the enlargement of his dwelling; but the more the leaf-miner eats the more spacious becomes his abode. He cannot 'eat himself out of house and home,' but rather eats out a house for himself. His diet is perhaps monotonous, and he is perforce always confined to the house; yet these are but trifling drawbacks to a happy state where eating, instead of tending to poverty, only serves to enlarge his borders.

In the above remarks we have merely skirted the fringes of a large subject. The number of leaf-miners is legion; and it is a branch of entomology much less completely worked out than are butterflies and beetles. Hence, there is so much the more scope for the young entomologist who wishes to win his spurs and cover himself with the glories of original discovery.

WINTER'S GONE.

Come with me, my Phyllis dear,
Where the linnet's loudly singing;
See, the skies are bright and clear,
And the woods with joy are ringing.
Everything is glad and gay,
Now that winter's passed away.

Bring your hat; but twine it round
With a spray of April roses,
While I pluck from sheltered ground
Early flowers most meet for posies.
Then, indeed, you'll look like one
That lives in love of sky and sun.

Many a day I've watched them spring,
Snowdrop white and primrose yellow,
Violet, shyly blossoming,
And the crocus, gorgeous fellow;
But this morning forth they came
To do full honour to your name.

How the linnets pipe and trill!
Well they know that winter's over.
Yonder, 'neath the copse-crowned hill,
Cattle crop the bursting clover;
While the ploughboy, full of mirth,
Sings to see the smiling earth.

Here are lambs, not three days old,
Nestling 'gainst the patient mother;
Here are others, grown more bold,
Gambolling with one another;
Fearing neither shower nor storm
While the sunlight's bright and warm

Come with me, my Phyllis dear,
Where the woods with joy are ringing,
Where the skies are warm and clear,
And the earth to life is springing.
What care we for work to-day?
Is not winter passed away?

J. S. FLETCHER.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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BORDER SCENERY.

To the thousands who annually visit the Border district of Scotland, from the States and Canada and almost all parts of the English-speaking world, the chief attraction is not the expectation of seeing scenery finer than anything that can be seen elsewhere. Such an expectation, if it were entertained, could hardly fail to result in disappointment. What draws their feet thither is the charm which Scott in his ballads and poems and romances has thrown around it. Names that otherwise should touch in us no chord of emotion, have become, by their legendary or romantic associations, 'steeped in the stream of harmony.' To men and women of a poetical and imaginative cast of mind, and familiar with the Border ballads, with the poems of Leyden and Scott, and with the weird and witching strains of the Ettrick Shepherd, the Borderland is full of living memories. To such, its very names sound like poetry, its hills have garlands of song about their brows. The haunted Eildons, half shrouded in mist, look to them like the confines of some mountain barrier that guards the entrance into Faëryland. The hush and ripple of the Tweed as it rolls along the valley, sound like strange dirgeful melodies for the men that are no more. The pines that congregate upon the mountain-slopes seem brimful of a story they will only tell in whispers. The gaunt gray ruins that stud the plains, and stand forth above the crags, are peopled with pilgrims from the world of spirits—are haunted by the disembodied souls of deathless men that will not sleep in grave. To what are we to attribute this wonderful fascination which the Border country has for many? Is it not to the wealth of weird and fateful associations from the Past which Time with mystic fingers has woven around it?—that Past which made itself a visible thing to the eye of Scott, and revealed itself in song to the Ettrick Shepherd.

The geographical line which for nearly seven

hundred years has separated the kingdoms of England and Scotland from each other is as much a natural as a political division. The long range of the Cheviot Hills forms for thirty-five miles this line of separation; and it must be noticed that the country to the north of the watershed is very different in character from that to the south of it. This is due partly to the geological formation of the hills, their front or steep side being towards Scotland, and so contributing essentially different features to the northern landscape. On the south, or English side of the hills, though facing the sun, the country is yet so high and exposed and barren, that a certain tameness of feature inevitably follows. The Cheviots here present fewer bold ridges, but slope gradually and almost imperceptibly, in long shelving moors, down into the very heart of Northumberland. Great part of the scenery in that county is therefore bald and tame; in many districts hardly a single tree is to be seen; nothing but endless stretches of desolate gray moor, dotted here and there with thin flocks of straggling sheep. Yet this country is not wholly without its purple patches to the imaginative wanderer; for there, on one of those long bleak moors sloping down to the vale of Rede, was fought, in the weird moonshine of an autumn night, the stern fight of Otterbourne, when the Douglas was buried 'by the bracken bush,' and the Percy 'led captive away.'

On the Scottish Border, however, the type of scenery is essentially different. Here there is no longer the same dead level of monotony, but every variety of beauty and interest which a country of mingled hill and valley can present. The Cheviots now stand out bold and picturesque, lifting peak after peak into the clear air, their sloping sides of emerald green blending into each other in lines of rounded softness. Touching these hills on the west is the great chain of the Southern Uplands, its higher summits rising to nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. All this

mighty mass of mountain and moor is scooped out and gashed by innumerable streams, bursting from lonely well-head and mountain tarn, and carving their way ever downwards and outwards, till they merge themselves in the great river-valleys below. On the west you have the valleys that trend towards the Solway Firth—Liddesdale, and Eskdale, and Annandale. On the eastern side of the range you enter the classic precincts of Ettrick Forest and of Yarrow, whose passes sweep down to the distant landscape of Teviotdale and the great valley watered by the silver Tweed.

All these vales are beautiful in themselves, apart altogether from the song and story that have touched their names into golden prominence. Beautiful also are those great mountain ridges standing out against the sky-line in innumerable forms of majesty and strength, from rounded peak and jagged cliff to long low moor and pastoral knoll. Beautiful it is even when we enter the vast solitude of their summits, where the stillness is only broken by the occasional scream of the moor-bird, or the drowsy hum of the mountain bee—among the wastes of withered bent and quaking bog, where it almost would seem as if the chilled hand of Nature had dropt the pencil of beauty for ever, were it not for the stray milk-white Flowers of Parnassus, and the bright green mosses that fringe the pools. Beautiful it is to gaze on that sea of hills, either when their billow-like ridges are touched into bold relief by the westerling sunlight, or bathed in glory by the morning ray. And beautiful it is to follow downwards in the track of some hill-burn, with its brattling shallows and shimmering pools, where the birches and alders sigh in the summer wind, and plume-like ferns spread shining fronds in the spray of the falling waters. And that hill-burn is sure to lead you down into scenes made memorable by warrior or by bard, whether it be to where the sunny Tweed broadens along the plain, or where the shades of gloaming gather over mournful Yarrow.

There are two ways of observing scenery such as that of the Borders. In the first place, it may be looked at with the eye of an artist, when the mental impression produced will depend upon the beauty of form or of colour, or of various combinations of both, as presented to the spectator, irrespective of locality or of antecedents. This capacity of observation, this delight in the mere externals of scenery, when possessed in its higher and more exquisite manifestations, will give us an artist like Turner, or a poet like Shelley. But, on the other hand, we may so regard the landscape that, while not failing to be impressed with the external beauty that delights the artistic observer, we enrich our conception of the whole, and widen our range of feeling, by recurrence to those personal or historical associations which the sight of that landscape calls up in the mind. This, a much higher intellectual gift than the other, was never perhaps exhibited to greater perfection than in the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

It was in the Border country that Scott first gave expression to his consciousness of this faculty. When about thirteen years of age, he

went to reside for a time at Kelso, and 'to this period,' he says, 'I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song—the ruins of an ancient Abbey—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle—the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonise into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with those grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom.'

Much that gave a certain weird charm in scenery to our forefathers is gradually being lost to us. Chief of this was the prominence which they yielded to the supernatural in their legends and beliefs. Hill and wood and stream were to them a kind of mysterious other-life than their own, and storm and thunder-peal and darkness were but some of the more terrific and awesome manifestations of that life. But Science comes in, with its balances and measuring-rods and dry light, and the whole of these manifestations become understandable and familiar. The electrician tells us whence and why the thunder and lightning are. The botanist explains to you the nature of the growth of certain fungi, and away go the fairies and the fairy rings. And as you gaze on the deep ravine down which the mountain stream dashes with terrific force, through a dismal chasm which you imagine must have suddenly burst into existence amid the throes of an earthquake, the geologist takes you by the hand, leads you up the bed of the stream, and you see for yourself that it is true what he tells you, that these waters have by their own power, exerted through unknown æons, slowly worn out for themselves that roaring channel through the solid rock.

It may be a question how far scientific explanations of natural phenomena—useful as they are to the race—are calculated to enhance the pleasure which may be derived from the contemplation of nature as associated with man. The tendency of education is at present so strongly anti-supernatural, that it might seem as if there would soon be no room left for poetry, or the indulgence of the poetic instinct. The nymph has been chased from the fell, and the naiad from the flood; the

satyr has ceased to haunt the forest, and the fairy to dance along the glade; the banshee's shriek no longer curdles the blood at midnight, nor does the water-wraith sit gibbering over the drowned traveller at dawn. The terrible and the beautiful phantasies of our fathers are alike extinct. As Coleridge, amplifying a fine idea of Schiller's, puts it:

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths—all these have
vanished:

They live no longer in the faith of reason.

It is but too true; and possibly the result is inevitable in an age of advancing enlightenment and knowledge. Yet it can scarcely be contemplated by a certain order of minds without experiencing some degree of regret, which, though perhaps sentimental, is none the less real.

J. R.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—RE-ENTER MORTIMER.

It's an easy enough matter getting married in London, when you're carrying a special license for the purpose in your pocket: it smooths over the ingenious obstructions placed by English law in the way of matrimony: and Reggie, having once decided to perform, as he thought, this magnanimous action, saw no reason why he should not perform it at once, now the crisis had come, with the utmost expedition. So he despatched an imaginative telegram to the office in the City next morning, announcing—with a lordly disregard of historical truth—that he was prevented by serious indisposition from attending to his work in Capel Court that day; after which little excursion into the realms of fiction, he met Florrie by appointment at the church door, where, accompanied only by Charlie Owen, who undertook the arduous duty of giving away the bride, he was duly married at St Mary Abbott's, Kensington, to blushing little Florrie in her plain white flannel. (It came in quite handy, Florrie said, to be married in.)

Reggie was aware that he was performing a noble and generous act; and he looked fully conscious of it. As for Florrie, she thought nobody had ever been so heroic and so chivalrous as Reggie; and she felt prouder that morning, in her simple white frock, with her stockbroker's clerk, than if she had married the Commander-in-chief himself, let alone a mere Captain in a distinguished cavalry regiment.

As soon as the ceremony was over, and Charlie Owen had evaporated, Reggie began to reflect seriously upon the lions in the path—the question of ways and means—the difficulties of supporting a wife and family. Stern critics might suggest that it was perhaps a few minutes late for taking that branch of the subject into consideration; but being now

a married man, Reggie determined to face the duties of the situation as became his heightened dignity. He made up his mind at once to look out for some better-paid post, and do his best to earn an adequate livelihood for Florrie. Meanwhile, however, and just as a temporary expedient, he decided—to ask a little passing assistance from his sister Kitty.

It was always so. Master Reggie danced; 'twas poor Kitty's place to pay the piper. Not that very day, of course. Hang it all, you know, a man may be allowed three days of honeymoon with the wife of his youth, before busying himself with the sordid mundane affairs of pounds, shillings, and pence, mayn't he? So Reggie resolutely determined to live in future a most quiet and saving life; and endeavoured to distract poor Florrie's mind in the interim from this horrid crash in her Papa's affairs by spending the few remaining pounds he had still in pocket from last quarter's salary in taking her round to all the best burlesques then going on at the theatres. It didn't so much matter spending these few stray sovereigns like that, don't you see, because he meant to put his case plainly before Kitty next week, and get her to make him a last final loan on the strength of his new good resolutions as security; after which, he said to himself with the utmost firmness, he meant to reform altogether, and strike out a new line of economic action. Reggie was magnificent at good resolutions. The bother of it was, they all went to swell that nether pavement.

Now, it so happened that during those days Rufus Mortimer, too, who had been over in America for a year and a day, in part to distract himself from the effects of his disappointment, and in part to look after the ancestral engineering works, had returned to London, and had written to ask Kathleen's leave to visit her once more at her lodgings in Kensington—a smaller set, which she had occupied since her mother's death, and her consequent reduction of available income. Kathleen always liked Rufus Mortimer. She knew he was genuine. She recognised his goodness of heart and his true American chivalry; for where women are concerned, there is no person on earth more delicately chivalrous than your American gentleman. So, with sundry misgivings, she allowed Rufus Mortimer to call on her again, though she hoped he would not reopen the foregone conclusion she had settled that day on the Lido at Venice. And Rufus Mortimer for his part arrived at her rooms with a firm determination in his own mind not to ask Kathleen anything that might possibly be embarrassing to her feelings or sentiments. This first visit at least should be a purely friendly one; it should be taken up in discovering, by the most casual indications of straws on the wind how Kathleen now felt towards her rejected lover.

But have you ever noticed that if you set out anywhere, fully determined in your own mind to conduct a conversation upon certain pre-arranged lines, you invariably find yourself at the end of ten minutes diverging

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entirely from the route you planned out for yourself, and saying the very things you had most earnestly decided wild horses of the Ukraine should never tear from you? It was so with Rufus Mortimer. Before he had been ten minutes engaged in talk with Kathleen, he found conversation had worked round by slow degrees, of itself, to Venice; and when once it got to Venice, what more natural on earth than to inquire about old Venetian acquaintances, while, among old Venetian acquaintances, how possibly omit, without looking quite pointed, the name of the one who had been most in both their minds during that whole last winter on the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*? Rufus Mortimer felt there was no avoiding the subject. Like the moth with the candle, he circled round and round, and at last dashed right into it. 'And Willoughby?' he asked after a pause, with a furtive side-look; 'have you never heard anything more, Miss Hessegrave, about Willoughby?'

Kathleen's face flushed rosy red, but she gave no other sign of her suppressed emotion as she answered with a quiet resignation of manner: No; I've heard nothing more of him since he left Venice that April.

Mortimer leaned forward eagerly. A bright light gleamed in his eye. 'What! he hasn't ever written to you?' he cried. 'Do you mean to say he hasn't written?'

Kathleen gazed at him pleadingly. 'No, Mr Mortimer,' she answered in a very sad voice. 'He—he went away from Venice under circumstances which I can't quite explain in full to you; and from that day to this'—her lips quivered visibly—'I've never heard anything more of him.'

Mortimer clutched his two hands in one another nervously. 'Oh, how wrong of him!' he cried, with a timid glance at Kathleen. 'How unkind! How cruel! Why, Miss Hessegrave, I should never have expected such conduct from Willoughby.'

'Nor I,' Kathleen admitted frankly, with a little burst of unreserve. It was such a relief to be able to talk about him to anybody who could understand, were it even but a little, her position. 'But then—oh, Mr Mortimer, you don't know all. If you knew how unhappily and how strangely he was misled, you wouldn't be harsh in your judgment of him.'

'By—your mother?' Mortimer inquired, with a flash of intuition—one of those electric flashes which often occur to men of the nervous temperament when talking with women.

Kathleen bowed her head. 'Yes, by my mother,' she answered softly.

There was a long deep pause. Then Mortimer spoke once more. 'That was eighteen months ago now,' he said, in a gentle undertone.

Kathleen assented. 'Yes, eighteen months ago.'

'And you've heard nothing more of him in any way since, directly or indirectly?'

'No, nothing,' Kathleen answered. Then she paused for a second, doubtful whether or not to utter the thought that was in her. 'Though

I've tried every way I knew how,' she went on at last with an effort.

Mortimer turned to her gently. He was more like a woman than a man in his sympathy. 'You've been pressing this trouble down unconfessed in your own heart, Miss Hessegrave,' he said with strange candour, yet strange gentleness of manner; for he came from one of those old Pennsylvanian Quaker families in which a certain feminine tenderness of nature may almost be reckoned as a hereditary possession. 'You've been pressing it down too long, till the repression has done you harm. It has told on your health. Why not confide in me frankly? You know me well enough to know that if there is any way in which it's possible for me to help you, I shall be more than repaid by the consciousness of having served you.'

'You're too good, Mr Mortimer,' Kathleen answered, the tears rising fast to her blinded eyes. 'I haven't deserved this from you. But you don't understand. You never *could* understand. For—well, for *his* sake, I could never explain this matter to anybody. You see, it would be a real breach of confidence. There are points I can't explain, because—they're *his* secret.'

'And yet, he has left you!' Rufus Mortimer exclaimed. 'While I—oh, Miss Hessegrave!' He looked at her and held his peace. He was more in love with her than ever.

Kathleen rose and faced him. 'Dear Mr Mortimer,' she said, with a faint tremor in her voice, 'we are no longer boy and girl. Why shouldn't I speak freely to you? You are very, very kind, more kind than I deserve; but—you mustn't talk like that to me. I love him still; I mustn't allow any other man to say such things to me about him. I like you, oh, ever so much, for all your kindness and sympathy; but I can't listen to you when you talk like that of *his* conduct. Please, please, don't do it.'

Mortimer leaned back again in his chair and looked hard at her. 'If you wish it,' he answered, 'I'll speak, or I'll be silent. Your will is law to me. I will do as you wish me. But I didn't come here to plead for myself to-day. All that shall be buried. Only, let me know whether it would help you to see him again. If it would, I'll hunt him out, though I have to tramp on foot over Europe to do it.'

'Yes, I want to see him again!' Kathleen answered, 'just once—if no more—to explain to him. He went away under a misapprehension—a terrible misapprehension that *she* had impressed upon him. So unjust! so untrue! And it's breaking my heart. I can't stand it, Mr Mortimer.'

'I shall find him out,' Mortimer cried, rising; 'if he's to be found, I shall find him. In Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, I shall find him. Wherever he is, I'll track him. Miss Hessegrave, I'll catch him by the neck and bring him to you.'

'You can't,' Kathleen answered. 'He has gone, like a shooting-star. He has left no trace behind. But I'm none the less grateful to you. You have always believed to me as

nobody else could have done.' She paused again for a second. 'If it were not for *him*,' she began; then she broke off, faltering.

'Thank you,' the American replied in a very low voice, supplying the missing words for himself without difficulty. 'I appreciate your kindness. I will do my best to find him. But if he never turns up again—if he has disappeared for ever—oh, Miss Hesslegrave, is there no chance—no hope for any other man?'

Kathleen gazed at him fixedly. 'No, no hope,' she answered with a visible effort. 'Mr Mortimer, I like you; I respect you ever so much. But I love Arnold Willoughby. I could never give my heart to any man but him. And unless I gave my heart'—

'You are right,' Mortimer broke in. 'There we two are at one. I care for nothing else. It is your heart I would ask for.'

Trembling, he rose to go. But he held her hand long. 'And remember,' he said with a lump in his throat, 'if at any time you see reason to change your mind, I too have loved one woman too well in my time ever to love any other. I am yours, and yours only. One motion of your hand, and be sure I shall understand it! He may die out of your life. You can't die out of mine. I shall always hope on, though no good come of hoping.'

He grasped her hand hard; Kathleen allowed him to grasp it. He stooped down and imprinted one kiss on the soft palm; she did not resent the action. She felt too well in what spirit he did it to feel called upon to prevent him. She had pity for his despair. Then he hurried down the stairs. His heart was too full for him to remain any longer. He could hardly hold back his tears, so deeply was he agitated.

On the doorstep, he knocked up by accident against Reggie. The head of the house stopped the stranger quite eagerly. 'Hullo,' he exclaimed in some surprise; 'are *you* back again in England?'

'Yes, so it seems,' the American replied, trying to calm himself outwardly. 'I got back on Tuesday.'

'Last Tuesday as ever was?' Reggie cried.

'Yes: just so: last Tuesday.'

'And lost no time in hunting Kitty up!' Reggie went on, with a broad smile. This was really most promising. He knew the American, though an artist by choice, was reputed one of the richest business men in Philadelphia. It looked extremely healthy that he should have been in such a hurry to hunt up Kathleen.

'My first visit was to Miss Hesslegrave,' Mortimer answered with truth, feeling on his side the immense importance of conciliating Kathleen's only brother and sole surviving relation.

Reggie drew a long breath. Could anything have been more opportune? How pat comes fate! The moment had just arrived when he stood in sorest need of a wealthy brother-in-law; and now, in the nick of time, on the very crest of opportunity, here was chance itself throwing the pick of wealthy brothers-in-law right in his path, as it were, like a crooked sixpence: for, though Rufus Mortimer tried to look and speak as unconcernedly as

he could about his visit to Kitty, there was something in his voice and manner which showed Reggie quite clearly the nature of his errand at Kensington that morning. Reggie had suspected as much, indeed, since the first summer Mortimer spent in his own hired house in London; but it was plain as the sun in the sky to him that moment what he meant: if Kathleen chose, she could marry the millionaire, and thereby confer on her loving brother the inestimable boon of a moneyed relation.

'I'm proud to hear it,' Reggie responded with warmth. 'She's a good girl, Kitty; and she's worth a fellow's calling upon. I like her myself. She's the very best sister any fellow ever hit upon.' Which was perfectly true; much more so, indeed, than Mr Reggie himself ever fully realised.

So he mounted the stairs in a bland good-humour, the unpleasantness of having to confess his marriage to Kathleen being now much mitigated by the consoling consciousness that, if Kathleen chose, she could probably annex the richest American that moment in London. Most characteristically, too, Reggie thought of it all entirely from that one point of view; it wasn't really a question of a husband for Kitty, but of an eligible brother-in-law for Reginald Hesslegrave.

WILLOW-FARMING.

Few trees enjoy so wide-spread a habitat as the members of the Willow family. The alluvial plains of China and the frigid wastes of the subarctic regions are alike adorned with specimens of the ubiquitous '*salix*.'

But the willow has other claims than its geographical range, or even its commercial value, to bring it into notice. Quite a wealth of romantic associations clusters round this historic tree. The story of the willow-pattern plate has rendered familiar a Chinese idyll of days long since past. In our own island, wattle-work has always been associated with the rude architectural efforts of the ancient Britons. Those fierce pagans, too, were wont to immolate their captives in huge wicker images. The pathetic numbers of the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm record how the captive Israelites in their despondency hung their silent harps upon the willows fringing the rivers of the land of the captivity—trees which sympathetic tradition has ever afterwards referred to as weeping. Ophelia's melancholy end will always be associated with the willow that grew aslant the brook, and showed 'his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.' Pope's favourite tree was the weeping-willow, and these drooping beauties are sometimes described as Pope's willows on that account. A tree of this species was planted over the lonely grave of Napoleon; and years ago, when classic effects in landscape gardening were more sought after than they are now, no garden was considered worthy of the name unless it included a willow raised from a cutting taken from the grave in far-off St Helena. It was a willow wand which the chivalrous Locksley set up as his target on the occasion of the celebrated tournament of Ashby;

and even in these matter-of-fact days the athletic foreigner is puzzled by the poetical sentiment which describes participation in our great national pastime as 'handling the willow.' It is pleasant to think that there is a prospect of trees which evoke such interesting memories being more extensively cultivated than they are at present.

The Willow, or rather that species of the family known as the Osier, is not so largely grown as it might be. It seems almost incredible that this useful variety was hardly cultivated in England before the beginning of this century. At that time our wars with France cut off our supplies of bundles of wicker, and we began to grow the raw material ourselves. Nowadays, willow-beds are pretty common. It is usual, too, to plant shifting banks or hills of sand with dwarf-willows, to ensure them a more permanent character. As wind-screens, a planting of willows is hard to beat; and they are frequently grown, too, on the banks of rivers to check the erosion of their banks. In spite, however, of all these evidences of the utility of the willow, the British agriculturist has neglected, even in the day of his deepest depression, to turn his attention to willow-farming, with the view of supplying basket-makers and other manufacturers of wicker-ware with home-grown material.

From St Louis County, in the United States, comes the report of a so-called new industry, for which it is claimed that it will, if successful, swell the receipts of many a farmer, and cause many an unproductive holding to bring forth abundantly. This new industry is willow-farming. New, however, it can hardly be described with accuracy, for even Pliny, who was acquainted with two hundred and fifty species of willow, describes their cultivation. Still, it is an attempt at 'farming' upon lines that are certainly more up to date than those frequently practised. Osier-beds, it is supposed by many, will only flourish on the banks of rivers in marshy situations, where they are liable to occasional floods. To a certain extent this is an erroneous notion; for, given an average rain-fall, a rich but by no means clayey soil, with immunity from drought, and the osiers will thrive satisfactorily.

In the experiment to which we have alluded, the yield was about four thousand pounds of peeled willows to the acre, and prices realised as much as fivepence per pound. Assuming that the yield was but three thousand pounds per acre, and that the price fetched was three-pence per pound, then the trial gives the following results: three thousand pounds at three-pence per pound, £37, 10s.; cost of planting, £8; cost of cutting and preparing for market, £10. Total cost, £18. Profit, £18, 10s. It will be seen that no cognisance is taken of the capital outlay or the rent of the ground.

The planting of the willows is an exceedingly simple matter. Live or quick plants are cut into stakes or truncheons. One end of the cutting is then sharpened, and the pointed end is thrust into the ground in a standing direction. The cuttings are placed about a foot apart, and a crop is obtained the third year, the canes continuing to bear for the next ten

or twelve years, when replanting is necessary. The cost of planting must depend in great measure upon the supply of cuttings readily available; and in the case already alluded to, the sum so expended—which includes labour as well—must be looked upon as extremely low. The rapidity with which the willow-cuttings spring into canes of ten or twelve feet is more suggestive of tropical growth than the slower vegetable development of the temperate regions. The family name of the willow, 'Salix,' is popularly supposed to be derived from the 'leaping' proclivities of many of the species. Thomas Newton, in his 'Herball for the Bible' (published in 1587), says: 'The willow is called salix, and hath his name a saliendo, for that it quicklie groweth up, and soon becometh a tree.'

The willow rods are cut while the sap is not circulating, generally after the early winter frosts have stripped the graceful wands of their leaves. The more delicate rods, intended for the finer sorts of white wicker-ware, are cultivated close together, so that the parent cutting is not encouraged to develop in the direction of a bush-like growth, but to send up straight and tapering canes. To peel the newly-cut wands, especially the finer sorts, as soon as cut is found impossible. Accordingly, they are placed upright in shallow streams or specially prepared trenches, and here they remain until they begin to sprout with the advent of the returning spring. They are then found to peel readily. Sometimes, as in the American experiment, the osiers are carted from the plantations to hot-houses, where exposure to the sweating process soon makes them ready for the peeling-machine. The coarser osier rods are simply stacked out of doors, care being taken to protect them from damp, and carted away as required for use.

The proprietors of willow-beds, like farmers in general, suffer much from insect pests. Foremost among these is the willow beetle, which during the year 1890 created much havoc. The leaves and tender shoots, and even the rind, were the objects of its attack; and throughout extensive willow-beds these completely disappeared, and the plants sickened in consequence. The riddance of these tiny foes—for the full-grown adult is but one-sixth of an inch in length—is a matter of the utmost difficulty. Poisonous fumes and solutions they set at defiance by retreating into some crack or cranny of the bark until the attack is over. Many English growers employed extra labour in order that the beetles might be picked off the willows by hand, collected in vessels, and destroyed wholesale. Some tried the plan of flooding their farms; and here again the beetles were not got rid of unless the willows were laid under water for a considerable period of time. The only efficacious remedy appears to be that of scrupulously removing from the farm or its immediate precincts all rubbish calculated to harbour the insect during its embryonic stages.

Although willow-farming on an extensive scale shows a great development in England during recent years, there is yet much room for expansion. Many a low-lying meadow, too

wet for tillage, and yielding but a scanty pasture, would produce luxuriant crops of willows. Such lands, of which well-watered England has a great abundance, supply the prime demand of osier requirements—a rich soil liable to occasional flooding. Tourists often remark upon the careful husbandry which our continental neighbours bestow upon similar areas; and it is to this in great measure that their large export of wicker material is attributable. It is clear that if the British farmer were less conservative in his methods, willow-beds would soon become a more familiar feature in the English landscape, and a great impetus would be given to an important industry.

PÈRE MOINEAU.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

IN the Tuileries Gardens, but as yet too early for the usual crowd of babies. Only a few loiterers, and the passing stream of workers hastening to the scene of their daily toil. Two of the loiterers were decidedly English in aspect; but there could be no manner of doubt as to the nationality of the old gentleman reclining, half asleep, upon a bench, with a flock of chattering sparrows fluttering round him.

The two who walked up and down the wide walk were so deeply engaged in conversation as to be apparently oblivious of his presence. As they passed him by, the sparrows flew away with noisy protests at being disturbed, to return as soon as the English girl and her elderly companion moved to a safe distance. The girl was simply, even poorly dressed in black, growing more than slightly rusty; but neither the plain gown nor shabby hat could conceal the grace of her supple form or the attraction of her fresh young face. Yet you could not call her beautiful, only supremely interesting, with her deep-set gray eyes, of that shade of gray which is closely akin to hazel, and which has not a touch of blue in it. Her smooth cheeks were very delicately fair, rather than pale; while her lips were rich in colour, and firm-set, with an expression of purpose and resolute will, which was confirmed by the curve of her round pillar of a throat, and the poise of her shapely head, with its clustering crown of wavy brown hair, cut short to the nape of the graceful neck. In her hand she carried a pretty and essentially French basket, from which protruded the ends of several brushes such as artists use. The man was well dressed in English-made garments of the regulation tourist cut; good-looking for his years, which certainly doubled those of his companion, while there was a certain masterful air about him which told of the prosperous man, used to have his will.

'You have known me all my life,' he said. 'I was your father's friend. You know my circumstances; you have seen the home I have to offer. You know the social position I can give my wife—a position which will improve every year. Of my affection you must be assured.'

'Indeed, indeed, you are very kind,' the girl replied, with a little quiver in her soft voice.

'Think well before you refuse such an offer, my dear child,' the man went on, with something of paternal tenderness in his voice. 'Paris is no place for a young and unprotected girl; and, my dear child, I question if your powers are sufficiently great to ensure even a moderate success in the career you have thought fit to take up.'

Had he seen the quick rush of colour to the fair cheek, and the flash in the deep-set eyes, he might not have further enlarged upon this topic; but having determined that she was to marry him, he never dreamed of the harm he was doing to his own cause, as he went on: 'Women are not meant for active life, dearest child. They are to be cared for, shielded, surrounded with affection, guarded from the evil that is in the great world. Give up this wild idea of fighting out your own career. Come to me, and share the comfort and happiness of my home, where no trouble that I can ward off need ever reach you, and where your future will be secure. Don't hesitate, May. Believe me, your father would have approved.'

For some moments she did not answer, but walked silently at his side, her face flushed, her eyes upon the ground. He took her arm in his hand and drew her towards him.

That startled her; she swerved aside. 'Would there be no battle to fight under the shelter of your roof?' she asked.

It was an utterly unexpected question, and he looked at her with uplifted brows. 'What do you mean?' he inquired.

'I mean that if I were to give up all this—to turn aside from the path I have marked out for myself—would there not be a struggle, a regret? I mean—I am not one of those women who, having food and raiment, could be content. I mean—that my views as to the capabilities of my sex, and the position in life we are meant to fill, teach me to think differently from you upon important subjects. It— Oh Mr Westley, I don't quite know how to put in words all that I mean; but I think I would be happier—I know I would be more content, if I went on and tried to exercise the gift that is in me. You know you said yourself, when you first undertook to teach me, that I possessed absolute genius. I never forgot your words.'

'My dear child, possessing a genius for mere colour will not ensure success when it comes to a matter of earning a livelihood. Your position then was so different from what it is now.'

She flashed round upon him. 'I was a genius while my father was rich, and I a prospective heiress. Now, when I am an orphan, with only a few hundreds that I can call my own, my genius sinks down into a capacity for "mere colour." Is that what I am to believe?'

He was taken aback. 'You certainly overstrain my meaning,' he said hesitatingly. 'That you have great talent I will not deny—talent which, if you were my wife, would be a magnificent aid to your social position. But you are not fit to struggle against the difficulties and dangers of an artist's career. Don't let any wild dreams of chimerical successes in the future dazzle your eyes. Believe me, the quiet

life of domestic peace is by far the happier and more appropriate for a woman born and nurtured as you have been. Leave the hand-to-hand fight for fame to those who have never known an upbringing like your own, and accept the peace I have to offer.

'But would it be peace?' she asked abruptly. 'It might be smooth enough upon the surface; but you do not reckon with the spirit that is in me—the temper which I inherit—the restlessness, the longing. Mr Westley, it would not be for your happiness—I know it.'

'My dear child, the highly-strung spirit would soon sober down in the daily round of domestic duties. I have no fears of being able to overcome the hot temper, which I remember so well in the days when I was merely your teacher. None! As your husband, I could exercise a judicious restraint upon you; and for the restless spirit—Ah, my dear, as a wife, that would be subject to your husband's will; and I think you know you can trust me. The children of my first marriage are all settled in life. They would not cross your path in any way. Contrast what I have placed before you with what must be your life here. Think of your poor little room—one room, that you can call your own—you who had three houses at your disposal. Your scanty wardrobe—you who could have had a dozen dresses in a week, had you been so minded. The constant work, the awful uncertainty, the future unsecured.—May, can you hesitate?'

'I can,' she replied briefly—'I can.'

She stopped short on the path, just opposite the bench where the old Frenchman was now sitting upright, feeding the dozens of sparrows which fluttered and soared round him. His bright black eyes were flashing under his gray brows as he regarded the pair. Westley took no heed of him, but with an impatient stamp of his foot, said in an excited tone: 'There is something under all this which I do not understand, which I cannot understand.'

'There is,' May Dorian replied. 'You have left out the most important thing of all. I never was a girl who cared much about the lower things of life. I wanted something more than fine houses and heaps of clothes. One of the things which you mentioned as an evil I consider an unmixed blessing—the need for constant work. For another—the one little room which you despise is my own, absolutely. My shabby gowns are suited to my condition. And as to the uncertainty—well, if I fail, I fail—that is all. It is possible that I may fail; I have never shut my eyes to that fact; but in the face of it, I am willing to try.—Mr Westley, I am grateful to you; indeed, I am—from the bottom of my heart.' And two big tears gathered under her long lashes. 'But do not press for an answer now. Give me time to think it over.'

'As much time as you require, dear child,' he said, his voice softening. 'Until to-morrow?'

'Oh, a little longer. Say next week, when you return from Brussels. That will be in a week, you said. Let me think it over until then.'

He took her half-reluctant hand and put it to his lips. 'You shall have your will,' he said. 'When I come back, I expect to be made a very happy man.'

'Don't expect anything,' she replied, with a faint flash of fun in her deep eyes. 'I am not a person whose comings and goings can be counted upon.'

'But I will see you safely to your easel under the great Madonna,' he said, almost affectionately. 'The doors are open by this time.'

'No, no,' she answered hastily; 'Père Moineau will do that. It is his privilege, as he calls it. I could not disappoint him.'

'Père Moineau! Who is he?' Westley asked, with quick surprise.

'The dear old gentleman feeding the sparrows over there. He is such a friend of mine! It is from him I have learned the good French accent upon which you complimented me yesterday. He is quite poor—lost all his money in the troubles of '70, and both his sons. Think what sorrows he has known! But he has quite the grand manners of the old régime, and knows so much about art.'

'Humph! Who introduced him to you? Where did you meet him?'

'Here—in the Gardens. It was when I first came over, and when I knew nobody except Clémence, who used to come with me every day. Sometimes we sat here, waiting for the doors to open, and I saw him feeding the sparrows.—Look how tame they are! They actually hop upon his hand and pick the crumbs out of his palm. That's why I call him Père Moineau, "Father Sparrow." And he likes the name.'

'Then he isn't Moineau at all. What is his real name?'

'I haven't the remotest idea; but it don't signify. He is good and pious—a Frenchman of the highest type, and he has been so kind to Clémence and me.—When you return from Brussels, I shall be happy to show you the picture I am now painting. You will then be in a better position of judging whether I have made any real progress; and, until then, adieu, my old master, and my kind friend.'

She said good-bye with an air there was no gainsaying. The successful painter had only to accept her dismissal, and leave her with that white-haired old Frenchman and his fluttering cloud of sparrows.

She stood in the path until the sturdy figure, in its well-made suit of English tweed, mingled with the increasing crowd on the wide roadway, and was lost to view; then she advanced to the old man, who had risen from his seat, and was standing by the chair to greet her.

'Ah,' he said, 'so Mademoiselle May has had a compatriot to escort her this morning! Doubtless an old friend whose presence has awakened memories. Is it not so?'

'An old friend? Yes, I suppose he is, Père Moineau,' she replied in French which was almost as perfect as his own. 'It is my old master—the master who taught me the use of colour.'

'Ah! you do not owe him much, my child,' the old man said. 'He taught you many things it would be well to forget. You are forgetting them. Is it not so?'

'Yet it is Mr Westley, the famous painter,' she laughed. 'Surely you have heard of him—you who know so much about art and artists?'

'I have heard of him,' the old gentleman said; 'certainly I have. He paints pretty children playing in gardens, frightened at big sheep; playing "Hide-and-seek" in English drawing-rooms, consoled by big dogs, and— Oh yes, I have seen his pictures. They were a fashion, and they fetch their price.' Père Moineau made an expressive gesture. 'But your genius is not so, child. Let me conduct you to the feet of the great Madonna; she will speak to you.'

May Dorian painted until she accomplished the task which she had set before her upon this particular day. She was finishing a copy of that wonderful incarnation of perfect womanhood which Murillo called the 'Assumption of the Virgin.' But to-day the girl felt disheartened. There was a weight upon her; the wings of her soul were heavy as lead, and her power restricted; her aspirations felt choked with mere common clay. If her old master could clog her powers thus in two days of casual intercourse, what would be the effect of a whole life spent in such companionship? She put down her brushes and turned her canvas to the wall. With a sense of dissatisfaction strong upon her, she walked through the long, cool gallery, with its crowd of masterpieces to right and left, until she came to one of the wide windows, which, open to the polished floor, revealed to her tired eyes a living picture as perfect as any upon the walls. Below her lay the wide boulevard, with the sparkling river, and the picturesque tangle of roofs, spires, and domes beyond; patches of exquisite greenery, and moving spots of brilliant colouring, giving character to the whole. The multitudinous life of the great city surged below her as she stood; while the sunshine slept on the river, bringing out beauties of tone and form which caught her eye almost mechanically, and roused the artistic instinct in her, until she almost forgot how rudely she had been brought to earth that morning, and the question she was to debate within her soul, and answer in a week.

All her life she had known Lucius Westley, a friend of that father whose sudden death had left her not only orphaned, but almost penniless. There had been a time when the thoughts of his asking her to marry him would have trenched upon insult; but those days were done. Now, the fashionable painter who had condescended to give lessons to the gifted daughter of Dorian the banker was willing to do more than teach her. He would make her his wife, place her at the head of that picturesque abode in leafy Hampstead which he had made almost famous. She knew the house, knew the studio, the garden with its half-acre of ground, the trim respectability of it. She shut her eyes and saw it all: the Japanese curios, the bits of armour, the draperies, the mosaics, the well-dressed mob filling the rooms on Show Sunday, the dead-level commonplace. She opened her eyes, and lo! the sparkling river, the artistic city, the whispering trees, and the ability to shape her life as seemed best in her own eyes.

'You are thoughtful, my child.'

With a start she turned to find her friend of the gardens at her elbow, with a curious

intentness in his face, and something of almost command in the gesture with which he motioned her to a seat close by.

'You were not at the feet of the great Madonna,' he said, in his musical voice. 'Therefore I came to seek you. You have had some disturbing element dropped into your life to-day. Is it not so?'

She did not answer in words, as she sunk down on the seat he indicated; but he understood.

'Mademoiselle May, we understand each other, you and I,' he said. 'We are friends—are we not?'

'Indeed, indeed we are,' she answered earnestly. 'You have done so much for me.'

'It is not much that a poor old man, broken in health, in hopes, in heart, can do for a bright young creature, with all her life to come,' he answered. 'But I bless the good God who sent me so pure an interest in these last days of a weary life. You have brought me much sunshine, dear child. You remind me of hopes which lie in the grave of my daughter—and of another.' His finely-cut face darkened. 'I will not speak of this other, not yet—not unless it becomes very necessary. Pardon an old man's curiosity; but—this painter of big dogs and infants who weep—he has asked you to marry. Is it not so, my child?'

May bent her head.

'He has known you long. He was your father's friend, and his contemporary. But he is old—as old—as old as your father?'

May said Mr Westley was a few years her father's senior.

'Yet he would marry you?'

She said he had asked her to be his wife.

'And you?' There was something of fierce eagerness in the fine old face, as Père Moineau asked the question.

'He told me there were advantages,' she faltered. 'Pointed out how my life here was very uncertain—was surrounded with dangers—and— Oh, Père Moineau, he knows that I am very poor, and that if I do not sell my pictures, I must starve. He knew I failed at the last Salon, and says I am certain to fail again.'

The old man made a contemptuous gesture. 'But you will not fail, and you will sell your pictures,' he said. 'If the Salon did not receive your picture of last year, it was because you had not forgotten your defective training, and painted after his manner. You have improved since—marvellously improved. You shall paint me, Père Moineau, with all my sparrows round me; and the picture will be hung for the whole world to see, with a gold medal, and the highest mention. I am a true prophet, my little one; wait, and work, and see.'

She looked at him with glowing eyes. 'You are very hopeful,' she said. 'You think more highly of my powers than I do myself.'

'Naturally, because you are modest, little one. You will yet paint pictures which the world will approve.'

She sighed. 'I wish I had such faith in myself,' she said sadly. 'I must go back to my painting.'

He looked after her retreating form with sad eyes, and then turned to lean upon the

balcony, with the animated scene spread out beneath, and muse upon the situation. 'I will save her if I can,' was the thought most prominent in his mind.

OF READING BANA.

TO-NIGHT is the night of the full moon. The people are flocking into the Temple to listen to the learned priests appointed to read Bana. For in the Uplands of Ceylon it is the curious practice to give up to Bana-reading one whole night, and that the night of the full moon, in each lunar month. Determined to see the proceedings right through to the end, I arrive at the Temple between eight and nine in the evening. Out of one or two hundred people who have gathered in from the small town and the neighbouring villages, I find myself the only European whom Bana has attracted.

But what is Bana? Bana may be defined as 'the Word,' the Buddhist Scriptures; and by reading Bana is meant reciting portions of the Scriptures in the original Pali, and expounding them in Singhalese, that so they may be understood by the people. On the present occasion the priests are rather late in commencing. I stand about amid the crowd, and converse with some Singhalese friends, and ask them, rather to their merriment, whether they think that Nirvana, when a man gets there, is altogether a nice condition to stay in. You are expected during the service to go shoeless in the Temple. Therefore, I put off my boots and deposit them in a secluded spot, devoutly hoping that no one will make off with them. The quadrangular space within which the service is held is illuminated with numbers of small cocoa-nut oil lamps, which give out a feeble, flickering light. Now and again an agreeable whiff reaches the nose from the little scented sticks which are burning among the lamps. There is not a chair or a bench in the place; so, when tired of standing, I sit down on one of the stone steps.

A considerable time elapses, at the expiration of which, half-a-dozen men with the Temple band proceed to the far end of the quadrangle to fetch in the officiating priests. The band commences to discourse its inharmonious music. And now a procession enters, and two priests are carried in, each by a couple of stalwart attendants, Queen's-cushion-wise. They are greeted with shouts of salutation. Two movable pulpits have been placed ready for their use, and into these they enter. But the pulpits, with all possible respect for their reverend occupants, have a ludicrous resemblance to Punch and Judy boxes. The front of each pulpit is closed by a curtain; and the priest within remains invisible. The congregation is largely composed of women, in their clean white jackets and many-coloured skirts. They are sitting about on the floor, closely packed in rows.

Before the actual reading or preaching of Bana commences, a short preliminary service in Pali is gone through. First, the following words are repeated: 'Namo tassa bhagavato arahato sammāsambuddhassa' (Glory to the blessed, the sanctified, the all-enlightened One). Then there is chanted line by line, alternately by priest and

people, and three several times repeated, the formula of seeking salvation in Buddha, the Law, and the Church, which occupies the place of a creed or profession of faith among the Buddhists. Then comes the taking of pansil, or the five vows, namely, not to kill any creature, not to steal, not to be guilty of impurity, not to lie, not to take intoxicating liquors. This part also is chanted alternately by priest and people, and is not wanting in genuine solemnity. As I glance round the dimly lighted cloisters, and listen to the solemn chants, I feel that, notwithstanding some grotesqueness of pulpit and surroundings, there is at least a superficial resemblance to the chanting of the Litany in a Christian church. Now the priest intones by himself some verses of adoration to Buddha, the Law, and the Church, the people at certain points raising their clasped hands to their foreheads, and responding with cries of 'Sadhu!' which, being interpreted, means 'Very good!' or 'Amen!' The intoning of the priest has a quaint but agreeable ring about it. Here and there he introduces a variation in the form of a shake.

When the verses of adoration and the exhortation to hear Bana are finished, one of the priests begins to intone a sutra from the Pali Tripitaka: 'Glory to the blessed, the sanctified, the all-enlightened One! Thus was it heard by me. At one time Buddha was dwelling,' &c. He gives a few sentences only; and the priest ensconced in the other pulpit follows with an exposition in Singhalese. Then comes a little more Pali, followed by a further exposition, and so on, the two priests in this way dividing the labours of the night. In the Low Country, where the all-night Bana is not in vogue, a single priest recites as well as expounds. There are some who, in preaching, will merely rattle off by heart what they have learnt out of books; but a learned priest who is well up in Pali will offer his own original interpretations and comments, and offer them, too, with an easy and ceaseless flow of words that is truly remarkable.

After a while, there is a break in the proceedings. The curtain is removed from one of the Punch and Judy boxes, and the face of the officiating priest within is revealed, albeit still partially hidden by a fan. Presently, with the fan still hanging in front of his face, the priest who is now on view starts off again on a prolonged spell of preaching. First he dilates at great length on the circumstances under which the sutra selected for exposition was delivered by Buddha. He is giving, I believe, original matter; and most of the people seem to be listening attentively; though for my part I begin to wish myself in bed. At last he has done with the occasion on which the sutra was delivered, and is drawing a distinction between hearing the Law well and hearing it ill. He is never at a loss for a word, but rattles along without the slightest hesitation, as if he never meant to stop. Now he is telling the story of the celebrated Ambapali, a courtesan whom Buddha converted, and who offered a valuable property to the Church. And now he is discoursing with equal fluency on the impermanence of all compound things, showing how everything compound is bound sooner or later to dissolve.

My seat on the stone steps facing the pulpit

is none too luxurious after some hours of listening. I take my boots and try to make a pillow of them. But they afford me little comfort; so I resume the sitting posture.

During another break which occurs, the collecting plate is handed round, and if you have no small enough coin handy, you help yourself to change. The preacher who now takes up his parable is hardly less fluent than his predecessor. His homily to-night is not, I believe, original; but on another occasion I have heard him reel off original matter for nearly an hour and a half without stopping, and apparently hold the attention of his congregation for that considerable spell. We are now in the small hours of the morning. Some of the people begin to chew; and a tray of areca nuts and betel leaves is handed into one of the Punch and Judy boxes for the priest within. After listening for a while longer, I take a stroll round to vary the monotony. On the outskirts of the congregation, sleepers are plentiful in the corridors, evidently deliberate sleepers, for they have composed themselves comfortably at full length on the ground. It is clearly quite optional whether those who come together shall spend their night in the Temple awake or asleep. However, there are many of the congregation who seem to attend throughout. I steal round to the chief-preacher's pulpit, and during another interval in the preaching have a chat with the occupant, who is very willing to impart information. Later on, I try a piece of areca nut to beguile the time, but the flavour of it is too much for me.

The rest of the proceedings are very similar to those that have gone before. There are spells of preaching and then breaks, some of them longer and some shorter; but I am getting too sleepy to be able to estimate time with much exactness. Towards morning, a number of Burmese women enter, carrying food of different kinds in baskets and jars, and several of them also with rosaries in their hands. They seat themselves in a group on the floor. The food is to be offered by-and-by at one of the shrines, and subsequently given to the Temple servants and the beggars. Thank goodness, five o'clock at last approaches. Again the Temple band strikes up. A priest, in impressive tones, pronounces a benediction on the people. There is raising of the hands to the forehead, more shouting of 'Sadhu!' more bowing; and Bana is over.

THAT INSIDIOUS GAME!

FROM THE DIARY OF JONES.

'We shall have to play,' repeated Mrs Jones with emphasis; 'you'll see, Algernon; whether we like it or not, we shall have to play. I don't see how we can get out of it.'

It is so like a woman to insist that when you stay at a friend's house you *must* join in all their amusements! I smiled at Maria in her corner and shook my head. I had played golf once. The recollection steeled me to resist for five years all the pressure the fellows brought to bear on me to join the Club at Tooting. That one game of mine was played in Arran. The links, my host averred, were as 'sporting' as any in Scotland. He had laid out

the course himself, and would not admit that Prestwick was a bit better. St Andrews itself could not beat those Arran links, in his opinion. I offer no ideas of my own on the subject. As for the game, in justice to myself I must say that I approached it in an unbiassed spirit. But after one morning, most of which I spent looking for my lost ball—or, to be accurate, 'balls,' for I lost four—after scratching my hands to rags and breaking a club, I felt qualified to form an opinion of the game, and that opinion I have retained ever since. A game which consists of hitting a ball and going to look for it, and hitting it again, if you are lucky enough to find it, seems to me a pastime suitable for harmless lunatics. I said this, or something like it, to Maria, who had put down her book to try to convince me that I should have to play at the Barries'.

'So you have told me before,' she replied rather shortly; 'however, you will see.—Put away the paper, and strap up the rugs, like a good boy. We are just there.'

By the time I got our things together, the train had stopped. While I got porters to look after the baggage, Mrs Jones went to see if the carriage was outside.

'The coachman brought a note from Alice,' said she as she rejoined me; 'she wants us to wait for Mr Monkton, who is coming by the 6.15 from Paddington.'

So Monkton was to be there too. Sensible fellow, Monkton; we dined together at the Club one night last winter—Mrs Jones was out of town—and really I think he was more sarcastic about golfers than I was. I can stand alone, of course, but it is pleasant to have an ally.

The 6.15 was late. So Mrs Jones sat in the carriage while I strolled about. I hate waiting for trains, and after twenty minutes' idling, suggested to Maria that we should go on and leave Monkton to follow in a cab. However, she would not hear of it; she said the carriage had been sent for him as well as for us; it was four miles to the Barries', and Monkton mightn't be able to get a fly. I went back and kicked my heels for another quarter of an hour, and was tolerably cross when the train came in and Monkton got out.

'Halloa, old chap! I'm afraid you have been kept waiting. Mrs Barry wrote me that we should drive up together.—How's your wife?—Train is late; been waiting long?'

'Oh no,' I replied; 'only five-and-thirty minutes or so.'

Monkton said I mustn't blame him—as if I were likely to—and taking my arm, said we must get his baggage. His portmanteau and hat-box were discharged from the van at last, and I called a porter.

'Wait a bit, wait a bit!' cried Monkton. 'Haven't got all my things yet.—Confound it—why— Here, Guard!'

'What's wrong?' I asked, with concern, for Monkton takes things easily as a rule. He had bounded into the van, and was searching among the heaps of luggage, high and low.

'They *can't* have been left behind!' he wailed, dusting his hands together as he jumped out.

'What *can't* have been left behind?'

'My— Oh, hi, Guard!' From the way he flew after the man I began to think the loss was something serious. Two minutes later he came back, carrying a long brown canvas bag under his arm. 'All right,' he remarked cheerily; 'they were in the other van.'

'Golf clubs!' I exclaimed. 'You, Monkton—you. You don't mean to tell me—I'm sure my voice faltered—that you have taken to golf?'

'I do,' retorted the abandoned creature; 'and so will you before you're much older.'

Passing over this observation, which was distinctly uncalled for, I asked him when he took up the game.

'Let's see,' he said. 'I stayed with the Barries last April. I bought my clubs afterwards.'

'They had the disease, and you caught it,' I sneered.

'Just so. It's awfully infectious, and it's chronic. You'll catch it too.—Look here; I know a man who wants to sell a set of nearly new clubs. When you'—

'One word, Monkton, if you please. You know what I think about golf; I don't change my mind'—glancing at his clubs—and I beg you won't talk in that strain to me any more; it's childish.'

I did not say much to him during the drive. He had irritated me, and I wished to put him down a little.

It is certainly a beautiful house, and the Barries seem to be nice people, though the whole family *did* follow up their welcome by deploring our omission to bring our golf clubs. (Any one would think golf-clubs were as indispensable as umbrellas!) The truth is, a regular golf atmosphere pervades the house. There are odd clubs in the umbrella stand, club bags hanging on the hat-pegs, and a plate on the hall table was full of balls more or less knocked about. Miss Barry wears a brooch of a tiny gold golf club and pearl ball; and her brother Charley a tie-pin of similar design. When I admired the lawn from the drawing-room window, Mr Barry senior said: 'Oh, the putting green. There are very fair hazards on that bank and down by those trees.' At dinner, the talk is of quarries and bunkers, cleeks, niblicks, and mashies (whatever they may be). I had to confess that my first and last guine was played in Arran five years ago. I thought I saw Miss Barry smile when I said it was my last. I don't think much of one-idea'd people. Two or three times I tried to turn the conversation! I offered them the last novel, the war in South Africa, the long drought; but it was no use. The talk drifted back to golf again, somehow, and stayed there. By the time the ladies got up to leave the table, I hated the game more than ever.

'Aren't they all nice?' Maria whispered to me in the drawing-room afterwards.

'Yes, very,' I agreed. It had been a capital dinner. Barry's cook is an artist.—'But, I say, Maria, they all have got golf on the brain.'

'I was afraid it bored you, dear. I got rather tired of cleeks and smashers myself. But, Algy'—

'Well?'

'Will you drive them—us—up to the links to-morrow? Mrs Barry wants the coachman in the afternoon, and Charley Barry can't drive, and I should be nervous if Mr Monkton drove on these hills.'

'I suppose I must, under the circumstances; but'—

'It's all right, Alice,' my wife called to Miss Barry; 'Algernon will drive us.'

Miss Barry came over to us and explained that the links were five miles away, and that their practice was to put up the horse at a friend's house for the day. Thus, when the coachman was wanted at home, he could not go.

I wished the coachman was like a younger son, 'not wanted at home.' Now I was fairly let in for a day on the links. I had not bargained for that, when I said I would drive.

'You needn't play, dear, if you don't want to,' said Maria, in answer to my mild reproaches when we were alone up-stairs.

That was just one of those obvious statements which annoy me; Maria is always saying things like that.

The road to the links was uphill nearly all the way, so the journey took some time, and allowed me to improve my acquaintance with Miss Barry. She is a great friend of Maria's, and last night I had been quite unable to understand what a sensible woman like Maria saw in her to like. I must confess that I was agreeably surprised. During the whole drive she did not mention golf till we came in sight of the links, and then only to point them out, and revert at once to our discussion on technical education in village schools, a subject on which she discovered very discriminating views.

'I only wish,' she said, 'we could get the authorities to adopt the scheme somebody sketched out in the last *Nineteenth Century*.'

I could not help smiling. I had written the article myself. 'It was so well thought out,' she continued. 'There was nothing impracticable or utopian in it.'

Maria was listening, so I told Miss Barry that I was the author of the article, before she could say any more nice things about it. It is so embarrassing to have one's work praised in the dark. I fear I did more than my share of the conversation after that until we reached the links.

'She is nice, isn't she?' said Maria, taking advantage of Miss Barry's disappearance into the cottage which did duty as headquarters of their golf club.

I felt I could say 'Yes' honestly.

'I say, this is a bore,' said Monkton, coming out of the cottage. 'There's only one caddie here. He can't carry all our clubs; let's send him to call some more.'

'I'd rather not do that,' said Miss Barry. 'We always try not to encourage them to play truant from school. Peter Moule can carry Mrs Jones's clubs, and we will carry our own.'

I was touched by her strong sense of right.

'You must allow me to be your caddie, Miss Barry,' I said.

She protested a little; but I possessed myself of her bag, and slung it on my shoulder.

After all, it was more sociable to remain with them, even though I did not play.

I was not asked to play. My business was to follow Miss Barry, and take care that she did not bruise my knuckles thrusting clubs back into the bag. She changed her club at every stroke; it seemed affectation the way she discussed the proper club with Monkton. I should not like to earn my living as a caddie. The links were on a range of hills scarred all over with quarries, and when we got among these, I wished I had gone for a quiet walk. Whenever Monkton or Miss Barry hit the ball into a quarry, I was expected to scramble down and throw it up; and while I climbed out again, ruining my boots on the stones, they played on and left me to follow with the clubs. Twice Monkton left *his* for me to bring on; he said he forgot them. The ninth time I was sent down a quarry, I struck; I potted about and pretended I couldn't find the ball.

'You come and look,' I shouted to Monkton; 'you hit it in.'

He didn't seem to hear; but Miss Barry came to the edge and called down that she thought it was under a rock to the right. They could not go on without the ball, so I determined to keep them waiting. I sat down and lit my pipe. After smoking for ten minutes, I thought they had had a lesson, and might be depended on to help another time, so I climbed up the stone-fall on to the grass again. I was very angry when I reached the top. Monkton and Miss Barry were a quarter of a mile away down the hill. They had left their bags for me to carry: that proved what affectation it was their bringing out a dozen clubs each.

'We took a new ball,' explained Monkton as I came up.

'Oh! I—I'm glad you didn't wait,' I said, feeling rather sold.

'I'm afraid it is very slow work for you, Mr Jones,' said Miss Barry, as we walked on to the next hole. 'There are no more quarries for some time now. Will you score for us? You have to keep our score in this column, and our opponents' in that,' she said. 'You see? I hope it will make the game more interesting for you.'

It could not make it less interesting; but she meant to be kind, and I accepted the task.

We joined Maria and Charley Barry at the seventh hole; it was more lively when we were all together. Before we reached the last hole, I caught myself advising Maria how to play the ball out of a cart-rut, and it gave me a distinct thrill of pleasure when I was able to announce that she and Charley Barry had won.

'They have won!' exclaimed Monkton, rushing over to me and taking the card from my hand. 'Why, they are 99, and we are 92.'

'Well? They've got most.'

Monkton looked at me and growled something about 'any one with a grain of sense,' which I ignored. Relations between us were rapidly growing strained.

We lunched on the grass in the shelter of a wall. It had been hot in the quarries; but the day under these circumstances was perfect. I should gladly have remained there, smoking

all the afternoon; but the three enthusiasts would not let us.

'Mr Jones must play this afternoon,' said Miss Barry; 'I can't allow him to do nothing but fetch and carry for us.'

'He won't play,' growled Monkton from behind his pipe bowl. 'He hates it; can't hit a ball to save his life.'

Nothing else would have induced me to touch a club.

'I will play with great pleasure, Miss Barry,' I said, 'if you will make allowances for a beginner.'

Monkton's rudeness had put me on my mettle. I resolved to show him that I was not such a duffer as he thought, and that I could play golf without going mad about it.

I used Miss Barry's clubs. I don't care to blow my own trumpet. I will only say that I surprised myself. Maria was delighted; and Charley Barry dubbed me a 'dark horse.' The course from the third hole lay down a long slope, at the bottom of which we could see the little red flag on the putting green. The caddie tee'd the ball, and I made my drive; a beauty, though I say it—clean, hard, and straight. The ball fell just on the edge of the putting green.

'Good shot!' burst from every one, Monkton included.

'You might do this hole in two, Mr Jones,' said Miss Barry.

The others played, and we all walked down; it took all the others another shot to come up to my ball. As we went, Charley Barry told me it was the ambition of everybody who played on these links to do this particular hole in two strokes. The professional from St Andrews who laid out the course had done it in two; no one had ever done so since.

'It's a shot for the putter, I think,' said Monkton, scrutinising the lie of my ball carefully as we all stood round it.

'Iron, if you ask me,' said Charley Barry.

While they discussed it, I called the caddie, and chose the club I thought most suitable.

'The lofter!' cried Monkton and Barry together.

'I don't know what its name is,' I said, 'and, what's more, I don't care. It looks as if it would lift the ball over that little ridge, and I'm going to play with it.'

'I'm not at all sure that your husband isn't right,' I overheard Miss Barry say to Maria.

Probably because I did not much mind whether I failed or not, I succeeded, amid breathless silence, in holing the ball. Monkton insisted on shaking hands with me; and the others congratulated me as warmly as though I had come into half a million of money.

'He has a natural eye for the game,' Miss Barry said in an undertone. Perhaps she was right; it is not for me to say. I must admit that there seems scope for skill of a kind in golf, and I will not deny that a long clean drive affords one a certain gratification; but it is not a pastime that is at all likely to enslave me as it does some people. I have known fellows start for the links at Tooting in the rain and play the whole of a wet day. That always struck me as folly.

'What club should you use here?' inquired Miss Barry as the caddie tee'd her ball for the eighth hole.

The ground was broken up and hollowed by small quarries in the direct line; if you failed to clear them all at the first stroke, it cost you a dozen or twenty points to get out again.

'I should take the long driver and play well over to the level ground on the left,' I said.

She followed my advice, and justified it by doing the hole in five strokes. Perhaps it is worth mentioning that I did it in six, and that Monkton, who took his own line, did it in thirteen.

'Golf is not merely hard hitting and careful putting,' Miss Barry observed; 'it wants judgment and discretion as well.'

I thought it was a gentle back-hander at Monkton; he certainly deserved it.

We were all rather tired when we finished the round (I won it, by the way), and were quite ready for tea when we got home. Monkton and Charley Barry went out immediately afterwards, and played on the putting green till the dressing bell rang.

Next day, at Miss Barry's express request, I drove the party out again. I have no very clear recollection of the discussion which led to my consenting to play. I did not want to; but I hold it a duty to sacrifice one's self for the pleasure of the people you are staying with, and they made a point of it.

'It is very curious,' Monkton remarked as we climbed the hill to the second hole, 'how well a fellow always begins. The really trying stage comes next, when you can't hit a ball till you have missed it a dozen times.'

'When should I reach that second stage?' I asked humbly.

Monkton said: 'That all depends'—he is a lawyer—and added, he thought he saw indications of it already. This made me nervous. Yesterday and until now, I had played boldly, hitting the ball clean every time as a matter of course. Now I caught myself waggling for fully a minute before I dared strike; and only too often when I did strike I either topped the ball or dug up the turf behind it; very strange that I never missed the ball when the possibility of doing so had not occurred to me. I wish Monkton would mind his own business.

After lunch, Monkton began telling some of his old stories, and so I seized an opportunity of suggesting that we should have another round. Miss Barry proposed playing sides. She, Maria, and I to play the other two. Maria would play better if she would take advice occasionally. I could not induce her to use the right weapon at the right time; it is so ridiculous to try and put with a lofting iron; and it is not fair to your side. She resented my remonstrances, saying that I didn't know any more about golf than she did; which is absurd, seeing that I have played on links admittedly the most sporting in Scotland. I was a little vexed, too, by her want of interest in the game to-day; she talked local gossip to Miss Barry all the time, and once completely spoiled my stroke by asking an irrelevant question at the critical moment.

'I wish, my dear, you would wait till I have made my stroke,' I said gently. 'Now we shall be ten for this hole instead of nine.'

'Why, Algy! you are *always* interested in strange birds,' she exclaimed, with open eyes; 'and I believe it was a kestrel.'

I had recovered form considerably during the afternoon round, and had no real complaint to make against myself until, at the last hole, I managed to put a good ten paces past it. A pure blunder, which cost us the game.

I was vexed with myself, and thought over the stroke a good deal as we drove home. After tea I slipped out of the drawing-room and took an iron and a ball to play it over again. I practised the shot until I was satisfied, and was just going in to write some letters, when Charley Barry came out and asked me to stay and have a round with him. I thought I might as well; I always think, you know, one should be out of doors as much as possible during a holiday.

The next morning was cloudy and threatening; the wagonette was wanted to fetch somebody from the station in the afternoon, too, and altogether it seemed as if we shouldn't be able to go up to the links.

'We should have to walk back,' Miss Barry said. 'Won't it be too much for Maria?'

I said that was for Maria to decide; she vowed she could do it easily. I had some qualms about it; but she appeared anxious to go; so we went.

There were two or three heavy showers during the morning; the others sought shelter; but I played on alone. I had my mackintosh, and it seemed as if I had quite got over the 'second stage' already, for I never missed a shot, and made some awfully good ones. I wanted to make sure, and would not stop if I could help it. While we were lunching in the cottage, it began to drizzle hopelessly and heavily.

'I don't believe we could see a ball fifty yards away in this,' grumbled Monkton, as we gathered round the cottage door to watch the fine, driving clouds of rain.

Miss Barry said sadly that there was no hope of its clearing up, and Maria and she would not go round again. They would wait a bit, and go straight home.

'Miss Barry is right,' said Monkton, knocking out his pipe. 'It isn't good enough. I shall go home with the ladies. But, Jones—if you want to play another round, you can use my clubs.'

I don't think he expected I should accept them; his tone was not quite serious.

'Shall we have another game, Charley?' I asked. 'We may as well get wet on the hill as on the road.'

He agreed. I accepted Monkton's offer, and we went off together. The caddies had not come back, so we had to carry our own bags. I'm not quite sure that carrying a heavy weight in the hand improves one's play, but that is merely an idea. We had a glorious game that afternoon, in spite of the rain; it was a little difficult to follow a hard-driven ball through the misty drizzle, but the weather was not too thick to make it impossible. We

made record-time round, and when we came to the last hole, I was quite ready to play another. But Charley thought we ought to be making a start for home; so we played a cross-country game over the hills till we hit the road. Then we shouldered our bags and trudged homeward through the mud.

'I say,' I said, as we reached the porch, 'we can't go into your mother's drawing-room like this.'

'We are in a considerable mess,' he admitted, running his eye over our legs.

'And it's too early to change for dinner,' I continued.

Charley put down his bag in the porch, and drew out an iron. 'Come on,' he said; 'the rain's nothing.'

We were playing our sixth round on the putting green, when Maria called me from her window: 'Algy! the dressing bell rang twenty minutes ago, and it's pouring rain. Do come in. Remember your bronchitis.—Are you mad?'

I started. I had not noticed the bell; and I was surprised to find that it was raining, and very heavily too; there was quite a little spout of water running from each sleeve. As I picked up my ball, I realised how weak is Man before Golf; I had got it—got it badly; and I never even felt it coming on.

Maria thinks my new golf outfit very nice, but says my extravagance in getting all those clubs is shameful.

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

HAVING been much in France, and having had opportunities of studying the soldiers of that country, the writer fancies that a few notes about them may not be uninteresting.

Since its defeat by the Germans, the French army has improved in every way. When he went to war, Napoleon III. had been utterly deceived about his army. The flatterers who surrounded him represented it as being thoroughly efficient, when it was really only an army on paper. A system of purchasing substitutes had enabled the rich to evade military service, and it was possible for even these bought men to get off by judicious bribery. Now, every man, however rich or whatever his position, must be a soldier for at least one year. The social position of a soldier is completely ignored by his officers. They consider his efficiency only; and if any difference is made between a man of some education and one who is almost without any, it is that the former is sooner put into the 'Peloton d'Instruction'—a kind of school of drill—where he may become in six months or a year a corporal, and in which the duties are not easier, but more difficult. So universal is military service now in France, that even those who are training for the priesthood must serve a year before their ordination, and will, according to the new law, have to come up for the usual twenty-eight days' training every third year while they are in the reserve. A man is liable to service from his twentieth year until his forty-fifth—three years with the colours, seven in the reserve of the

standing army, six years in the territorial army, and nine in its reserve.

The army of the reserve and the territorial army could be mobilised in two days, and then there would be over three millions of men under arms. Every horse, too, in France that is suitable for military purposes is registered, and can be purchased at any moment. The difficulty of feeding such an army for any length of time in the field is considered by good critics to amount almost to an impossibility. Still, one notices everywhere in France the great preparation that is being made for war, even in such a small detail as the painting on the wagons of trains the number of men and horses they can carry.

Because men of all classes are soldiers, the army is the most respectable and popular profession in France. When you go into a fashionable hotel, you are not surprised to see private soldiers sitting down at 'table-d'hôte,' because you know that they may belong to the best families in the country. I remember resting one day on a seat beside a young soldier in the Place Royale at Pau. I asked him several questions about the army; and when he got up to leave, I offered him a couple of francs, in order that he might go to the theatre, an amusement of which he said he was very fond. He seemed hurt, and said, as he saluted and departed, that it was a pleasure to give me any information I wanted. He was a well-born and well-educated man, and did not like to be offered a 'tip.'

This mixture of all classes for three, or certainly for one year, constitutes the army a great instrument of national education. The rich are made less effeminate and dissipated by military discipline, while the poor and uneducated are civilised by contact with more fortunate comrades. It is surely no small matter that so many of the poorest Frenchmen shall be well fed, well clothed, and taught to behave well for three years. Then the fact that the *physique* of the people has perceptibly improved by compulsory military service must be productive of wealth. These advantages in some measure counterbalance the enormous drain which the army is upon the country.

That young men do not dislike military service in France, I know, from having seen several enrolments of recruits. Those who passed the doctors sang and shouted, and appeared to be greatly pleased. If a man is not fit for a soldier, he is considered unfit for most situations, and, what is worst of all, he will not be able to find a wife. Parents are very proud of their soldier sons. I once saw a father, who had come to visit his son, standing outside a barrack; the soldier came out, and his father kissed him with evident pride on both cheeks.

The higher estimation to which the army has attained in public opinion is seen in the bearing of both officers and men. It is true that the former shave less, and keep their hands in their pockets more, than they might; but they are not the slovens of twenty years ago. Referring to his long ugly coat and diminutive stature, Moltke described the French warrior as 'much coat and little soldier;' but though small, they are much-enduring fellows, and they march splendidly. The gaiety of their nation, too,

enables them to take a bright view of things, and this is well, for they have an amount of work and drill to put up with that could not be got out of a voluntary army.

The discipline is very severe. Sergeants and corporals are saluted by privates, and have the power of giving a considerable amount of imprisonment. Though it is not always carried out, the sentence of death is pronounced upon any soldier who strikes a superior, and frequently as much as seven years' penal servitude is given for desertion. Then the disciplinary battalions stationed in Africa or some colony have anything but a good time of it. Bad characters from all the army are sent into these; and if they attempt the slightest violence, they are shot in a moment, for all the officers and non-commissioned officers carry loaded revolvers. A not uncommon way of punishing these bad characters is to bury them up to the chin in sand and keep them there for a day or two. The non-commissioned officers when drilling recruits treat them in a way that would never be tolerated in this country. I have seen them shake and kick them on the shin, while an officer stood by and did not interfere. No doubt, the stupidity of some of the peasant recruits must be very trying. But even if it be necessary, as it occasionally is, to tie a string round a man's right arm or leg to enable him to distinguish it from the left, he should not be treated worse than a brute.

Certainly the pay he receives cannot be said to confer 'riches beyond the dreams of avarice' upon a French Tommy Atkins, for privates only get one sou or a halfpenny a day, and sergeants only fivepence. If his friends did not send him a little money, and if he did not get a ration of tobacco for nothing—it is worth very little more—from Government, he would indeed be miserable.

Of course, French soldiers cannot afford the luxury of marriage; such a possibility seems never to be thought of by the authorities. There are no married quarters in barracks, and the few non-commissioned officers who become Benedicks live outside. Even an officer cannot marry without permission. He must show that his wife to be is the right sort, and that between them they have enough means. The non-commissioned officers venturing upon matrimony are, generally speaking, men who have agreed to remain in the army for five or more years after their time of compulsory service is completed. For doing this, they receive a sum down of four thousand francs, and have a good chance of getting a Government appointment afterwards. They are distinguished by a gold and red cord round the bottom of the sleeves of their tunics.

In the French, as in all foreign armies, a company consists of two hundred and fifty men. This is commanded by a mounted captain, and has in it an adjutant, who is a non-commissioned officer responsible for discipline, a sergeant-major, and a *fourrier* (quartermaster-sergeant).

There are four companies in a battalion, and three battalions in a regiment. A battalion is commanded by a 'chef de bataillon' or 'commandant'; and a regiment by a colonel,

assisted by a lieutenant-colonel. Authority and responsibility are not centralised, as with us. Each captain, for instance, is entirely responsible for his company, and upon its efficiency his promotion depends. This is a common-sense arrangement, and there are many others which even a casual observer notices. One is the way the greatcoats of the men button back at the bottom, so as not to impede the motion of their legs when marching. Another is the fact that military doctors ride on white horses, so as to be easily distinguished when wanted. Another is the great use that is made of bicycles, and the excellent regimental transport which is always kept in readiness.

In the German army, promotion from the ranks is practically unknown; but in France, about half the officers become officers in that way. And it would, I think, be the unanimous testimony of French soldiers that officers who have seen service in the ranks do, as a rule, succeed best in securing respect, obedience, and efficiency in their subordinates. Still, to get a commission from the ranks is by no means easy. After a non-commissioned officer has been frequently recommended, he has to go through a military college and pass very severe examinations.

AN 'OUT-OF-DATE' COUPLE.

WE are 'so out of date,' they say—
Ned and I:

We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.

He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;

And I—well, I will own to *you*
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
'Twixt 'glow and gloom;'

He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;

Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home-corner warm,
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
But let that pass;

Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass:

Even if the prospect be not bright,
We hold it true,

That heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,

I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;

But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by:

We *are* behind the times, we know—
Ned and I.

E. MATHESON.

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A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

By Mrs LYNN LINTON.

ONCE a potent influence in the world of thought, Montaigne is now virtually forgotten—known of none save students, whose business it is to master all classics, and a few—too few—literary folk who are careful to enrich their style with apposite references. Save these exceptions, Montaigne is as dead as Rabelais or as Ramus. Yet his essays repay the closest attention that may be given them; and no one can read them aright without becoming wiser by the process. Like all true philosophy, what was good for his own day is good for ours; and there is scarcely a page that will not bear transcription into modern life, founded as all Montaigne's observation was on the elemental truths of human nature. To be sure, our modern Girton girls would flout that crude dictum in 'Pedantisme' which sets forth how 'peradventure—neither we, nor divinitie, require not much learning in women;' and the test of a wife's knowledge, its scope and object, would send the Women's Rights woman frantic. Yet who can gainsay the wisdom of that searching question: 'Whereto serveth learning, if understanding be not joynd to it?'—or deny what the Romans were wont to say among themselves: 'The most great Clerkes are not the most wise men.'

Yet Montaigne did not deny the value of education. Far from it. He advocated and honoured it, and his views thereon were distinctly in advance of his time. So, indeed, were those of his father, who had him taught and treated with a personal tenderness that touched effeminacy on the one side, if on the other the strictness of his intellectual discipline was marvellously like priggishness, and with a curious foreshadowing of Mill. But the praise he gives to the Persian method of education for the 'eldest borne sonne, in their royall succession,' and his advocacy of pleasantness in the school-house, prove both his

manly common-sense on all relating to the physical and moral education of boys, and his tender consideration of the difficulties and weaknesses of children. 'As soon as he (this eldest borne sonne in their royall succession) was borne, he was delivered, not to women, but to such men as, by reason of their vertue, were in chiefest authoritie about the King. Their speciall charge was first to shapen his limmes and bodie, goodly and healthy; and at seven yeares of age, they instructed and inured him to sit on horsebacke, and to ride a hunting; when he came to the age of fourteene they delivered him into the handes of foure men, that is to say, the wisest, the justest, the most temperate, and the most valiant of all the nation. The first taught him religion; the second, to be ever upright and true; the third, to become Master of his owne desires; and the fourth, to feare nothing.' Of his tenderness for the difficulties of children the following is the proof. 'If it lay in me, I would doe as the Philosopher Speusippus did, who caused the pictures of Gladnesse and Joy, of Flora and of the Graces, to be set up round about his school-house. Where their proffit lieth, there should also be their recreation. Those meats ought to be sugred over, that are healthfull for children's stomackes, and those made bitter that are hurtfull for them.' But he boasts of his total ignorance of the romances of his day. 'Of King Arthur, of Lancelot du Lake, of Amadis, of Huon of Burdeaux, and such idle time-consuming and wit-besotting trash of bookes wherein youth doth commonly amuse it selfe, I was not so much as acquainted with their names, and to this day know not their bodies nor what they containe: So exact was my discipline.'

Furthermore, the parents of dull-seeming but brooding and observant—not yet reproductive—children may take heart by Messire Michel's confession of his boyish 'idle drowziness.' 'What I saw, I saw it perfectly; and under this heavy and, as it were, Lethe-complexion,

did I breed hardie imaginations, and opinions farre above my yeares.' We know what the mature result was of this boyish 'blockish apprehension' and 'poore invention.' So is it in the present day. Quick, bright, brilliant children seldom prove so successful in manhood as they were promising in early youth; while those who were apparently stupid, sluggish even, yet all the time observant, receptive, brooding inwardly, not giving out, often become famous in the world, and eminently satisfactory in the family.

Of all men, Montaigne was he who had the justest sense of proportion. No fanatical extremes of virtue commended themselves to his clear critical understanding. Generous, kind, and giving, he yet disclaimed all fantastic notions of useless sacrifice, making no account of example or ideal morality. Thus, when the jurats of Bordeaux prayed him, their mayor, to visit the town when stricken with the plague, he calmly argued with them that going to them at such a time would do them no good, and might be of infinite harm to himself. Also, when 'the rich old man that dwelt in Thoulouse, and who was troubled with the cough of the lungs,' told Simon Thomas, the physician, that one of the best means of his recovery 'was to give me (Montaigne) occasion to be delighted in his companie, and that fixing his eyes upon the liveliness and freshness of my face, and setting his thoughts upon the jolitic and vigor wherewith my youthfull age did then flourish, and filling all his senses with my flourishing estate, his habitude might thereby be amended, and his health recovered. But,' adds our genial Pyrrhonist, 'he forgot to say that mine might also be empaired and infected.'

Allied to this sense of proportion is that of official fitness, irrespective of personal and unrelated qualities. 'It is no great matter,' he says in his essay on 'Friendship,' 'what religion my Physician and Lawyer is of: this consideration hath nothing common with the offices of that friendship they owe mee. So doe I in the familiar acquaintances, that those who serve me contract with me. I feare not a gaming Muletier, so much as if he be weake; nor a hot swearing Cooke, as one that is ignorant and unskillfull; I never meddle with saying what a man should doe in the world; there are over many others that doe it; but what my selfe doe in the world.' Which is a pretty hard rap on the knuckles of those busybodies who make it their business to peep through the keyholes of all closed doors, to look behind all discreet screens, and to demand of men certain private virtues which have nothing whatever to do with their official capabilities.

That blind obedience to authority which has just lately been called in question, is also touched on by Montaigne in one of those almost prophetic passages with which the three books are full. 'When Lelius, in the presence of the Romane Consuls, who, after the condemnation of Tiberius Gracchus, pursued all those that had bene of his acquaintance, came to inquire of Caius Blossius (who was one of his chiefest friends) what he would have done for him, and that he answered: "All things."—"What? all things?" replied he: "And what if he had

willed thee to burne our Temples?" Blossius answered: "He would never have commanded such a thing."—"But what if he had done it?" replied Lelius: The other answered: "I would have obeyed him."

What a strong old-world ring there is in this! How it vibrates in this day of weak but cocksure individualism, when penny papers retry all legal cases, pronounce on all difficult questions, and urge the sacred right of the ignorant to sit in judgment on the learned—of the most rubbishy little contributor on the staff to be the denouncer of leaders, philosophers, corporate bodies, and lawgivers alike!

That old saying about treating your friend as if he would one day be your enemy, and your enemy as if he would one day be your friend, is quoted by Montaigne from a still older source. In general it is taken as of much more modern date. So also is the modern condemnation of Jingoism foreshadowed in that notable little epigram, 'Glory and curiositie are the scourges of our soules. The latter endueth us to have an oare in every ship; and the former forbids us to leave anything unresolved or undecided.' Only that we would have reversed the order of things, and would have given to glory what Montaigne ascribes to curiosity, and vice-versâ. The omnipresent thought—not fear—of death, is also one of our practical philosopher's most striking passages; and how he would that death should seize upon him while he was setting his 'cabiges, carelesse of her dart, but more of my unperfect garden.' And he instances one who, 'being at his last gaspe, uncessantly complained against his destinie, and that death should so unkindly cut him off in the midst of an historie which he had in hand, and was now come to the fifteenth or sixteenth of our Kings.'

The essay on 'Custom' is full of 'meat.' 'Call her the Queene and Empresse of all the world,' he says, quoting Pindarus; and we may profitably ponder on the following aphorism, specially applicable at this present time: 'That is the rule of rules, and generall law of lawes, for every man to observe those of the place wherein he liveth. . . . There riseth a great doubt, whether any so evident profit may be found in the change of a received law, of what nature soever, as there is hurt in removing the same; forsomuch as a well settled policie may be compared to a frame or building of divers parts joyned together with such a ligament as it is impossible to stirre or displace one, but the whole body must needes be shaken and show a feeling of it.'

What did Turner say of Ruskin save, in his own words, this? 'A heedy Reader shall often discover in other men's compositions, perfections farre-differing from the Author's meaning, and such as haply he never dreamed of, and illustrateth them with richer senses, and more excellent constructions.' Of a piece wherewith is Emerson's (?) expression, 'They builded better than they knew.' Carlyle preached the Worship of Sorrow. 'Oh foolish and base ornament!' cries Montaigne, presaging Talleyrand's famous *mot* when he went to visit that poor inconsolable mother who lived in the dark, companioned only with her grief: 'Ah, I see, Madame, you

have not forgiven God yet.' 'I am little subject to these violent passions,' says Montaigne, after he has instanced several cases of sudden death from sudden joy or sorrow. 'I have naturally a hard apprehension, which by discourse I daily harden more and more.'

'I see all men generally busied (and that verie improperly) to punish certain innocent errors in children, which have neither impression nor consequence, and chastice and vex them for rash and fond actions. Onely lying, and stubbornnesse somewhat more, are the faults whose birth and progresse I would have severely punished and cut off; for they grow and increase with them: and if the tongue have once gotten this ill habit, good Lord, how hard, nay how impossible it is to make her leave it? whereby it ensueth that we see many very honest men in other matters to bee subject and enthralled to that fault. I have a good lad to my tailour, whom I never heard speak a truth,' adds the Philosopher tranquilly; 'no, not when it might stand him in stead of profit.'

'I hate men that are fooles in working and Philosophers in speaking,' he says in another place, foreshadowing the academical legislators and armchair propounders of a new human nature with which every-day experience and historic fact have nothing to do. This saying recalls, at a long interval, the Spanish proverb which advises one to beware of the man who speaks softly and writes harshly. Much wisdom, too, lies in that essay on 'Divers Events from one Selfe-same Counsell,' wherein is shown how repute fulfils itself. Let but a man be supposed capable of this or that, and the gaping world by its own action proves that capacity real. Which may stand as the reason why certain medicaments, *inter alia*, in which not the most subtle analysis by the most delicate instruments can detect any therapeutic agent at all, nevertheless work the accustomed miracle on such of the sick and ailing who have faith—by which the mind reacts on the body, and the nerves, obedient to the brain, complete the cure. More than one, too, of our so-called Teachers, Able Editors, and the like, might study with profit that shrewd discourse on 'Prognostications.' 'It were more certaine,' says our sharp-witted reasoner, 'if there were either a rule or a truth to lie for ever. Seeing no man recordeth their fables because they are ordinarie and infinit; and their predictions are made to be of credit, because they are rare, incredible, and prodigious'—with more sage words to the back of these which mayhap it would not be profitable to quote.

Such scrappy extracts as have been given go to prove how wise in judgment and temperate in pronouncement was Messire Michel de Montaigne, he who says of himself, 'I love temperate and indifferent natures. Immoderation towards good, if it offend me not, it amazeth, and troubleth me how I should call it'—he, the governing motto of whose thought was that unanswerable *Que sais-je?* (What do I know?) By the faith which cometh to each man if so he will—all. By knowledge that can be imparted like the multiplication table or the Latin grammar—nought. This, with the soundest common-sense

concerning the things of every-day life, sums up the mental attitude of one of the acutest thinkers the world has ever seen, as set forth in these *enter parties* called generally the Essays of Montaigne.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XX.—A FAMILY COUNCIL.

REGGIE entered the room in the best of high spirits. They were confirmed by observing that Kitty had tears in her eyes—an excellent sign: she had evidently been crying. Hence Mr Reggie acutely concluded that Mortimer must have proposed to her, and been refused for the moment, though not, of course, necessarily in a definitive fashion. Reggie was dimly aware, to be sure, as a brother may be, that there was Somebody at Venice; and he had drawn for himself the vague and formless inference that this Somebody, as he mentally put it in his own dialect, had failed to come up to the scratch with Kitty. Hence these weepings. But then, girls are so stupid! If the fellow at Venice couldn't be brought to propose, why, it was clearly Kitty's duty, for her family's sake, to accept at once so eligible an offer as Rufus Mortimer's, especially when a brother could say, with Reggie, 'La famille, c'est moi!' Then her proper course shone forth with peculiar obviousness.

So Reggie entered his sister's room in the familiar fraternal mood of the man who isn't going to put up with any feminine nonsense.

Kathleen greeted him rather coolly. In point of fact, having just been deeply stirred, she was in no mood at the moment for receiving Reggie. She kept her eyes as much averted from her brother as possible, and strove to prevent them from catching Reggie's at awkward angles. Still, Reggie could see very well she had been crying, and could observe from her manner that she was a good deal agitated. That was all most satisfactory. He dropped into an easy-chair with a careless fraternal air; and thinking it best to blurt the whole thing out at once without needless prologue, he looked across at her narrowly as he uttered the enigmatical words: 'Well, Kitty, I've come to receive your congratulations.'

'Congratulations?' Kathleen responded, taken aback. 'On what, my dear boy? Have they raised your salary?'

'Not they,' Reggie answered, smiling. 'Catch 'em at it! That's all! They never appreciate modest merit. Besides, I don't take much stock in stockbroking. The game ain't worth it, except, of course, for principals.—No, Kitsy, it isn't that. It's something much more important.' He caressed his moustache. 'Can't you guess,' he said, 'what a man's most likely to ask his sister to congratulate him on?'

Kathleen's fears rose high at once. When Reggie wanted money, he addressed her as Kitty; but when it got to Kitsy, a most unusual diminutive of extreme affection, she felt sure he must mean to come down upon her for absolutely unprecedented advances.

'You're not engaged, are you, Reggie?' she faltered out in a feeble voice. 'For if you are, I'm sure it's very wrong indeed of you. You can't keep yourself, so you've surely no right to think of burdening me with some one else also.'

Reggie's lip curled slightly. 'What a girl you are!' he cried with a faint dash of disdain. 'Taking such a low monetary point of view about everything! One would think getting married was a mere matter of £ s. d. Not a touch of sentiment in it. No, Kitsy, it isn't an engagement I want you to congratulate me on; it's something a vast deal more interesting and important.' Reggie drew himself up to his utmost height in his chair as he sat. 'The fact is, Kitty—I'm already married.'

'Married!' Kathleen exclaimed with a sudden burst of alarm. 'Oh Reggie, what do you mean? Who is it? and when did you marry her?'

'Florrie Clarke,' Reggie answered, producing her photograph with just pride from his pocket—and indeed Florrie was a personable little body enough, whom anybody might be proud of from the point of view of external appearance. 'Who else could it be? We were married on Wednesday.'

Kathleen gazed at the portrait for a moment in silence. Her heart misgave her. 'Well, she looks a nice little thing,' she said after an ominous pause; 'and I should think a good girl too; she's certainly pretty. But why didn't you tell me before, Reggie, and introduce your bride to me?'

'One's people are so unreasonable,' Reggie answered, with a hasty gesture. 'I don't blame it on *you*, Kitsy; I know you can't help it; it belongs to the race: it's only the fixed habit of the vertebrate animals one calls one's people.'

'Well, but she's such a good match from one point of view,' Kathleen went on, undoubtedly relieved to find Reggie had at least chosen a wife for himself from a well-to-do family; for the name and the fame of Spider Clarke had already reached her ears—as indeed whose had they not? 'Her people may not be very desirable acquaintances, so far as culture and manners go—I remember dear Mother would never let you bring them to her rooms while she lived; but at least they're wealthy, and that's always something. It will relieve you from responsibility. How on earth did you get Mr Clarke to consent to the marriage?'

'We didn't get him,' Reggie answered with careless ease. 'We took the liberty, in point of fact, to dispense with asking him. Charlie Owen gave her away; and extremely paternal Charlie looked, I can tell you, as he stood up on his hind-legs in Kensington Church and did it.'

'But you haven't obtained Mr Clarke's consent!' Kathleen cried, taken aback, and once more alarmed. 'Well, how can you tell, then, that he'll at all approve of it? Perhaps he'll refuse to do anything to help you.'

'Commercial again!' Reggie responded with an aggrieved air as of the poetical sentimentalist. 'Ingrainedly commercial! You talk like a greengrocer. You can't think of anything but the money aspect of the question. I call it sordid. Here's your brother, Kitsy, your

own and only brother, comes to you with his full heart to announce to you in his joy that he's married to the sweetest, dearest, prettiest, cleverest, sauciest, most delicious little girl in all England; and what do you do? rush up to him, and kiss him, and rejoice with him, and congratulate him?—Oh dear, no. Not a bit of it! That's not your way. You begin by inquiring straight off what the lady's worth, and debating whether or not her Papa will be inclined to fork out the dibs for her. However, there's a cure for all that, I'm jolly glad to say. Kitty, you're behind the times. You don't read the papers. You neglect the literature and the journalism of your country.'

'What do you mean?' Kathleen cried, trembling, and suspecting now some nameless evil. 'It hasn't been put in the papers? Oh Reggie, don't say so! You haven't done anything dreadful and impossible, have you?'

'Me? Dear me, no, my dear child,' Reggie answered airily. 'I'm a model, myself, of all the domestic virtues. But the reason we didn't ask old Clarke's consent, my respected father-in-law's, is simply and solely this—that the respected father-in-law in question happens to be this moment lying in jail, awaiting his trial on a charge of fraud of the first magnitude. That's all, my dear Kitty.'

'Fraud!' Kathleen exclaimed, drawing back. 'Oh Reggie, you don't mean it. I thought he was so rich. What could he want to commit fraud for?'

'How do people get rich, I should like to know, if they don't begin by being fraudulent?' Reggie responded with easy-going cynicism. 'But he ain't rich; that's just it. Old Clarke's gone busted. He's no more good, any way. He's smashed eternally. Come a regular cropper, the Spider has. Precious awkward for poor Florrie!'

'But perhaps he's innocent,' Kathleen cried, clutching at a last straw. 'We should always think everybody innocent, dear mother used to say, till they're proved to be guilty.'

'Perhaps *you're* innocent,' Reggie echoed in a tone half disgust, half amusement. 'Very innocent indeed. As innocent as they make 'em. But it won't do, Kitsy. It isn't good enough. Old Clarke's smashed up. He's gone a juicy one. Smashed himself, they say, over the Axminster estate. But anyhow, he's smashed; not a piece of him left whole. Might have been better, don't you know, if he could have managed to clear out a good month ago to Buenos Ayres; but as it is, not a penny; not a doit; not a stiver. Twenty years is what he'll get. Florrie's awfully cut up about it.'

'And you've married her all the same?' Kathleen cried, clasping her hands, not without a certain internal tinge of pride, after all, that Reggie should at least have behaved like a gentleman.

Reggie drew himself up once more, and looked important. He stroked his moustache still more fondly than ever. Consciousness of rectitude shone from every line in his sleek round face. 'Why, of course I have,' he answered. 'What else could a fellow do? I hope I'm a gentleman. I went to her at Rutland Gate—telegram down to the City—"Come at

once—deepest distress—must see you—FLORRIE”—and there I found the poor dear child in an agony of misery, crying and tearing her hair—which is short and black and one of her chief attractions. Seems she was just thrown overboard by a wretch of a cavalry man, whom her father and mother had compelled her to accept against her will instead of me. “Florrie,” said I, “forget him, and come back to the arms of your one true lover.” She flew to me like a bird, and nestled on my shoulder. “I’d marry you,” said I, “if your father was ten thousand times a fraudulent bankrupt.” And marry her I just did. So there’s the long and the short of it.”

“You acted quite right,” Kathleen said, unable to resist a woman’s natural approbation for the man who follows the impulse of his better nature.

Reggie seized his one chance. This was the thin end of the wedge. ‘So I think,’ he said complacently.—‘And now, the question is, how the dickens am I to pull through? I mean, what’s to be done about ways and means? For of course, as you justly say, if I can’t support myself, far less can I support myself and Florrie also.’

‘But you should have thought of that beforehand,’ Kathleen put in, drawing back. It began to strike her that, after all, there was nothing so self-devoted in marrying a girl at a pinch, if you propose to make your sister bear the burden of supporting her.

Thereupon they fell at once into committee of ways and means, relieved now and again by frequent declarations on Reggie’s part that a sweeter, dearer, more bewitching girl than Florrie didn’t really exist on the entire land-surface of this oblate spheroid. Kathleen was glad he was so well suited with Spider Clarke’s daughter, though she doubted the stock; and then, like a good woman that she was, reproached herself bitterly in her own mind for doubting it. But the longer they stuck at it, the less they seemed to arrive at any fixed decision. All Reggie could assert was his own absolute incapacity to earn a penny more than he was at present earning, coupled with the pleasing information that his exchequer was just now in its normally flaccid and depleted condition, and that his bills were (as always) in excess of his expectations. As for the Clarkes, Reggie observed with a complacent smile, they were simply stone-broke; a most jammy affair; not a penny need be looked for from that direction. The old man had spent his tin as fast as he made it, and faster; and now the crash had come, there were liabilities considerably in excess of the assets—a piece of information the technical sound of which pleased Reggie so immensely that he repeated it over several times in various contexts for his sister’s edification.

At last, however, he ventured bit by bit upon a tentative suggestion. ‘There’s only one way out of it,’ he said, glancing sideways at Kathleen, ‘and that lies entirely with you. If my creditors once learn I’ve got married without prospects, and to the Spider’s daughter, why, they’ll simply drop down on me. Scrunch, scrunch, they’ll crush me. They’ll press me for payment till I’m half mad with worry;

and then I shall go and do one of two things—Waterloo Bridge, or the Bankruptcy Court.’

‘Oh Reggie,’ Kathleen cried, ‘not Waterloo Bridge! How cruel! how wicked of you!’

Reggie saw his cue at once. That was the way, then, to work it. He enlarged forthwith upon the nothingness and hollowness of this present life, and the ease of ending it, as the poet observes, with a bare bodkin. For Florrie’s sake, indeed, he could have wished it might be otherwise; but if no work were forthcoming, it would be easier for Florrie to starve alone than to starve in company. He dwelt upon these themes till he had thoroughly succeeded in frightening poor Kathleen. Then he turned upon her once more. ‘And if you chose,’ he cried bitterly, ‘you could make it all right for me in a single minute.’

‘How so?’ Kathleen asked, trembling.

‘Why, how about Mortimer?’ Reggie cried, springing a mine upon her.

‘Mortimer?’ Kathleen repeated. ‘How about Mr Mortimer? Why, what on earth has he to do with the matter, Reggie?’

‘Oh, you needn’t look such a blessed innocent,’ Reggie answered, smiling. ‘I know all about Mortimer. He’d propose to you like a shot, if only you’d have him. And for your family’s sake, I say, it’s your duty to have him. You know he would, as well as I do. So that’s about the size of it.’

‘Oh Reggie, how can you?’ Kathleen cried, the tears rising to her eyes. ‘I could never marry him.’

‘That’s just as you like,’ Reggie answered calmly. ‘I don’t want to bias you. If you prefer me to go over Waterloo Bridge, I’m sure I’ve no objection. I don’t desire to be selfish, like some other people, and insist on having my own way, no matter who suffers for it. It’s a very easy thing to take a header over the bridge in this nice warm weather. Only, for poor Florrie’s sake, I confess I should have preferred to fight it out in this world a little longer.’

‘But I’m not selfish,’ Kathleen cried, hit on her tenderest point. ‘Oh Reggie, don’t say you think me selfish. I’d do anything to serve you, dear, except only that. But that one thing I can’t. Oh Reggie, don’t ask it of me.’

She spoke with so much earnestness that Reggie saw he had a chance of gaining his point if he went on with it resolutely. So he answered in a sullen voice: ‘Oh yes, of course; you’d do anything on earth except the one thing that’s any use to try. That’s always the way with people. They’d kill themselves to help you; but they won’t stretch out a hand in the only direction possible. You’d sooner see your brother starve, or drive him to suicide, than make an effort to help him by marrying Rufus Mortimer.’

‘Reggie,’ Kathleen exclaimed, driven to bay, ‘you don’t understand. I love somebody else; that’s why I can’t marry him.’

‘So I gathered,’ Reggie answered with perfect coolness. ‘And the somebody else won’t come up to the scratch; so you may as well regard him as a vanishing factor, as we say in the City. He’s out of the running. Well, then, accept it. What’s the matter with Rufus

Mortimer? that's what *I* want to know. He's rich; he's a gentleman; he's good-looking; he's artistic; he's everything else on earth any woman could want—except—well, except that he's not the other fellow. Are you going to let your brother go and die before your eyes, just because you won't take a man any girl but you would be delighted to have a chance of?

'Oh Reggie, how dreadful of you!' Kathleen cried. 'I can't bear to hear you speak of it all as if it were a mere matter of business arrangement. I love the other man: I don't love Mr Mortimer.'

'He's a very good fellow,' Reggie answered, hand on lip once more. 'If only you made up your mind to it, you'd soon learn to like him.' 'I like him already,' Kathleen admitted frankly. 'He's a very nice fellow; a dear good fellow; so kind, so generous, so chivalrous, so unselfish.'

'Well, there you are,' Reggie replied, folding his hands resignedly. 'If you feel like that towards him already, why, of course, if you got engaged, you'd very soon be in love with him.'

'I could never be out of love with the other,' Kathleen faltered, half wavering.

'That's quite unimportant,' Reggie answered with equal frankness. 'As long as you feel you can marry Mortimer, I'd leave the other man to stand his even chance, like Jamie in the poem. You wouldn't be the first woman—nor the last by a long chalk—who has married her second best, and jogged along very well with him.'

'I'm afraid that's true,' Kathleen responded, sighing. And indeed it was. 'Tis the tragedy of our century.

'Well, I'm going soon,' Reggie observed, starting up with a theatrical air. 'And if you should happen to hear the newsboys calling out to-morrow morning, "Shockin' Suicide of a Gentleman from Waterloo Bridge!" don't let it give you a turn. I'm not worth bothering about.'

'Reggie,' Kathleen cried, clinging to him, 'you mustn't go like that. I'm afraid to let you go. You make me so frightened. Promise me you'll do nothing silly till you've seen me again. If you will, I'll think it over, and try what I can to help you. But you must promise me faithfully. Oh Reggie, do promise me.'

'I don't know whether I can,' Reggie responded dubiously.

'You must,' Kathleen exclaimed. 'Oh Reggie, you frighten me. Do promise me you won't, and I'll try to think it over.'

'Well, I'll wait till to-morrow, and then I'll see you again,' Reggie answered doggedly. 'But mind, I only say, till I see you to-morrow.'

Kathleen trembled all over. 'Very well, dear,' she answered. He was her only brother, and with that wonderful tie of blood which binds us all to the foolishlest or worst of mankind, she was very, very fond of him.

Reggie turned from the threshold with his hand on the door-plate. 'Oh, by the way,' he said casually, 'you don't happen to have such a thing as a couple of sovereigns you could lend me, just for Florrie's immediate necessities; bread and cheese and so forth; till we've decided this question, and I know whether I'm

to go over the bridge or not, and whether her address in future is to be Kensington Workhouse?'

Kathleen pulled out her scanty purse, now entirely replenished by her own earnings as an artist, and drew from it two sovereigns, which she handed him regretfully. She had made up her mind a hundred times over already she would never be silly enough to lend him money again; and here, for the hundred-and-first time, she found herself doing it.

'Thanks,' Reggie said with careless ease, dropping them into his waistcoat pocket, as though money were nothing to him.—'Well, good-evening, Kitsy. Think it over by yourself; and don't let your sentimental fancy drive your brother to despair; that's all I beg of you.'

After which, being worn out with this painful interview, and feeling the need of rest and amusement, he stopped at the box office of the Court Theatre on his way down town, and engaged two stalls for that night for himself and Florrie.

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE English Language is spoken at present by 115 millions of people, distributed as follows: British Islands, 38 million; United States, 65 million; Canada (exclusive of French Canadians), 4 million; West Indies, British Guiana, &c., 1½ million; Australasia, 4 million; South Africa, India, and other colonies, 2½ million. This only includes those whose mother-tongue is English. If the number of persons able to speak English—but not regarding it as their mother tongue—is included, the figures would be considerably increased. To this, however, one exception must be made: the large number of Germans, Scandinavians, and other alien races who have emigrated to the United States and the British colonies and become absorbed therein, are included in the above table, for English is their adopted language; they have become a permanent part of the Anglo-Saxon race, and their children after them will be entirely English speaking.

No other language of modern times has made such rapid progress as English, and the increase of English speakers may be calculated at two million annually. Three hundred years ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the language was spoken only by about five millions of people, nearly all of whom resided in the British Isles. It was about this time that England began her work of colonisation, to which the great spread of the English tongue is mainly to be attributed.

The principal languages which enter into competition with English, and which are spoken by the greatest number of people—leaving out of account such languages as Chinese or Hindustani—are French, Spanish, Russian, and German. Of these, French is practically stationary as regards the number of its adherents; and in point of influence it is distinctly on the decline. It is no longer the universal language of diplomacy and commerce; in both respects it has had to give way to English

during the later part of the present century. Spanish, like English, is now very largely spoken on the American Continent, and, like it, also owes its wide distribution to the colonising genius of its speakers. There are not wanting critics who see in it a formidable rival to the English; and if Portuguese—which is practically a branch of Spanish—is included, then the twin-languages dispose of an extent of territory even greater than the English, and with infinitely greater room for expansion, and are spoken by a population of probably not less than seventy million. It is true the bulk of the Spanish and Portuguese colonists have settled in tropical or semi-tropical countries, while the Anglo-Saxon has mainly made its home in the temperate zone, more suitable for the production of a vigorous and enterprising race, if not capable of supporting such a large population. It is a remarkable fact that the Spanish and Portuguese have never been able to make any headway in colder latitudes. Thus, in the United States, one can travel by rail more than three thousand miles—from St Augustine to San Diego—crossing the entire Continent at its widest part, without leaving territory which was all Spanish less than a century ago, but which was never thickly peopled by the original colonists, who have everywhere in this vast territory receded before the Anglo-Saxons.

In South America the same phenomenon is to be seen, for, while the whole of that Continent, with a few trifling exceptions, is occupied by the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese, the temperate regions towards the south have never been properly colonised by them. Patagonia and Southern Chili, which possess almost an English climate, have little attraction for the nations of Southern Europe, and what few attempts have been made to colonise these regions have been by Anglo-Saxons. It is sufficient to mention the flourishing Welsh settlement of the Chubut in the Argentine Patagonia, the numerous English *estancieros* who have settled in the same territory, and the English colony of the Falkland Islands in the neighbouring seas; while even in Punta Arenas, in the extreme south of the Continent—a Chilian possession—English predominates among the cosmopolitan population.

Both German and Russian are increasing rapidly in point of numbers, although the latter language has had but little influence on Western civilisation, which may be owing to the apathy of the Russians themselves, who are perhaps the best linguists in the world, and often more at home in French, English, or German than in the language of their own country. This refers especially to the upper classes. We have frequently met Russians who spoke not only perfect English, but had not the slightest trace of a foreign accent, and as far as their speech was concerned might be taken for Englishmen or Americans.

The number of persons speaking the above languages may be estimated as follows: Russian, 80 million; German, 70 million; Spanish, 55 million; Portuguese, 15 million.

It is a remarkable fact that while the English in their colonies and offshoots have absorbed

many millions of alien races—French, German, Scandinavian, Spanish, &c.—there is no case on record of any great body of English speakers becoming absorbed by any other race. Even isolated members of the Anglo-Saxon fraternity who settle in foreign countries, as, for example, in the Argentine Republic, retain their nationality and language for several generations, and very seldom eventually become absorbed. On the other hand, there are in the United States many millions of Germans who have been merged in the dominant race without leaving a trace of their origin after the lapse of a single generation, for even the surname is often Anglicised—we have known Müllers who in the second generation spelt their name Miller, Schmidt becomes Smith, and so on. In California, Florida, Texas, and many other States which were formerly Spanish or French speaking, these languages have given place to English in less than a single generation; even in Louisiana, which had a somewhat denser population, principally of French descent, the same result has been attained, though more slowly. It is far otherwise in Canada, where the French-speaking population not only is not decreasing, but is increasing faster than the English, and this in spite of the fact that the French settlers are not recruited to any appreciable extent by immigration, as is the case with the English; on the contrary, there is an actual emigration of their members across the line into the United States. This result is to be attributed to the extraordinary fecundity of the French Canadians, which is in marked contrast to the parent country, where the annual decrease of the birth-rate is already a matter of alarm to French statesmen. It is a fact that in Canada, whole districts which were formerly English speaking have now to acknowledge French as the language of the majority. Thus, even in Montreal, the largest city in the Dominion, which thirty or forty years ago was mainly English speaking, the French language is now spoken by the majority of the inhabitants, and the proportion increases every year. This is not owing to the fact that the French element absorbs the English, but rather that it crowds it out.

In other parts of the world besides Canada, the French language has shown considerable vitality and power of resistance, but nowhere is it absorbed so readily as other European languages by the Anglo-Saxon. In the West Indies, in Dominica, the Windward Islands, and Trinidad, there is a large French element which still holds its ground, the language of the negroes, especially in the former island, being a French patois, although English is generally understood. This is the result of the former connection of the islands with France, except in the case of Trinidad, which, prior to its occupation by the British, was a Spanish and not a French colony, and where the French element is owing to the strong immigration from the neighbouring islands, and also from Hayti when that republic threw off the French yoke. On the other hand, in all the Danish West Indian islands English is the language of the people; and this is also the case in the Dutch islands, except those which lie off the

Venezuelan coast. In the Dutch and English islands, English is spoken with great purity, and with what might be called a cosmopolitan accent; and it is a curious fact that the natives of the Dutch islands still consider themselves Englishmen, although they were never occupied by the English except for a very short time during the Napoleonic wars.

In Egypt the French language was all-powerful in official and commercial circles some ten or twelve years ago, but here also it has lost ground before the English, principally owing to the occupation of the country by the British, and to the increase of British influence in the administration of the Suez Canal.

The spread of English in other parts of the world is scarcely less remarkable. In South Africa the republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State only ten years ago were almost entirely Dutch in their speech; but English is now dominant in both countries, Boer Dutch being relegated to the country districts, where it is retreating year by year before the advance of its more powerful rival, in spite of the determined opposition of the Boers themselves. This result is, of course, mainly owing to the rush of settlers and adventurers into these countries, consequent on the discovery of gold and diamonds; but the apathy of the Boers and their inaptitude for business must also be reckoned a contributing cause. The shopkeepers and men of business are invariably Europeans, the Boer contenting himself with farming pursuits, which easily accounts for the ascendancy of English in the towns. Even without the stimulus of the gold discovery, there is little doubt that the same result would have been attained, though more slowly.

Besides the above, there are other small States where English is either the official or the dominant language; among these may be mentioned Liberia, the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, and some of the other petty states of the Pacific, where English is rapidly driving out the native dialects. Even in Japan our language has been recognised as a semi-official one, and is the one selected for intercourse with foreigners; and were it not for its antiquated and inconsistent orthography, it is asserted that it would have ere this been adopted as the official language even for internal use, in the Empire of the Rising Sun.

The rapid spread of English is largely to be attributed to the simplicity of its grammar, which is less complicated than that of any other Western nation. Its marked poverty of inflections, as distinguished, for example, from the German, is a great point in its favour, and thus it is much easier for a German to learn English than for an Englishman or American to learn German. On the other hand, the extraordinary orthographic inconsistency of the language is a decided drawback; and there is little doubt that if English were written on phonetic principles, as Spanish or German, its spread would be much more rapid, to say nothing of the great boon this would be to the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who spend years of unnecessary toil in learning to read and write their own language. It is not likely, however,

that any change will be made in this direction in the near future, at least in England, for the English as a nation are noted for their conservative habits; and although they recognise the great advantages of a phonetic system, are in no hurry to adopt it. Any change in this respect must probably be looked for to America, where a few innovations have been already introduced. Thus, the spelling 'vigor,' 'favor,' 'honor,' &c., are American innovations; as are also 'plow,' 'traveler,' 'center,' 'theater,' &c. Other more recent forms, as 'program' and 'catalog,' are already well established in America, but have found little favour in England.

English speakers may be divided into four great branches, as follows: (1) The European; (2) The American; (3) The South African; (4) The Australasian. Each of these branches has its peculiarities, and the divergence between the four is becoming more marked every year. Of the extra-European branches, American, although the oldest, has diverged least from the parent stem. It is surprising what a number of American words have been introduced into England, many of which are now considered indigenous to the soil. A large proportion of the slang spoken by the middle classes in England may also be said to have an American origin. On the other hand, the Americans have retained many good old English words which have long ago dropped out of our home vocabulary.

The South African branch contains, as might be supposed, a large number of Dutch words; and the Australasian, though only dating practically from the commencement of the century, has already quite a copious indigenous vocabulary.

It has been suggested by some that several centuries hence these four branches will have developed into as many different languages. The difference, however, cannot, we think, ever be of great extent, as the universality of printing, of electric communication, of steam-ships, and other facilities for travel, should have a tendency to check anything like organic disruption of the language, always excepting of course the changes which must accrue from the addition of local phrases to the general vocabulary.

PÈRE MOINEAU.

CHAPTER II.

MAY was back in the little room of which Lucius Westley had made such disparaging mention. It was, verily, little more than an attic, but it was fresh and bright. The old Frenchwoman, who had been her *bonne* in departed days, was her sole companion. She kept the tiny home as neat as hands could make it; and presided in the studio in state, with a huge piece of knitting in her hands, when May received her models.

She was enthroned in her great chair when Lucius Westley knocked at the door. The week of probation was at an end; and the successful painter mounted the long flight of stairs with a certain jauntiness in his air, as

of one filled with joyful anticipation. But, had he been quite honest with himself, he would have confessed that his heart began to thump uneasily against his tweed waistcoat, and a novel thrill passed through him as the soft 'Entrez' sounded in his ears. May had a sketch on the easel before her; and her sitter was in his place, Père Moineau, with a stuffed sparrow perched on his outstretched hand.

She smiled upon Mr Westley as she said: 'I wanted you so much to tell me what you think of the progress I have made.'

He adjusted his glasses, and approached the easel with his old confident air, but paused. 'You are turning impressionist,' he said.

'Am I? Well, I am rather proud of being called an impressionist,' she replied with a smile. 'Is it not well to put upon canvas the thought which strikes you most boldly?'

'You have certainly broken away from the old lines,' he said as he scanned the sketch before him with blinking eyes. 'And you seem to have worked hard.'

'Yes, I have. We do work hard at the studio.'

'You are still working with Mrs Vane?'

'Oh no. I soon found out that I knew quite as much as she could teach me, and I am now with Romeo. You, of course, have heard of Romeo?'

He did not reply for a moment, but examined the bold, daring sketch before him attentively. Did he feel, in gazing at it, that this young feeble girl, whom he considered unfit to take care of herself in a world full of dangers, had outstripped him in power and breadth of workmanship?

'My dear Miss Dorian,' he said, 'I see you have become too much imbued with the spirit of the French School to care for our more careful teaching.' Then he added critically—'I think you have still the feeling for colour which was your best point. Only in this sketch you are striking too low a key. Your flesh-tints are too gray, and your shadows too strong. Tone them off, Miss May.'

'But I am painting my impression of Père Moineau, not another person's,' she said. 'I do not see things as you see them, and to paint your impression would not be true. The first principle of Art is Truth—is it not?'

'Oh, if you go in for pure realism, I have no more to say,' he replied.—'But is it not waste of time to be indoors upon so lovely a day. I hoped you would come for a drive in the Bois with me. In fact, I kept the carriage waiting.'

'I think not,' she answered gently. 'You see, the time is short, and I have so much to do for Romeo that I find my days pretty full. I had holiday long enough; now I know the value of work.'

'But I wanted to have some private conversation,' he stammered. 'I understood you would make opportunity for it.'

Her face flushed slightly. 'Give me a little longer,' she said, her eyes upon the ground—'until I finish my task.'

'You have thought over what I said to you a week ago?' he asked eagerly. 'Thought favourably, I hope?'

'I have considered,' she faltered. 'Please, let me write. I am not sure—at least, not yet.'

He tried to look unconcerned, but failed. 'Believe me, it is for your happiness,' he said.

'I am sure you think so,' she answered. 'But I cannot tell—I must have longer time.'

'As long as you like, May. Only, don't let yourself get compromised. I mean, you cannot be too careful in this great town alone, and with no protector.'

'Excuse me,' said a polished voice, in most perfect English. 'Miss Dorian is not so much alone as you imagine, Mr Westley. I am only an old man; but while I live, you need have no fears upon her account. Set your mind at rest.'

Westley turned upon the speaker, too intensely surprised to be able to do more than gasp out 'Oh!' in such a tone of bewilderment, that the old man could scarcely suppress a smile. 'So you understand English, then?' he said, when he in a measure recovered.

'Perfectly, sir,' the old man answered. 'One is not always ignorant because they wear a shabby coat and feed sparrows.'

Westley gorgonised him with a regular British stare, which the old man bore unflinchingly; and then May bade him a gentle adieu.

When the door closed upon him, Père Moineau turned to her with his eyes shining. 'Thou wilt not give thy future into his keeping, my daughter,' he said. 'He is like his pictures—vulgar all through.'

'He was father's friend; and if I fail, Père Moineau?' she asked.

'Trust the Bon Dieu,' the old man said. 'He will not forsake thee.'

And the girl returned to her task with a sigh.

In course of time the sketch became a picture, upon which the girl worked with concentrated attention at every moment she could spare from her tasks in the great teacher's studio, where she made a few acquaintances, but no friends. She had sold her copy of what Père Moineau called 'The Great Madonna,' and now she was copying 'The Virgin of the Rocks' for the same polite old gentleman, of the Jewish persuasion, who had purchased the Murillo.

Père Moineau she saw daily. At times he was a puzzle to her; but more frequently she accepted him as just what he appeared to be, a poor old man, who had seen better days—friendless and alone in the winter of his life.

There were times when the question of her future weighed heavily upon her—days when she felt she could never achieve independence, and that, when her small stock of money was expended, nothing remained for her but hopeless ruin. At such times she felt strongly tempted to sit down and write to her old master; but a word of commendation from Romeo, who seldom praised her or any other pupil, or a favourable criticism from Père Moineau, banished such thoughts, and sent her back to work again with renewed energy.

But the year waned; the biting cold of a Parisian winter came upon her, and with the penetrating chill there came also a sharp attack of something which Clémence called 'La Grippe,' but which at home May would have termed a very bad cold. There was no more copying to be done, although the smiling old Jew had ordered a copy of the famous Greuze, and insinuated that he required several other

reproductions of celebrated pictures. It was hard upon her; this enforced idleness; but with brain and hand enfeebled by the benumbing influence of this cruel chill, work appeared impossible. It was all the harder, because she knew her little fortune was running low, and the price the dealer had offered her for the Greuze would have made a very considerable difference to her; and then Romeo had been severe with her over her tasks. Besides, just as she felt able to move about and do some work, Clémence was attacked by the same mysterious foe; and there was sorrow in the little home—'Amongst the clouds,' as Père Moineau called it.

There came a day when the old woman lay almost at the lowest ebb of her life, and May felt there was no use in striving any more against Fate. If Clémence were to die, she would be utterly forsaken in this city of strangers, where only an old man, poor, and as much alone as herself, was her sole friend. Why should she turn her back upon the life of ease and comfort which was almost in her hand? Was it not the maddest folly? She had administered the last dose in the bottle of medicine which had cost her nearly her last franc; and where the strong soup which was absolutely necessary to Clémence's recovery was to come from, she did not know. The old woman had been fretful and irritable; there was only one bundle of wood in the small cupboard, and life had sunk into apparent failure. Moreover, Père Moineau had not come to see her for several days. What if he, too, had been struck down by this terrible scourge? And after all, was there not an open door—Lucius Westley's? Ease, wealth, comfort, a secured future. Why should she put it from her any more? She had struggled long enough, and now Fate was writing Failure upon her life.

She went boldly to the cupboard, took out the last bundle of wood, and made up a fire which would last for a while, and then went to her writing-table. She sat with the pen between her fingers for a considerable time before she mustered up courage to write the letter which would change her fate. At length she gathered courage, and wrote what, to her, was the most humiliating epistle which had ever come from her pen. Her eyes were hot and dry, as she read it over before finally closing it. What did it not convey to the man who had not a heart to understand fully her pitiful confession of failure! How he would triumph over her in the time to come!

She sprang to her feet. She would not let such thoughts distract her. Westley was at least a generous man—too generous to stoop to the meanness of which she accused him in her bitter thoughts. Now that she had decided upon accepting him for her husband, she must honour him as such. But she stood looking at the letter with dry, hard eyes. After all, what a price she was about to pay for wretched meat and drink and fine clothes! Was it worth while?

Then Clémence called to her in her feeble voice, and she flew to attend to the old woman's needs.

When she returned to her room, her old friend was standing in the window. With a

glad cry she sprang to him. 'Oh Père Moineau! she cried impulsively, 'where—where have you been hiding yourself? I feared so much that you were ill, and I did not know where to seek you. You do not know how anxious I have been about you.'

'Have you, my child?' he asked, with a faint smile. 'Ah! I have duties. There are certain anniversaries—days which I keep in memory of past years. Some time you shall hear.—But you—how pale you are! Child, you have been ill?'

She said she had been ill, and that Clémence was now in great danger. Then she hung her head. 'I am giving it up,' she said with a catch in her voice. 'Life has beaten me, Père Moineau.'

He made a hasty exclamation. 'But no—no!' he cried impetuously. 'I thought you had more courage—that you were too brave to be so easily turned back—you, who have almost reached the threshold of success. Child, what is the meaning of all this?'

She had such confidence in his judgment of her work, that she told him how she could not earn enough to keep her head above water, and how she had almost come to an end of her resources.

'Nay; Clémence has money saved,' Père Moineau cried hastily. 'She told me so. Let her take it and grow strong upon it. Why should you starve while her purse is full? And the old dealer in the Rue de Bec, he will take all your copies, child. It is only a coward who gives up at the first reverse. You are not a coward.'

'I am not. But then, oh Père Moineau, to break down here, without any one to—help.'

He laid a thin, finely-formed hand upon her trembling ones. 'Yet we must all die alone,' he said very gently. 'How long have I been solitary in this evil world? Ah, child, there is something worse than actual solitude, and that is the loneliness of companionship—the awful solitude of being chained to those who are antagonistic to us, whose hearts do not beat in harmony and sympathy. That is a solitude worse than death.'

May did not answer, but she understood.

'Now tell me,' the old man went on, pointing to the letter which lay on the table before him—'this letter, is it to say you are ready to link your fate with his? Oh child, child, never that! Listen to me; let me tell thee the tale of one young and fair as thou who married because she feared to face the future.'

May looked surprisedly at her aged companion, whose face had grown hard and set, and in whose black eyes—those expressive French eyes—burned a fire she had never seen there before.

'I told you of my losses when our land was trampled under the hoof of the German beast,' he said, his words hissing between half-closed teeth. 'Yes, there is no need to go over that part of it again. My boys, Leon and Paul, and my daughter Marie, whom you resemble. I had not told you that Paul was betrothed to Natalie, a companion of my sweet Marie, a beautiful young creature with a heart of gold?—No; I reserved that part of the story. We do these things differently in France from the ways of your country, where every one—'

nominally, at least—makes choice for himself. The young people were satisfied, and all went well. Then came troubles amongst us. Shortly before the day arranged for the marriage, my dear wife died, somewhat suddenly, and then my Marie began to droop—twenty-two years ago. Then the political horizon was clouding over, and mutterings of the storm grew louder every day. Natalie's father was employed abroad. He wished the wedding to be postponed until his return; and then came news which struck terror into our hearts—disaster hurried upon disaster. Paris was besieged. In the grip of that awful winter, my Marie joined her mother. Natalie's father was killed in the same battle which deprived me of my son Leon; and Paul, my youngest, and her betrothed, was shot by my side at Montmartre. He paused, and covered his face with his hands.

May touched his arm. 'Since it so distresses you'—she murmured tenderly.

He pulled himself together and went on. 'He was the last of us, that boy Paul; but the old race— Ah, my child, we Frenchmen, even the humblest of us, set store by our family, and Paul had fighting blood in him—the last of us. He fought like a lion; but against such odds— There was nothing for it but to return to Natalie and tell her. She and her mother shared my home, until the poor mother drooped and died, leaving the fair, helpless girl in my charge. Her father had been an official—extravagant according to his means. The nation was in *extremis*. I had still something left. I was younger then—a man but little past my prime—twenty years ago. I am seventy-one now. There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. Natalie became my wife. I was thirty years older than she; but such unions were common amongst us in those days, and I devoted myself to her. I had married her, thinking that if a stray bullet should end me, her future would be secure, and that, as a beautiful young widow, she might lead a happy life, and choose for herself a husband whose years were nearer her own. Heaven knows, I never avoided dangers, which appeared to fly me, and through the wild days of the Commune I did not spare myself; but pestilence and war passed me by. When the Germans left us, and the nation began to take heart again, I was here alive, well, with my fair young wife, still wearing the deepest mourning for what we both had lost.' He paused, rose from his seat, and paced the floor in silence for a few moments. 'When was it I first discovered there was what your great poet calls "The little rift within the lute?"' he went on musingly. 'I scarcely remember; but it came—it came. I tried my utmost to make her happy; but I failed. Everything failed. Did I blame her because the gap of thirty years between us widened until there was no crossing it? Never. No; I never blamed her. I was old. I knew my weary world too well—only too well. She was young, and life had entirely different aspects for her, and we fell apart, by no fault of hers. No; I never saw a fault in her. I was sufficiently rich in those days to give her almost everything her young heart desired; but it was of no avail. She was grateful, loyal,

proud, and pure as fire, but she drooped and pined. I watched the struggle which I could not aid. I saw the blow coming before it came. Life was too hard for her and me—she died.' He caught his breath with something like a sob.

May veiled her eyes.

After a brief interval he went on: 'After that, I turned my back upon the world, and let everything go—until here I am, Père Moineau, whose chief pleasure before you came was to sit amongst the little ones in the Tuileries Gardens and feed the sparrows, until the Good God shall remember me, and take me out of it all.'

May made no verbal reply. She glided to the table and put the fateful letter into Père Moineau's hands. She knew he would understand. When she returned from attending to the wants of her querulous patient, the old man was gone, and the letter lay in fragments on the floor.

The evening's post brought her a letter from the gentle Jew; it contained a renewal of his order for a copy of the *Greuze*, and a cheque for five hundred francs as payment.

When Père Moineau came to see her next day, the girl's eyes were shining; the sorrowful droop at the corners of her mouth had gone; an old Sister of Mercy was attending to the sick woman, and May had put a few touches to the picture on her easel.

'Ah!' he said smilingly, 'so the cloud has lifted, my child. I thought it would not last. And I—even I have had good news. My little pension has been augmented, and I need not fear the cold any more. The Good God is very merciful. Is it not so, dear child?'

THE SCIENCE OF COLOURING IN ANIMALS.

It has long been matter of common observation by naturalists and others that many animals adapt themselves to the colour of their surroundings. This is peculiarly true of certain insects, birds, and fishes. All anglers, for instance, are aware that each stream has its own particular colour of trout, and that even variously coloured trout will be found in different parts of the same stream, according as the soil over which it flows is light or dark in colour. Where the stream flows over clear gravel, you have the trout of a gray mottled tint, so like the general hue of its surroundings that it requires an experienced eye to detect the fish in the water. If the bed of the stream is a bright yellow sand, the fish will be of a rich golden orange hue; if the water passes over mossy ground, then the trout will appear dark, almost black. Another familiar object to the angler is the caddice-worm, which, for purposes of protection, hides itself in a little crust of bark, or bits of wood and sand, so as to look like a little bit of twig in the bed of the stream. The object of these changes of colour and other devices for self-protection on the part of animals has long been recognised as an adaptation partly involuntary and partly voluntary or instinctive. But it was not until Darwin's speculations and theories as to the origin of species by natural selection had become familiar, that the question of colour

in animals became of great importance as a factor in the long and complicated process of evolution. Since then, many careful and scientific observers have written on the subject—notably, in this country, Sir John Lubbock and Mr Russell Wallace. We have had some new and valuable contributions on the subject of late, more especially the volume by Mr E. B. Poulton, forming one of the International Scientific Series, and entitled, *The Colours of Animals, their Meaning and Use* (London: Kegan Paul).

In the organisation of animal life there are colours that are *non-significant* and colours that are *significant*. It has been speculated that originally the colour of all animals was non-significant, and that all the significant colours are due to the selective agency of the animals themselves. The significant colours so acquired have been mainly for protective purposes, or to assist the animal in the struggle for life, both among its own kind and as a means of escape from its enemies of other species. There are also colours and habits that have been assumed evidently for purely aggressive purposes. The angler-fish, for instance, possesses a lure in the shape of long slender filaments, and when it desires to seize its prey it stirs up the mud in the bottom of its habitat, and when thus partially hidden, waves these filaments about in the muddy water. These have then the appearance of worms writhing in the water, and so small fishes are attracted, and speedily engulfed in the angler's capacious mouth. In certain deep-sea forms of the same fish, where their habitat is in darkness, certain phosphorescent organs have been developed in the tentacles, by which the fish are lured to their destruction. In the same way, many colours are assumed, as in the foregoing instance, by animals which point only to one object, namely, that of aggression.

But perhaps the largest and most interesting branch of the subject is that which has to do with protective colouring. The zebra is a fine instance of it. Mr Francis Galton made this observation as far back as 1851: 'Snakes and lizards are the most brilliant of animals; but all these, if viewed at a distance, or with an eye whose focus is adjusted not exactly at the animal itself, but to an object more or less distant than it, become apparently of one hue and lose all their gaudiness. No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to common idea, than a zebra; but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous, he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight.'

Again, many insects, notably in the larval stage of their existence, possess the power of modifying their colours so as to adapt themselves to their environment; not only changing colour—from brown to green when on a leaf, and from green to brown when on the ground—but also by assuming a rigid attitude, and so resembling a withered twig. These 'stick caterpillars' afford much interesting study, and they frequently succeed in puzzling their enemies. 'It has sometimes been objected,' says Mr Poulton, 'that these methods of

concealment cannot be intended as a means of defence, because insect-eating animals would be sharp-sighted enough to penetrate the disguise. Of course, the progressive improvement in the means of concealment has been attended by a corresponding increase in the keenness of foes, so that no species can wholly escape. But so long as a well-concealed form remains motionless, it is easy to prove by experiment that enemies are often unable to recognise it. Thus I have found that the insect-eating, wood-hunting Green Lizard will generally fail to detect a "stick caterpillar" in its position of rest, although it is seized and greedily devoured directly it moves.' The marvellous resemblance of a lichen-feeding larva to the plant on which it feeds, 'even deceived one of these lizards after the larva had moved more than once. The instant the caterpillar became rigid the lizard appeared puzzled, and seemed unable to realise that the apparent piece of lichen was good to eat. After a few moments, however, the lizard was satisfied, and ate the caterpillar with the keenest relish. Furthermore, the fact that all well-concealed forms are good for food, and are eagerly chased and devoured by insectivorous animals, while unpalatable forms are conspicuously coloured, points strongly towards the conclusion that the object of concealment is defence from enemies.'

While the caterpillar seeks to cheat the lizard, the lizards likewise have occasions when it is their business to deceive. An Asiatic lizard, whose general surface has the appearance of the sand on which it is found, has at each angle of the mouth a fold of skin of a red colour, produced into a flower-like shape exactly resembling a little red flower which grows in the sand. Insects attracted by what they believe to be flowers, approach the mouth of the lizard, and are of course captured.

Then there are other animals that find a kind of adventitious protection by temporarily covering themselves with some kind of disguise. A crab in clothes is a funny iden, but it is nevertheless to be found, for there are certain of these crustaceans that fasten pieces of seaweed, and the like, on their bodies and limbs. Bateson has watched the process in two cases: 'The crab takes a piece of weed in his two chelæ (or claws), and, neither snatching nor biting it, deliberately tears it across, as a man tears paper with his hands. He then puts one end of it into his mouth, and, after chewing it up, presumably to soften it, takes it out in the chelæ and rubs it firmly on his head or legs until it is caught by the peculiar curved hairs which cover them. If the piece of weed is not caught by the hairs, the crab puts it back in his mouth and chews it up again. The whole proceeding is most human and purposeful. Many substances, as hydroids, sponges, polyzon, and weeds of many kinds and colours, are thus used; but these various substances are nearly always symmetrically placed on corresponding parts of the body, and particularly long plume-like pieces are fixed on the head, sticking up from it.' And not only are these complicated processes gone through at night as well as by day, but a certain crab, 'if cleaned and deprived of sight, will *immediately* begin to clothe itself again, with the same care and precision as before.'

We have already referred to the readiness with which trout and other fishes adapt themselves to their environment; and among amphibia we find the same power. The common frog can change its tints to a considerable extent. Sir Joseph Lister states that 'a frog caught in a recess in a black rock was itself almost black; but after it had been kept for about an hour on white flagstones in the sun, was found to be dusky yellow with dark spots here and there. It was then placed again in the hollow of the rock, and in a quarter of an hour had resumed its former darkness.' These effects, he adds, are independent of changes of temperature. The chameleon is of course the proverbial type of changeableness of colour in animals. 'The rapidity with which the change of colour takes place, and the wide range of tints which the animal has at its command, have caused this lizard to be regarded as the type of everything changeable.'

It would be easy to enumerate many other instances of colour-change in animals; but the more interesting and difficult question remains, how is this change of colour effected? By what physical agency is it brought about? Is it due to the distribution of pigments beneath the skin of the animal; or is it due to the exercise of some special nerve function? The physiological mechanism by means of which these rapid changes of colour are effected have frequently been the subject of discussion and inquiry. At first sight, Mr Poulton observes, it appears likely that the light may directly determine the distribution of colouring matter in the pigment cells in or immediately beneath the skin. But it is now well known that the action of reflected light upon the object is extremely indirect; 'certain kinds of reflected light act as the specific stimuli to the eye of the animal, and differing nervous impulses pass from this organ along the optic nerve to the brain.' Different impulses are thus originated in the brain, and these pass from it along the nerves distributed to the skin, and there cause various changes of the pigment in the cells. He admits, however, that the highest powers of the microscope have as yet failed to detect the connection between the nerves and the pigment cells in the skin, 'and yet such connection appears to be rendered certain by the fact that light falling on the eye modifies the distribution of the pigment granules.'

AN INTERVENTION.

THERE was bad blood between the captain and mate who comprised the officers and crew of the sailing-barge 'Swallow,' and the outset of their voyage from London to Littleport was conducted in glum silence. As far as the Nore they had scarcely spoken, and what little did pass was mainly in the shape of threats and abuse. Evening, chill and overcast, was drawing in; distant craft disappeared somewhere between the waste of waters and the sky, and the side-lights of neighbouring vessels were beginning to shine over the water. The wind, with a little rain in it, was unfavourable to much progress, and the trough of the sea got

deeper as the waves ran higher and splashed by the barge's side.

'Get the side-lights out, and quick, you,' growled the skipper, who was at the helm.

The mate, a black-haired, fierce-eyed fellow of about twenty-five, set about the task with much deliberation.

'And look lively, you lump,' continued the skipper.

'I don't want none of your lip,' said the mate furiously; 'so don't you give me none.'

The skipper yawned, and, stretching his mighty frame, laughed disagreeably. 'You'll take what I give you, my lad,' said he, 'whether it's lip or fist.'

'Lay a finger on me and I'll knife you,' said the mate. 'I ain't afraid of you, for all your size.'

He put out the side-lights, casting occasional looks of violent hatred at the skipper, who, being a man of tremendous physique and rough tongue, had goaded his subordinate almost to madness.

'If you've done skulking,' he cried as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'come and take the helm.'

The mate came aft and relieved him; and he stood for a few seconds taking a look round before going below. He dropped his pipe, and stooped to recover it; and in that moment the mate, with a sudden impulse, snatched up a handspike and dealt him a crashing blow on the head. Half-blinded and stunned by the blow, the man fell on his knees, and shielding his face with his hands, strove to rise. Before he could do so, the mate struck wildly at him again, and with a great cry he fell backwards and rolled heavily overboard. The mate, with a sob in his breath, gazed wildly astern, and waited for him to rise. He waited: minutes seemed to pass, and still the body of the skipper did not emerge from the depths. He reeled back in a stupor; then he gave a faint cry as his eye fell on the boat, which was dragging a yard or two astern, and a figure which clung desperately to the side of it. Before he had quite realised what had happened, he saw the skipper haul himself on to the stern of the boat and then roll heavily into it.

Panic-stricken at the sight, he drew his knife to cut the boat adrift; but paused as he reflected that she and her freight would probably be picked up by some passing vessel. As the thought struck him, he saw the dim form of the skipper come towards the bow of the boat, and, seizing the rope, begin to haul in towards the barge.

'Stop!' shouted the mate hoarsely—'stop! or I'll cut you loose.'

The skipper let the rope go, and the boat pulled up with a jerk.

'I'm independent of you,' the skipper shouted, picking up one of the loose boards from the bottom of the boat and brandishing it. 'If

there's any sea on, I can keep her head to it with this.—Cut away.'

'If I let you come aboard,' said the mate, 'will you swear to let bygones be bygones?'

'No!' thundered the other. 'Whether I come aboard or not, don't make much difference. It'll be about twenty years for you, you murdering hound, when I get ashore.'

The mate made no reply, but sat silently steering, keeping, however, a wary eye on the boat towing behind. He turned sick and faint as he thought of the consequences of his action, and vainly cast about in his mind for some means of escape.

'Are you going to let me come aboard?' presently demanded the skipper, who was shivering in his wet clothes.

'You can come aboard on my terms,' repeated the mate doggedly.

'I'll make no terms with you,' cried the other. 'I hand you over to the police directly I get ashore, you mutinous dog. I've got a good witness in my head.'

After this, there was silence—silence unbroken through the long hours of the night as they slowly passed. Then the dawn came. The sidelights showed fainter and fainter in the water; the light on the mast shed no rays on the deck, but twinkled uselessly behind its glass. Then the mate turned his gaze from the wet, cheerless deck and heaving seas to the figure in the boat dragging behind. The skipper, who returned his gaze with a fierce scowl, was holding his wet handkerchief to his temple. He removed it as the mate looked, and showed a ghastly wound. Still, neither of them spoke. The mate averted his gaze, and sickened with fear as he thought of his position; and in that instant the skipper clutched the painter, and, with a mighty heave, sent the boat leaping towards the stern of the barge, and sprang on deck. The mate rose to his feet; but the other pushed him fiercely aside, and picking up the handspike, which lay on the raised top of the cabin, went below. Half an hour later he came on deck with a fresh suit of clothes on and his head roughly bandaged, and standing in front of the mate, favoured him with a baleful stare. 'Gimme that helm,' he cried.

The mate relinquished it.

'You dog!' snarled the other, 'to try and kill a man when he wasn't looking, and then keep him in his wet clothes in the boat all night. Make the most o' your time. It'll be many a day before you see the sea again.'

The mate groaned in spirit, but made no reply.

'I've wrote everything down with the time it happened,' continued the other in a voice of savage satisfaction; 'an' I've locked that handspike up in my locker. It's got blood on it.'

'That's enough about it,' said the mate, turning at last and speaking thickly. 'What I've done, I must put up with.'

He walked forward, to end the discussion; but the skipper shouted out choice bits from time to time as they occurred to him, and sat steering and gibing, a gruesome picture of vengeance. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a sharp cry. 'There's somebody in the water,' he roared; 'stand by to pick him up.'

As he spoke, he pointed with his left hand, and with his right steered for something which rose and fell lazily on the water a short distance from them. The mate, following his outstretched arm, saw it too, and picking up a boot-hook, stood ready; and they were soon close enough to distinguish the body of a man supported by a life-belt.

'Don't miss him,' shouted the skipper.

The mate grasped the rigging with one hand, and, leaning forward as far as possible, stood with the hook poised. At first it seemed as though the object would escape them; but a touch of the helm in the nick of time just enabled the mate to reach. The hook caught in the jacket, and with great care he gradually shortened it, and drew the body close to the side.

'He's dead,' said the skipper, as he fastened the helm and stood looking down into the wet face of the man. Then he stooped, and taking him by the collar of his coat, dragged the streaming figure on to the deck. 'Take the helm,' he said.

'Ay, ay,' said the other; and the skipper disappeared below with his burden.

A moment later, he came on deck again. 'We'll take in sail, and anchor.—Sharp there!' he cried.

The mate went to his assistance. There was but little wind, and the task was soon accomplished, and both men, after a hasty glance round, ran below. The wet body of the sailor lay on a locker, and a pool of water was on the cabin floor. The mate hastily swabbed up the water, and then lit the fire and put on the kettle; while the skipper stripped the sailor of his clothes, and flinging some blankets in front of the fire, placed him upon them.

For a long time they toiled in silence, in the faint hope that life still remained in the apparently dead body.

'Poor devil!' said the skipper at length, and fell to rubbing again.

'I don't believe he's gone,' said the mate, panting with his exertions. 'He don't feel like a dead man.'

Ten minutes later, the figure stirred slightly, and the men talked in excited whispers as they worked. A faint sigh came from the lips of the sailor, and his eyes partly opened.

'It's all right, matey,' said the skipper; 'you lie still; we'll do the rest.—Jem, get some coffee ready.'

By the time it was prepared, the partly drowned man was conscious that he was alive, and stared in a dazed fashion at the man who was using him so roughly. Conscious that his patient was improving rapidly, the latter lifted him in his arms and placed him in his own bunk, and proffered him some steaming hot coffee. He sipped a little, then lapsed into unconsciousness again. The two men looked at each other blankly.

'Some of 'em goes like that,' said the skipper. 'I've seen it afore. Just as you think they're pulling round, they slip their cable.'

'We must keep him warm,' said the mate. 'I don't see as we can do any more.'

'We'll get under way again,' said the

other; and pausing to heap some more clothes over the sailor, he went on deck, followed by the mate; and in a short time the 'Swallow' was once more moving through the water. Then the skipper, leaving the mate at the helm, went below.

Half an hour passed. 'Go and see what you can make of him,' said the skipper as he re-appeared and took the helm. 'He keeps coming round a bit, and then just drifts back. Seems like as if he can't hook on to life. Don't seem to take no interest in it.'

The mate obeyed in silence; and for the remainder of the day the two men relieved each other at the bedside of the sailor. Towards evening, as they were entering the river which runs up to Littleport, he made decided progress under the skipper's ministrations; and the latter thrust his huge head up the hatchway and grinned in excusable triumph at the mate as he imparted the news. Then he suddenly remembered himself, and the smile faded. The light, too, faded from the mate's face.

'Bout that mutiny and attempted murder,' said the skipper, and paused, as though waiting for the mate to contradict or qualify the terms; but he made no reply.

'I give you in charge as soon as we get to port,' continued the other. 'Soon as the ship's berthed, you go below.'

'Ay, ay,' said the mate, but without looking at him.

'Nice thing it'll be for your wife,' said the skipper sternly. 'You'll get no mercy from me.'

'I don't expect none,' said the mate huskily. 'What I've done I'll stand to.'

The reply on the skipper's lips merged into a grunt, and he went below. The sailor was asleep, and breathing gently and regularly; and after regarding him for some time, the watcher returned to the deck, and busied himself with certain small duties preparatory to landing.

Slowly the light faded out of the sky, and the banks of the river grew indistinct; and one by one the lights of Littleport came into view as they rounded the last bend of the river, and saw the little town lying behind its veil of masts and rigging. The skipper came aft and took the helm from the mate, and looked at him out of the corner of his eye, as he stood silently waiting with his hands by his side.

'Take in sail,' said the skipper shortly; and leaving the helm a bit, ran to assist him. Five minutes later, the 'Swallow' was alongside of the wharf, and then, everything made fast and snug, the two men turned and faced each other.

'Go below,' said the skipper sternly. The mate walked off. 'And take care of that chap. I'm going ashore. If anybody asks you about these scratches, I got 'em in a row down Wapping.—D'ye hear?'

The mate heard, but there was a thickness in his throat which prevented him from replying promptly. By the time he had recovered his voice, the other had disappeared over the edge of the wharf, and the sound of

his retreating footsteps rang over the cobblestone quay. The mate in a bewildered fashion stood for a short time motionless; then he turned, and drawing a deep breath, went below.

TWO NEW ATLANTIC CABLES.

THIS year, two additional Telegraph Cables are to be laid between Europe and the United States at a cost that cannot be much below one million sterling. One of these will be laid for the Anglo-American Telegraph Company from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to Valentia, Ireland; and the second cable will also be from the Kerry coast, but its transatlantic terminal point has not been stated.

These cables will be put into position under circumstances widely different from those that prevailed when the early Atlantic cables were laid about thirty-five years ago. A year or two before the first attempt to lay an Atlantic cable, there were only eighty-seven nautical miles of submarine cables laid; now, the total length of these wonderful message-carriers under the waves is 139,500 nautical miles, or over 160,500 English statute miles. The charter which Mr Cyrus W. Field obtained for the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was granted in the year 1854. It constructed the land-line telegraph in Newfoundland, and laid a cable across the Gulf of St Lawrence; but this was the commencement only of the work. Soundings of the sea were needed; electricians had to devise forms of cable most suitable; engineers to consider the methods of carrying and of laying the cable; and capitalists had to be convinced that the scheme was practicable, and likely to be remunerative; whilst Governments were appealed to for aid. Great Britain readily promised aid; but the United States Senate passed the needful Bill by a majority of one.

But when the first Atlantic cable expedition left the coast of Kerry, it was a stately squadron of British and American ships of war, such as the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*, and of merchant steamships. The Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of British railways, were there, with representatives of several nations; and when the shore-end had been landed at Valentia, the expedition left the Irish coast in August 1857. When 335 miles of the cable had been laid, it parted, and high hopes were buried many fathoms below the surface.

The first expedition of 1858 also failed; the second one was successful; and on the 16th of August in that year, Queen Victoria congratulated the President of the United States 'upon the successful completion of this great international work;' and President Buchanan replied, trusting that the telegraph might 'prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations.' But after a few weeks' work, the cable gave its last throb, and was silent.

Not until 1865 was another attempt made, and then the cable was broken after 1200 miles had been successfully laid. Then, at the suggestion

of Mr (afterwards Sir) Daniel Gooch, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company was formed; and on 13th July 1866 another expedition left Ireland; and towards the end of the month, the *Great Eastern* glided calmly into Heart's Content, 'dropping her anchor in front of the telegraph house, having trailed behind her a chain of two thousand miles, to bind the Old World to the New.'

But the success of the year was more than the mere laying of a cable: the *Great Eastern* was able, in the words of the late Lord Iddesleigh, to complete the 'laying of the cable of 1866, and the recovering that of 1865.' The Queen conferred the honour of Knighthood on Captain Anderson, on Professor Thomson, and on Messrs Glass and Channing; whilst Mr Gooch, M.P., was made a Baronet. The charge for a limited message was then twenty pounds; and it was not long before a rival company was begun, to share in the rich harvest looked for; and thus another cable was laid, leading ultimately to an amalgamation between its ordinary company and the original Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

Then, shortly afterwards, the Direct United States Cable Company came into being, and laid a cable; a French company followed suit; the great Western Union Telegraph Company of America entered into the Atlantic trade, and had two cables constructed and laid. The commencement of ocean telegraphy by each of these companies led to competition, and reduced rates for a time with the original company, ending in what is known as a pool or joint purse agreement, under which the total receipts were divided in allotted proportions to the companies. These companies have now eight cables usually operative; and it was stated by Sir J. Pender that these eight cables 'are capable of carrying over forty million words per annum.'

In addition to the cables of the associated companies, the Commercial Cable Company own two modern cables; and one of the two additional ones to be laid this year is to be laid by this company—the other by the original—the Anglo-American Company. But the work is simple now to what it was thirty years ago. Then, there were only one or two cable-ships; now, in his address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr Preece enumerates thirty-seven, of which five belong to the greatest of our telegraph companies, the Eastern. The authority we have just named says that 'the form of cable has practically remained unaltered since the original Calais cable was laid in 1851;' its weight has been increased; and there have been additions to it to enable it to resist insidious submarine enemies. The gear of the steamships used in the service has been improved; whilst the 'picking-up gear' of one of the best known of these cable-ships is 'capable of lifting thirty tons at a speed of one knot per hour.' And there has been a wide knowledge gained of the ocean, its depth, its mountains, and its valleys, so that the task of cable-laying is much more of an exact science than it was. When the first attempt was made to lay an Atlantic cable, 'the manufacture of sea-cables' had been only recently begun; now, 140,000 knots are at work in the sea, and

yearly the area is being enlarged. When, in 1856, Mr Thackeray subscribed to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, its share capital was £350,000—that being the estimated cost of the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland; now, five companies have a capital of over £12,500,000 invested in the Atlantic telegraph trade. The largest portion of the capital is that of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which has a capital of £7,000,000, and which represents the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the New York, and Newfoundland, and the French Atlantic Companies of old.

Though the traffic fluctuates greatly, in some degree according to the charge per word (for in one year of lowest charges the number of words carried by the associated companies increased by 133 per cent., whilst the receipts decreased about 49 per cent.), yet it does not occupy fully the carrying capacity of the cables. But their 'life' and service is finite, and thus it becomes needful from time to time to renew these great and costly carriers under the Atlantic; and this, as stated, at a cost of nearly one million sterling is to be effected for two of the companies about midsummer this year.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

WHEN the thrushes cease their singing, and the wild-bees leave the clover;

When the glory of the sunset fades, and leaves the heavens pale;

When above the hill and mountains misty shades of twilight hover;

And the discords of the daytime far away in distance fail;

When the rath wheat gently rustles, and the timid aspens shiver;

And the west winds sighing softly scent from sleeping flowers bring;

When the peewits cry together plaintively by brook and river—

Then it is I hear the old song that my mother used to sing.

Round my neck I feel the pressure of her fingers warm and slender,

As in sleeping dreams and waking I have felt it many times,

Just as when of old I listened to that ditty, quaint and tender,

Till the boughs that waved above us caught the cadence of the rhymes;

And my heart throbs loud and quickly as I hear it rising clearer.

Youth is mine, its hopes and visions, dreams and plans are mine again;

Earth is fairer, life is sweeter, ay, and heaven itself seems nearer

To me, as I list in fancy to that ne'er-forgotten strain.

M. ROCK.

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THE KRAUT-CUTTER OF MONTAFUN.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

IN two of the Odes of Horace the achievements of Tiberius and Drusus are commemorated, when they turned away from the plains of Northern Italy and the rich valleys of Gaul a danger that had been a perpetual menace. This was none other than the invasion of the flat land and undulating country by the inhabitants of the Rhaetian Alps.

The population of the chain from the Inn Valley to that of the Rhine is of peculiar origin, and was near akin in language to the Basques of the Pyrenees. It is probably the remains of a primeval race of Tartar blood that overflowed all Europe, and was driven to promontories and to mountains as their last strongholds before fresh waves rolling westward. It disappeared or was absorbed everywhere except in a few inaccessible regions, and one of these was the chain of the Rhaetian Alps. Here, enclosed in narrow valleys, frozen in for one half of the year, as the population increased, subsistence became impossible. The narrow arable strips of soil in the bottoms swept by the torrents could not grow for them sufficient corn, nor the ledges on the mountain-sides sustain sufficient cattle. The Rhaetian mountaineers penned in among their precipices were driven by desperation to burst forth into the lowlands and conquer for themselves fresh lands, or perish in the attempt. So certain was it that the cultivated fields at the roots of these mountains would be periodically fallen upon by the starving Rhaetians, that Augustus resolved, as the sole conceivable remedy for the evil, to exterminate the entire race; and he sent Tiberius and Drusus—the one from the north, the other from the south—to scale the fastnesses of the Alps and root out the whole stock of mountaineers, that thenceforth the inhabitants of the plains might be delivered from this periodic menace. The brothers pretty effectually accomplished their task; but some survivors were left, who had

hidden themselves in inaccessible fastnesses, and these returned to and rebuilt their ruined farms when the Roman legions departed. The present inhabitants of the Voralberg chain, of the Montafun and the Stanzer and Pitznauner valleys, are the descendants of these survivors.

Precisely the same causes that forced the Rhaetian mountaineers to break forth periodically in the classic period operate to-day. The population waxes faster than it is possible to grow food to sustain it, and now, as then, the able-bodied men are driven by their necessities to descend into the plains for subsistence. But their mode of descent is changed. It is peaceful now, and the mountaineers are no longer a menace; on the contrary, they are a boon to the lowlanders.

The Montafun Valley is that which opens up from the Voralberg pass above the little town of Bludenz. Through it flows the river Ill. Fully one-third of the population pours out of the valley as soon as the spring sun thaws the snows, and spreads itself over Europe. By Lady-day, they are stirring; and those who are masons and plasterers start for France, Switzerland, or Germany. When the snows are melted, out rush a host of lads, who go into Würtemberg and Baden to hire themselves as farm-servants, cow-boys, shepherds, and the like. In May, another outpour of Montafuners takes place. This consists of the scythe and sickle sellers. And then in June come the young girls to spread over the harvest-fields and glean their apronsful of corn. The first to return are these gleaners with their sacks of wheat, and the last are the masons. A wonderfully industrious people, independent, active, strongly built, and merry hearted.

The writer once said to an innkeeper's daughter in the Rhaetian Alps: 'How dull it must be here when you are snowed up in winter!'

She laughed till her sides shook. 'Why, sir, that is our very best time in the year. Then all our wanderers are home with their pockets full of money. Then I promise you, there are no merrier people on the face of the earth than our Montafuners. For then wives and husbands,

mothers and sons, lovers and their lasses, are all at home together. In summer it is otherwise; and if strangers did not come here, what should we do to drive away dull care?

A pretty sight it is to see the return of the gleaners. The girls who have gone forth into Swabia return and assemble at Leutkirch, where they hire wagons, lade these with their gleanings, sit on the sacks, and return with songs of joy to their homes. And a pleasant sight it is to see the return of the men, clinking their well-earned gains in their pockets, with ribbons and flowers in their hats, and all the women and children of their native valley in the road to welcome them.

One portion of the men who went not forth in spring, who were forced to remain at home to attend to their cattle and farms, now start. They could not endure it not to have also made their flight to the plains. As soon as sufficient of the summer wanderers are home to take their places in stable and stall and field, then forth they rush also. This is in September. They pour down the stream of the Ill to the narrow gate at Feldkirch where it bursts into the Rhine, and thence descend to the head of the Lake of Constance at Bregenz. There they scatter in all directions. With green Tyrolean cap on head, a gray jacket, and a six-bladed instrument like a plane on his back, the 'kraut-cutter' sets off for his own special district. The whole of the *sauer-kraut*-eating Europe is divided up by the Montafuners into allotments, and each kraut-cutter has his own district, which no other may invade. He can sell his right to this district, and he can prosecute in his courts at home the fellow-dalesman who has ventured to enter his allotment for the purpose of earning money by the cutting of kraut. Practically, an entire district is taken possession of by some ten or twelve of these men, who then subdivide it among them. They penetrate to Cologne, to Vienna, to Pesth, to Cracow, to Prague, to Munich, Stuttgart, to Rotterdam and Antwerp, to Luxembourg and Strassburg—in a word, to every part of the Continent where men and women are found who love sauer-kraut. They have been even met with at the gates of Stamboul, and have cut cabbages there for the Turks. In illustration of the fact mentioned that these men claim rights in certain districts which they can maintain in their own courts, may be mentioned a trial that occurred a few years ago at Schruns, the principal village of the Montafun. The plaintiff charged a fellow kraut-cutter with having entered and done business in the province of Westphalia, after having ceded this province to him, the plaintiff, for the sum of six florins per annum, or three days' work in cutting and hauling fuel for his house. Notwithstanding this compact, the defendant had gone and cut up some cabbages in the province of Westphalia. The defendant was sentenced to pay eighteen florins, and not again to invade the province he had disposed of. The time of operation for the kraut-cutting consists of from eight to ten weeks, and each cutter can calculate on earning in it about a hundred Austrian gulden—that is, ten pounds.

No sooner does the kraut-cutter appear in the district which he considers as his proper sphere, and where he is expected, than the cry goes forth, 'Here's our kraut-cutter at last!' and the house-

wife sets to wash to clean the cabbages that are to pass under his hands and feet. Not only so, but she has to get ready her bacon with which to feed the workman. The kraut-cutter has no easy time of it. He has to use his plane upon the red cabbages, and tumble the cabbage shavings into the vat, which he must then tread down. For this latter purpose he produces from a blue kerchief a pair of wooden shoes, always kept beautifully clean, and with these on his feet he treads the cabbage parings down, compacting them together into a dense felty mass. 'The more the wine, the more the sauer-kraut,' is a saying that the housewife does not forget, and she plies the kraut-cutter well with the newly crushed 'most' or unfermented wine.

The kraut-plane is a special instrument, as already said, with six blades. These shaving-steels are manufactured at Schruns, in the Montafun Valley, and it is considered that none are so good as those there made. The plane-stocks are of beechwood, and are also fashioned by the carpenters of the Montafun. So highly prized are these home-made planes, that it is considered dishonourable in a Montafuner to part with one, whether as a gift or as a purchase to a stranger. The cost of one of these planes is from seven to nine florins, whereas an ordinary one-bladed plane may be purchased for from two to four florins. It is true that the manufacturers of these sauer-kraut planes at Schruns send off a good many to America. That is tolerated, because the kraut-cutters of the Montafun do not go to the States to cut cabbages; but they resent the sale out of their own valley, so fearful are they of other men using these excellent tools and setting up on their own account to compete with them.

One word in conclusion may—nay, must be given to the Montafun women, the wives and sisters and sweethearts of these industrious men, the women who have gleaned the corn with which to feed them when they return home. They are a fine dark-eyed, dark-haired set of women, and wear a peculiar costume. They wear wooden boards on their breasts to flatten them, like those of men. Over these boards their bodices are laced, the green laces usually passing over scarlet. The waists are worn very high; the skirts are very full. On their heads they carry fur caps like those of the Grenadier Guards. And—in their mouths may very generally be seen a pipe, for they are almost as inveterate smokers as are the men.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXI.—THE WISE WOMAN.

As soon as Reggie was gone, poor Kathleen delivered herself over to pure unadulterated searchings of spirit. The world, indeed, is pretty equally divided between people who have no scruples of conscience at all, and people who allow their scruples of conscience to run away with them. Now, Kathleen Hessegrave belonged to the latter unfortunate self-torturing class. She had terrible fears of her own as to what she should do about Reggie. Of course, no outsider who knew Mr Reginald's

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character as well as she did would ever for a moment have been silly enough to believe he really contemplated suicide; he was far too much of a physical and moral coward ever to dream of jumping over Waterloo Bridge; for though it may be cowardly in one sense to run away from the responsibilities and difficulties of life, yet none the less it is often still deeper cowardice that prevents many people from having recourse to that cowardly refuge. To Kathleen, however, the danger envisaged itself as a real and menacing one. When it comes to one's own relations, one is more credulous in these matters, and more timorous of giving the slightest handle for offence. The threat of suicide is the easiest form of thumbscrew that a selfish, unscrupulous, and weak-minded lad can apply to the moral feelings of his relations.

Moreover, Reggie had happened upon a fortunate moment. When he called that day, Kathleen had just been deeply impressed by Rufus Mortimer's goodness and generosity; indeed, she had said to herself as Rufus Mortimer left her room: 'If only I had never met Arnold Willoughby, I really believe I could have loved that man dearly.' So, when Reggie began to throw out his dark hints of approaching suicide, Kathleen seriously debated in her own mind whether or not it was her duty to save him from such a fate by marrying the man who had shown himself so truly and disinterestedly devoted to her. All that night, she lay awake and reasoned with herself wearily. Reggie wasn't worth all the trouble she bestowed upon him. Early next morning she rose, and wrote him in haste half-a-dozen long letters, one after the other, all of which she tore up as soon as she had finished them. It is so hard to know what to do in such difficult circumstances. Kathleen wondered and waited and argued with her own heart, and worried her poor conscience with interminable questions.

After breakfast, a light burst upon her. Why not go and talk the whole matter over with Mrs Irving? Now, Mrs Irving was a friend whose acquaintance she had made some years before on the quays at Venice; a painter like herself, older, and cleverer, and a great deal more successful. Her face was beautiful, Kathleen always thought, with the beauty of holiness; a chastened and saddened face, with marks of its past stamped deep upon its features. Her silvery hair was prematurely gray; but the light in her eye showed her younger by a decade than one might otherwise have judged her. It was a happy inspiration on Kathleen's part to go to her; for when a girl is in doubt, she can seldom do better than take the advice of some elder woman in whom she has confidence, and who can look at the matter at issue from the impersonal standpoint. 'Tis that very impersonality that is so important an element in all these questions; you get rid of the constant disturbing factor of your own emotions.

Now a certain halo of mystery always surrounded Mrs Irving. Who Mr Irving was, or whether indeed there was still or was not a Mr Irving at all, Kathleen never knew. Whenever their talk had approached that topic,

Kathleen noticed that her friend glided carefully over the thin ice in the opposite direction, and distracted the conversation by imperceptible degrees from Mr Irving's neighbourhood. Nevertheless, there had been always some surmise and gossip about the hypothetical husband at Venetian tea-tables; for you may take it as an invariable rule in life, that whenever a woman, no matter how innocently, lives apart from her husband, she will always abide under the faint shadow of a social cloud; let it be twenty times his fault, and twenty times her misfortune, yet it is she, and not he, who will have to pay the price for it. So the petty world of English Venice had always looked a little askance at Mrs Irving as 'a woman, don't you know, who's living apart from her husband'—and then, with an ugly sneer—that is to say, if she has one. But to Kathleen, the beautiful woman with the prematurely gray hair was simply the dearest and kindest of friends, the most trustworthy person she had ever come across.

It was to Mrs Irving, then, that Kathleen went at once to impart her difficulty about Reggie and Rufus Mortimer. Her friend listened to her with tender interest and instinctive sympathy. As soon as Kathleen had finished, the elder woman rose and kissed her forehead affectionately. 'Now tell me, dear,' she said, gazing into Kathleen's frank eyes, 'if your sailor were to come back to you, would you love him still?' For Kathleen had only described Arnold Willoughby's reasons for leaving Venice in the most general terms, and had never betrayed his secret as to the Earl-don of Axminster.

'I love him *now*, as it is,' Kathleen answered candidly: 'of course I should love him then. I love him better than I did before he left me, Mrs Irving. I seem to love him more the longer he stays away from me.'

'And you don't love Mr Mortimer?' Mrs Irving said once more.

'No,' Kathleen answered. 'I only like him and respect him immensely. But Reggie seems to think that's all that's necessary.'

The security was insufficient; but 'tis so that good women will bow to the opinion of their men relations. Mrs Irving took the girl's two hands between her own caressingly. A beautiful middle-aged woman, with soft wavy hair, and that chastened loveliness which comes to beautiful women with the touch of a great sorrow, she revolted in soul against this fraternal despotism. 'Reggie!' she cried with a little contempt in her tone. 'What has Reggie to do with it? It's yourself and the two men and the essential truth of things you have to reckon with first. Kathleen, dear Kathleen, never believe that specious falsehood people sometimes would foist upon you about the unselfishness of marrying a man you don't really love, for the sake of your family. It isn't unselfishness at all; it's injustice, cruelty, moral cowardice, infamy. The most wrong thing any woman can do in life is to sell herself for money where her heart is untouched. It's not merely wrong; it's disgrace; it's dishonour. Out of the bitterness of my heart, my mouth speaketh. Shall I tell you my own story,

dear? It happened in this way. When I was young, very young—only just seventeen—my mother was left with a tiny little income. It was almost less than would keep us three alive, herself and me and my sister Olive. Then Colonel Irving saw me, and was taken with me for the moment; he was a very rich man, years older than myself, and one of the biggest officials on the Council in India. He proposed to me. I was frightened; though, girl-like, I was flattered; and I told my mother. Instead of telling me to avoid the snare, she begged and prayed me to accept him. "But I don't love him," I said. "You will," my mother answered. I knew I was doing wrong; but when one's only seventeen, one hardly quite realises that when you marry once you marry for a lifetime. I accepted him at last, under that horrid mistaken notion that I was sacrificing myself nobly for my mother's sake, and was so very unselfish. He took me out to India. For a year or two we lived together, not happily, indeed—I can never say it was happily, but without open rupture. Then Colonel Irving saw plainly that though he had bought me and paid for me, I didn't and couldn't love him. I did my best, it's true, to carry out as far as I could that wicked and cruel bargain; I tried to like him; I tried to act fairly to him. But all the time I felt it was degradation, misery, pollution, wickedness. And he saw it too. I have no word of blame for him. At last, one morning, he disappeared suddenly, and left a note behind him. He had gone off to Europe, and—somebody else had gone with him.

'And then?' Kathleen asked, bending forward.

'Well, then, dear, I felt it was all over, and I knew it was my fault, because I hadn't had the moral courage at first to say no outright to him. I did what no woman ought ever to do—let him take my hand when my heart was not his; and I had to pay the penalty of it. And so will you too, if you do as I did. One way or the other, you will have to pay the penalty. He was just to me after his lights; severely just, I might almost say generous; he offered to make me an allowance of half his income. But I wrote back and said no. I would never again take a penny that was his. I would earn my own living. So I began at art, in a small way at first; and I worked on at it with a will till I could keep myself easily. Then I did more than that. I worked and saved till I could send him one day a cheque for every penny he had ever spent upon me. He refused to receive it. I refused to take it back. I sent the money in his name, in gold, to his banker's. He wouldn't touch it. And there it lies to this day, and neither of us will claim it.'

'That was splendid of you,' Kathleen cried.

'No, my dear; it was just. Nothing more than bare justice. I had made a hateful bargain, which no woman should ever make, for the sake of her own dignity, her own purity, her own honour; and I was bound to do the best I could do to unmake it.—But I tell you all this now that you may see for yourself how wrong it is for any woman to do as I

did; that you may learn to avoid my mistake betimes, Reggie or no Reggie, while it may yet be avoided.

'You're right,' Kathleen said, drawing back with a sudden flash of conviction. 'It's debasing and degrading, when one fairly faces it.—But what am I to do? Reggie declares if I don't marry Mr Mortimer he'll commit suicide instantly. He's in a dreadful state of mind. I had to make him promise last night he wouldn't do anything rash till he saw me to-day; and even now I don't know what he may have done meanwhile, as soon as he got alone, and was left by himself with his remorse and misery.'

'Reggie!' Mrs Irving exclaimed, with a sudden melodious drop from the sublime to the ridiculous. 'Oh, my dear, don't you trouble your head for a moment about him. He's as right as ninepence. He's not going to commit suicide. Remorse and misery! Why, I was at the Court Theatre in the boxes last night, and there, if you please, was Master Reggie in the stalls, with a pretty young woman, close-cropped and black-haired, with a cheek like a ripe peach, who, I suppose, was his Florrie. They were eating Neapolitan ices all through the interlude, and neither of them seemed to have the slightest intention of committing suicide in the immediate future.'

That was a fortunate accident for Kathleen. It relieved her mind immensely for the moment; it decided her that Mrs Irving's advice was sound, and that she would be doing injustice to her own higher nature if, for Reggie's sake, she accepted the man she didn't love, to the exclusion of the man she loved so dearly.

But while Kathleen was discussing this matter thus earnestly with Mrs Irving, her brother Reggie, on his way down to the City, had managed to drop in for a few minutes' conversation with Rufus Mortimer at his house in Great Stanhope Street. He had called, indeed, for a double diplomatic purpose, cloaked beneath a desire to see Mortimer at dinner with his wife on Saturday. 'Our rooms are small,' Reggie said airily, with the consummate grace of a great gentleman extending an invitation to a lordly banquet in his ancestral halls; 'we've hardly space for ourselves even to turn about in them; and as to swinging a cat, why, it would almost amount to culpable cruelty. But we should be delighted to see you at our *annexe*, the Criterion—first door on the right as you enter the big gate—dinner *à la carte*, best of its kind in London. Half-past seven, did I say? Yes, that will suit us admirably. Florrie's longing to see you, I've told her so much about you.'

'Why?' Mortimer asked with a smile, half guessing the reason himself.

Reggie smirked and hesitated. 'Well, I thought it not improbable from what I saw and heard,' he answered at last, with affected delicacy, 'that we might—in future—under certain contingencies—see a good deal more of you.' And he looked at his man meaningly.

Rufus Mortimer was reserved, as is the American habit; but he couldn't help following out this decided trail. By dexterous side-hints, he began questioning Reggie as to Kathleen's

intentions; whereupon Reggie, much rejoiced that Mortimer should so easily fall into his open trap, made answer in the direction that best suited his own interests. He rendered it tolerably clear by obscure suggestions that Kathleen had once been in love, and still considered herself to be so; but that, in her brother's opinion, the affection was wearing out, was by no means profound, and might be easily overcome; moreover, that she cherished for Rufus Mortimer himself a feeling which was capable of indefinite intensification. All this Reggie hinted at great length in the most roundabout way; but he left in the end no doubt at all upon Rufus Mortimer's mind as to his real meaning. By the time Mr Reginald rose to go, Mortimer was quite convinced that he might still win Kathleen's heart, and that her brother would be a most powerful auxiliary in his campaign, to have secured whose good-will was no slight advantage.

At the door, Reggie paused. 'Dear me,' he said, feeling abstractedly in his waistcoat pocket; 'I've left my purse at home, and I meant to take a cab. I'm late already, and now I'll have to tramp it. That's a dreadful nuisance, for they're death on punctuality at our office in the City.'

'Can I lend you a few shillings?' the unsuspecting American asked, too innocent to see through Mr Reginald's peculiar tactics.

'Oh, thanks, awfully,' Reggie answered, in his nonchalant way, as if it were the smallest matter in the world. 'I should be glad of a sovereign. I can pay it back on Saturday when we meet at the Criterion.'

'I've nothing less than a fiver,' Mortimer observed, drawing it out.

Reggie's hands closed over the piece of paper like a shot. 'Oh, it's all the same,' he replied, with a smile he could hardly suppress, sticking it carelessly into his pocket. 'I'm awfully obliged to you. It's so awkward to go out without one's purse in London.—Ta-ta, then, till Saturday.'

'He's going to be my brother-in-law,' Reggie thought complacently to himself as he descended the stairs; 'and after all, a gentleman may borrow any day from his brother-in-law.' So firmly did he act upon this prospective relationship, indeed, that this was only the first of many successive fivers, duly entered in Rufus Mortimer's book of expenditure, as 'Advanced on loan to K. H.'s brother.' But notes of their repayment on the credit side were strangely absent.

Nay, so much elated was the honest-hearted young American at this fraternal visit, with the opportunity it afforded him of doing some slight service to a member of Kathleen's family, that as soon as Reggie was gone, he sat down and indited a letter full of love and hope to Kathleen herself, declaring that he would honestly do his best to find Arnold Willoughby, but asking with much fervour whether, if he failed in that quest, there would yet be any chance for any other suitor. He wrote it in a white heat of passionate devotion. It was a letter that Kathleen could not read without tears in her eyes; for no woman is unsusceptible to the pleasure of receiving a declaration

of love, couched in ardent terms, from a man she can respect and admire, even if she cannot accept him. But she sat down, none the less, and answered it at once with tenderness and tact, in the decided negative. 'Your letter has touched me deeply,' she said, 'as all your kindness always does; and if I could say *yes* to any man, apart from Him, I could say *yes* to you, dear Mr Mortimer. If I had never met Him, I might perhaps have loved you dearly. But I have loved one man too well in my time ever to love a second; and whether I find him again or not, my mind is quite made up; I cannot and will not give myself to any other. I speak to you frankly, because from the very first you have known my secret, and because I can trust and respect and like you. But if ever I meet him again, I shall be his, and his only; and his only I must be if I never again meet him.'

Mortimer read the letter with dim eyes; then he folded it up with reverence and placed it securely in a leather case in his pocket. There he carried it for many days, and often looked at it. Rejection though it was, it yet gave him a strange delight to read over and over again those simple words, 'If I could say *yes* to any man, apart from Him, I could say *yes* to you, dear Mr Mortimer.'

THE SARGASSO SEA.

TWENTY years ago the professional explorer had the free run of the vast Continent of Africa, which was for the most part entirely unknown. Now, we are quite satisfied that we have found out all about Africa that is worth discovering, and we are getting a little tired of the subject. This is hard on the explorer. Especially hard on him is it that very few portions of the globe now remain which offer any field for his energy. The Arctic and Antarctic Poles, it is true, still preserve their inviolable secrecy, but this is certainly not due to any lack of human enterprise. Outside the polar circles, however, there are very few regions whither the white pioneer has not made his way, or which still remain unexplored, uncharted, and unrepresented in the great zoological and botanical collections of Europe.

The sands of Sahara, the alkalies of the American desert, the snows of the Steppes, the forests of the Congo, the waterless scrub of Mid-Australia, the mountains of Tibet, and the jungles of Papua, have all proved equally ineffectual to keep out the white man; and it is no exaggeration to say that the 'merest school-boy' nowadays can, with the slightest effort, know more about these 'vast' than the *savants* of bygone years were able to conjecture.

The Sargasso Sea is therefore quite unique. It is a genuine fraction of the globe about which we know little or nothing, and this though it lies in the centre of one of the most frequented water-ways of the world. It is not, however, of much use to the explorer, and it is not likely to be taken under the patronage of Messrs Thomas Cook or a British company—at least, not within our own time.

The Sargasso Sea owes its existence entirely

to the movements of the ocean currents, just as the deltas, bars, and sandbanks at the mouths of rivers owe their origin to the agency of those rivers; and the former may, with great propriety, be described as rivers moving in the midst of the ocean. One of the most important of these marine rivers is that which is known as the 'Equatorial Current,' which flows from the south-west coast of Africa across the South Atlantic towards Brazil. The origin of this current is attributed by some to the continual action of the trade-winds driving the surface-water in the direction described; and by others, to the enormous evaporation which is perpetually going on in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, which appreciably lowers the surface of the sea, and creates a permanent 'down-hill' movement of the outer waters to supply the waste. Probably the two causes work together to produce the effect.

This Equatorial Current, however created, is of very considerable breadth, and it strikes the coast of Brazil just where the great easternmost projection, known as Cape San Roque, bulges into the sea. Off this cape the current divides into two branches of unequal volume, the smaller of the two slipping down the south-east coast of Brazil. The other, which is considerably the larger, turns north along the north-east slope of the South American coast-line, washing through the fringing Archipelago, and sending divergent streams to the east of Cuba and in and out among the larger islands. The main stream keeps on its course to the north-west, sweeping right round the great hollow curve of the Gulf of Mexico, under the scorching suns of Honduras and Yucatan, to emerge at last into the Northern Atlantic, between the southern extremity of Florida and the Bahama Islands. From this time it is known to hydrography as the Gulf Stream.

The Gulf Stream at the outset is a broad, deep column of water, which has been so warmed by the intense heat of the Gulf that its temperature exhibits a marked contrast to that of the sea on either side of it. It flows north-east towards Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland at a steady rate of two miles an hour. Off the Great Banks it diverges into a north-easterly direction across the ocean towards Europe. In Mid-Atlantic, the current divides again, the northern half continuing its way towards the north of Europe, to warm our own western shores, while the southern trends down towards the Azores and the bulge of Africa, and helps to form the North African Currents. Under this new name it follows the line of the African coast down south, until it joins the great Equatorial Current at its source, and is once more carried across the Atlantic to the opposite coast, thus completing the irregular circle.

In the centre of the huge elliptical figure formed by the course of the current there lies a wide expanse of smooth water, stretching over a space which is about equal to the size of Continental Europe, and is contained, roughly speaking, between the twentieth and thirtieth degrees of north latitude, and the thirtieth and sixtieth degrees of west longitude. Here there is no trouble from wind or current. Indeed,

this region of perpetual calm, to which hydrographers have given the name of the 'Sargasso Sea,' bears a strong resemblance to a vast lake placed in Mid-Atlantic, and girdled, not by *terra firma*, but by running water. Humboldt speaks of it as 'that great bank of weeds which so vividly occupied the imagination of Columbus, and which Oviedo calls the seaweed meadows.'

The cause of this perpetual calm may be best explained by a humble illustration. Take a basin half-full of water, and put into it some chips of wood, cork, soap-suds, and other flotsam. Then impart a circular motion to the water with a sweep of the hand, and watch the result. The corks, chips, suds, and whatever else may have been thrown in, will almost directly gather into the very centre of the basin, where the movement is of course the slightest; while the outer edge of the whirl, where the water is racing at its fastest, will be left completely clear. The same phenomenon is very often produced by children, when they stir the tea in a teacup, to collect the bubbles in the centre and form what is known as 'a kiss.'

This is precisely what happens in mid-ocean. The ocean currents form the outer whirl, the Sargasso Sea is the smooth and almost motionless centre, and the great Atlantic is the basin. But this is not all. The metaphor of the teacup and the basin is carried out exactly, and the greater part of the drift and seaweed which is swept along by the currents is gradually whirled to the right until they slip out of the whirl and are left in the smooth waters of the Sargasso Sea. This process has been going on for centuries, and the result is that the surface of the sea is thickly covered with dense masses of a marine plant, which is indifferently known to us as varech, gulf-weed, or the tropical berry-plant, and is called by the Spaniards *sargazo*. Hence the name of the Sargasso Sea, for the surface of it seems, as above quoted, like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf-weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea, and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama Islands by the force of the Gulf Stream. It is then swept round by the same agency into the Sargasso Sea, where it lives and propagates, floating freely in mid-ocean. And the store is ever increasing, both by addition and propagation, so that the meadow grows more and more compact, and no doubt, at the inner parts, extends to a considerable depth below the surface.

Nor is this all, for at least two-thirds of all the infinite flotsam and jetsam which the Gulf Stream carries along with it in its course sooner or later finds a resting-place in the Sargasso Sea. Here may be seen huge trunks of trees torn from the forests of Brazil by the waters of the Amazon, and floated down far out to sea, until they were caught and swept along by the current; logwood from Honduras; orange trees from Florida; canoes and boats from the islands, staved-in, broken, and bottom upwards; wrecks and remains of all sorts, gathered from the rich harvest of the Atlantic; whole keels or skeletons of ruined ships, so

covered with barnacles, shells, and weed, that the original outline is entirely lost to view; and here and there a derelict ship, transformed from a floating terror of the deep into a mystery put out of reach of man in a museum of unexplained enigmas.

It is only natural that ships should carefully avoid this marine rubbish-heap, where the Atlantic shoots its refuse. It seems doubtful whether a sailing-vessel would be able to cut her way into the thick network of weed even with a strong wind behind her. Besides, if the effort were rewarded with a first delusive success, there would be the almost certain danger that in the calm regions of the Sargasso Sea the wind would suddenly fail her altogether, leaving her locked hopelessly amid the weed and the drift and wreckage, without hope of succour or escape. With regard to a steamer, no prudent skipper is ever likely to make the attempt, for it would certainly not be long before the tangling weed would altogether choke up his screw and render it useless. As it happens, moreover, the Sargasso Sea does not lie on the direct route of the main lines of communication between Europe and the two Americas, but within the triangle so formed. A skipper who keeps straight on his course with a strict eye to his compass and his dead-reckoning, has no reason to fear that he may run his prow by night into the thick web of the Sargasso weed.

The most energetic explorer of land or sea will find himself baffled with regard to the Sargasso Sea by the fact that it is neither one nor the other. It is neither solid enough to walk upon, nor liquid enough to afford a passage to a boat. At the same time any one who fell into it would certainly be drowned without being able to swim for his life. Of course it is quite conceivable that a very determined party of pioneers might cut a passage for a small boat even to the centre. The work would take an immense time, however, and the channel would certainly close up behind them as they proceeded. They would have to take with them provisions for the whole voyage, and a journey over a space equalling the Continent of Europe would probably require larger supplies than could be conveniently stowed away in a small boat. Besides, there is no reason to suppose that the expedition would be worth the making, or that the inner recesses of the Sargasso Sea would exhibit any marked differences from the outer margin. The accumulation of weed would be thicker and more entangled, and the drift and wreckage would lie more closely pressed together, but that would be all. There is no possibility of the existence of any but marine life in this strange morass, unless the sea-birds have built their nests in the masts or hull of some derelict vessel.

It is a curious problem to conjecture what will become of this vast accumulation of vegetable matter, which is continually increasing, decaying, and propagating, while the outer whirl of the ocean currents presses it all inexorably together into a more and more compact solidity. One great writer on Physical Geography has given it as his opinion that the

ultimate result of the increasing pressure will be that in the course of thousands of years the whole mass will gradually solidify into coal, and form a bountiful store of fuel for future generations, when the existing resources are exhausted.

PÈRE MOINEAU.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

So the winter drew on, and Christmas was close at hand. Clémence had recovered her usual health, and the small home 'among the clouds' was bright and cheery once more. May worked hard at her copy during the early part of the days when she was not at the studio, where her severe master watched her progress with approving eyes. Thus occupied almost from morning until night, she had not much time for working at the portrait of her old friend, which was still incomplete. But the girl was happy because Romeo had given her a word of praise, and an English visitor at the Louvre had ordered a second copy of the *Greuze*; and Père Moineau was pleased. She was making some small preparation for a little feast at Christmas, when Clémence announced a visitor.

It was a young man with a kindly face, and a pair of honest, intelligent eyes. He paused upon the threshold, however, looking rather abashed as May rose to bid him welcome.

'I'm sure I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in calling upon you,' he said, with a modesty of air which sat well upon him. 'I heard that a pupil of my uncle's resided here; and I thought, as it was Christmas-time, you wouldn't mind my coming to see an English face and hear an English voice. It's my first Christmas in a foreign city, you see, and I felt lonely. I'm over here for my paper, the "*Hesperus*;" and I don't suppose you remember me, Miss Dorian, but I have a lively recollection of being at your house.'

She put out her hand frankly to bid him welcome. 'Indeed, I do remember you,' she said, with her vivid smile. 'You are Mr Westley's nephew, Mr Fletcher. I thought you were something at one of the universities. I did not know you were on the Press.'

'No? Did you not? Well, I threw up the grind in the sleepy old town, where I was trying to teach the young idea, and found out what my real mission in life was. I had a knack of making smart sketches, and I knew one of the fellows on the "*Hesperus*," the new illustrated evening paper, you know. He offered me a berth in the office, and I haven't done badly. No; I haven't done at all badly; only, I want to learn how to draw. You see, I feel my deficiency. I can dash off anything I see; but I am shaky in my drawing.'

'Have you decided where to go for your teaching?' she asked, with quite a motherly air, which sat well upon her. 'I think there is no one like Romeo.'

'Isn't he a trifle too advanced for me?' the young man asked, with perfect candour. 'Well, if he will take me'—As he spoke, his eyes

rested on the easel where Père Moineau's portrait had grown into life. 'Is this your work, Miss Dorian?' he went on hastily. 'If so, I see how much I have to learn. I call that masterly. What a magnificent model you have found!'

'I expect him here every moment,' May said, with a pleased smile on her lip. 'He is my best friend, and from him I have learned almost as much as from Romeo. You must stay and meet him. He comes here to have "Le Five o'clock," as he calls it. It will interest him to meet Mr Westley's nephew. He is a dear old man, but peculiar.'

'He looks so, in his portrait,' Fletcher said, with his eyes upon the picture.

Then Père Moineau came in, and they had tea together. He scanned carefully the young Englishman, whose well-knit form and manly bearing prepossessed the old Frenchman in his favour. They walked away together when the small party broke up.

When Romeo's classes gathered together after the short winter vacation, Dudley Fletcher was amongst the new pupils. May and he seldom met. Sometimes, when she was painting in the great galleries, he would come and stand beside her easel, watching the skilful hand as it swept across the canvas, transferring to its surface the Thought of a dead master, expressed after his fashion—for all time to recognise. Sometimes he worked in black and white at a picture near; but upon such occasions they exchanged few words. They met on Sundays at the English church, and once they went to the Hôtel Cluny together, Père Moineau making a third. But May was too deeply absorbed in her work to heed the fact that the young man watched her with eyes that did not lose a motion of her hand or a transient expression on her face.

Despite the increases of his pension, Père Moineau was visibly failing; and as the year advanced, May observed with a sinking heart how the upright frame was losing its vigour, and the fine old face becoming pinched and drawn.

When she mentioned these facts to him, he only smiled. 'I have carried the sentence of death about with me for many years,' he said. 'My life was lived long ago.'

'But if—if you were unable to look after me,' May faltered. 'If I had not you at my side, how could I exist in this great lonely city, Père Moineau?'

He looked kindly upon her anxious face. 'I have no fear for your future,' he said tenderly. 'The Good God will look after that, and you will not be lonely.'

They were in the gallery of the Luxembourg, standing before a picture which every one was crowding to see, because the wild, wayward girl who painted it was the theme of the hour. She saw and admired the workmanship of the whole, the realism of it, and the bold drawing.

'A poor result,' said a pleasant voice behind them. 'Only for her admirable drawing, I would be inclined to write failure upon the artist's feverish life. Wouldn't you?'

It was Fletcher who had joined them; and the old man saw, with a curious mixture of

pleasure and pain, how May's eyes brightened at his approach. With a kindly smile, Père Moineau turned away, to leave them together in front of the picture. When May returned to her studio-home, her heart was beating and her cheek glowing. Yet Dudley Fletcher had not said a word which the whole world might not have heard; only, she seemed to understand. She worked harder than ever, because the opening of the Salon was close at hand, and her two studies were to be sent in almost at once. Several fellow-students from the great studio came to see her work; and while some praised the two portraits, others cavilled at them; and, to the painter's great surprise, a brief paragraph in an evening paper mentioned them.

She charged Dudley with being the author of the few lines of really judicious criticism; but he stoutly denied having had anything to do with it; and the day came when the labour of the past nine months was gone—gone, to be judged by the most competent artists of the day, and accepted or rejected. May went to the Louvre. In the presence of the mighty works of the great masters she sought to calm her fluttering spirit, and nerve herself for what was to come. Père Moineau she had not seen for a few days; and, close as their intimacy had been, she had never penetrated the mystery of his abode.

As she stood in front of Da Vinci's tantalising 'Mona Lisa,' trying to read her own meaning in the puzzling face, her mind went wandering away to one who for the last few weeks had been something of a power in her life. She found herself thinking of him more than was due, and of late a reliance upon his judgment formed itself in her thoughts, and in any perplexity she turned to him for guidance.

In the meantime, Dudley, of whom she was thinking, was hanging about the artist's quarters, eager to be the first to hear if the portraits had been accepted; and having spent a goodly part of the morning in vain, betook himself to the studio, where Romeo's pupils were grouped in eager discussion. And when Romeo himself entered the room, a thrill ran through every heart.

Romeo cast a hasty glance around. 'We have done well,' he said. 'You, Jenin, have gained Honourable Mention.—Pourtales, your "Leda" is in the second room, with a Silver medal. And—Ah! Deschamps, you have done best of all. To you has fallen the Prix de Rome.'

The young man by his easel, whose face had been white before, grew whiter still. 'I scarcely deserved it,' he faltered. 'I never expected it.'

'Well, you have won it,' the great master replied with a light laugh. 'And, my brave lads, I have still more to tell you. The English Mademoiselle has achieved a success. Her portrait of the eccentric Marquis de Garde, which she calls "Père Moineau," has not only won a place in the first room, but Honourable Mention, and a Gold Medal.'

Dudley uttered a cry of joy.

Romeo turned sharply upon him. 'So, you rejoice in her success?' he cried. 'Ah, she is a compatriot. Is it not so? Or something more? I congratulate you, then, because the little

English girl will do great things; yes, great things—if she goes on. Go; tell her the good news.'

But Fletcher had another question to ask. 'You called her model by a name I did not quite comprehend,' he said, drawing near the great teacher. 'We always thought him only a poor old man. You gave him a title?'

'De Garde? Yes, he was a well-known figure in society in the days of the Second Empire. Since his young wife's sad death, he has lived amongst the poor, and done penance for his early life. He is rich'—and Romeo made a gesture expressive of infinity—'and pious'—another gesture. 'But he chooses to spend his fortune in charities, and to do what he considers good by stealth. He is very ill.'

Dudley went in search of the girl, who had grown all the world to him. She was standing before the smiling picture, as he rushed down the gallery, having heard from Clémence where she had gone. There was a wistful curve upon her soft lips, and a pathetic softness in her great gray eyes as he drew near. He almost imagined he could detect the sparkle of a tear upon her long lashes. But when he stood at her side and called her by name, the rich red flew to her cheeks, and all the sadness vanished from her eyes.

'I have brought you good news,' he stammered. 'Your picture has been accepted—will be hung in the first room. Romeo is so glad.'

There could be no manner of doubt as to the tears now, because her eyes filled and overflowed, even while her lips trembled with joy, and the hand she extended to him quivered with delight.

'Nay, I have still more to tell you,' he said, with her hand in his—'much more. It has been highly commended. Yes, I am telling you the truth. And yet more—it has gained Honourable Mention, and a Gold Medal.'

She would have fallen, if he had not cast an arm round her and held her, because the joy of it all was too keen and sharp just for the moment. She had won her success, gained the object of her ambition, and—Ah! what a mockery it all was! for was she not alone, without father, mother, brother, sister, to share her joy. The sense of utter forlornness which rushed upon her on the tide of gratified ambition, turned her sick and faint for one brief instant, and her eyes were blind with tears.

The young man, with all his home-ties unbroken, fully understood her as she uttered a little sob and covered her face. Between her slender fingers he heard the murmur: 'Ah, if Papa had known;' and full of compassion, he held her on his arm until after the first sweep of feeling had passed by, and she realised the position in which she stood. Blushing all over, she drew away, and leant against the rail for a moment.

'I can't help myself,' she said, with a trembling smile. 'Indeed, I am very silly to take your good news thus. But, after all, I'm a lonely girl first, and an artist afterwards; and I felt only a poor homeless, friendless girl when you told me. Don't think me ungrateful, please. I have not thanked you for bringing me the good news.'

'You have,' he said breathlessly. 'You have given me all the thanks I require. The pleasure of bringing such news was its own reward.'

She made no reply, but walked on, until she gained the window where she had stood upon the day when she resolved to be brave and face the battle of life alone. There she paused and sat down. 'It was here I made my resolution to throw myself heart and soul into my work; and now, have I not gained my reward? I must tell dear Père Moineau. Ah!' and she looked into the young man's face with a perplexed expression in her eyes. 'But I don't know where he lives.'

While she was speaking, the tall dark figure of an ecclesiastic glided along the sunny gallery and stood facing them. The priest was gaunt, gray-faced, with melancholy dark eyes looking out under heavy brows; yet when he spoke, his voice was cultured and musical. 'Have I the honour to address Miss May Dorian?' he said in good English.

May stood up. 'I am May Dorian,' she said. 'I come from the dying bed of one who loves you, and desires your presence,' the priest said, scanning her face with keen, sad eyes.

'Ah!' She put out her hands with a hasty gesture. 'My dear Père Moineau? Ah! why, why did I not know of his illness sooner? I would have nursed him—taken care of him—been like a daughter to him. Why, why did he hide himself from me? Surely he knew how I loved him!' And a sharp sob closed her sentence.

'Your poor friend has had every care,' the priest said, with his eyes on the ground. 'He is beyond the need of care now; only—you will come?'

'Certainly—at once,' May cried, advancing to the man's side. 'Take me to him.'

'You too,' the priest said, turning to Fletcher. 'He asks for you; I was to seek you also.'

Fletcher had resolved to accompany May in any case; so, without a word, the three passed through the vast galleries, and out into the sunny afternoon. A carriage was waiting as they reached the wide square; it was not of the latest fashion, neither were the horses such as May had noticed in the Bois; but it was a handsome vehicle, and the servants accompanying it wore rich if sombre liveries.

The girl entered the carriage. She had expected to be driven through the poorest part of the city to some humble lodging; but, to her astonishment, the carriage went rapidly through the Champs-Élysées, and turning down one of the widest avenues, halted in front of a sombre-looking mansion, circled by a wall, with tall acacias behind. The front windows were closely shuttered, and there was a general look of forlornness, if not absolute neglect, about the place.

The astonished girl was ushered into a wide, gloomy hall, which felt like a vault after the brilliant sunshine of the spring day outside. A white-hooded Sister of Mercy glided from a dim corner and advanced to meet the little party.

'He asks for you,' she said softly. 'He grows weaker momentarily. You must restrain your feelings, for he is very low.'

In a trance of surprise which held her silent, May followed the Sister up a wide staircase,

a long corridor, and a half-lit saloon magnificently furnished. She felt utterly unable to take in the meaning of these things. Was Père Moineau a hanger-on of some great family whose sons had been his pupils in earlier days? There seemed to be no other solution of the mystery, and this would account for his silence with regard to his home. After all, she felt too intensely surprised to take in anything except only that he was dying, her good friend, her teacher, her comforter in adversity, and her protector. Who would take his place in her life when he was gone? Instinctively she looked back to see if Dudley Fletcher was following her, and seeing his face in the shadow behind the tall, sad-looking priest, felt somewhat comforted, she knew not why.

The Sister threw open a curtained door and stepped into a shaded room. May followed, and paused upon the threshold. The great, richly-draped state bed in an alcove opposite her was tenantless; but on a low camp-bed in front of it lay a pallid form, the worn face turned towards the door. Yes; it was her old friend; the face, clean-cut as an antique cameo, wore the unmistakable look of death; the thin, shapely hand, lying supine upon the crimson coverlet, was waxen in hue; and the eyes had taken that inexplicable look which the approach of the Final Mystery always imparts. Père Moineau was dying.

Love and sorrow overcame her amazement. She forgot the novel splendours surrounding him, forgot the mystery, the innocent deception, everything except that this dying man had been as a father to her, and that he was passing from her. She flew to the side of the little bed and threw herself upon her knees. 'Oh Père Moineau—my dear, dear Père, why did I not know? Why did you not tell me? I would have been with you through all—nursed you, tended you.'

The feeble hand upon her head made a caressing movement. 'I knew, daughter,' he whispered. 'But you have your life—and your success. It has come, my child?'

'Yes, yes. But you! oh, what is it worth without you?'

'Ah! you will be happy when I am gone beyond the silences. Yes, yes; and the life that is before you is fair. You will work together you two—equals in age, one in purpose.—I have not much to leave, because the estates go to the heir; only what I let gather up when I lived amongst the poor and fed the sparrows. It will keep the wolf from the door; and you must do the rest yourselves.—You love him, May?'

She knew that Dudley Fletcher was standing at her side, knew that, in all her troubles and struggles in the future, he would be there until death parted them, and she lifted the feeble hand to her lips. The old man understood.

'I saw it come,' he said, 'the pure sanctifying love of two young creatures, rich in life, in hope and youth. I had vowed myself to a life emptied of everything the world calls pleasure—a life of penance and expiation; yet the Good God sent to me the greatest joy I have ever known, just when the curtain was falling

upon my weary day.—Frère Henri, join their hands.'

The pale priest came forward, and gently raising May from her knees, placed her hand in that of the young man, who held it with a clasp so strong and yet so tender that the girl knew her future was safe in his loving hold. Then the priest muttered some words in a tongue she scarcely comprehended, and the Betrothal was an accomplished fact. She would never be alone in an unfriendly world again.

The Sister threw herself on her knees; and almost involuntarily those two, whose hands had been so strangely linked together, knelt beside her, while the priest prayed loud and fast. Over the dear face, whose every line was so familiar to her, the girl saw that gray shadow stealing which, once seen, is never forgotten. The sobs which rose in her throat were stilled; a great awe and trembling came upon her in the presence of the awful Mystery, and in her heart she prayed too.

Then from the white lips came once again the sound of the well-known voice: 'Natalie, my wife, kiss me; the expiation is accomplished.'

May felt a hand upon her own. The pale priest was bending over her. 'Kiss him,' he whispered. 'You are so like her, he thinks you are she.'

Unquestioningly she obeyed him; but the clammy touch of the waxen brow told its own tale. Her old friend was no more.

There was a magnificent funeral ceremonial in the Madeleine. The new owner of the old title, to whom the accession of wealth and honours came weighted with a due sense of responsibility, left nothing undone to show respect to the broken man who had desired only obscurity in his latter days, and who had done with the pomp and show of life long ago. And May now saw, too, who it was for whom the polite Jew had bought the pictures she copied, and which had served to keep starvation from her door. Her heart melted within her. As she and her betrothed quitted the magnificent church and walked through the gay, busy streets to the Tuileries Gardens, they felt that the little sparrows twittering mournfully round the chair where he used to sit, his hands full of bread and corn, sang a truer requiem for Père Moineau.

A HAUNTED VALLEY.

To Sir Thomas Browne, the scholarly and silver-tongued physician of Norwich, it was a riddle 'how so many learned heads should so far forget their metaphysics, and destroy the ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits.' And the learned knight goes on to say: 'For my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches.' Such persons as think otherwise are shown to be nothing better than atheists; and seeing with what confidence our author proclaims his opinion, we may surely fortify ourselves in it; and leaving what is called the advance of knowledge out of the question, take no shame to be only as wise as the clear-

headed old philosopher, who, musing two centuries ago on the high and deep things of heaven and earth, thought neither his learning nor his judgment discredited by the conclusion at which he arrived.

Let us, then, place ourselves in line with the speculative man of science of the Stuart period, not caring overmuch how superior people may deride us. So we shall be prepared to listen to a short statement of the superstitions entertained to-day in one small country town, or village—tales which are sufficiently remarkable both by their number and their quality to arrest attention even without the spicing of a Christmas fire, and a half-frightened audience gathered in a panelled chamber.

Deep set among the Cornish hills, the market-town of — has stood for four centuries and more beside a tidal river. An ancient stone bridge of many arches spans the stream, and beneath it a flood of salt water pours up twice daily from the sea, drowning the marshes which occupy nearly the whole of the narrow valley bottom, and sometimes even swamping the highway which runs beside them. The town lies low on the river's bank, and has no special interest. Only farms stand scattered about the slopes of the hills; and many ancient manor-houses, from which the old families have departed. Almost every one of these houses has its separate tradition. Commonly spoken of in some cases, in others guarded so jealously that few people have heard the tale, there is none, perhaps, which has not some lien on the other world, or some mystery attaching to it which cannot be explained.

High on the hillside, an old farm rears its chimney-stack from a group of wind-beaten trees. The homestead is a place of small consequence now; but two hundred years ago it was the seat of a powerful family, and of one man in particular, whose name still makes children tremble, and even grown men blanch upon occasion. For who does not know that Tregeagle's spirit roams the country-side, unchained from the place of torment by the Vicar of St Breward, that gray old town just in sight upon the mountain-side, in order that he might render tardy justice to one of the many he had wronged in life? No Christian man could send the evil spirit back again to the place whence he had come; and hence it is that Tregeagle toils for ever at impossible tasks on earth—now baling out the lonely tarn up on the moors with a limpet shell with a hole in it; now spinning ropes of sea-sand; and often, on wintry nights, bellowing out his despair in moans which make the mothers catch their children in their arms, as the wind carries the sound past the cottage doors.

But there are those who know that Tregeagle's torment has its intervals. One autumn afternoon the farmer who inhabits the old manor-house had occasion to go down to the town just as dusk was falling. His wife accompanied him, and they left no one behind. Their business done, they returned after dark, and had no sooner set foot in the farmyard than they saw the house was lighted up in all its windows. The shutters were unclosed. Strange forms in antique dresses were passing to and fro. A long table was set with bottles and decanters such as the farmer

never possessed; and the most unholy noise was issuing from the room. Shouts, oaths, scraps of ribald song, bursts of wild laughter, mingled into a medley which appalled the two simple people who stood barred out from their home. At last the farmer plucked up courage and marched up to the door. He had no sooner put the key in the lock than every light went out, the howls and cries dropped instantly into silence. The sudden absolute stillness was as awful as the noise. The farmer and his wife went from room to room. All were as they had left them, and of the riotous carousal there was literally not one trace.

A little lower, on the hillside, following the lane that drops towards the town, another farm stands back a little from the way. Here, beneath the flooring of an upper room, bones were discovered, with the remains of a slashed doublet and other antique clothing of the Stuart times—relics of a murder foully done two hundred years ago. The Cavalier still revisits the scene. His lovelocks drop over his shoulder as if he were alive, and in the gray light of early morning his spurs ring on the old oak flooring. Those who have met him are loth to speak of it.

Two or three fields separate this house from the edge of the ridge; and if you cross them you may look down on the town slumbering in the valley, watch the last lights put out, and listen to the outgoing tide rippling over the sandbanks and against the old piers of the bridge with the same sound it made four hundred years ago. Then, if you cast your eyes up the stream and look at the hillside round which the river curls, you will see a light—not such a light as might be set in a window after dark to guide some one returning home, still less one which could be given by a lamp or candle used for work or reading inside the house. It marks the exact position of a house, and never varies from that spot; but those who live in the house do not see it, have no knowledge of its cause, and can suggest no reason why their farm alone should be marked by this soft glow, this nightly signal hung out on the hillside, to which no answer ever comes.

Under the night-sky, the church in the valley bottom on the opposite side of the river is scarcely visible. But if the clouds roll back from the moon, and let a sudden blaze of light fall over the river bed, you will see the old gray tower clearly, standing out from a group of chestnut trees, and may even discern the open space beside the churchyard wall where the high-road meets the lane leading to the village. The road gleams beneath the moonlight; but you are too far distant to see any object moving on it.

If it were otherwise, you might now see—but never save when the moon is bright—a white rabbit gamboling about this open space beside the churchyard wall—a pretty long-eared rabbit with pink eyes, like any child's pet escaped from its hutch. It goes loppeting about among the grasses and the corner of the marsh; and if any one should pass, will sit and look with fearless eyes. And well it may! It has nothing to fear from any one dwelling in those parts. No villager would attempt to catch it. No boy would aim a blow at it. If any one walking late sees the white rabbit lopping at his heels, he makes no effort to drive it away, but quickens his pace, and

hopes some good angel may stand between him and harm. A belated postman, terrified to find he could not shake off the pretty white creature at his heels, turned and struck fiercely at it with his oaken cudgel. He felt the stick fall on the soft back of the rabbit, such a blow as might have killed a much larger animal. But the rabbit lopped on as if nothing had happened. The cudgel it was which was broken—shivered into splinters, as if it had struck upon a rock.

No one can tell the history of the rabbit; but our grandfathers knew and feared it as we do ourselves, and it was in their time that the last deliberate attempt to meddle with the creature took place. The attempt was made by a stranger, and it happened in this wise. A number of young men were drinking together in the bar-room of the chief inn of the town. As the evening wore away, the talk grew high, and at last, when all the party were heated, somebody spoke of the white rabbit. Instantly the stranger began to jeer—a silly story such as that would never be believed outside a poky country town where nobody had anything better to do than listen to the first idle tale told him. What harm could a rabbit do anybody! He would like nothing better than to shoot it!

One of the others drew aside the shutter and looked out. The street was as bright as day, and overhead they could see the full moon sailing, free of clouds. 'Tha'd best go now,' he said. 'When the moon shines like this, tha'll find the rabbit by the church.'

A gun was hanging on the wall. It was taken down and loaded amid a babble of jeers and angry retorts; and then the party crowded to the door to watch the stranger stride down the moonlit street, whistling merrily as he went. They saw him pass upon the bridge, and then went back to their bottles.

But some strange feeling of uneasiness had settled over them. Not one seemed inclined to sit down again. They moved restlessly about the room, and presently one of them went to the door and looked out. The others asked eagerly if he heard anything, though they knew the stranger could not have reached the church; and then one suggested that it was a shame to allow a man who had no knowledge of the danger to encounter it alone. The others agreed as readily as men will when they have done what does not please them, and without more delay they set off in a body. They trudged along saying nothing; but when they came near the church, they heard a report and a loud cry, and with one accord they ran up to the open space with beating hearts. Neither man nor rabbit was to be seen. They ran up and down calling his name; there was no reply. He was not in the lane, nor on the high-road, nor on the marsh, where, under the bright moonlight, the motion of a water-hen could have been seen with ease. At last one of the searchers leapt up on the churchyard wall, and sprang down on the inner side, calling on his friends to follow him. There they found him, lying dead, and one barrel of his gun discharged. Climbing over the wall had been fatal to him.

Somewhat farther up the valley than the spot of which we have been speaking stands an old farmhouse, deeply embowered among woods. It

was also a manor-house in former days; and being now much too spacious for the farmer who has the surrounding land, a portion of it, comprising all the better rooms, has sometimes been let separately to a tenant of higher rank.

Some years ago, an old officer and his wife lived at this manor-house. They were accustomed to later hours than the farmer's family, and used to sit up till close on midnight. The lady was fond of dominoes, and her husband, for her pleasure, used to play with her for an hour or more each evening. The rattle of the ivories on the inlaid table on which they played could be plainly heard through the quiet house; and though the lady died long since, the farmer and his wife, lying awake in the winter evenings, still hear the dominoes clatter as they are swept into heaps upon the table.

Where supernatural visitants are so many, it would be strange if the vicarage, which overlooks the churchyard, were without one. The vicarage ghost is rarely spoken of, and it is with difficulty that you will obtain any details concerning it. Only now and then, from some chance allusion, or hint half dropped, you may gather that sometimes in the twilight, or when the rising moon casts gleams and shadows through the corridor window, a figure may be seen seated on the window seat, intently gazing at one particular tombstone in the churchyard. No one will tell the story, if there be one, of this melancholy wraith, or explain what she watches for, and what love it is which, deprived of satisfaction beyond the grave, clings so passionately to the earthly vestiges of that which long since mouldered into dust beneath the roots of the chestnut trees.

This is a long array of ghosts for one small country town, but the list is by no means exhausted. One steep hill rising from the head of the town is haunted in two spots—in one by a woman dressed in black, who is seen emerging from a gateway half-way up the lane, and who disappears a few hundred yards farther on; in another by the chief actor in a very ancient story, now more than half forgotten, of a traveller posting with a treacherous servant in whom he trusted, of a chaise sent forward while master and servant walked up the hill together in the dusk of an autumn evening, of a foul blow dealt from behind, and a secret burial in a wood hard by.

Not far away, a very ancient bridge spans an arm of the tidal river, and on it walks Madam D—, a member of the ancient family whose manor-house stands hard by. Rarely seen by man, the old lady is often perceptible to horses, which shy without cause, start in obvious affright when the road is apparently quite clear.

In a slightly different direction is an old house containing a certain room in which any clock which may be placed stops at the same hour; and only a few fields away lies another haunted by an ancestress, who is often seen in her antique dress, and of whom the inmates of the house have almost ceased to be afraid. Beyond a doubt there are many others in the hills and hollows of this superstitious district, where witches and the services of 'good women' are still articles of faith. Many curious stories of witchcraft could be added to this article; but the ghosts of themselves have perhaps drawn a large draft on the credulity of

the reader, and the witches must suffer for their want of moderation.

In conclusion, let it be said that these stories are not put forward as tested and as proved. They are those told by the peasantry, sometimes with a grave face, sometimes with a laugh, which only attempts to disguise a faith not less strong because it is not proclaimed. Whether they are true or false is no matter; the curious circumstance is that now, to-day, in the midst of an educated country, they are believed as widely as the facts of history itself—perhaps even more firmly.

OSKAMULL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE little village of Oskamull was awake and astir at a much earlier hour than its usual, for it was not given to overhaste in getting up, taking a leisurely view of life—the days being long enough for all ordinary intents and purposes. But on this occasion there was reason for alacrity: in the evening, a ball was to be held at the 'Big House,' in honour of the wedding of one of its daughters, which had taken place the day before, and to which all the gentry from far and near had assembled. Now, those of a humbler sphere were to have their turn; servants, villagers, any one with pretension to youth, and ability to foot it, would be welcome. Young girls were up betimes putting the finishing touches to garments, the outcome of much thought and contriving, and much overturning also of gewgaws in the village shop; and probably before the evening was over, would cause no little jealousy and many a heartache. Some maidens were reticent as to their toilets, judging success would be surer if little was expected of them. These, when asked, said they had more to do than to 'fash' themselves over clothes.

In the Big House kitchen preparations were in full swing. Yesterday's viands were under consideration. Lop-sided jellies united their strength in the pot, and would later reappear as pleasing wholes; and so with trifles, custards, and such-like kickshaws, with little new material, Mrs Beeton, the housekeeper, would evolve almost as sumptuous an entertainment as that of the previous day.

At the village pump, young women might be seen filling their pails, their heads presenting a curious appearance—the front hair incased in stiff paper horns—the back, in plaits. By evening these would be undone, and appear in magnificent fuzzy coils. One maiden there was who came for water like the others; but, unlike them, her head was innocent of decoration, the hair being simply drawn into a knot behind. Clinging to her skirts were two little children, sweet-faced and clean, in patched and faded frocks, their faces smaller editions of their sister's, with the same air of seriousness, but which looked so strangely out of place on theirs. Their short lives had not been calculated to make them merry; they had known too often, perhaps, the saddest experience a little heart can know—to feel hungry, and to realise that the morning's porridge won't

hold until the craving is appeased. Sometimes there was plenty; but it depended on the frequency of 'father's' visits to the 'Thistle,' as the poor little mites knew only too well.

Not so very many years back, 'mother' was alive; and they could just dimly remember a shop in the village street, with boots and shoes cunningly displayed in the window; when their own little feet went always well shod, and protected from frost and cold. But with the arrival of the baby brother, who lived only a few weeks, and then joined his mother in the 'auld kirkyard,' all was changed. The father's strength of mind and self-respect seemed to go; customers fell off, and the shop had to be given up; instead, the damp, broken-down old cottage at the end of the village became home, and they the 'cobbler's bairns.' A little cobbling was done sometimes, but only by fits and starts; and when the drink was on him, reasoning was of no avail, as Ailie had found by bitter experience. All she could do was to keep the children out of his way.

An invitation had been sent to her, the same as to the other village girls; but, unlike them, she never thought of going to the dance. She had no holiday clothes; her best frock, an old brown merino of her mother's, had been made and remade, until now it presented a shabby, skimpy appearance, like everything else about the cottage; but it did well enough for Sunday mornings, when she and the children crept quietly into the farthest-back pew of the old barn-like church, and out again, before the rest of the lagging congregation, whose weekly rendezvous was the church door.

Strange to say, the cobbler had kept straight over Saturday and through the week, and now insisted that his daughter should go to the ball. He tossed her five shillings—he wasn't going to let his lass lose the chance of a bit of fun for the sake of a few shillings. All argument was useless; he was set on her going, and she didn't like to cross him. Perhaps it was the turn of the tide, and brighter days were in store for the little ones; please God, their early girlhood might be brighter than hers had been. She was only nineteen; and youth is hopeful, and although clouds seemed always to loom over the cottage, sometimes a ray of brightness broke through. What though her clothes were poor, Alec never got beyond her face, or tired of looking into her eyes. He would be at the ball to-night, and she could imagine the pleased surprise that would come over his face when he saw her there! Alec was manager at the home farm, had worked his way up from a lad about the place by his own unaided exertions, for poverty is a bad back-friend, and he had only himself to look to. He was always quick; even as a boy at school, he outstripped his fellows, and, much to his teacher's disappointment, took to farm-work instead of to teaching. He was a tall, good-looking man now, kept his head well up, and was his mother's pride.

In the old days, mother and son had been frequent visitors to the comfortable little parlour behind the shop; but with the change of fortune, and Ailie's dawning womanhood, the old dame's visits ceased. She deemed it wiser, as

far as lay in her power, to keep her son and the girl apart. Only Alec remained faithful, even going so far as to have his shoes mended at the cottage. It was kindness made him linger after he had given his orders, and pat the children's heads, and ask her how they got along—Ailie would tell herself. And yet, in the silent night, when the busy hands and feet had to be still, the thought would come, that perhaps he did care a little bit for herself, and that the visits did not only concern boots and shoes.

The early dinner of potatoes and herring was over, the dishes washed and put away, the house tidied up; and now, without being accused of vanity, she might wash and starch the bit of lace for her throat. For the past week there had been an undercurrent of frivolity in the air, penetrating even to the old manse, innocent of feminine element, save for the one deaf old servant who attended the minister's wants, and made him, as if gauging the weakness of the female mind, choose for his text, 'Consider the lilies of the field . . . they toil not, neither do they spin.'

The children were playing at shops on the patch of ground in front of the cottage with bits of broken crockery and rowan berries, when Ailie stepped out into the sunshine, as if to test her gown at its worst. She held it a little away from her, and sadly faded and limp it looked in the bright light, the frill of white lace standing stiffly out in contrast. Some one was close upon her before she noticed any one was there, and laughed to see the anxious, puckered little face. It was Alec, his dog at his heels. 'How are you, Ailie?' he asked in his hearty voice. 'But you look troubled—dressmaking worries? I wish I could stop and cheer you up; but I'm wanted at the Big House. They are still busy at the decorations—hanging up lanterns and all sorts of rubbish; and those English servants are good for nought if you put them higher than the floor. Piggot, the footman, was on the ladder nailing "Hearty Welcome" over the door, when he lost his head, and his footing too, and nearly landed on "my lady," who was standing below.'

Alec looked hot and tired, but pleased and self-important withal. It is good to feel sometimes as if the world couldn't get on without us.

'Stop a moment, Alec,' she faltered as he was hurrying away. 'Do you know father's kept so well lately, and been so kind, and I got an invitation to the ball too, and he won't hear of my not going. I know I'll feel very shabby and out of my place; but I'll just keep quiet in a corner and look on at the others.' There was a pathetic, little expectant ring in her voice as she finished, half hoping he would deny the shabbiness, and say partners would not be lacking whilst he was there—to use the vernacular of her country, that he would himself 'lift her to the floor.'

But instead, Alec looked troubled, and scratched his head uneasily. 'It isn't that I'm not pleased you should have a bit of an outing. It's little you get, year in and year out; but I doubt about your enjoying yourself. You

see,' he added a trifle sheepishly, 'you've got out of the way of the folks; and I'll have to dance with the people that come first in importance, from my position on the place. There's Mrs Beeton, I'm promised to her for the grand march, and Miss Garret for the first reel'—

'Of course, Alec—I understand,' she hastily interrupted him; 'and I mustn't keep you longer now.' As she left him, the little head went a trifle higher and straighter. All had seemed so bright but a moment before; now coming out of the sunshine and into the cottage, she felt as if she were going blind.

She staggered to the little box-bed in the wall: lying on it as she left them were her shoes, shiny black kid with steel buckles, and beside them a handful of cherry-coloured ribbons. She brushed them hastily below the patchwork quilt, as if the sight of them hurt her. Alec might not care to dance with her; but Alec did not comprise her world, she tried to persuade herself. Her interests did not lie beyond the little sisters, and the old brown cottage, and the quiet grave in the kirkyard, and father—instinctively she put him last, and she would not damp his pleasure now by refusing to go to the dance or appearing as if she did not care about it. In an hour or two she would be walking there with Mrs Mackenzie, a neighbour's wife; and if the slippers were not very comfortable, it didn't matter at all now, for no one would dance with her.

But as Alec Cameron made his way to the Big House, he felt as uncomfortable as it was possible for a man to feel who is never in the wrong. As he stood on his lofty perch, and the maids handed up bits of greenery and gay flowers amid plenty of chaff, between it all would come a little disappointed face, with a suspicion of tears not far off, and holding in her hand a sober-coloured bit of a frock, such as his mother would deem too poor to give to their serving-maid. And yet he could not blind himself to the fact that amongst all the gaudily-decked women who would assemble that evening, there would not be one could compare with Ailie with her flower-like face and trim little figure. Other men would find that out too; and even did Ailie keep to her resolution of the corner as she proposed, there was great hulking Gavin Maclean, the cobbler's successor in the shoe-shop, and with no more knowledge of dancing than an elephant, who would hover near. There was only one saving clause: against her better judgment, Ailie harboured a resentment against the shoemaker, and only because he happened to succeed her father in the shop.

Every time she passed the shop she felt anew the hardness of her lot. Had her mother only lived, and her father kept free from the drink, she and her sisters might have had such different lives. It was the children's fate she bemoaned more than her own; it was harder to see them suffer than to suffer herself; and it took much inward reasoning and scolding before she could summon up courage to go into the shop for her shoes. She tried to look as casual as possible, as if it were an every-day affair, and money of no particular account to her.

But Gavin could not help noticing the eager look that came over her face when he showed her the shoes that ought to have been five shillings, but were only half-a-crown because of being a wrong cut. 'I'll take them,' she said quickly; 'it's only for a night, and no good to me after.' They hurt a little when she tried them on; but the pain was almost pleasure, when she thought of the half-crown off. Gladly would the shoemaker have offered them for nothing, had he dared to do so.

SPIDERS AND THEIR HABITS.

PROBABLY no animals come more frequently under our observation than the Spider, and yet there are few about whose general habits and manner of living people are more ignorant. Even the great Aristotle seems never to have looked critically at a spider while it was spinning, or he could not have fancied, as he did, that the materials it uses are nothing but wool stripped from its body. This is the more to be wondered at, since there is probably no other animal whose powers of architecture are so marvellous. It seems most wonderful, indeed almost incredible, that such a small creature should spin beautiful, strong threads; that it should weave these threads into nets immeasurably more subtle than any made by fisherman or fowler; and that it should arrange this net with the greatest precision in a position most suitable for catching its prey. It is a matter of every-day occurrence for the little architect to build bridges; to lift bodies many times its own weight; to erect houses and divide them into various compartments; to make staircases, doors with real hinges, arches, domes, and tunnels immensely larger than itself; and it was doing these things at a time when man had conceived methods for but a few of them.

It may be worth while to give a short sketch of the more prominent characteristics of the spider, and for this purpose it will be sufficient to take the family which to most people represents the whole Order of spiders—namely, that called '*Epeira*,' which is found in abundance in our gardens. The habits of this spider can be observed without difficulty by any one, as it is easily caught, and may be kept in a box for weeks. Some observers hold that it can live without visible alteration for three years without food; but it is advisable, if the captive is to be made to spin threads, that a fly should be occasionally put into the box. The size most easily obtained is that of about one-tenth of an inch in length of body. The larger ones, of about half an inch in length, are most plentiful in hothouses. To capture one, it is only necessary to examine a hedge or railing for the beautiful and well-known geometrical web. The spider will in most cases be found concealed in a remote corner of the web, from which he can be dislodged and transferred without difficulty to a box. It is necessary to have a separate box for each spider, as these creatures have most pronounced cannibalistic tendencies. If two or more be placed in one box, it will probably be found, a few hours afterwards, that only one remains, the dimen-

sions of the latter meanwhile having appreciably increased at the expense of the others. Sometimes, too, it is the smaller one that eats the larger. A spider periodically casts its skin by drawing it over its head as a sailor would a jersey. While a large spider was doing this, and therefore had its arms imprisoned, a small one has been seen to attack, kill, and eat it.

Before studying the habits of the spider—which word, according to some writers, appears to be the spinner, or spider, from the Anglo-Saxon *spinnan*, to spin—it is advisable to be acquainted with the general character of the spinning apparatus. In a large gland in the body of the spider is secreted a viscid fluid, which is the substance of the thread that goes to form the web. If a large garden specimen be examined, there will be seen at its posterior end four or six little protuberances or spinnerets. Each spinneret is provided with a very large number of exceedingly small holes or tubes, which communicate with the gland. From each of these tubes, or 'spinning spools,' there can be ejected, at the will of the spider, some of the fluid secretion from the gland. This fluid has the remarkable property of becoming solid whenever it is exposed to the air. The thread thus formed, of almost inconceivable thinness, unites by means of the gum on its surface with all the other threads of the same spinner. Hence, from each spinner proceeds a compound thread, estimated to consist of about one thousand strands, and these four or six compound threads, at a distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the spinners, again unite to form the thread which we are accustomed to see used by the spider for its web, and which, from its thinness, could scarcely be imagined to consist of at least four thousand strands. To give an idea of the extreme tenuity of a single strand, a famous microscopist has estimated that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that four million of them would not equal in thickness one of the hairs of his beard.

It may be asked, what is the probable reason for such complexity of structure? Why should not the spider simply force the thread through one hole of suitable size? There are several reasons. One is, that the thread, issuing as it does in so many strands, exposes a large surface to the action of the air, and therefore becomes solid much more quickly than if the secretion were forced through one large aperture. Another reason is, that a rope formed of many strands will have fewer flaws than a solid rope of the same thickness, and is therefore much stronger.

It must be remarked that, for purposes of observing the spider at work, it is necessary to have the garden species. Those found in dwelling-houses are quite different, not only in the nature of their webs, but also in the important fact that, while the garden spider never drops except by means of a thread which it spins, the house species when let fall seldom spins its thread. It is therefore of little use for experimental purposes.

With regard to the webs, even the most casual observer must have noticed the difference between the house and garden species.

Those which we commonly see in houses are of a woven texture similar to fine gauze, and are appropriately termed 'webs;' those of the garden spider are a most beautiful framework, composed of radial threads diverging from a central point, and of a gradually increasing spiral of thread fixed, with mathematical regularity, to the radial threads.

To observe the habits of the spider, it is only necessary to take the captive out of its box by means of a piece of paper, and to hold the paper about a yard above the ground. The thread will be most easily seen against a black background. Of its own accord, or after a slight shake of the paper, the spider begins to drop rapidly, meanwhile suspending itself by the thread which it is spinning. It may drop quite to the ground; if so, it can be taken up again. As a rule, however, it drops about six or eight inches, and then seems to hang motionless for some little time. But it is soon seen that it is far from idle. Were it possible to place it in a room without the slightest draught, it is probable that it would either drop to the ground or return to the paper; but there is always a current of warm air from the observer. It will be seen, then, that the spider is rapidly spinning a thread of such lightness that it is carried outwards by the draught. In less than half a minute the thread may be as much as ten feet in length. If this thread has not reached one of the surrounding walls, the spider climbs back to the paper, meanwhile rolling up on one of its feet the part by which it dropped. It again lets itself fall from the paper, and throws out another long thread, the first one still floating in the air. Sooner or later, one catches on some part of the room, and the spider seems to ascertain this by pulling on the thread. Having thus constructed a bridge, the little creature runs rapidly along, and would, of course, escape if allowed. It can then be replaced in its box for further experiment.

It is interesting to watch the ingenious manner in which a spider, placed on a stick in the midst of a vessel of water, contrives to throw a bridge to the edge of the vessel, and thus cross over without touching the water. The garden spider has a strong aversion to water, and in this respect differs from another species, which lives mostly under water, possessing the wonderful power of carrying air round its body by means of the countless number of minute hairs with which it is clothed. Having this means of storing air, the water spider only requires to come to the surface about four times an hour.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained in the manner already described, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare, from these tests, the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require twenty-five thousand threads to make a sheet one inch broad. When it is remembered

that each of these threads is composed of some four thousand strands, the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require one hundred millions to make one inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast-iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel.

It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.

It will well repay any one to study the habits of these interesting creatures, and this can be done with very little difficulty. They are easily caught, require practically no attention, can be kept for weeks, and soon become very tame. They will be seen to perform many astonishing feats which space does not permit of mentioning here. One very interesting and amusing experiment is to choose a good web, and touch one of the spirals with the vibrating end of a small tuning-fork. Almost at once the spider runs into the centre of the web, puts its foot under each of the radial threads, till it feels which one is vibrating most violently, when it immediately runs along till it reaches the tuning-fork. This is seen to be the same process by which a fly is caught. On no account does it run along what is sometimes the shortest way, if, for example, it happened to be on the same spiral, but always runs to the centre first.

OVER THE THRESHOLD.

WHITE blossoms shine in sunny field and lane,
Sweet birds rejoice, and fragrant leaves unfold;
O little maid, the world is young again,
And thou art heiress of the Age of Gold!
But Love is as a flower that fadeth not,
That blooms in happy homeland every day;
Over the threshold of thy mother's cot,
Dance, little feet, while yet the year is May!

White blossoms laugh in all the garden ways,
Pure as her heart, around her brow they twine;
They hear with rapture what the maiden says:
'For ever I am thine as thou art mine.'
And Love's a flower where never blight may come,
That blooms in lovers' hearts eternally;
Over the threshold of thy fair new home,
Move, happy bride, and bear thy joy with thee!

White blossoms sleep upon a quiet breast,
That beats no longer now with joy or pain;
For one has journeyed from the world's unrest,
To seek the land so long desired in vain.
But Love's the blossom on immortal boughs,
That wreathes the portals of the pearly door;
Over the threshold of thy Father's house,
Pass in, dear heart, and dwell for evermore!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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A RIDE INTO AFGHANISTAN.

By DAVID KER.

To find one's way by a trail of skeletons over a stony, burning plain in one of the wildest parts of Asia, in company with four grim-looking and well-armed Eastern horsemen, who are as expert at robbing and murdering as the savagest brigands that swarm in the hills above, is something of an adventure; and this was just how my wife and I found ourselves employed one fine, clear January morning, at the time when the last Afghan war was slowly burning itself out.

Our breakfast that morning at the little English outpost of Sibi, with books and newspapers around us, and a train puffing in with its load of soldiers right in front of our windows, had been quite a civilised affair; but we had already had plenty of proofs that the region into which we were penetrating was one of the most untameably savage in the world. Only the day before, we had found the bodies of two murdered men close to our quarters; and now another equally characteristic feature of the country suddenly presented itself—a small round tower of rough stones, with a narrow opening in its side close to the ground, just big enough to let one man creep into or out of it at a time.

'See,' said I, 'that thing's called a tower of refuge, such as you read of in the Psalms. When the peasants see a band of robbers coming down from those hills yonder, they leave their work, and bolt in through that hole like rabbits, and block it up with a big stone that lies all ready inside; and there they stay till the robbers are gone.'

In this extraordinary country, even in the depth of winter and with snow on the hills, the rocks around us were almost too hot to be touched with the bare hand; and riding over this stony desert in the full glare of the sun was trying work even for us. But we

could not linger, for a British column was marching ahead of us up the Bolan Pass—one of the two gateways in the great mountain-wall that shuts off Southern Afghanistan from the outer world—and we were hurrying to catch it up and join it.

The distant view of the green gardens and clustering trees around the Beluchee village of Dadur, away to the south, only intensified the dreariness of the grim waste before us. Dry beds of stone and gravel, dusty hollows, cracked and gaping like thirsty mouths, flat, dismal wastes of burning sand dotted with stray clumps of prickly scrub, lay outspread mile after mile, beneath the blistering glare of the sunshine.

Quite in keeping with this wild scene was the grim aspect of our four guards—Beluchee warriors from the great southern desert, fierce, hardy, and untiring, as the wild beasts of their native wilderness. Strange-looking fellows they were, whose appearance in the streets of New York or London would collect a larger crowd than any circus, and whom Fenimore Cooper could have named at a glance after the creatures that they resembled. The leader—who was over six feet, but so lank and supple that one might almost have corded a trunk with him—might fairly claim the now famous title of 'Big Serpent.' No. 2's small, spare frame, sharp face, and deep-set glittering eye, at once reminded me of a rat. No. 3's flat nose, low forehead, and broad heavy jaw might have served Landseer himself as a model for a bulldog; while any Western buffalo would have recognised a brother in the bulky form and huge, black, shaggy head of No. 4.

The dress of these desert warriors—all of whom had curved swords by their sides and short guns slung at their backs—was as strange as their aspect. The Snake was clad in successive waterfalls of white cotton, ending in one great gush that reached to his ankles, while a supernumerary rapid of loose turban ran half-way down his back. The Rat's appearance suggested his having pawned all his clothes, and

then wrapped himself in a collier's table-cloth. The Bulldog's turban was twisted as tightly round his head and neck as if the head had been cut off and tied on again; while the Buffalo had drawn the broad leather girdle of his buff-coloured coat so close as to divide himself into two hemispheres, like a school map of the world. Even the rough, wiry, little horses were adorned with necklaces of blue glass beads, and required only a pair of earrings apiece to make them complete.

Splash! we plunge suddenly down a steep gravelly ridge right into the Bolan River itself; but the torrent which, in the rainy season, can sweep away men and horses like straws, has now dwindled to a brook only a few inches in depth, and we cross it easily enough. And now the vast gray precipices close in on either side, and we are fairly in the gorge at last. Frowning cliffs above, shattered rocks below, heat and dust everywhere; a tremendous desolation, a gloomy and awful silence. No sight or sound of life save the hoarse scream of a vulture from its perch on the skeleton of a camel among the fallen boulders, or the clattering tread of an Afghan rider who comes dashing along the rough, rocky path, with the long barrel and sickle-shaped stock of his *jewail* (rifle) projecting full three feet on either side of the saddle-bow, and his keen black eyes shooting a wolfish glance at us as he flits by. Gaunt, wiry, enduring, crafty as a fox and ferocious as a tiger, he is indeed a true type of the bandit race to which he belongs—the men who, as soon as a child can crawl, make him creep through a hole cut in the mud wall of the house, as if stealing in to plunder it, while the family shout in chorus, 'Ghal shah! ghal shah!' (Be a thief! be a thief!)

Suddenly a cloud comes over the sinking sun, and Mrs Ker lets down the white parasol that has hitherto shielded her, and gives it into the hands of the Big Serpent. The worthy savage—who has probably never seen a lady's parasol before—holds it out at arm's length for a moment with a wondering grin on his lean dark face, such as one sees in the pictures of Robinson Crusoe's 'Man Friday' trying on his first suit of clothes. Then he begins to pull it about with the eagerness of a child examining a new toy, and soon discovers the spring and the way in which it acts. In his delight, he puts the sunshade up and down three or four times in quick succession, and then suddenly dashes away up the pass for a quarter of a mile, and back to us again, waving the parasol over his head and yelling like a madman. The Rat and the Bulldog eye him with a look of amused astonishment, and aim at him a few plain-spoken Oriental jokes; while the Buffalo turns his broad back on the undignified spectacle with an air of quiet scorn.

But all this while where is the camp of Kohan-Dilani, whither we are bound? Afternoon has passed into evening—evening is fast vaning toward night—and still there is no sign of it. In an hour more it will be quite dark, and—as we already know to our cost—the darkness will bring with it the robbers, who are sure to be active in the rear of a British column, in the hope of picking up

stragglers and abandoned stores. Against a whole band of armed mountaineers—of whose merciless cruelty we had seen fearful proofs only the day before—neither our own revolvers nor the rusty guns of our escort would be likely to help us much, to say nothing of the chance of the Big Serpent and his crew joining in plundering us (as they most probably would) instead of resisting.

From these unpleasant musings I was suddenly roused by the worthy Serpent himself, who brought his horse alongside of mine, and pointing up the gorge, said impressively, in almost the only Hindustani words that he knew: 'Dekho, Sahib! Kohan-Dilani hai.' (See, sir, there's Kohan-Dilani.)

There, sure enough, on a bare rocky plateau about half a mile ahead of us, rows of white tents are seen ranged in symmetrical order, and a number of small fires twinkle cheerily through the fast-falling shadows of night.

Late—but better late than never. We splash once more through the eternal Bolan River—which seems to have as many twists as a corkscrew, for we have crossed and recrossed it at least a dozen times already—and, putting our horses to speed, come dashing into the camp in gallant style, with our gang of Beluchee scarecrows at our heels. In another minute we are exchanging hand-shakes and hearty greetings with a hospitable group of English officers; while the soldiers hail the arrival of the first lady who has come up the Pass since the war began, with a cheer that rolls along the silent gorge like a peal of thunder.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXII.—ISLES OF WINTER.

ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY had a strong constitution; but that second summer in the northern seas told upon his health even more seriously than all his previous seafaring. Perhaps it was the result of his great disappointment; perhaps it was the sense of nothing left in this life to live for; but at any rate, he grew thin and weak, and lost heart for his work, in a way that was unusual with so vigorous a sailor. The skipper as he looked at him thought Wiloughby wouldn't ever be fit for another sealing voyage—thought it in that hard, purely objective way that is habitual to skippers in dealing with seamen. And Arnold Willoughby himself began to recognise the fact that he was growing ill and worn with these continued hardships. Life had been a failure for him. His day was over. He was one of those, he feared, who must go to the wall in the ceaseless struggle for life which nature imposes upon us.

But at any rate he would go to the wall like a man; he would live or die on his own poor earnings. He never went back for a moment upon the principles he had established for himself in early manhood. From the day when he saw his cousin Algy's claim admitted in full by the House of Lords, he considered himself as nothing more than Arnold Wil-

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loughby, an able-bodied seaman—and not even that now, as things were taking him. Yet he was himself for all that. Even though you go sealing on the Greenland coasts, you can't quite get rid of the cultivated habits and tastes of a gentleman. Arnold Willoughby, for his part, never desired to get rid of them. He loved the things of the mind in spite of everything. During his earlier years of apprenticeship to the perils of the sea, he had yearned for art; now he had given up art for the moment, he took in its place to literature. The sailors in the fo'c'sle of the *Sheriff Ivory* of Dundee were much amused from time to time at Willoughby's rummy way of writing at odd moments in a pocket-book he kept by him; and indeed at all spare hours he was engaged by himself in a curious piece of work whose meaning and import the average mariner's mind could hardly fathom. He was deciphering and translating the Elizabethan English sailor's manuscript which he had picked up by accident in the little shop at Venice.

He did it merely to please himself; and therefore he was able to spend a great deal more time and trouble over doing it to perfection than he could possibly have spent if he were one of the miserable drudges who live by the professional pursuit of letters under our hard-faced régime. He translated it carefully, lovingly, laboriously. Day after day in his spare moments he took out a page at a time, and transcribed and Englished it with studious pains in his little pocket note-book. For two seasons he had gone on with this amateur authorship, if such it might be called; and towards the end of the second, he had pretty fairly finished his allotted taskwork.

But the fo'c'sle of a sealer in full pursuit of oil is by no means an ideal place for literary composition. Many a time and oft Arnold was interrupted by rude pleasantries or angry calls; many a time he was delayed by the impossibility of finding room for a few minutes' work even on so humble a basis. At last, one afternoon, towards the close of the sealing season, he was told off with a dozen other men for a run in a boat down the ice-bound coast in search of fresh sealing-grounds. His party were on the lookout for Greenland seals, which usually bask and flounder in the sun on the blocks in ice-floes; and they had rowed to a considerable distance from their ship without perceiving any 'fish,' as the sealers call them. Their road lay through a floating mass of blue crystalline ice-blocks. At last, the pack grew too thick for them to penetrate any farther, and the bo'sun in charge, blowing his whistle from the stern, gave the word to return to the *Sheriff Ivory*. They rowed back again about half a knot, in full sight of their ship, when it became gradually apparent that they were becoming surrounded by icebergs. A change in the wind brought them along unexpectedly. One after another, the great white mountains loomed up and approached them from all sides, apparently sailing in every direction at once, though really of course only veering with the breeze from different quarters in the same general direction. The bo'sun looked at them with some dislike. 'Ah don't care for bergs,'

he said in his thick Sunderland dialect. 'Tha've got naw pilot aboard.' And indeed the icebergs seemed to be drifting in every direction, hither and thither at random, without much trace of a rudder. Closer and closer they drew, those huge glacial islands, two large ones in particular almost blocking the way to the ship in front of them. The bo'sun looked at them again. 'Toorn her about, boys,' he said once more in a very decided way. 'Easy all, bow-side: row like blazes, you oother uns! Ah'm thinkin' we'll naw be able to break through them by that quarter.'

The men turned the boat instantly in obedience to his word, and began rowing for their lives in the opposite direction. It was away from the ship; but in their present strait, the first thing to be thought of was avoiding the pressing danger from the icebergs at all hazards. By-and-by the bo'sun spoke again. 'Ah'm thinkin',' he said slowly, 'tha're toornin' themselves this way, mates.'

Arnold Willoughby glanced round. It was only too true. The icebergs, which were two enormous blocks of white shimmering crystal, half a mile or more in length, had shifted their course somewhat, and were now coming together, apparently both behind and in front of them. The boat lay helpless in a narrow channel of blue water between the high walls of ice that glistened in the sun like chalk cliffs in August. At the rate the bergs were moving, it would take only some ten or twelve minutes for them to shock and shiver against one another's sides. The prospect was appalling. Human arms could hardly carry the boat free of their point of contact before they finally collided. In that moment of danger, not a word was spoken. Every man saw the peril for himself at once, and bent forward to the long sweeps with terrible intensity of energy. Meanwhile, those vast moving islands of ice came resistlessly on, now sailing ahead for a moment before a gust of wind, now halting and veering again with some slight change in the breeze. Yet on the whole, they drew steadily nearer and nearer, till at last, Arnold Willoughby, looking up, saw the green crystal mountains rising almost sheer above their heads to the terrific height of several hundred feet like huge cliffs of alabaster.

'Noo, look oot, boys,' the bo'sun cried in a solemn voice of warning. 'Tha'll strike afore long.' And every eye in the boat was fixed at once, as he spoke, on the approaching monsters.

Scarcely room was left between them for the boat to pass out; and she was still many yards from the point where the blue channel between the bergs began to widen again. A sort of isthmus of water, a narrow open strait, intervened between them and the wider part of the interval. Two clashing capes of ice obstructed it. On and on came the great mountains of glistening white crystal, tall, terrible, beautiful, in irresistible energy. The men crouched and cowered. Arnold Willoughby knew their last moment had come. There was no way out of it now. In another second the bergs would crash together with a thunder of the sea; their

little cockboat would be shivered to fragments before the mighty masses of the jarring ice-mountains; and they themselves, mere atoms, would be crushed to a pulp as instantly and unconsciously as an ant is crushed under the wheel of a carriage. Not a man tried to pull another stroke at the oars. Every eye was riveted on the horrible moving deaths. Their arms were as if paralysed. They could but look and look, awaiting their end in speechless terror.

At that awful moment, just before the unconscious masses struck and shivered into pieces, a flood of strange thought broke at once over Arnold Willoughby's mind. And it summed itself up in the thousandfold repetition of the one word, Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen.

He thought it over and over again, in a sudden agony of penitence. With a rush, it burst in upon him that he had done wrong, grievously wrong, to be so hasty and impulsive. What misery he might have caused her! what injury he might have inflicted! After all, no man can ever be quite certain even in his interpretation of the most seemingly irresistible facts. What wrong he might have done her, ah, Heaven, now irrevocable! Irrevocable! Irrevocable! For the mighty masses of ice stood above them like precipices on the brink of falling; and in one second more they would shock together—

Crash! Crash! Crash! Even before he had finished thinking it, a noise like thunder, or the loud rumble of an earthquake, deafened their ears with its roar, redoubled and ingeminated. The bergs had met and clashed together in very truth, and all nature seemed to clash with them. A horrible boiling and seething of the water around them! A fearful shower of ice shot upon them by tons! And then, just before Arnold Willoughby closed his eyes and ceased to think or feel, he was dimly aware of some huge body from above crushing and mangleing him helplessly. Pains darted through him with fierce spasms; and then all was silence.

Half an hour passed away before Arnold, lying stiff, was again conscious of anything. By that time he opened his eyes, and heard a voice saying gruffly: 'Why, Willoughby ain't killed neither! He's a-lookin' about him.'

At sound of the voice, which came from one of his fellow-sailors, Arnold strove to raise himself on his arm. As he did so, another terrible shoot of pain made him drop down again, half unconscious. It occurred to him dimly that his arm must be broken. Beyond that he knew nothing, and he lay there long, nobody taking for the time any further notice of him.

When he opened his eyes a second time he could see very well why. They were still surrounded by whole regiments of icebergs, and the remaining valid men of the crew were still rowing for dear life to get clear of the danger. But one other man lay worse crushed than himself, a mangled mass of clotted blood and torn rags of clothes, at the bottom of the boat; while a second one, by his side, still alive, but barely that, groaned horribly at intervals in the throes of deadly agony.

Arnold lay back once more, quite passive all the while as to whether they escaped or were engulfed. He was weak and faint with pain; and so far as he thought of anything at all, thought merely in a dim way that he would like to live if only for one thing—to see Kathleen Hessegrave.

Hours passed before he knew what had really happened. It was a curious accident. An iceberg is a huge floating mass of ice, only an insignificant part of which shows visibly above water. The vastly greater portion is submerged and unsuspected. It is impossible, of course, to guess at the shape of this submerged part, any more than one could guess at the shape of the submerged part of a piece of ice as it bobs up and down in a glass by observation of the bit that protrudes above the water. These particular icebergs, however, had such exceptionally sheer and perpendicular sides that they looked like huge fragments of an extended ice-field, broken off laterally; they seemed to show that the submerged portion was flush with the cliffs they exhibited above water. Had that been quite so, Arnold Willoughby's boat could never have escaped complete destruction. It would have been stove in and crushed between the great colliding walls like a nut under a steam-hammer. But as it happened, the submerged block was slightly larger in that direction than the visible portion; and the bergs thus crashed together for the most part under water, causing a commotion and eddy which very nearly succeeded in swamping the boat, and which rendered rowing for a minute or two wholly impossible. At the same time, a projecting pinnacle that jutted out above from the face of the cliff came in contact with another part of the opposing iceberg, and, shivering into fragments a hundred yards away from them, broke up with such force that many of its shattered pieces were hurled into the boat, which they, too, threatened to swamp, but which fortunately resisted by the mere elasticity of the water about them.

For a minute or two, all on board had been tumult and confusion. It was impossible for those who were less seriously hurt to decide offhand upon the magnitude of the disaster, or to tell whether the bergs, recoiling with the shock, might not wheel and collide again, or lose balance and careen, sucking them under as they went with the resulting eddy. As a matter of fact, however, the collision, which had been little more than a mere sideward gliding, like the kiss of a billiard ball, was by no means a serious one. The two moving mountains just touched and glanced off, ricochetting, as it were, and leaving the boat free in a moment to proceed upon her course. But as soon as the bo'sun could collect his wits and his men for a final effort, he found that one was dead; while two more, including Arnold Willoughby, lay wounded and senseless at the bottom of the gig, whether actually dead or only dying they knew not.

Summing up all their remaining nerve, the uninjured men seized their oars once more, and rowed for dear life in the direction of the open. It was half an hour or so before they

could consider themselves at all clear of the ice; and even then they had no idea of the distance from the ship, for the *Sheriff Ivory* herself could nowhere be sighted. For hours they rowed on helplessly over the trackless waves; it was dark before they sighted the missing ship in front of them. By the time they had reached it, Arnold Willoughby, now faint and half unconscious with cold and exposure, hardly realised as yet the full extent of his injuries.

But when next morning he woke again in his bunk after a night of semi-unconsciousness, he discovered that his arm was really broken, and, worse still, that his right hand was so crushed and maimed as to be almost useless.

The voyage back to Dundee was for Arnold a terrible one. He lay most of the time in his hammock, for he was now useless as a 'hand;' and his arm, clumsily set by the mate and the bo'sun, gave him a great deal of trouble in the small hours of the morning. Moreover, his outlook for the future was exceedingly doubtful. It was clear he would never again be fit to go to sea; while the damage to his hand, which he feared was irrevocable, would make it impossible for him to return to the trade of painter. Whither to turn for a living when he reached home again, he knew not. Nay, even the desire to see Kathleen again, which had come over him so fiercely when he sat under the shadow of the impending iceberg, grew much feebler and fainter now that he felt how impossible it would be for him in future ever to provide for her livelihood. More than at any previous time, the self-deposed Earl began to realise to himself what a failure he had proved on equal terms with his fellow-man in the struggle for existence.

Yet even if you are a failure, it is something to accept your position bravely; and Arnold Willoughby always accepted his own like a man with that cheery pessimism which is almost characteristic of his caste in England.

(To be continued.)

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

It is said that if we had more perfect means of identifying Habitual Criminals, their comparative fewness would excite surprise, and the desirability of possessing such means has for a long time been felt by everybody connected with the detection of crime or the administration of justice. If there were no large centres of population, and criminals confined their operations to their native districts, the matter would be simple; but personal knowledge on the part of London, Glasgow, or Birmingham police of all of the habitual law-breakers in their cities is impossible, especially as these people are generally nomads.

Efforts have been made in this country from time to time to reduce identification to a system. First, we have the Habitual Criminals Register, established by Parliament some twenty-five years ago, and kept at the Home Office with its supplement, the Register of Distinctive Marks. The first-named contains in alphabetical order the names of all persons twice

convicted of *crime*, a term including any felony, and such misdemeanours as complicity in coining or burglary, and obtaining money by false pretences. It also contains a history and personal description of each person. The title of the supplementary record explains its nature. It has nine main divisions for the different parts of the body, and subdivisions arranged according to the nature of the marks; and when by its aid a clue to identity is obtained, confirmation is sought in the description supplied by the alphabetical register. Great care is taken in the preparation of these records, copies of which are annually distributed to the various police forces of England; yet they appear to be of little use. Several explanations are suggested, but we need only mention one—the rarity of really distinctive marks. Photography, too, has proved a deceptive agent; and the circulated descriptions popularly known as the 'hue-and-cry' leave much to be desired in the way of exactness. One other method is pursued in London and some other large towns—the reviewing of prisoners by police and warders; but the benefits obtained are not at all commensurate with the loss of time involved. In brief, then, our present system is cumbersome and unreliable, sometimes causing undeserved suffering, and more often allowing the guilty to escape.

In these circumstances the public will welcome the intimation that a Committee appointed by the Home Secretary has recommended a practically complete change in the existing methods of identification. The evidence received by that body and the conclusions it arrived at are of a highly interesting character. The points referred to it were (1) The merits of our present system; (2) Those of the anthropometric, or Bertillon, system and 'finger-print' system, separately or in combination; and (3) Whether new methods should replace or only supplement existing ones.

Bertillonage, as the system of measurement invented by M. Alphonse Bertillon is called, has lately received a good deal of attention in British and foreign periodicals, and been adopted for detective purposes in many countries. It was submitted to the Prefect of Police at Paris in 1879, and introduced by him in 1882. In 1883, 49 old offenders were recognised through its agency; in the following year, 241; and in 1892, 680. At Lyons and Marseilles, anthropometrical registers have been established; several other large towns in France are about to follow the example, and the police of the rural districts frequently seek M. Bertillon's aid. In several countries of Europe, the system has been adopted, though mainly in connection with foreign offenders; it has for two years been working satisfactorily in Bengal and Ceylon, and will soon be in operation all over India; in the States and Canada several prison governors are working it independently, and these affirm that only central control is requisite to its complete success.

The subject having already been treated in this *Journal* (No. 391, June 27, 1891), a detailed description of Bertillonage is not needed here; but of the classification a little may be said. Let the reader imagine the side of a room

occupied with pigeon-holes. First, these are divided vertically into three parts, for long, medium, and short heads; and then horizontally also into three parts, for broad, medium, and narrow heads. These nine divisions are made twenty-seven by the classification of fingers (long, medium, and short), eighty-one by the foot measurements, and two hundred and forty-three by those of the forearm. M. Bertillon has other dimensions; but we have said enough to show that the division may be made as minute as one pleases, and that it secures scientific accuracy in identification, the two main facts on which it is based being established beyond question—namely, that no two persons are in all their dimensions alike, and that the bony structure of the adult body never varies. It is worth remarking that the Bertillon system has not escaped criticism. Unless perfect accuracy be observed in taking the measurements, the system would only be a snare; and lack of care or intelligence is an ever-present danger if the task be committed—as it sometimes must—to warders and police of perhaps doubtful zeal, or who have had no experience. Then, a prolonged search, and with dubious results, would be rendered necessary when measurements were on or near the margin of the primary divisions. In theory, however, the system is perfect. Now, let us see the Bertillon system at work, looking through the eyes of Sir Richard Webster, the late Attorney-general. He visited M. Bertillon's office with his successor, Sir Charles Russell, and the following case came under his notice. A man was brought in who gave what afterwards proved to be a false name, and said that he had never been charged before. Eight measurements were taken, and guided by these, the English lawyers selected a certain card from M. Bertillon's cabinet. This bore a name differing from the one given, as well as a photograph which Sir Richard thought unlike the prisoner. But it also bore a record of private marks—a scar of such a kind on such a finger, and a tattooed anchor an inch long on the posterior side of the left arm. These marks were found on the prisoner. He was obviously the man indicated; and it is a remarkable fact that these inexperienced visitors selected the right card in four minutes from among ninety thousand.

Mr Francis Galton is a well-known anthropologist, who some years ago took up the question of finger-prints from the point of view of heredity and racial distinctions, and subsequently studied it with relation to personal identity. Sir William Herschel noticed the significance of these prints many years ago; but it was Mr Galton who first carried investigations so far as to warrant positive deductions, and he has a marvellous statement to make. The papillary ridges, or lines on the hand, form at the finger-tips a distinct pattern of one of three broad classes: the 'arch,' in which the lines run from side to side of the bulb without making any turn or twist; the 'loop,' which shows a single backward turn; and the 'whorl,' consisting of a duplex spiral, or at least one circle. There are numberless variations of each pattern, which also generally varies on the different fingers; and though there is a remote

chance that the ridges on one finger may be similar with two persons, there is no chance whatever of absolute identity if ten or even five fingers (Mr Galton says two) be in question. Moreover, the lines of infancy are the lines of old age, and they are not to be altered either by manual labour or by scars. Once Mr Galton found that time effected a change, a ridge which bifurcated at the age of two and a half having become united at fifteen. But this exception does not injure his theory, of the correctness of which he has overwhelming testimony. He has examined the fingers of oakum-pickers and of labourers of every kind, has received finger-prints of many races; and compared those of childhood and youth, of maturity and old age; and with a lapse of fourteen years between prints of the same person's fingers, he can point out one hundred and eleven coincidences! Mr Galton's system has some advantages over M. Bertillon's. To take finger-prints is a much simpler process than to take several measurements, and the task might be confidently entrusted to anybody. In Bertillonage, too, there is a risk of error, though it be small; but there is no possibility of it with Mr Galton's system if—and this is the stumbling-block—the collection of cards be small. Did the patterns occur indiscriminately, we might readily classify over one hundred thousand imprints; but unfortunately they do not, the arch and its variations being comparatively rare; while other patterns are common, and have a knack of being similar on all ten fingers. In twenty-six hundred cards a considerable number of patterns appeared but once; but each of twelve others appeared twenty-six times; and one, one hundred and sixty-four times. This is fatal to total dependence on the Galton scheme. The scientist himself in his laboratory with lens and pantograph can point out peculiarities in every specimen; but for police purposes these fine distinctions would be useless. The Galton system, therefore, cannot be adopted as the sole basis of identification; nor does the Committee which has been investigating the subject recommend that the Bertillon should. That body thinks that, however complete the classification, the vastness of the number of measurements requisite would in England, as it will in France, in time cause difficulty; and reference is made to the greater power over prisoners enjoyed by the French police—a consideration of importance.

The partial adoption of each system is, however, recommended, and the grafting of the combination on the existing English system, of which, it is hoped, time may permit the abolition. As it is highly probable that the Committee's suggestions will in the main be accepted, it is worth while to summarise them. Before prisoners were discharged, they would be photographed. In France, two distinct portraits are taken on the same plate, and the ear and nose are thus clearly shown. We, however, use a mirror for the side-face, and the practice is to be continued. Then would follow the taking of five measurements, which is fewer than M. Bertillon requires—the length and width of the head, and the length of the left middle finger, left forearm, and left foot. These dimensions

would be shown in millimetres. The third step would be to take the finger-prints, which would appear on the back of a card twelve inches by five; the front containing the other details mentioned, as well as the particulars now supplied by the Habitual Criminals and Distinctive Marks Registers, and a copy of the prisoner's photograph. This card would then be placed in a cabinet provided with a mechanical contrivance devised by Mr Galton for rendering an error in sorting impossible. Two or three incidental points may be referred to. In Bengal, M. Bertillon's figures for, say, broad, medium, and narrow heads were found unsuitable; and Dr Garson, of the Anthropological Institute, asserts that they also would be so in this country, and that lower limits would be necessary. It is also proposed that a separate cabinet for females should be at once established; and later on, when cards have become numerous, that for males divided into two parts, according to age. The issue of regulations for measuring and photographing untried prisoners is suggested. This would be a serious innovation; but the Home Secretary is empowered to do so by the Penal Servitude Act, 1891; and precautions against abuse might easily be taken. In the first place, the rules would have to be laid before Parliament; and the Committee suggests that a magistrate's or prison-visitor's order should first be obtained; and in the event of the prisoner's acquittal, the photograph be destroyed. The power, too, would only be exercised if the prisoner's antecedents were unknown.

Such is an outline of the scheme recommended by an influential Committee of experts, after mature deliberation and hearing a mass of evidence from specialists—the chiefs of some dozen police forces, prison governors, lawyers, and scientists. That it would be an improvement upon the existing system does not admit of doubt; and if gradually introduced, as suggested, first in the metropolis, and afterwards in the other great towns and in the country districts, and heartily taken up by the various officials entrusted with its working, the more dangerous criminals would have better supervision, and administrators of justice be enabled more accurately to discriminate between the habitual and the casual offender.

OSKAMULL

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE dance was at its height. Young men and maidens uttered no sound, save for an occasional whoop from the bass of manly lungs during the reel, and, as is the way with the rustic Scotch, kept their emotions to themselves. Directly a dance is at an end, the youth makes a stiff bow to his partner, and leaves her standing where the music left her. She finds a seat for herself, or waits until the music strikes up again, when, if she is in demand, or partners plentiful, another youth will formally salute her, speaking no word. And so the evening goes on. With the supper, tongues unloose a little.

'You're eating naething, Nannie.'

'I'm doing fine, Jock.'

'Hoots; you're ower slack; shove in your plate.'

'I'll try a bit jelly, then.'

A little lower down the table, a man with a heavy, melancholy face, known to have leanings towards the ministry, which, however, have to remain at that, owing to a succession of bad harvests on the paternal farm, looks sheepishly at his partner, then at her gown. 'Green's a bonnie colour, Leezie.'

'Do you think so, Duncan?'

'Ay; I do that, Leezie; for it's the colour our Maker's chosen to cover the fields and the trees and the hills, and bound to be the bonniest.'

Leezie, a plump-faced, saucy girl, with ruddy cheeks, preternaturally heightened by the dancing, looks up at him cooly. 'You may be right as to the fields and the trees, Duncan; but, to my way of thinking, the hills are different, specially now when the heather's in bloom.'

Duncan anxiously breaks the bit of bread beside his plate, and mutters: 'That's true, Leezie—that's true.'

Well up the middle table, supposed to be reserved for the *élite*, sits Alec; beside him fat, portly Mrs Beeton, resplendent in crimson silk, her ample bosom surmounted by a large breast-plate-like brooch, incasing the hair of the departed Beeton. She is speaking to Alec in confidential whispers, giving the history of each dish within recognisable distance. 'The butter them puddings took, and all of the best—fresh as fresh! "Spare nothing, Mistress Beeton," says the Laird; "it's not every day a wedding comes our way."'

Alec's attention flags; perhaps hunger appeased, the dishes no longer interest him; but more, perhaps, because all the evening he had missed a little figure, which his conscience would not let him forget. He had sounded Mrs Mackenzie, skilfully leading up to his point, but could get no satisfactory information. Just before the hour of starting, the children had run over to say, 'Sister was sorry; but she couldn't go to the ball, and not to wait for her.' The little things were off before she could question them further. Alec tried to forget her in the dance; and when that was unavailing, had recourse to the bottle, taking rather more whisky than was wise. A headache in hand is apt to ignore the prospect of a headache on the morrow.

But to go back to Ailie. After Alec left her, she set about getting the tea ready in a mechanical sort of a way; it didn't occur to her to neglect any of her duties because she was unhappy. Her father had gone by coach to the neighbouring town, some nine miles distant, for payment of an account due to him, and to buy some leather. He would walk back, and promised to be early—in time for tea. She had a little potatoe pie-browning for him in front of the fire. Everything was ready, only her own simple toilet to make. Five o'clock came, six o'clock, and no father. She grew frightened. If the money was spent, there would be nothing to go on with, and there was only just enough meal in the house for to-morrow's breakfast. She tried not to think of the 'inns' he would have to pass, nor of his weakness in resisting temptation. She would give the children their

supper, and then dress herself. Half an hour later, as she shook out the tartan shawl in readiness to put on, there came a burst at the door—a sound the meaning of which she knew only too well; it was her father, in the maudlin, happy stage, the precursor of worse, as experience had taught her. She gave him some tea, and tried to persuade him to go to bed, in order to secure what was left of the money. For answer he stupidly laughed in her face, then made for the door. He had forgotten all about the ball, and could tell her nothing about the leather. It ended as it had often done before. In the morning, Ailie had an ugly bruise across her cheek. The poor little children's breakfast, the steaming hot porridge, lay a trampled, dirty mass outside the cottage door, the father followed it, and his daughter prayed he might land in the police cell before further damage was done.

A couple of hours after, Gavin was dusting boots and shoes in the front shop, when a sorry little trio presented themselves at the door: Ailie with a shawl over her head, and keeping only one side of her face towards him; with her the children, blue with cold, for the weather had changed, and there was a nasty drizzling rain. 'Please, Mr Maclean,' she faltered, 'I wasn't able to go to the ball last night; and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind taking back the shoes, seeing I sha'n't need them more?' In her eagerness, she turned her white, earnest, little face full towards him, showing the great bruise on the cheek. His heart was full; he couldn't speak. Silently he laid five shillings on the counter, and she thought he was displeased about having to take the shoes back. She stretched out her hand for the money—two shining half-crowns. What would they not buy for the little sisters! milk and bread and nourishing foods. Then her face flushed, and she pushed one of the pieces towards him, saying, 'They were only half-a-crown, sir.'

'Bless me! so they were,' he said, vigorously dusting the counter.

They were almost out of the shop, when he found his natural voice again, and called them back. 'Have you time to stop a moment? My sister would like to see the little ones.' He went to the inner door and called 'Sarah.' A woman appeared. She was deformed. The head was placed upon the square high shoulders, as if the neck had been forgotten. She had a twisted hip, and moved in a sidelong manner. The face was plain and homely, but redeemed from positive ugliness by a pair of beautiful gray eyes. She took in the situation at once; yet, as if asking a favour, she begged to be allowed to have the little ones in the parlour. They were soon placed upon high chairs there, dangling their little legs in front of the kindly blaze, in their hands huge slices of bread and jam.

'It's too early to offer you anything,' she said to Ailie; 'but perhaps you'd fancy a cup of tea this raw morning?'

Ailie had tasted nothing; but she felt as if a bit of food or drop of drink would choke her. A minute more and she would break down. She could only manage to say: 'May I

leave the bairns for a few minutes till I go to the merchant's?'

Soon the warmth and the food unloosed the little tongues. 'We're having our breakfasts now,' piped the younger child. 'Father spilled the porridge; but bread and jam's nicer nor porridge.'

Gavin stood near. The curious lump was still in his throat. 'Poor bairn, poor bairn,' he muttered; but it was of the sister buying bits of things with her half-crown he thought. Already it was through the village that the cobbler had 'been at it again,' but had somehow evaded the policeman, and was nowhere to be found.

When Ailie returned to the shop, she heard half-suppressed little squeals of delight from the children; the deformed girl was putting small parcels into a basket, and as each additional package was added, the children expressed their approval.

'It's biscuits now, Ailie,' they greeted her with. All the way home they kept up their happy little ripple, only, as they neared the cottage, it ceased—'father' might be there.

But there was no father either in the house or in the police cell; instead, he lay in the Cottage Hospital with a broken leg and internal injury. As Ailie was putting the children to bed that evening, a neighbour came to the door with the news that their father had met with an accident. He had been found at the foot of the cliffs—had probably lain there since morning. He was delicious when they found him, and it was no use his daughter going to see him, he would not know her.

With the morning, consciousness returned, and a message from the Hospital to say Ailie might see him—he was asking for her. The Hospital was a little bit of a place; for the neighbourhood was a healthy one, and sickness such as could not be done for at home seldom came. But in the casualty ward there were generally several cases; just now the cobbler's happened to be the only one. When his daughter arrived, he knew her at once, and called her by her name; but his face shocked her. It seemed to have shrunk to half its usual size—pinched and white, and all the bloated look gone out of it. The nurse drew aside and left father and daughter together.

'Ailie,' he said, 'I'm going—going fast. There's no pain now, only a weakness, and a sinking such as I can't mistake. I've been a bad father to your poor bairns, and there's nought put past for you; but you can work your way. It's the children I'm thinking of; and how am I to meet their mother, and tell her the workhouse is to be their home?' With the last words his voice rose to a sort of hoarse shriek.

The nurse came and tried to soothe him. She was a motherly, matter-of-fact sort of body. 'Don't take on so, poor fellow—something will cast up for the bairns.'

'Yes, father, don't fret,' said Ailie. 'I'll work my fingers to the bone before they shall go to the House.'

'Words, words—idle words,' he screamed. 'Tell me how I'll meet their mother, and them unprovided for?'

'Ay, ay,' he went on, calming down, 'that's true; she was a good-living woman, an awful good-living woman.'—All the excitement had left his voice; it dropped to a despairing whisper. The nurse sent Ailie away, as her presence seemed only to excite him.

Tears blinded her as she made her way back to the cottage, choosing the path across the fields, so as to avoid meeting any one. As she lifted the latch, she heard some one talking to the children. It was Gavin.

'I thought I would have been in time to catch you before you went to the Hospital,' he said; 'and when I found you gone, I just waited on.'

'You're welcome,' she answered; 'it's not much longer I'll be able to say as much, nor where my next roof may be.'

'It's a bad business, Ailie, a bad business.'

'Ay,' she sobbed; 'and death's fearsome any time; but with him it's past thinking of. He's fretting terrible about us, and no preparing for his end.'

Then the great uncouth fellow got up and bent over her, his voice gentle as a woman's. 'Ailie, it just rests with yourself. There's a home up the street waiting for you, and a sister—though a poor deformed one—that will be a mother to the little ones. Will you think on it, Ailie? I've no turn for speaking; but there's times and seasons when actions mean more than words, and it's then you'll not find me wanting.'

She rubbed her face up and down the sleeve of his rough, frieze coat, as if its touch gave her comfort. 'I'm sore tempted, Gavin—sore tempted to take advantage of your kindness; but it doesna' seem fair, for I never knew your value till now; and will only be a drag on you.'

'You'll be a willing load to me, Ailie—such a load as I've hoped and prayed for, for many a day.'

In the manager's sitting-room, a hard fight was going on betwixt a man and his conscience. All the softer part of his nature cried out to soothe and comfort the poor half-distracted girl at the cottage—to tell her that although she was losing the only support she had ever known, the poor weak creature who took the place of father—yet, that there was another and a stronger protector waiting for her, and to have no dread as to the future.

He could imagine how she would look—he had pictured it often. But he was a canny Scot, and his mother's blood did not run in his veins for nothing. He compromised with his conscience. He would interview Ailie now, and not commit himself one way or the other. He would bid her not to fret about the future, without holding out any definite settlement. When he arrived at the cottage, Ailie and the children were just leaving it. They were on their way to the Hospital to say good-bye to their father. She did not ask him in, although he looked at her with the same eyes which formerly had wrought such havoc. They were powerless to affect her now; for she had passed through such trouble; and a lifetime of misery seemed to loom before her, until Gavin set her fears at rest. Now there seemed only room for

gratitude in her heart—any romance she had felt for Alec was dead for ever. She looked him calmly in the face whilst he went through the customary speeches of condolence. She was more worn and paler looking than when he saw her last, and when there had been no ugly bruise upon her cheek; but now there was a new dignity about her—she seemed to have grown apart from him—to be no longer the old Ailie that he knew. He asked quite humbly if she could spare him a moment indoors.

'I'm sorry there's no time, Alec; we're hurrying away to the Hospital. They've sent for us. Father's going fast; and I thought, maybe, he'd die easier if he knew me and the bairns were provided for, and that he could tell mother we're going back to where she left us.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FOREMOST among the dangers of ocean travel must be numbered the presence of abandoned vessels, or derelicts (see *Chambers's Journal*, Jan. 20, 1894), which often float flush with the surface of the sea, or even a few feet below it, quite out of sight. During the month of March no fewer than forty-one vessels reported having sighted derelicts in the Atlantic; and it is hardly too much to suppose that many a good ship which has sailed from port and never been heard of again has been wrecked by collision with these floating obstructions. It is now proposed that some international action should be taken to clear away these dangers to navigation—to tow them into port if they have any salvage value, or to blow them to pieces if they will not pay for removal in any other way. The Commissioner of Navigation at Washington has drawn up the draft of an international agreement, and this document has been circulated among the various nations interested. It suggests that Great Britain and the United States should provide two vessels each, and the other nations one vessel, and that these should be available for help to ships in distress, and should also busy themselves in the removal and destruction of derelicts.

It is well known that proximity to telegraphic and telephonic apparatus is dangerous during a thunder-storm, and many accidents have happened from this cause. Mr W. H. Soulbey of Rochdale gives to a contemporary a very graphic description of what he observed in his own office during a thunder-storm which occurred on March 30th last. Every flash, he says, 'rattled the platinum connection against the diaphragm of the transmitter, lighting up the latter, and ringing the bell.' Then sparks passed from the receiver, hanging up upon its hook, to the transmitter with a sharp, crackling sound. When the storm was at its height, a tremendous flash occurred, sending a shower of sparks from receiver to transmitter, and to the several metallic parts of the telephone, such as must have proved fatal to the hearing if not to the life of any one holding the instrument to his ear.

A prize of twenty pounds has been offered by the Academy of Sciences of Rouen for a

new method of accurately recording very high temperatures, or for an improvement upon the systems already in use.

The importation of tropical fruits to this country has increased largely of late years, and has obtained fresh impetus since 1886, the year of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. But it is considered by those who have studied the subject that there are yet many fruits quite unknown to Britain which might with advantage be imported here, either in their fresh condition or in syrup, like the pine-apples which already reach our shores in such vast quantities. One of these is the rose-apple or jambosa, a small Indian tree, which is cultivated in many tropical countries, bearing a small pear-shaped fruit with a rose-like flavour. There are also the mango and the delicious litchis, besides many other fruits well known to travellers, which might well form the subject of experimental importation. South Africa also furnishes fruits, notably the kei apple, and the amatungla or Natal plum. Many of these fruits if attainable here during the winter season would be greatly valued, and their importation would be likely to well repay enterprise in this direction. Our remarks are suggested by an article in the *Society of Arts Journal*.

Mr Alfred Harvey makes an interesting communication to the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto concerning the height of a widely observed aurora which occurred on July 15th last. This aurora was seen as a magnificent arch of light, which, after lasting several minutes, broke up and soon vanished. The exact position of the arch was noted by Mr Harvey at Toronto; and by a fortunate coincidence, its breaking up was observed by Mr G. E. Lumsden at Bala, one hundred and ten miles north of Toronto. By a comparison of these observations, it was found that the perpendicular height of the arch was one hundred and sixty-six miles, its breadth fifteen miles; and supposing that it maintained an equal height about the earth, the two extremities of the arch must have been separated by a space of two thousand three hundred miles.

A curious new industry is represented by the introduction in France of what is called Soap-paper. These papers are about the size of ordinary visiting-cards, and a few can be carried in a pocket-book without inconvenience. They are intended for the use of travellers, soap being a thing which is not commonly provided at Continental hotels, as it is in those of Britain. The soap-paper is made by immersing a strip of unsized paper in a bath of cocoa-nut-oil soap of good quality, as generally prepared for toilet purposes, after which the strip is passed between rollers, cut into squares, and stamped in any manner desired. Each paper square is used once only.

We have received an explanatory circular relating to Colonel Julier's system of smoke-absorption, which, it is said, can be applied to a factory furnace or a kitchen range with very beneficial results. The apparatus consists of an ascending flue made of fire-brick, in which the products of combustion first enter, being helped in their passage by a jet of steam, which

saturates the mineral dust with water-vapour. The smoke-laden gases then enter the descending flue, which is made of steel plates, and which is connected with a tank and drain to carry off the residues. At the top of this last flue is a fine spray of water, by which the soot and dust are precipitated. It is asserted that the filtering of the smoke is so thorough under this system that it is rendered clean, and that a large production of the sulphur compounds from the fuel are arrested. If this method could be so far modified that the chimneys of an entire row of houses could be connected with one apparatus, the problem of smoke-abatement in our towns would be partly solved.

A correspondent of the *Standard* describes an effective method of destroying the rats and mice which find a home in corn-ricks. When the farmer is about to thrash the corn or cart it away, the thatch should be first removed, for under it most of the vermin will be found, and they will jump off and bolt into the rick again. Galvanised iron wire, a yard high, should now be drawn round the rick, so that, when the lower portion is reached, the animals will be unable to get away into the hedgerows and other ricks. After use, the wire-netting can be rolled up and put away for future service. About fifty yards are sufficient to enclose an ordinary stack.

Mr A. M. Keay's new Fire-alarm was shown at a recent conversazione at the Royal Institution by means of a model warehouse and miniature fire-station, the two being connected by wires. A spirit-lamp was lighted in one of the little rooms of the warehouse, and in a few seconds a gong at the fire-station commenced ringing. The system employs a very sensitive electrical thermometer, or thermostat, in which a rise of temperature much above the normal causes a bell to ring both at the fire-station and outside the premises in which the instrument is placed, so that a policeman would receive warning of a fire before flames or smoke were apparent. For warehouses and other premises which are left untenanted at night, the method should prove extremely valuable.

The use of ice for domestic purposes has become more of a necessity than a luxury, but it has hitherto possessed two drawbacks. In the first place we have no guarantee of its purity, and it is a known fact that the most transparent ice may be infested with noxious germs; and in the second, it is presented in crude lumps, which are not easily broken up. The patent cube ice-blocks invented by Mr Van der Weyde are free from both objections. The ice is made from distilled water, and is presented in cubes of about one inch. By a well-known natural law, such pieces of ice will adhere together at a low temperature; but when brought into a higher one, can be readily separated. Each block bears a trade-mark, which is a guarantee of its purity, and they have a very attractive appearance when placed on the table. The machinery by which these cubes are cut from a solid block of ice, impressed each with a star—the trade-mark—and reunited into a square mass weighing sixteen or thirty-two pounds, is of the most ingenious construction.

A new method of catching fish has been invented by Mr G. Trouve. A net of circular form, having a purse in its centre, has attached to its margin a flattened india-rubber tube, which is connected with an air-pump on shore or on a boat. The net is weighted, and is sunk in any suitable spot, while fish are attracted to it by bait or by a subaqueous lamp. After a certain time, the pump is set to work; the flattened tube becomes distended with air, and rises to the surface with a motion so silent and gradual that the fish are not frightened or disturbed. The fish being secured, the air is allowed to escape from the tube, the net again sinks, and is soon ready for another haul.

All wood-workers know what an admirable material for several purposes is that yielded by the 'Sequoia gigantea' of California. It is now largely used by organ-builders, not only on account of its fine grain and the ease with which it can be worked, but because of the great breadth of the logs cut from the great tree. A section of the trunk of one of these trees has just been acquired by the British Museum. It has a diameter of more than fifteen feet; and the annual rings, which have been carefully counted by an expert, indicate an age of thirteen hundred and thirty years. It has been pointed out that this tree must have attained a considerable growth when St Augustine introduced Christianity into Great Britain. It is satisfactory to learn that the 'Sequoia' is in no danger of extinction.

Last year there was a pretty general consensus of opinion on the part of London gas consumers that by some occult means their quarterly gas accounts had considerably increased, although to all intents and purposes they were using the same amount of gas as heretofore. Professor Lewes, in a paper recently read before the Society of Arts, on 'London Gas and its Enrichment,' alluded to this matter, and succeeded by certain experiments in tracing its cause. He found that the height of a gas flame depends upon the constituents of the gas, hydrogen giving a very short flame, and methane or marsh-gas a very long one, the flame yielded by carbon monoxide being intermediate between the two. Now it has become customary to use higher retort temperatures at the gas-works, and this increases the amount of hydrogen in the gas; and one of the companies adopts a method of enrichment which again increases the proportion of hydrogen as well as that of carbon monoxide. As a result, Londoners get a gas which yields a short flame, and, by force of habit, they use the biggest flame which they can obtain without reaching the roaring point. They get more light than before this alteration in the composition of the gas, but they have to pay for it. According to Professor Lewes, Londoners would be saved three hundred thousand pounds per annum by the use of unenriched gas; and he asserts that no one would notice the slightest difference in the light emitted by the gas in the burners ordinarily in use; whilst with regenerative burners the difference would be still less.

The Edison-Bell Phonograph Corporation, London, are now supplying phonographs for commercial use, and they inform us that a large

number of English firms as well as private persons are employing the instrument for secretarial work. The rent of a phonograph is ten pounds per annum, and its records can be put, if required, direct into type without the intervention of manuscript.

The wasps last year made sad havoc in the fruit orchards, and the growers have this spring been taking timely precautions against a recurrence of the plague. The early months of the year were dry and warm, and therefore very favourable to the wasps. At this period, if a queen wasp be destroyed, it is equivalent to the extermination of a whole colony later on; and fruit-farmers have been mindful of this fact in placing a price upon the head of every queen wasp brought to them. The system has proved successful, and gardeners and others have in some districts vied with each other in their diligent search after the queens.

The Connelly Motor, which is now being advocated for tramcar service, exhibits a very beautiful application of a principle which, although not new, is not very well known. Power is obtained from an oil or gas engine, and is directly applied to a large and heavy fly-wheel faced with steel, which is kept in motion whether the car is at rest or travelling along the rails. At right angles to this ever-turning fly-wheel is another wheel, which, by means of ingeniously arranged traversing gear, can be moved from the centre to the edge of the fly-wheel. When at the centre, the smaller wheel—which by gearing gives motion to the car—is stationary; but as it is moved towards the edge of the revolving fly-wheel, it partakes of its motion, and moves faster and faster, until the quickly travelling edge of the fly-wheel is reached, when it secures to the car a speed of eight miles an hour. The system has been in successful operation in America, and is on its trial in London. It is claimed for it by its promoters that it is more economical than any other means of locomotion which have been applied to tramcar service.

During a recent six-day bicycle race at New York, a novel method of scoring was adopted, which is said to have been found a great improvement upon the usual system with black-board and movable figures. The track measured one-tenth of a mile in circumference, and therefore ten laps went to the mile. For each rider there was erected a pole, bearing at the top ten incandescent lamps, which could be severally lighted or extinguished at will by an attached shunt in easy reach of the scorer's hand. As the riders completed their laps, their scorers signalled the fact by turning on a lamp—one for each lap—until the tenth was scored, when the lamps were extinguished, and the process repeated.

Notwithstanding the high pitch of perfection to which the 'cycle' manufacture has been carried in this country, our French neighbours seem to be somewhat ahead of us in new applications of this most important aid to locomotion. Boats worked by bicycle gearing are coming into common use, we are told by a French contemporary; and a Frenchman has undertaken, with a combined land-and-water cycle, which he has invented, to make a

journey from Paris to Marseilles on *terra firma*, and to return by water.

English has been spoken in these islands with more or less purity for 1444 years, or longer; in the United States, for a little over 300 years. Yet it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that Americans have of late waxed exceeding bold in denouncing the Anglicisms or Britishisms of our insular speech as offensive to their more classical ears, and painful to their grammatical consciences. For was not Lindley Murray of Swetara, Pennsylvania, United States, long ago enthroned among us as prince of English grammarians? We trust it was from no disrespect to the memory and the manes of Dr Samuel Johnson (of Lichfield, England), and of John Walker (of Colney Hatch, England), that the English people unhesitatingly accepted as standard authorities on their tongue the great American Dictionaries of Noah Webster and J. E. Worcester. And pending the completion—sometime well into the next millennium—of the great Philological Society's Dictionary, begun in 1879 by Dr J. A. H. Murray, we of this generation have been content to regard the (American) Century Dictionary, edited by Professor W. D. Whitney (New York, 1890-91, six volumes folio, 7076 pages), as the most comprehensive and perfect Dictionary of the English language extant. But ere we have become quite familiar with these ponderous tomes, comes a new American Dictionary of English, claiming in many essentials to surpass the Century. 'The Standard Dictionary of the English Language,' under the general editorship of Dr I. K. Funk, and published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company of New York, is to be complete in two large quarto volumes, closely but clearly printed, with many novel devices of type within and index markings without for finding your word at once. The first volume was published last year, and runs to 1060 pages, with many thousand illustrations. In the part of the alphabet devoted to the letter A, this work contains, instead of the 8358 entries of the big Webster, and the 15,621 entries of the Century, no less than 19,736 'words and phrases recorded under the letter A.' It would be impossible here to indicate the respects in which it differs from the other large dictionaries, or to examine how far it fulfils its promises and justifies its great claims; but a somewhat extended investigation enables us to pronounce the first volume an excellent and valuable book, sure to take a permanent place on the shelves of English libraries.

ROMANCE OF A DECK-CHAIR.

SHE was a very proud girl—quite a stand-offish sort of girl, and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at

things ashore. But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship *Atalanta* to New York City, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangway, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess, and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trifling, no doubt, but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded; the gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock; but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit, and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing, and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me, and became quite sociable. She was on deck also until eleven o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights afloat and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectful distance; but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got snubbed for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess; in fact, I'm sure she did—later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterwards, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there, anyway, and Fortune seated her at my elbow. I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass, and the sweet morning air in the Channel was very appetising.

But the neighbourly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs-and-bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no further than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By 'this sort of thing' I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity; but I don't think she took the trouble to analyse my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck,

with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff-belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awning which had been rigged up on the 'Promenade.' The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her; and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast about.

There were several jolly women among the passengers; and particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the Channel was as good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalise Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve. But it didn't.

The next morning, when the steward called me at half-past six for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably. The breakfast table was but thinly attended. Miss Bradley, however, came in and took her place beside me. Come, I thought, she's a good sailor. I'll amuse her with some anecdotes about those who are sick at sea.

I supplied her plate, and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table—likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbend her dignity, and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her state-room. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross-sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business; and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck-chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck-chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and 'sleep it off;' and the deck was not only non-sybaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage: those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the *Atalanta* wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs, or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this, and in a noble transport of self-sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I wouldn't stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruders; at first, with great delicacy: 'Pray, excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair.' Then, with less compunction: 'I regret that I must disturb you; I'm not feeling very well.' And later without ceremony or remorse: 'Now, sir: my chair, if you please!'

It came to this, that I got quite 'rusty,' and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice: 'This Chair was brought on board for the Owner's Use. All others keep away.' This manifesto brought upon me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up, requesting me to 'take the chair' at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of 'Chair, boys! Chair! He'll sleep until to-morrow!' and there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently, that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark-gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal, and the saloon banquets were better patronised. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm; and I filled my big pipe as I meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter. Suddenly, under the lee of the captain's cabin, I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud gray eyes were dim and lustreless. The full firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty-colour. The self-reliant mouth sank at the corners, and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress, she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch, and murmured in the most dieaway tone: 'Oh, Mr Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!'

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair for ever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her up and down the companion-stairs, tempted her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about sea-sickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished! and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh, it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand; and the captain pestered us; but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the College Eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my 'wash' all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook; and although I had to sit upon a camp-stool while I watched over her in my lawful capacity of landlord of the deck-chair, I never enjoyed crossing so much in my life, and I've been over the Atlantic about twenty times on business.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so

lurid, so indescribably horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold, and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the north-west as the night closed in; and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companion-way, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, heeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley with all hers to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent parted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at a handrail, and whisked away to her cabin sans adieux.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions, and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the *Atalanta* was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks, and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage, and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other, and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck-chair I left strapped to its moorings, and took refuge in the smoke-room with half-a-dozen other white-faced fellows.

With the greatest difficulty we got to our state-rooms, and I clambered into my berth, simply shedding my topcoat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the sides of the bunk, to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, the crash of hat-boxes, bags, and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice-box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red-tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things in general. Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer-time, and with portholes closed, the atmosphere below decks was always stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had got into the Gulf Stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship water-tight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water-bottle, and a careless companion's razor-case were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst. Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud: 'I must get out of this, or die!' I flung myself down, taking my

chance of the razors, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes, I perceived that from every state-room abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself, and were standing at each opening like spectres, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran round it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Near me clung an old gentleman in night-attire. 'A nice thing this!' he bellowed in my ear. To save discussion, I agreed with him that it was very nice indeed.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there, and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

'Thank God, you have come to me!' she cried with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers—I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket! 'It's all right!' I shouted. 'Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous.'

She shook her head. 'Oh, the storm is nothing!' she replied.

'Nothing at all!' I assented scoffingly, as if I had been used to 'high seas and howling winds' from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting—making light of it in panic-stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble; her eyes glared to right and left; her beautifully chiselled nostrils sniffed the down-draught from the engine-room.

As we stood there in the duskiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked, 'Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?'

Her tone was so strange that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter-question: 'What should there be?'

'What is this smoke?' she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer, there was a concussion above as if the very heavens had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal-work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly

scrambled up, and lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms, staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so, there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other. And as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter, a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wail of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapour floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay: 'The boilers have burst!—the boilers!'

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself; and I let out an unmanly yell as the wave lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England. But you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table, and clapped my hand to my injured extremities; but, strange to say, I was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all—or perhaps this phenomenon only confirmed a fear: 'God help us!' she cried. 'The vessel is on fire!'

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pell-mell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck.

'Save me, Horace!' gasped Millicent—in that moment she called me by that name—'Save me, Horace, for the love of Heaven!'

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full-grown woman, and must have weighed eleven stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unswerving steps to the companion-way with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils, and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it, had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats, I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was; with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened-down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day; the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun; the waves covering into sullenness; the storm-wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck-chair gone!

They had found the fire, and extinguished it; and with the morning light came the cry of 'Land ahead!' from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then; and beyond lay—Paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise; such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the *Atalanta* into the grand harbour of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge; but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery, and drew near to the Company's landing-stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore. And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position, and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable, she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. 'You were very kind to me last night, Mr Franklin,' she said, in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

'Mister?' I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

'I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear'—she hesitated, and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself: 'I should not like you to—despise me.'

'Oh, Miss—Millicent!' I began.

But she went on firmly: 'Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances—so exceptional—so very, very dreadful, indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say "Good-bye" now; and—and if—we never meet again.'—

'Millicent!' I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, 'don't coquette with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, "If we never meet again:" I say to you, "Must we ever, ever part?"'

'Yes, we must part—Horace.' The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

'Why? Where are you going?'

'To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call'—

Manitoba is some three thousand miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is eighty miles from the railway. But I did 'call,' and it came to pass that I settled there too.

ELECTRICITY FROM RUBBISH.

THE satisfactory disposal of the Rubbish and refuse of our large towns has for years occupied the close attention of engineers and sanitarians alike, and various modes of dealing with the problem have been advocated and carried into practice; whilst the statement furnished by reliable statistics that London alone produces no fewer than 1,500,000 tons of refuse per annum, affords our readers some adequate idea of the magnitude and importance of the difficulty to be grappled with by local and municipal bodies.

Conveyance of the refuse to the sea has been practised with success; but such mode is obviously too costly for towns not on the seaboard; and under these circumstances, the adoption of cremators, in which the rubbish is wholly consumed by fire, has come more and more into favour; so that at the present moment the majority of the principal cities are either constructing, or about to construct, the new Refuse Cremator. Hitherto, the cremator has been deemed a nuisance, and an unprofitable though necessary burden to the ratepayers; but changes are now in progress which may turn even the cremator to useful account.

Much heat is necessarily evolved in the destruction of the refuse; and the idea is now gaining ground that such heat may be largely and advantageously utilised in the production of steam-power and electricity, instead of being permitted to run to waste. The production of a furnace suitable for the most economical combustion of all kinds of refuse has necessarily required much time and skill; and it was only after twenty-five years of close application to the problem that the late M. Fournet de Livét, a French engineer, succeeded in securing a powerful natural draught in furnaces without artificial means, and in consuming rubbish without smoke or noxious fumes of any kind.

Without entering into the minutiae of M. Livét's invention, it may suffice to state that the latest and most approved generator of steam from refuse consists of three cylinders, two of which are fitted with internal fire-grates and flues; whilst the third one, placed centrally above, is kept about half full of water, and acts as a steam-chest. The specialty of the furnace is the adaptation of such form of flue as will utilise the increasing density or weight of the gases generated as they travel towards the chimney, thus inducing a high velocity of air through the furnace bars, and rapid combustion and intense heat in the furnaces themselves.

A destructor erected on the Livét system is now in operation at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and produces, from the combustion of refuse, electric current sufficient for some two thousand candle-power arc lamps, and a search-light of twenty-five thousand candle-power.

It is, of course, unnecessary to point out how widely diverse is the composition of town

refuse; its constituents—ashes, vegetable refuse, tins, cans, old boots, paper, &c., and the million items which find their way sooner or later to the dust-heap—are well known to every one; and obviously any attempt to put a value on the heat-producing capabilities of rubbish must be a little vague in dealing with the subject generally. Taking, however, a rough average of the results obtained, an ordinary sample of town refuse is pronounced by experts to be equivalent to about one-third or one-fifth its weight in coal—namely, from three to five pounds of refuse will generate as much heat as one pound of coal; whilst the refuse after consumption is found to be a clean, massive metallic clinker, well fitted for road material; or, after being ground up, for making mortar.

It is, of course, hardly necessary to add one word of caution in regard to the invention now under consideration. It is not to be assumed that because rubbish is burnt, the electricity necessarily costs absolutely nothing; the cost of plant, distribution of power, and many other expenses, must not be lost sight of, to say nothing of the labour expended in collecting the refuse. Allowing, however, for all this, it is quite clear that an invention which rids the community of a great nuisance, and does so without creating a further one in the shape of noxious fumes and smoke, and at the same time turns to good account the heat generated, must confer benefits on the community at large; and that the keen interest aroused in the new adaptation is amply warranted by the sound economic principles on which it is based.

THE SPRING-TIDE COMES.

THE Spring-tide comes along the way,
And from her 'broidered kirtle gay
She scatters daisies o'er the hills;
Gold dust falls from the daffodils
That crown her head on fell and brae.
Her breath woos bloom on bough and spray;
Bright is the marsh-flower's golden ray,
When by the softly singing rills
The Spring-tide comes.

The young lambs round her footsteps play;
The tassels on the larches sway;
The blackbird's song the valley fills;
Above her head the skylark trills;
The thrushes lit a roundelay,
The Spring-tide comes.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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THE CLIFF SCENERY OF DONEGAL.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

PERHAPS the best idea of the magnitude and chaotic character of Donegal's Cliffs may be had by walking from Glen Columbkille to Ardara. It is a hard day's work, but most impressive, and, towards Maghera, thrilling into the bargain. Road or track there is none; nor is there a village until Maghera is reached. In two only of the glens which have to be crossed to keep the cliff-line are there houses. A few bright patches of green about the thatched little homesteads betoken cultivation of a sort. The bark of a vigilant sheep-dog tells of the flocks scattered over the mountains, and warns you to mind your calves. Else, wild precipitous headlands, white-maned waves thundering against the rocks, and the gray desolation of the inland granite hills, with their multitude of loughs, great and small—these and nothing besides make up the Donegal before you. Yet stay; high over yonder bleak mountain you may see two birds of unusual size. They are eagles. Without them, the savagery of your surroundings would be incomplete.

Slieve League, south of Glen Columbkille, is a superb introduction to Donegal's coast splendours, approaching them from the county town. There is nothing like Slieve League in the realm. In less than half a mile from the sea the mountain rears its height of nearly two thousand feet. The walk from Carrigan Head, by springy down and heather, to Slieve League's summit—ever with the Atlantic throbbing far down on your left hand—is a memorable experience. Carrigan Head is seven hundred and forty-five feet high, and its cliffs fall as nearly sheer as may be. But it seems dwarfed by the amazing face of Slieve League, which towers red and white and green close by, some three times its own height. One could sit for a day on the green plateau of the Bunglass headland—still nearer to Slieve League—watching the colours of the mountain face, and the

blue Atlantic beating itself into a fury at its base. If the sky is angry overhead, so much the better for Slieve League's majesty, though your courage may be the more severely tested if you propose to scale it by the One Man Pass. The mountain rises from Bunglass by the coast in a series of tooth-like pinnacles and steep slopes. The worst of these is the One Man Pass, a reach of some fifty feet of smooth quartzose rock, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, two feet only in width, with an alarming drop to the sea on the left hand, and a long abrupt slope below on the right. In a strong wind, the One Man Pass might well prove a fatal lure to ambition; and even on a calm day, discretion bids the tourist take it on hands and knees rather than with dignified erectness. Slieve League is matchless.

The walk from Glen Columbkille is, however, even wilder than Slieve League. Glen, as it is more curtly called, is dedicated to St Columb. There are ancient crosses by its little roadways, and of course a holy well, with, hard by, the conventional huge heap of penitential stones, representing a sad number of sins. St Columb's Well holds some of the muddiest water in Donegal. The cups which lie by it are incentives rather to mortification than refreshment. Still, none but a very callous tourist will refuse to put his lips to the holy fluid, after having clambered up the side of Glen Head to the recess which holds it.

It was a saint's day in Glen when I set to work to cross the recess for my initial climb towards the Sturrall. The church bell tinkled musically. Lads and lasses—the latter bright in scarlet and green, with, oh, such tall bonnets!—were coming from the cottages far and near to the church. They trod barefoot, fingering their rosaries, and carrying their boots in their hands to the church porch. But each holy cross was for them an occasion of rest and prayer. It was good to see them grouped on their knees thus by the roadside, and to hear the murmur of their petitioning.

The bright colours and the high bonnets were not such a dreadful incongruity, after all. Besides, I had but to gaze westwards, and there, framed between Glen Head's precipice—the twin of Carrigan Head in elevation—and the sharp rocks towards Rossan Point, was the bright blue Atlantic. The day was a perfect summer day. Had it not been, I should have hesitated ere beginning this twenty-mile cliff walk, about which even the most modern of guide-books shirked the responsibility of giving information.

I had one safe rule of conduct—to cling to the coast—and for ten hours I clung to it, ere I got to my bourn for the night, hungry and tired beyond description.

The Sturrall is, after Glen Head, the first cape of mark. It is approached by a neck as objectionable as Slieve League's One Man Pass. From its six-hundred-feet cliffs the view south to Rossan and north to Aran is remarkable. Thence the coast-line drops to a chasm called the Sawpit, near which are the poor cottages of Port. Here the pedestrian has a mild foretaste of the difficulties that he will have to encounter ere his day's walk is over. The limestone rocks fall abruptly towards the Atlantic—chafing among the splintered cliffs and needles which stud Port's little bay—and over their edge a series of streams hurl themselves point-blank into the sea. Some nice movement is needful to negotiate these rocks and streams, and finally descend to cross the inlet for the immediate ascent of Tormore Head.

Tormore Head is eight hundred and fifteen feet high, and is mainly perpendicular. The view hence reaches to Mayo in the south and Aran in the north. Errigal's fine white pyramid stands inland most conspicuously among the dark masses of Donegal's mountains. The headland has a fine riven face seawards, and an eccentric islet rock shaped like a Doge's cap, and itself rather higher than St Paul's Cathedral, adds to its picturesqueness. The yellow sands of Loughros Bay, and the yellow and red gleams of the cliffs of Puliska, immediately near to the north, must be noticed from this bold promontory, if the wind be civil enough to leave you any thought of the prospect.

From Tormore Head there was another descent to the sea-level at Puliska. Four gray cottages indicated the population of this recess, by which a little stream drains into the Atlantic. Away, a mile or two inland, lies Lough Anaffrin, with a reputation for two things: its trout, and its difficulty of access for the angler. I saw it from the high land that starts from the other side of Puliska's glen—a pretty pool, with humpy, olive, green, and white hills hugging it round. Under gloomy weather, no lough could be more dismally situated.

On the Puliska hill-side I broke my fast among the heather and bog-myrtle. Believe it or not, the slope was here so steep that I could hardly keep the recumbent position I sought. But there was an ice-cold spring among the heather, near a ferny depression, which was not to be passed with neglect; and so I rested for half an hour, holding on to the heather tufts, staring at the prevalent beauty and

bleakness while I smoked a cigarette, and listened to the piping of the gulls and the rhythmical beat of the sea against the rocks.

The coast-line turns almost due east from Puliska's cliffs, and still I kept my height of hundreds of feet above the sea. Donegal's broken headlands to the north were now immediately in view, and engaging indeed they looked, with the streaks of sunlight caught by the tongues of sand between them. Farther north, however, black darkness brooded over the mountain tops. It seemed probable that the weather might change for the worse ere I was half-way in my excursion. I hurried on, therefore, rising and falling with the rude undulations of the land, now sticking hard in bog, now speeding down heathery slopes, only to be confronted, a few minutes later, with formidable acclivities that were not to be shirked.

Soon the mountain mass of Slievetoovey had to be crossed, or rather its roots, which drop towards the sea with much precipitousness and irregularity. The work grew harder. The muscles of my legs began to revolt against the continued strain, and again and again I lay on the heather and listened to the dirge of the gulls. It was on one of these occasions that I espied the eagles over Slievetoovey's bald brow. I heard more of them later. They had paid lavish attention to the lambs during the spring, and it was feared that they had a nest of eaglets in their eyrie, which was known to be in a cleft impossible to reach.

The cliffs here varied between a height of four and six hundred feet. Their reddish and white faces were for gulls alone. And in Gull Island, a tiny point of rock near the shore, these noisy birds find an admirable breeding-place, absolutely free from human intrusion.

For two more weary but magnificent hours I strove onwards to my goal. The nearing of the Loughros peninsula across the sands told me I was approaching Maghera. But just when I hoped I might descend easily into the village, I was faced with a mountain spur falling almost perpendicularly into Loughros Bay, and the only apparent way of traversing which was by a sheep-track scratched midway on the seaward face of the precipice. I sat down and smoked and eyed my task. How was I to know whither this frightful path might lead me?

It was during my prolonged hesitancy that a stalwart, apple-cheeked man, with loose waving hair, came upon me, attended by two fine boys, and greeted me in an open-hearted manner very rare in Donegal. He, too, was bound for Maghera. He lived there, had been born there, and would probably die there. He had grazing on the mountains for a few sheep, which he had been inspecting. And now, if I would please to follow him, he would lead the way. He suspected there were few such bad places in Ireland, and none in England. Down below, however, it would be all right, for we should come upon one of the new roads ('Balfour's road' he called it, believing it named after the contractor). This went straight to Ardara, six miles farther; and the pity was that it was getting so thick with grass, though so recently made.

My guide not only led me across this precipice with much genuine regard for my safety, turning now and again to ask, 'You're sure, now, you aren't afraid?' But, without any collusion with his father, one of the boys invariably, where it was possible, took a lower sheep-track, so that his head and shoulders might appear as a sort of guard betwixt me and the sea or sands below. I could see in the lad's face that he did it out of concern for me, though, when I laughingly challenged him with it, he blushed and prettily denied that it was so. 'Och sure,' burst forth the man, 'and it's possible they'd do it, for they're good boys, both: not like the crathurs in towns. They've niver learnt a single bad thing, them boys—they're as God made 'em, just!'

Down in miserable Maghera—a collection of about a score of straw hutches—I rested for half an hour in my guide's house. His wife knew no English; but she brought the iron pot of cold stirabout and set it on a bench before me, with a big horn spoon that I could just get into my mouth. The floor of the hut was littered with new-cut hay—as sweet a carpet as you could wish, though the black earth was under it. Of furniture there was none worth mentioning except a bedstead under the eave, between the sod fire and the bare rough stone wall. It had no mattress and no bed on it, only a faded quilt, doubled, and a blanket. Of course there was a cradle, however, and one of the lads set himself to rock it the moment he entered, with his eyes fast on me the whole time. And while I trifled with the stirabout, the master of this establishment told me his simple tale. As a young man he had hesitated long between staying at Maghera or going to America. He rather fancied America. 'But, arrah, there was Biddy there; and so we made a match of it when we was quite young; and there's eight of 'em (pointing at his offspring) already, and it's a poor man I'll be always, at all, at all!'

'But a happy one into the bargain, I hope?' said I.

'Och, yis, praise be God!' he replied.

It was rare to see the sparkle of pleasure in Biddy's eyes, honest, hard-working soul, and in the boys themselves, when I gave them a coin apiece. The poor woman's grip of the hand at parting was the sincerest I felt in Donegal. Her husband would not let me go unaccompanied for more than a mile on my way towards Ardara, having first carried me pickaback across a stream.

Bloody Foreland, the extreme north-western corner of Ireland, is not scenically so sensational as you would, from its name, suppose it might be. The coast is not here at all bold. The actual corner of the country is a practical mixture of oat-patches, grazing land of the very worst kind, and the most miserable of hovels. The Irish of the Foreland are in an abject state of poverty. The interest of the place is thus of an unexpected kind. The Foreland Hill, however, is worth ascending. It is a round lump of land about a thousand feet high, more than a mile from the coast, north and west. Hence the various islets off the shore (divers Inishes) are seen clearly. So is

Tory Island, itself much more attractive than the Foreland, both archæologically and for its cliffs and isolation. So, too, is the great mass of Horn Head, to the north-east. From the Foreland one day, therefore, having walked thither from Gweedore, I made down the heathery slopes and across the bogs for Dunfanaghy, which stands at the neck of the Horn Head Peninsula. All told, it was a stout day's work. Even had not my legs informed me at the close, I might have known as much from the tone with which they asked in Dunfanaghy—'Sure, you've niver thravelled it?' the verb 'to travel' being in Ireland used constantly for the verb 'to walk.' The inquiry was made in a tone suitable for the words, 'You've never escaped hanging, have you?'

Horn Head is a worthy peer of Slieve League, Glen Head, Tormore Head, and the other glorious sea-cliffs of Donegal. It is more visited than all the others. That, of course, is because of its proximity to a town—though it be but an Irish country town, some twenty miles from a railway.

Look at the map and see the magnitude of Horn Head. The entire peninsula, an area of six or seven square miles, belongs to the promontory. Throughout its coast-line, the rocks are uniformly impressive, though they culminate in grandeur at the northern extremity. You may thus spend an entire day on Horn Head and yet not exhaust its glories. Inland, it resolves itself into heathery dimples and miniature downs, the latter teeming with rabbits. I never saw so many of these dainties in an afternoon as during a ramble—in which I lost myself—about the western part of the Head. Many of them in their alarm seemed to take to the cliffs and leap plump into the Atlantic. Doubtless, however, they did but make feint of tragedy, to see how it would affect their invader's nerves.

At the point, the Head is almost six hundred and twenty feet perpendicular. Seen from a distance and under certain aspects, the rocks really do show something of the horn shape, and it is difficult to stand on their apex without a tremor of awe. The winds and rains have shattered the crest of the cliff badly. As you lie on your perch, you see splits all about you, and, peering over the edge at the wailing gulls, you mark other spacious rifts and lacerations. Daily, something of the huge headland crumbles away. 'Why,' you ask yourself—it is an unpleasant inquiry—'should not your particular support go like the rest, and why not soon—even immediately—rather than late?' The host of sea-birds all up the cliff is so great that out of question people come here to have what they call 'a little sport.' At the best, it is poor sport. Still, you for one would not care to run the risk of the effects upon the dilapidated rocks of even a common fowling-piece's reverberation.

On Horn Head, as on Carrigan Head, Glen Head, and the Foreland, are the ruins of a signal tower. A hundred years ago these towers were important features in the national defence. It was essential then to be ever on the lookout for the French. Their usage has now, of course, gone from them utterly. Even

Horn Head's later service as a lookout in the interests of merchant ships has fallen into desuetude. The telegraph has disestablished the signal tower. Tory Island does the work Horn Head used to do.

The men who, years back, were wont to have their dwelling on the Head, close to the edge of the great cliff, must have lived through some thrilling storms. I myself have slept in the Cape Wrath lighthouse on a wild autumnal night, and been yelled to sleep by the winds. For once in a way, I should dearly like to try a night on Horn Head. But in its present roofless and broken state, the signal tower offers no sufficiently alluring inducements for the enterprise. When the Horn Head Hotel is built on its site, there may be a chance for me and those like me. In the meantime, there is no prospect of such an hotel; nor would an insurance company think well of its stability if it were to arise here.

With Horn Head my notice of the Donegal cliff scenery may end. It is far from complete. I have said nothing of Aran's rocks and the headlands east of Horn Head. But it may at any rate suggest to the tourist in search of the picturesque that Donegal—so miserable to the humanitarian—is likely to give him his fill of the sublime and beautiful in nature.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A LITERARY DÉBUT.

AFTER that serious accident, Arnold Willoughby lay ill in his bunk for several days before he felt fit for anything. Meanwhile, as is the wont of sailor folk on such hard voyages, he was left entirely to himself, or scantily tended at moments of leisure by his rough companions. At last, one day, more to still the throbs of pain in his shattered right hand than anything else, he asked for the manuscript of his Venetian cipher.

'Oh, that?' his messmate said, as soon as Arnold had clearly explained just what it was he wanted. 'That bundle o' yaller papers! I threw them out one day. A pack o' rubbish! I thought 'twan't nothing.'

'What? Threw it overboard?' Arnold exclaimed, taken aback, and horrified at such vandalism.

The messmate nodded. 'Yes, th' old yaller un,' he answered. 'Them loose sheets, all torn an' stained, if that's what you mean. They wan't up to much. I didn't set no store by 'em.'

'And the note-books?' Arnold asked, with that little tremor of fear which comes over one when one fancies the work of months may have been destroyed or rendered useless by some casual piece of unthinking carelessness.

'Oh, the note-books? No, not them; they're safe enough in yonder,' the sailor answered, nodding backward toward the locker by the bunk. 'I thought they was more like, and I didn't chuck 'em.'

'Get them out,' Arnold cried nervously.

'Let me see them. I want them.' It occurred to him that in his present necessity he might be able to make something out of his painstaking translation, even if the original manuscript itself had really perished.

The sailor brought them out. Arnold glanced through them rapidly. Yes, yes; they were all there, quite safe; and as the drowning man clings to the proverbial straw, so Arnold Willoughby in his need clung to that precious manuscript. He laid it carefully under his pillow when he slept, and he spent a large part of his waking time in polishing and improving the diction of his translation.

When at last they returned to Dundee, Arnold found he had to go into hospital for a fortnight. No sooner was he out again, however, than he made up his mind, maimed hand and all, to go up to London and look out for Kathleen Hessegrave. The impression printed upon his brain by that episode of the icebergs persisted with double force now he was fairly ashore again. Should he not give his one love at least the chance of proving herself a truer woman than he had ever thought her?

He went up to London by sea, to save expense. As soon as he landed, he took a room in a small lodging-house in the seafaring quarter. Then he set to work at once to hunt up the London Directory so as to discover if he could where the Hessegraves were living.

He knew nothing, of course, of Mrs Hessegrave's death; but he saw by the Directory that she was no longer ensconced in the old rooms at Kensington. The only Hessegrave now known to the big red volume, in fact, was Mr Reginald Hessegrave, of Capel Court, City, set down, with half-a-dozen other assorted names, for a flat in a small lodging-house in the abyss of Brompton.

Now, Arnold remembered quite well that Kathleen's brother was named Reginald; so, to the unfashionable lodging-house in the abyss of Brompton he directed his steps accordingly. 'Is Mrs Hessegrave living here?' he asked the slipshod maid who opened the door to him.

The slipshod maid mumbled 'Yes' in an inarticulate voice, holding the door in her hand at the same time, after the fashion of her kind, as if to bar his entrance; but Arnold slipped past her sideways by a strategic movement; and the slipshod maid, accepting accomplished facts, showed him up with a very bad grace to the rooms on the first floor which Reggie had occupied before his marriage, and which he was now compelled by hard decree of fate to share with Florrie.

The slipshod maid pushed open the door, and with the muttered words, 'Genelman to see you, mum—Mr Wilby,' disappeared downstairs again with shuffling rapidity.

But the moment Arnold found himself face to face with the vision of beauty in the fluffy black hair, cut short all over, and frizzed like a Papuan's, he saw at once this couldn't be *his* Mrs Hessegrave. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, hesitating. 'I think there must be some mistake. I wanted to see Mrs Hessegrave.'

'I *am* Mrs Hessegrave,' Florrie answered with dignity. Five feet two can be dignified when it makes its mind up to it.

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Arnold started a little. 'Then, I suppose, you must be Mr Reginald Hesslegrave's wife,' he exclaimed, taken aback. 'I didn't know he was married.'

'He's not been married very long,' Florrie admitted with her pretty coquettish smile, which recent misfortunes had not entirely clouded. 'Did you want to see Reggie? He's just now come in, and he'll be down in a minute.'

Arnold took a seat and waited; but he couldn't resist the temptation to ask at once, meanwhile, the latest tidings of Kathleen. Florrie had by this time acquired from her husband a considerable dislike of that hard-hearted woman, who wouldn't marry a rich man—such an easy thing to do—on purpose because she didn't want to be of use to dear Reggie. So her answers were of a sort which made Arnold suspect she didn't particularly care for her newly acquired sister-in-law. By the time Reggie came down, indeed, she had made her position tolerably plain to Arnold, and had also managed, with innate feminine astuteness, to arrive at the conclusion that this was the Other Man whom Kathleen had known a couple of years ago at Venice. Nay, so convinced was she of this fact, that she made some little excuse to leave Arnold alone in the room for a minute while she ran up-stairs to communicate her suspicions on the point to Reggie. This vile interloper, the Other Man, must be promptly crushed in the interests of the family. When Reggie himself at last descended, he fully shared Florrie's view; the very eagerness with which the stranger asked after Kitty's health showed Reggie at once he had very good reasons for wishing to see her.

Now Reggie, though a silly young man, was by no means a fool where his own interests were concerned; on the contrary, he was well endowed with that intuitive cunning which enables a man to find out at once whatever is most to his personal advantage. So, having arrived instinctively at the conclusion that this was the Other Fellow of whom his sister had spoken, he proceeded, as he phrased it himself, 'to put a spoke in the Other Fellow's wheel' on the subject of Kathleen. 'Oh no, my sister's not in town,' he said with a slight smile, and a quick side-glance at Florrie, as a warning that she was not on any account to contradict this flagrant departure from historical accuracy; 'she's gone down into the country—to Cromer, in fact,' Reggie continued, growing bolder in the details of his romance as he eyed Arnold Willoughby. 'She's going to stay there with some friends of ours, to meet another old Venetian acquaintance whom I dare say you knew—a charming young American, Mr Rufus Mortimer.'

Reggie delivered this home-thrust direct, watching his visitor's face as he did so to see whether it roused any appreciable emotion; and he was not disappointed with the result of his clever move. It was 'Check!' most decidedly. Arnold Willoughby gave a sudden start. 'Rufus Mortimer!' he exclaimed. 'She's going down to Cromer to stop with some friends in the same house with Rufus Mortimer?'

'Yes,' Reggie answered carelessly. Then he smiled to himself a curious and very significant smile. 'The fact is,' he went on boldly, determined to make that spoke in the Other Fellow's wheel a good big round one while he was about it, 'they're very thick together just now, our Kitty and the American. Between ourselves, as you're a friend of the family's, and knew the dear old Mater, I don't mind telling you—I rather expect to reckon Rufus Mortimer as my brother-in-law elect before many weeks are over.' And this last remark, so far as Mr Reginald's own expectations were concerned, could not be condemned as wholly untruthful.

'Are they engaged, then?' Arnold asked, quivering. His worst fears were confirmed. Failing the Earl in disguise, Kathleen had flung herself into the arms of the American millionaire, as next best among her chances.

'Well, not exactly engaged, don't you know,' Reggie responded airily. 'Not quite what you can call engaged, perhaps. But it's an understood thing all the same in the family.'

Arnold Willoughby's heart sank like lead. He didn't know why, but somehow, ever since that afternoon in the ice-channel, he had cherished, day and night, a sort of irrational, instinctive belief that, after all, he was mistaken, and that Kathleen loved him. Yet now, he saw once more he was in error on that point; she was really nothing more than the self-seeking, money-loving, position-hunting girl her own mother had so frankly represented her to be that fateful day in the rooms by the Piazza.

Poor Kathleen! She was indeed unfortunate in her relations. At Venice, it was Mrs Hesslegrave; in London, it was Reggie, who so cruelly misrepresented her to her much misled lover.

Arnold didn't stop long. Nor did he ask for Kathleen's address. After all, if she was really going to marry Rufus Mortimer, it would be a pity for him to intrude at such a moment on her happiness. Mortimer was rich, and would make her comfortable. Money was what she wanted, and if Kathleen wanted it—

Even as he thought that hard thought, he broke off in his own mind suddenly. No, no; it wasn't money she wanted, his beautiful, innocent Kathleen; of that he felt certain. And yet, if she really meant to marry Rufus Mortimer, it was at least his duty not to step in now between the prospective bride and her rich new lover, who could do so much more for her than ever he himself could do.

As soon as he was gone, Master Reggie turned philosophically to Florrie, and observed with a smile: 'I settled his hash, I flatter myself. He won't bother her any more. I've sent him about his business. And a precious good thing for herself too, if it comes to that: for just fancy a girl like Kitty being tied for life to a fellow in sailor clothes, and badly cut at that, with no right hand to brag about!'

But as for Arnold, he took his way sadly down the crowded streets, with the last remnants of a heart well nigh crushed out of him.

However, as long as a man lives, he has to

think about his living. Bread and cheese we must have, though our hearts be breaking. Next day, accordingly, Arnold called at a well-known firm of publishers in the City, Stanley and Lockhart by name, to ask whether any decision had yet been arrived at about the manuscript translation from an Italian original he had sent them by post from Dundee a fortnight earlier.

The senior partner, an acute-looking man, with very little hair on his head to boast of, gazed hard at his visitor. 'Well, yes, Mr Willoughby,' he said, with a dry business smile. 'I've looked at your manuscript, and our reader has reported on it; and I'm free to tell you we think very well of it. It's one of the most brilliant bits of historical fiction we've had submitted to us for a long time.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' Arnold interposed, colouring slightly. 'I think you're labouring under a misapprehension. Have you read the Introduction? I there explain that it's translated from an Italian manuscript.'

'Yes, yes,' Mr Stanley broke in, smiling still more broadly. 'I know all that, of course. It's admirable, admirable. Nothing could be better done. Falls in exactly with the current taste for high-spiced and strongly-flavoured historical romance, with a good dash of bloodshed; and the Introduction itself is one of the best parts—so circumstantial and solemn, and with such an innocent air of truth and sincerity.'

'But it is true, you know,' Arnold cried, annoyed at being doubted, which was the one thing a man of his sensitive honour could never put up with. 'I found the manuscript at Venice, in a tiny little shop, exactly under the circumstances I there describe; and I translated it into English during my spare time on board ships in two northern voyages.'

'In-deed!' the publisher replied, with a quiet, self-restrained smile. He was accustomed to dealing with these imaginative authors, some of whom, it is whispered, do not entirely confine their faculty of fiction to mere literary products. 'And where is the manuscript now? It would be an interesting document.'

'Unfortunately, it's lost,' Arnold Willoughby answered, growing hot. 'One of my fellow-sailors took it out of my locker while I was confined to my bunk with this injured hand of mine, and destroyed it or threw it overboard. At any rate, it's not forthcoming. And I'm sorry for that, as it's of historical importance, and of course it would be useful in proving the authenticity and value of the narrative.'

'Very useful indeed,' Mr Stanley replied with a meaning smile, which again annoyed Arnold. 'However, the question now is not as to the authenticity or authorship of the narrative at all, but as to its money's worth for purposes of publication. We will agree that it is essentially a work of fiction. Whether it was written by you, or by Master John Collingham of Holt in Norfolk, it's still a work of fiction. He may have designed it to amuse or to deceive the Council of Ten; but any way, I tell you, he was a first-rate novelist. I deal in these things, and I flatter myself I know

a work of art when I see it.—Well, now, then, let's get to business, Mr Willoughby. What I should propose to do is, to buy the copyright outright from you. And as this is a doubtful venture by a new author, suppose we make you an offer of fifty pounds for the manuscript.'

Arnold's heart gave a wild leap. Fifty pounds! Why, as things now went, 'twas a perfect Pactolus! On fifty pounds he could subsist for a twelvemonth. Since he ceased to be Earl of Axminster, he had never for a moment had so large a sum at one time in his possession.

He didn't know he was making a bad bargain; and indeed, so doubtful did his poor little venture seem to himself, that even if some one else of greater experience had stood by his side to warn him against selling a piece of property of unknown value outright like that for the first sum offered, he would probably have answered, and perhaps answered rightly: 'I'd rather take fifty pounds down, and be certain of my money, than speculate on what may, perhaps, be a bad investment.' Fifty pounds down is a big sum to a beginner; and the beginner would most often be justified in jumping at it.

At any rate, Arnold jumped at it. His face flushed with pleasure. 'I should be delighted,' he said, 'to accept such an offer. And the book would come out?'

'At the beginning of the new season.—Very well then, that's settled.' Mr Stanley took up a blank form of agreement lying careless by his side, and filling it in rapidly with name, date, and title, as well as valuable consideration, handed it across forthwith for inspection to Arnold. 'Is that right?' he asked, with a wave of his pen.

'Quite right,' Arnold answered, 'except that of course you mustn't say "written by me." It ought to be "deciphered and translated by me." I can't sell you as mine what I've never written.'

The publisher gave a short sniff of suppressed impatience, but drew his pen half angrily through the peccant words. 'There. Will that satisfy you?' he asked. And Arnold, glancing at it, took up the proffered pen and signed his name at the bottom.

Mr Stanley drew a cheque and handed it over to him. Arnold scanned it and handed it back. 'I'm afraid this won't do,' he said. 'It's crossed, I see, and I happen to have no banking account. Could you kindly give me one drawn simply to bearer?'

'No banking account?' the publisher cried. This was certainly the very queerest sort of literary man he had ever yet come across.

'No,' Arnold answered stoutly. 'You must remember I'm nothing but a common sailor.'

The man of business drew a second cheque, tearing up the first as soon as he had done so. 'But where did you learn Italian?' he asked; 'and how did you pick up all this intimate knowledge of Elizabethan England, and Spain, and Italy?'

'You forget that was all in the manuscript,' Arnold answered simply.

The publisher waved his hand again. 'Twas an impatient wave. There was really no deal-

ing with a fellow like this, who told a lie and stuck to it. 'Ah, true,' he mused reflectively, with the same curious smile. 'Well, Mr Willoughby, I should say you have a great future in fiction before you.'

Arnold hardly knew whether to accept that remark as a compliment or otherwise.

But as he descended the publishers' stairs that morning, he had got rid of the copyright and all property and interest in a work entitled 'An Elizabethan Seadog,' to Messrs Stanley and Lockhart, their heirs and executors, in consideration of the sum of fifty pounds sterling. And Mr Stanley was saying to Mr Lockhart in the privacy of the counting-house: 'I'll tell you what it is, Lockhart, I believe we've got hold of a second Rider Haggard. I never read anything more interesting in my life than this sailor fellow's narrative. It has an air of history about it that's positively astonishing. Heaven knows where he learned to write such English as that; but he writes it admirably.'

TUGBOATS AND THEIR WORK.

TUGBOATS of the present progressive period compare most favourably both in hull and engines with their puny predecessors, which were doubtless held in high esteem when steam as a motive-power afloat first became an accomplished fact. Hitherto, masterful mariners had perforce been content to navigate their short sailing-ships in narrow waters without any assistance other than the unbought wind, and such sterling seamanship as had been acquired by long experience. Truly, the village spires and the fair fields of home might almost be in full view after a protracted passage from the Far East; all on board gaze wistfully with moist eyes on the dim outline of the land they love; and the shrewd sailor who had the good fortune first, from the slippery shrouds, to sight the chalky cliffs of Old England, following a curious custom of the sea, would have affixed his old shoe to the massive mainmast, not as a votive offering to Father Neptune, but for the more business-like purpose of receiving casual contributions from passengers, not unmindful of dangers overpassed.

An ocean journey was robbed of much of its danger when it was possible for a sailing-ship to obtain the services of a tugboat at either end of the route. One of the earliest engravings of a steam-vessel represents her as a very roughly fashioned tugboat, fitted with a clumsy paddle-wheel, insecurely depending from the stern. She has in tow a warship, with yards squared and sails furled, preparatory to entering port. This vivid suggestion of the application of the steam-engine to maritime purposes was given to the world by Jonathan Hulls in 1737, in a pamphlet entitled, 'A Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any Harbour, Port, or River, against Wind or Tide, or in a Calm.' He took out a patent for this invention, which seems to have been far in advance of the age, and came to nought. In 1801, Symington constructed the steam-vessel 'Charlotte Dundas' for the purpose of

towing barges on the Forth and Clyde Canal. She accomplished her allotted work to the satisfaction of her designer, but only ran for about a year, because the canal proprietors were of opinion that the wash from her paddle-wheels would injure the canal banks. Side-wheels had not yet put in an appearance, and her single wheel worked in a well-hole at the stern. Hence it will be readily inferred that the tugboat is the pioneer of those magnificent ocean liners and humbler carrying craft that trade to every port of the round world. Steam had to contend against a horde of prejudices, but has withstood the test of time, and is no longer the harassed handmaiden of canvas. The marine engineer is every day becoming more indispensable; and even now the question is mooted, whether the commander of an ocean steamship should be a sailor or an engineer. The stern-wheel gave way to side-wheels, and the latter are in their turn disappearing before single-screws and twin-screws in tugboats.

A modern tugboat, the 'Fearless,' of San Francisco, California, affords an excellent example of the perfection to which such steam-vessels are gradually proceeding. She is one of the most powerful sea-going steel tugboats in actual service. Her dimensions are as follows: length over all, 153 feet; breadth, 26 feet; depth, 10 feet; and her register tonnage is 365. She is fitted with triple expansion engines of 36-inch stroke, and cylinders of 20, 30, and 50 inches diameter, respectively. Her engines will develop over 1200 horse-power, with a working pressure of 170 pounds; and her total coal capacity is 400 tons, or sufficient to take her four thousand miles at an eight-knot speed without putting in anywhere to replenish her bunkers. She has a powerful electric search-light, and an apparatus for extinguishing fires capable of throwing eight large streams of water at once and without delay upon a burning ship or other object. Her cost was not less than twenty-four thousand pounds; and her model on exhibition at the Chicago Columbian Exposition in 1893 attracted the attention of many visitors. A very large British ship, the 'Horesfeld,' was abandoned not long since in the North Pacific, with her coal cargo of nearly five thousand tons burning fiercely in consequence of spontaneous combustion. She drifted about, and was passed by other vessels weeks later. Eventually, the 'Fearless' went out from San Francisco, intent on towing the burning derelict into a near port, and thus earn a goodly sum as salvage. The quest proved unsuccessful; and the tugboat returned after a stormy experience extending over five thousand miles. Liverpool and London have somewhat similar tugboats thoroughly capable of towing sailing-ships or disabled steamers over very long distances.

A steamship fitted with a single screw is comparatively helpless should her shaft break, or her propeller blades drop off, in mid-ocean. Sail-area in large single-screw steamships is altogether out of proportion to their size, and barely sufficient to maintain steerage-way when every inch of canvas is spread to the best advantage. Hence, twin-screws, despite extra first cost, have made their way, and triple-

screws have put in an appearance on the new United States warship 'Columbia.' A steamer deprived of her motive-power is compelled either to receive assistance from other vessels of the same kind, or to make her way to the nearest port, and cable home for a powerful tugboat to be sent for the purpose of towing her to her destination. Large sums may thus be earned both by trading steamers and specially fitted tugboats. In 1889, a Portuguese screw steamship, the 'Mocambique,' over three thousand tons gross register, broke down at sea while proceeding from Rio Janeiro to Lisbon. She was picked up by the steamship 'Maranhense,' and towed to Ceara. At this place, facilities for repairing her were wanting, and it became necessary that she should be towed back to Rio Janeiro. An English tugboat, the 'Blazer,' was engaged, and left Middlesbrough on the 17th of August, called at Las Palmas and St Vincent for coal, and arrived at Ceara on the 5th of September—thus covering a distance of five thousand miles at an average speed of ten knots. A detailed examination of the 'Mocambique' showed that her injuries were more serious than anticipated, and the towage would be difficult. Her shaft was broken inside the stern-tube, which had burst; the propeller hung down across her stern, supported by chains from above; and the after-compartment was full of water. Nevertheless, the 'Blazer' arrived safely at Rio Janeiro with her awkward charge in eighteen days, after an arduous tow, and a visit to Bahia for coal.

The steamship 'Dunedin,' two thousand two hundred tons gross register, broke her shaft in mid-Atlantic, and was towed to Fayal, Azores, by a passing homeward-bound steamship. A screw tugboat of Liverpool, the 'Sarah Jolliffe,' left Milford at midnight on the 12th of July, under orders to bring home the disabled 'Dunedin,' and arrived at Fayal on the 17th. She left for home next day with her tow, and reached Barry Roads without mishap during the morning of the 27th. This totally helpless steamer, fully laden, was thus towed home from the Azores in less than nine days. In March, a new steamer, the 'Yarrowdale,' reached St Vincent, Cape Verdes, with only one blade of her propeller remaining. A spare propeller, weighing about five tons, was on board, but could not be fitted, owing to various causes. She was bound from Buenos Ayres to Dunkirk with wool, and some of her cargo must have been left behind, had any discharge taken place in order to get the propeller in position. The underwriters on the cargo having come to an agreement, the tugboat 'Gamecock' was sent out to tow her to Dunkirk. This she safely accomplished within fourteen days. A similar cargo-carrier, the 'Inishowen Head,' arrived at Suez with her tail shaft broken, while bound from Manila to Liverpool with a valuable cargo. The 'Gamecock' went out from England and towed the 'Inishowen Head' to her port of discharge without difficulty.

In 1888 the 'Black Cock' towed the well-known passenger steamer 'Norham Castle,' of four thousand tons, from St Helena to London, a distance of nearly five thousand miles, in thirty-two days. Part of this time

was occupied in coaling at ports along the route. The same tugboat towed the steamship 'Adolph Woermann' from Akassa to Hamburg, a distance of four thousand six hundred miles, in thirty-four days, inclusive of the absolutely necessary stoppages for coaling. In 1875, another tugboat of the same line, the 'Storm Cock,' towed a sailing-ship, the 'Ardencaple,' of nearly two thousand tons register, from Fernando Noronha to Greenock, a distance of about four thousand miles, in thirty days, including stoppages for coaling purposes at St Vincent and Las Palmas. She has also towed the steamer 'Ville de Pernambuco' from Madeira to Antwerp in nine days, and the ill-fated Anchor liner 'Utopia' home from Gibraltar after her collision with Her Majesty's ship 'Anson.'

The tugboat 'Knight of St John' set out from Rio Janeiro for England having in tow a dismasted barque, the 'Royal Alexandra.' When within four hundred miles of St Vincent, she was compelled to abandon her charge in order to obtain coal. She returned, but was unable to find the barque, which eventually reached Barbadoes, was refitted, and came home under her own sails.

Tugboats are not always available when disaster overtakes a trading steamer, and the services of a passing vessel have to be engaged. Early in 1893, a Danish passenger steamship, the 'Hekla,' bound from Copenhagen to New York, broke her shaft three times. There were no fewer than seven hundred people on board at the time, and every one felt more comfortable when a British steamer, the National liner 'America,' took them in tow. They were nearly seven hundred miles from New York, but reached port without further delay, towed by the 'America.' A large steamship of the Ducal line, the 'Duke of Sutherland,' with her shaft broken, was picked up at sea by the steamship 'Handel,' and towed six hundred miles to St Vincent, where the necessary repairs were effected to enable her to continue her voyage. A Dutch passenger steamship, the 'P. Caland,' when nearly three hundred miles to the westward of Queenstown, struck a submerged derelict vessel and broke her main shaft. Another steamship, the 'Damara,' homeward bound, fell in with the disabled steamer, and towed her to Queenstown.

A North German Lloyd's steamship, the 'Strassburg,' similarly situated, was towed into New York by the American liner 'Chester.' The Norwegian barque 'Hakon Jarl,' bound from Jamaica to Goole with a cargo of logwood, was left to her fate, in February 1893, about three hundred miles south-west of Scilly, having received serious damage in a hurricane. A Liverpool steamship, the 'Nigretia,' took hold of her, and succeeded in towing this prize to Falmouth. An Italian barque, the 'Velocifero,' bound from the East Indies with a cargo of teak, was picked up by a steamship crossing the Bay of Biscay in June 1891, and towed into Vigo. She was floating bottom upward; but, after waiting in port, was towed to the Clyde with her cargo, nearly twelve months later.

Attempts have been, and are being, made to utilise the tugboat in ways that could not have

seemed possible forty years ago. Long strings of huge hermetically sealed barges, laden with various kinds of cargo, are towed from port to port of the Atlantic coast of the United States; and it is asserted that the tugboat is to be in the near future the freight locomotive of the seas. Enormous rafts of rough timber have been towed down from Nova Scotia to New York; but others have broken adrift before reaching their destination, and been totally lost. The great Leary raft started from Carlton, near St John, New Brunswick, on the 17th of July 1890, and was wrecked near Seal Harbour, Maine, while being towed to New York. This remarkable raft consisted of seven thousand logs of timber, in fourteen equal sections, securely bound together by chains and wire ropes. A long stout chain was connected with each section; a similar chain stretched from each corner of the front of the forward section, to meet the fore-and-aft chain; and at the apex of the chain triangle thus formed was a huge ring, from which two hawsers, seven hundred and fifty feet long, were run to the two tugboats that had the raft in tow. Six large lamps lit up the raft at night, and it was dragged through the water at the average rate of four miles an hour. A storm came on; the tugboats had to slip their hawsers; and the raft was resolved into its constituent parts by the combined action of wind and wave. Some of the logs drifted almost across the North Atlantic to Europe, and were reported by ships navigating in the vicinity for many days.

A Mr Moore, of Galveston, proposed to send a raft of Texan yellow-pine logs from that port to London last summer as an experiment. He urged, with some degree of truth, that better weather would be experienced along this route than between St John and New York, so that the risk should be proportionally less. This raft was to consist of three similar sections, firmly spiked together after the manner of a catamaran; and a powerful steamer was to tow it across. Failure would involve a loss of four thousand pounds sterling, and human beings do not appear to have received any consideration as to safety of life. Should success attend the experiment, profit would be high, and other rafts would be despatched in like manner. Apparently, however, this sanguine suggestion has not advanced beyond the initial stage. Still, having regard to the fact that steam-lighters, otherwise known as whalebacks, are carrying cargoes between North America and Europe, it is but a short step to the raft.

Towing in smooth water is not a very difficult operation; but the proper management of a tow-line in a heavy sea requires from the master of a tugboat rather more than ordinary intelligence and experience. Means have been devised to minimise the sudden strains brought upon a tow-line owing to the varying distances between the tugboat and her charge. Chain, wire, hemp, and manilla hawsers are all in use; but perhaps manilla is most in favour. It has a good spring, and is preferred by some before steel hawsers. On board the American tugboat 'Saturn' the wire hawser is wound upon a cylinder driven directly by gearing from her engines. An automatic apparatus

ensures that the hawser shall not be subject to sudden strain above the normal amount. When the strain on the hawser increases, the drum revolves towards the stern of the tugboat, and pays out some of the hawser, which runs in again when the strain is relieved. This give-and-take system prevents the hawser parting, or being damaged, by varying calls upon it.

Masters, officers, and crews of tugboats lead a life of hardship, are as a rule excellent pilots in their own waters, and are indispensable so long as sailing-ships and single-screw steamers keep the seas. Even the crack twin-screw American liner 'Paris' had to suffer the indignity of a tow quite recently, owing to an accident to her rudder. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the tugboat is frequently called upon in wicked weather to tow the lifeboat to some stranded ship, and gallantly accomplishes her mission. Steam lifeboats, however, are now coming to the front; but for many years the tugboat will assist in the saving of life and property.

THE TENDERFOOT INK-SLINGER.

By W. CARTER PLATTS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

A YOUNG man, tall and slight, attenuated by the insidious disease which was with fatal swiftness sapping his springs of life, left the shanty he called his home high up on the rugged, pine-clad slope, and clambered slowly down the half-mile of rough mountain-side that separated it from the point where the turnpike from Caruthersville to 'Frisco crosses the Dawson Ridge. Above, the moon shone clear—almost as clear as day, turning the jagged peaks of the Sierras into crests of frosted silver; and the road, where you could catch a glimpse of it twisting and turning on the lower grade down towards the valley, into a white, tapering serpent.

But in the shade of the pine-trees it was dark. There was no beaten track, and the precarious footing made the descent slow and laborious. The young man, however, knew his ground; and cautiously picking his steps, or forcing aside the scrub that stood in his way, panting, he at last reached the edge of the white road, and sat down in the shadow of the scrub to wait. What was he waiting for? To see the 'Frisco stage pass in the night; to watch its great, yellow, flaming eyes toiling slowly up the long grade; to listen to the snorting of the horses as they gained the summit; to see the huge, lumbering coach rattle past him at a canter; to catch, maybe, a few hoarse words of encouragement flung at the steaming cattle from the heavy-coated, sombrero-capped driver as he braced himself for the rush down the other grade; to look after the great vehicle with its unknown human freight until it disappeared round the corner of the bluff, a couple of hundred yards

ahead; to crouch there unseen by the passers-by, and to know—to *feel* that for one brief moment at least he was not alone in the terrible midnight solitude of the pine-clad fastnesses of that vast mountain-side. That was all.

Lemuel Garvey was alone in more senses than one. Father, mother, sister, brother, he had none. He was alone—alone, and dying of consumption at twenty-eight. A journalist by profession, he had occupied a sub-editor's desk on one of the 'Frisco dailies until, a year previously, the symptoms of his disease had made themselves too evident to be disregarded, and he had placed himself in the hands of a medical man. It was phthisis. There was no room for doubt, although the complaint was then only in its initial stage. His only chance was to leave his work, flee from the germ-laden city air to the pine-covered mountains, high above the reach of the sea-fog fiend, which every now and then comes rolling in through the Golden Gate to claim its victims.

At twenty-seven, life is very sweet. In haste, the young journalist threw up his appointment and set out for the Sierras. At Breckenridge City, he heard of this hut far up on the lone hillside, and hither he came with his few belongings, a handful of books and a pile of stationery, to live or die as Fate should decree. That was twelve months before, and he was not dead yet. Sometimes he was hopeful, confident that the pure air was working its healing power upon his wasted lungs, and that the progress of the disease had been permanently arrested. But at other times he suffered from fits of despondency, and trod the brink of black despair. At first, the impressive, overwhelming sense of solitude had been almost unbearable after the bustle of city life; but he soon got over that—in the daytime. He made friends with nature, and the birds and flowers were his companions. He took to imaginative writing, which occupied much of his time; and his frequent pilgrimages to Breckenridge City—a mile and a half lower down the turnpike—to procure the necessities of life and transact his small items of business, came as agreeable changes in his monotonous round of existence.

He had, however, never been able to accustom himself to his awful feeling of loneliness at night-time. When the birds went to roost, and the flowers closed their petals, and night swooped down on its dusky pinions upon the Sierras, he was afraid. He knew not of what, but the sense of helpless fear surged up within him; and every alternate night, when he knew the stage was due to pass, he crept timidly down to the track at the Dawson Ridge for one brief moment to be near some human creature—to touch, as it were, the outer hem of his fellow-humanity. Then, when the coach had gone by, he would clamber back to his hut, and fling himself, shuddering, upon the truckle-bed to listen fearfully to every creak of the pine-boughs without, until, out of sheer weariness, he fell asleep, and awoke in broad daylight to laugh at his effeminate fears, which, however, were certain to return at nightfall.

On this particular night the stage rushed

past as usual. With a sigh, Lemuel watched it disappear round the bluff on the mile-and-a-half grade down to Breckenridge City. For a little while he stood motionless by the roadside. Then he was just about to return to his hut, when his practised ear caught the pounding of a horse's hoofs on the hard road from the direction in which the coach had vanished. Wondering who could be abroad at that time of the night, he drew farther into the shade of the brush, and waited. A solitary horseman made his appearance round the bluff, and passed at an easy trot. The moonlight fell full upon his features. Lemuel had no difficulty in recognising him, and a pang of jealousy shot through him as he did so.

'Chaparral Dick!' he muttered inwardly. 'I wonder if he's been at Higgins's? What the dickens!'

The unfinished ejaculation was prompted by the inexplicable conduct of the horseman. Fifty yards beyond the spot where Garvey lay hidden, and exactly at the point where the long downgrade towards Caruthersville commences, Chaparral Dick pulled up, sprang from the saddle, and led his horse into the scrub that skirted the opposite side of the road. A minute afterwards, he reappeared, uncoiled something that had been wrapped round his body beneath his shirt, and stooping down, laid his ear close to the track. Then he stepped back into the scrub, and Lemuel, his nocturnal fears temporarily forgotten, waited with suppressed excitement for further developments.

At intervals, Chaparral Dick stepped out on to the track to peer down the long grade and listen. Evidently he had reason for expecting some one to come along from the direction of Caruthersville; but why had he chosen that point for the meeting-place where the roadside cover was thickest? Why had he hidden his horse in the scrub, and why had he unwound the long thing—presumably a lariat—from his body?

An hour passed. For the twentieth time, Chaparral Dick came forth to reconnoitre. This time, instead of quickly retiring again as before, he laid his ear down to the track and listened intently. Then, still crouching low, he remained for some minutes gazing down the slope before retreating into the black shadow. From his place of concealment Lemuel Garvey now heard the faint sound of a horse's hoofs toiling up the grade. Soon a dark object hove in sight, which gradually assumed the outline of a light wagon, with the solitary figure of the driver sharply defined against the moonlit road. The watcher's pulse quickened with a thrill of genuine alarm as he thought of what *might* be about to happen. He had always had an intuitive distrust of dashing, reckless Chaparral Dick, but he had never before suspected him of being a deliberate law-breaker, yet what had passed that night pointed to something very like a contemplated bit of road-agenting business.

His first impulse was to shout to the unknown driver, warning him of the possible danger that awaited him, but somehow his tongue refused its office. The wagon reached the summit of the rise. It was exactly

opposite the scrub. The driver raised his arm to flog the horse into a trot, and in another moment he would be past the unexpected peril—if peril it was—when a lariat shot out with unerring aim from the shadow of the scrub into the moonlight. Without the slightest warning, the driver of the wagon was caught in the raw-hide noose, dragged violently from his seat, and fell with a thud on the hard road, where he lay quite motionless, while his horse, knowing that something was wrong, immediately pulled up.

With sombrero drawn down over his eyes, and the lower half of his face muffled in a scarf, Chaparral Dick crept up behind the fallen man, his right hand grasping the barrel of a revolver, in readiness to knock him senseless with the butt. Apparently, however, the fall from the wagon had rendered such a precaution quite unnecessary, for to all intents the victim was lifeless; and after a cursory examination, the desperado returned the pistol to his hip-pocket, and proceeded to carry out the plans he had evidently carefully matured beforehand with consummate cunning. Quickly removing the lariat from the body, he restored it to its former place of concealment under his shirt. Then he hurriedly searched the pockets of the senseless man until he found a wash-leather bag, which gave forth an agreeable clinking sound as he dipped his hand into it. This he tied up tightly and transferred to his own jacket, and then disappeared into the scrub, to return the next moment, leading his horse.

But his little programme was not yet concluded. Pushing his sombrero back from over his eyes, he removed the scarf which concealed the lower portion of his face and tied it round his waist. Next, he hitched his own horse to the rear of the wagon, and once more approached the heap of luckless humanity lying on the road. Kneeling down, he gently raised the traveller's head, pressed a flask of spirits to his lips, and in various ways affected to act the part of the Good Samaritan. Presently the unconscious man gave signs of returning life, and Chaparral Dick, after lifting him carefully into the wagon, himself jumped up in front, and gathering up the reins, urged the horse into a gentle trot.

Lemuel Garvey, spellbound with horror and amazement, saw it all, and marvelled. Unable to move or speak, he stood rooted to the spot as the wagon passed him, the new driver's horse following behind, and disappeared down the hill in the direction of Breckenridge City. Then the spell left him, and the terrors of the night drove him like a hunted thing back up the mountain-side to his hut, where he flung himself on his couch and tried, with a whirling brain, to think out the situation and decide what course of action he should pursue. What that situation was, it would perhaps be as well here to make a little clearer.

Breckenridge City seems to have escaped the notice of the map-makers—either that, or the cartographers have with common consent agreed to ignore its claims to publicity. Anyhow, there it is, nestling among the foothills of a western spur of the Sierras; and if you were

to rule a perfectly straight line from Caruthersville to San Jose, you would divide the city into two equal parts, for Higgins's Hotel would be on one side of the line, and Jake Brownson's store would be on the other, and these two are the only inhabited dwellings in the place. True, there are the remains of half-a-dozen frame-houses that were partially erected by a pushing speculator when the scheme for opening out the Breckenridge Silver Mine was first talked about, and were as speedily dismantled when the project was abandoned. If Breckenridge City was not exactly born before its time, it was at least christened prematurely. Still, for all that, it is a place of considerable importance on a small scale, and does a thriving trade. From miles around, the ranchers come to Brownson's store to procure supplies, and having transacted their business there, step over to the hotel across the way to clinch their bargains, or to transact a little more business of a liquid description. Then, too, Higgins's Hotel is the station where the 'Frisco stage stays to change horses; and, moreover, the place is the mutual rendezvous for the whole district, and the general resort of every individual loafer between Aaron's Flat and Bully Rock.

Bill Higgins, who ran the hotel, had a niece living with him, Flossie Hemmings, a fair, sweet slip of a girl of nineteen, who was better known in the locality as 'The Flower of the Sierras,' or, in its abbreviated form, 'The Flower.' All the older and married habitués of the hotel petted and made much of her; and all the younger men worshipped her, and bought new neckties whenever the opportunity offered. Yet Flossie had not one spark of vanity in her. It was impossible to spoil her, and in spite of all the attentions she received, she remained the same merry, guileless maiden. Not one of the roughest of them but was ready and willing to wipe out in blood the slightest insult to 'The Flower,' and it was only on the very rarest occasions that anything resembling an oath was accidentally allowed to hop out in her presence. Better evidence than that to show the estimation in which she was held, it would be impossible to adduce.

Lemuel Garvey had caught the general contagion, and was particularly hard hit. He had felt it coming on, and had struggled against it—fought against it, for he had recognised the utter folly of a man in his precarious state of health falling in love; but it was no use, and he succumbed to Flossie's charms. Perhaps the very fact of his attempts to stifle his love only made his passion the deeper; or perhaps it was that 'The Flower' exhibited towards him a certain tenderness she showed to none other of her numerous admirers. But be that as it may, the 'Tenderfoot Ink-slinger,' as he was generally called in the neighbourhood, could no longer blind himself to the truth that his life's love was hers; and, in consequence, his visits to Breckenridge City grew more frequent, and day by day he became more and more engrossed in his love of 'The Flower.'

The only other admirer for whom she showed the slightest preference was handsome, dashing Chaparral Dick.

When one of his despondent fits came on, Lemuel shut himself up in his shanty with his load of misery, and looked with a morbid eye on the dark side of things. The girl's tenderness towards him, he told himself, was only prompted by gentle, womanly compassion for his hopeless case. He had her pity—as a lame cur might have it—but her heart was Chaparral Dick's; and, after all, it were far better to die than live to see her another's. But the next day the pain in his chest would perhaps have vanished, and out in the glorious sunshine he would sit with nature smiling all around him, dreaming golden dreams of hope and life—an idyllic life to be spent among the birds and the flowers with a sweeter songstress and a fairer flower than them all. Alas! these alternating hopes and fears were but a symptom of his physical disorder. Latterly, his evil days had been fewer, and he had allowed his hopes to lead him into the firm belief that he was rapidly getting stronger. But even in his most sanguine moments, the thought that possibly Chaparral Dick might be his rival for all that made recovery so precious, uncomfortably obtruded upon his happiness.

As Lemuel lay on his bed, with the memory of the events of the night vividly before him, he was too excited to review the situation calmly, but that did not prevent him from recognising that he had it in his power to cut short Chaparral Dick's career in that corner of the States, and thus increase his chances with The Flower by ridding himself of a dangerously handsome rival; though how to play his hand so that his knowledge should be used to the best advantage, he was not then in a fit state to determine. The thought that he had this man in his power, temporarily banished his sense of loneliness, and with a smile of anticipatory triumph on his face, he fell asleep.

VIPERIANA.

By Dr ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S., &c.

THE author of 'British Reptiles,' Professor Bell, declared himself sceptical as to the validity of any of the reported fatalities from viper-bites occurring in Great Britain, since he had been unable to trace the account to an authentic source in a single instance out of the many which he had investigated. Death from this cause is undoubtedly very rare; but it must be admitted that in the development of medical journalism which has taken place during the last thirty years, at least three cases have obtained a record which is indisputable, while, most unhappily, the past hot summer has added a fourth.

A fatal termination, however, as the more or less remote and indirect result of this injury is not unusual; the bitten person recovers from the shock to the system and all the primary effects of the blood-poisoning, but is never well afterwards, and is carried off by some considerable ailment such as would otherwise have been productive of no more than inconvenience.

An example of this kind came under the writer's observation in Devonshire some years ago. A gentleman, of mighty reputation as a South African sportsman, was walking along the sea-beach not far from Babbicombe, when he saw a snake fall over the cliff from the downs above. Believing it to be an ordinary harmless grass-snake, he picked it up and carried it home, where he and his children actually played with it for two days before it bit him. That event, as might have been expected, happened at last, and he at once recognised the character of his pet; he killed it—as he thought—with the drawing-room poker, and threw it out on the veranda, sent for medical assistance, and took general measures for his own safety, which proved entirely successful. But his butler, whilst examining the apparently dead reptile before casting it into the sea, received a wound on the thumb from the creature, which had been stunned only; and although free cauterisation and other appropriate remedies were resorted to without delay, and the man 'pulled round,' he never regained his former health or strength, and died of rapidly induced consumption a few months later. Permanently paralysed limbs, and even persistent loss of speech, are also occasional *sequelæ* of viper-bite.

Luckily, as a rule, the patient's restoration is complete; and as a matter of fact, such casualties are rarer in all parts of the world than is commonly supposed. Even in serpent and superstition ridden Hindustan—where, owing to local and special reasons, from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand natives meet with their death annually in this way—the mortality amongst whites is certainly no more than proportionate to that due to carriage and railway accidents here. Of 1321 inquests held in New South Wales—a country teeming with venomous species—in 1892, one only referred to snake-bite. The 'British Medical Journal' of August 29, 1891, records the case of a little girl bitten at Garve, in Ross-shire; and although the adder plunged its fangs full into the flesh of her bare leg, and it was necessary to convey her a distance of fourteen miles to the Cottage Hospital at Dingwall, the child got perfectly well again under treatment. It may be noted that during the summer months of that year, cold and wet as they were, vipers abounded in Scotland. A boy who received a similar bite in Sandown Park on August 18, 1886, made a quick recovery in St Thomas's Hospital; and the late Frank Buckland, when house-surgeon at St George's, was called upon to prescribe for a youth who had meddled to his own detriment with a viper caught on Wandsworth Common. Before Greater London had swallowed its big bites out of Surrey and Middlesex, these reptiles, like many other specimens of our fauna, were found in situations that know them no more; but they have been reported at comparatively recent dates at Willesden, Hornsey, Highgate, and on the open spaces south of the Thames. That they should have been killed in Hyde Park in 1844, or that a boy should have been severely bitten in St John's Wood twelve years earlier, are authenticated facts,

which do not, perhaps, excite much surprise, changed as conditions now are; but it is somewhat startling to read that a live snake was found in the latter locality about a year ago! It turned out to be a *protégé* of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who was staying in the neighbourhood, being the realistic representative of the asp which she introduced into the death-scene of 'Cleopatra.' More than one viper has made its appearance, unbidden and unwelcomed, in Covent Garden Market, possibly conveyed thither unwittingly in baskets of vegetables—more probably escapes from the stock-in-trade of the dealers in small animals who stand at the corners of that emporium.

Shortly after the Zoological Gardens of London were opened to the public in 1828, two 'promiscuous' vipers, not legitimate inmates of the menagerie—which at that time contained no provision for the accommodation of snakes—were despatched within the precincts. Nothing remarkable about that, either, although the date falls well within the recollection of thousands of people now living; for Lord Malmesbury records in his Diary that he shot pheasants in the immediate vicinity at that period; and the Zoological Society were compelled to erect a close fence all around their Gardens to keep out the hares with which Regent's Park was at that time infested, and which did great damage to the flower-beds. Consternation prevailed throughout the first camp established at Bisley when a large and pugnacious adder rose hissing from the heather in close proximity to the tents; but, fortunately, no misadventure resulted from its presence, nor has any subsequent specimen disturbed the peace of mind of that martial gathering. An interest gruesomely romantic attaches to the circumstance that one of the victims of the horrible series of murders committed in Whitechapel a few years since was identified by her sister mainly by the scar of an adder-bite, received near her cottage-home down in Somersetshire whilst she, a happy child, was playing in a hayfield.

Many persons are killed by vipers on the Continent; but—though our own '*Pelias berus*' is widely distributed over Europe, and is generally known distinctively as the 'little viper'—the prevalent and most dangerous species are the long-nosed and asp vipers. Matthiöle relates an instance of a man who was fatally bitten by half a snake in France—an adder had been severed in twain with a hoe, and he unfortunately picked up the business end. Such an occurrence is quite within the bounds of credibility; I have seen a wretched python which had been cut in two by a sweep of a coolie's cutlass, launch itself furiously at the man who was preparing to give it the *coup de grâce*, and tear the torch from his hands. Domestic animals are not unfrequently attacked, but rarely succumb to the poison; sheep and horses are struck on the nose as they graze, cows very commonly on the udders while lying down. A bitten dog repeatedly plunges its head under water, to assuage the fierce heat of the inflammatory symptoms, but generally recovers. Human beings and monkeys suffer far more intensely than do creatures lower in the scale of life. There is a remarkable account,

vouched for by competent witnesses, of a horse which was found moribund and choking, with its neck enormously swollen, in whose throat a small viper had actually ensconced itself. Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur lost two gazelles, which she kept in the dual capacity of pets and models, by the assault of adders which swarmed in the country about her château.

There are, as I have said, four cases of death from snake-bite in this country, the record of which is supported by medical testimony—others have doubtless happened. In the summer of 1854, a gypsy child who had thrown herself on the ground by the roadside was bitten on the cheek. Her father crushed the reptile with the heel of his heavy boot, placed it in a cabbage-leaf for identification, and carried it, with the poor little sufferer, to the nearest town—Wingham, in Kent. She was afterwards removed to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, where she died. A woman fell a victim to a like injury in Epping Forest in 1865. The third case is that of a gentleman named Thompson, who, though wearing knickerbockers, was bitten on the leg at Leith Hill, near Dorking, Surrey, in the month of August 1876, the venom doing its lethal work in forty-eight hours. The neighbourhood of Leith Hill in those days was infested by these pestilent little brutes, and a sport much favoured of the Dorking boys was to hunt and kill them for the sake of their fat, which was—and still is, in some places—saleable as a remedy for sprains, bruises, and rheumatism. The last recorded instance occurred in Glamorganshire on June 3d of 1893, when a lad of eleven died from the infliction of two tiny punctures on the forefinger. Deaths from the bite of a cobra, a puff-adder, and a rattlesnake, captive specimens, have occurred in this country.

There is a widely prevalent but erroneous idea that the venom acquires additional virulence in exceptionally hot weather—a mistake based probably on the circumstance that the great majority of poisonous serpents, as well as those of the worst kind, are found in the tropics. The fact, too, that snakes in general make their appearance, be they aggressive or elusive, only during the hottest season of the year in temperate regions, may perhaps account to some extent for this fallacy. That it is a fallacy has been conclusively demonstrated by scientific experiment; and, indeed, casualties have contributed testimony on this head. A 'snake-charmer,' an Englishman named Drake, was killed at Rouen in 1827 by a rattlesnake which seemed to be numb with the cold. The writer's experience—founded on a life-long observation of these creatures to the number of some thousands of specimens, both in confinement and in their native wilds—is, that a cold snake—unless, of course, it be actually torpid—is preternaturally irritable, and much more disposed to attack than one which is warm. But the common viper is more tolerant of low temperatures, and hibernates less than any other serpent under parallel conditions, occurring farther north in Norway and Sweden, and to a greater height on mountain-sides, than the rest of the European *Ophidia*; and has even seemed to turn up more plentifully than

usual in chilly years. Allusion has already been made to its prevalence in 1891, during which year two deaths were registered as attributable to some extent to adder-bites: and 1852—probably on the whole the wettest year of this century, though characterised by a long spring drought—brought anything but a 'summer of the snakeless meadow.' Vipers have been reported during the past prolonged dry season in situations where they were previously unknown, such as the banks of ponds, to which they had no doubt resorted in pursuit of prey driven by the absence of water to forsake the higher ground.

From twenty to thirty little adders are produced in one brood, these viperlings being gifted with venom and an instinctive knowledge of its utility from the moment of their birth, despite Gilbert White's inability to discover their fangs with a magnifying-glass. Every reptile—snake, lizard, crocodilian, or tortoise—is ushered into this world with its development complete and perfect, and competent to take care of itself. I was once watching a lizard wriggle out of the egg; it stood motionless for a minute or so when free, then sped away. But as it darted off over the hot sand, a fly alighted in its path, and was instantly seized and devoured. Some rattlesnakes, born in my vivarium, killed mice in three seconds, an hour after they saw the light, feeding ravenously. Young vipers—young serpents of all species, in fact—are far more likely, however, to constitute food for other creatures than to find a meal for themselves; here they are preyed upon by birds, stoats, weasels, polecats, moles, foxes, hedgehogs, toads, rats, and a host of other things. They have been found, in company with wireworms and the destructive larvæ of the daddy-longlegs, in the crop of a pheasant; and peacocks are so partial to this piquant fare that they will sometimes desert the home where they are regularly fed in districts abounding with adders.

The bite of any viper requires very deep excision—deeper than would be called for in a case of cobra-bite—owing to the length of the movable fangs. Two punctures, from one-third to half an inch apart, are generally visible; but where the finger is struck, one fang not uncommonly misses altogether. In a bygone (though not very remote) period, when to make the patient drunk as speedily as possible was the standard remedial course, soldiers on foreign stations have been known to prick themselves artistically with thorns, and rush off howling to the surgeon, in order to obtain a copious libation of brandy gratis. There can be no question as to the value of stimulants in accidents of this sort, if administered at the proper time, though nitrite of amyl, ether, or ammonia would be infinitely more efficacious than ordinary spirituous liquors; but I believe that a fatal result is often precipitated, instead of avoided, by injudicious stimulation at the outset. The vulgar error that a person will take no harm if bitten when in a state of intoxication is too patent in its absurdity to call for refutation—such a one would certainly succumb the more quickly by reason of his condition.

Mysterious as is the death-dealing effect of so

minute an injection of this scarcely modified saliva, its potency is not without parallel elsewhere in the organic world. The perception by our olfactory nerves of so imponderable a quantity as the one-millionth part of a grain of certain substances is at least as remarkable; and the murderous though curiously limited power of the tsetse fly of tropical Africa perhaps even more so. But, after all, there is nothing more wonderful than the tremendously disproportionate irritation produced by the poison instilled by the barely visible hair of a stinging nettle, especially in the case of some species which flourish in other lands. The indented nettle (*Urtica crenulata*)—a common form in the tropics) will give rise to pain and bodily fever lasting for months; and Schleiden saw a limb amputated in Timor, owing to gangrene which resulted from the sting of the Devil's-leaf nettle (*U. urentissima*). Viper-venom, like most other poisons, organic and inorganic, has been used in medicine; and that it was so employed in this country at an early date is proved by the fact that allusion was made thereto by Canon Derham in a sermon preached in St Mary-le-Bow Church in 1711. Pliny, Galen, and the older writers appear to indicate that the flesh of the reptile rather than the secretion of its glands found a place in the Pharmacopœias of their respective ages. To this day, the shed skins, or 'sloughs,' have a reputation in all parts of the world as a remedy for chronic headache and loss of voice, bound about the temples or the throat; the keepers in the Reptilium at the Zoo are frequently asked for pieces by sufferers from such ailments. France was formerly the centre for the collection and export of viperish drug-products, which were subject to a duty of four shillings per pound; but that interest would seem to have declined, since ten thousand represents the yearly average of those killed, now that the reward has been cut down to twenty-five centimes for each, whereas it reached the respectable figure of seventeen thousand twenty years ago, when the premium was double. Those who extract the fat profess a singular notion that it is valueless as an ointment if the snake 'breaks its poison-bags' before death.

Even the bite of the adder has been accredited with curative properties, and has ranked in the vast category of specifics for hydrophobia. In 1805, M. Gauchi, the Mayor of Reorthe, during an epidemic of this dread disease, advocated that all affected by it, men and animals alike, should be submitted to the fangs of a viper which had been previously bitten by a hydrophobic dog!

The dissimilarity between the harmless grass-snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) of this island and the viper, both in form and coloration as well as in habitat, is so pronounced that it is impossible for any one who has seen the two to mistake the one for the other; but a near relative of the former, the viperine snake (*T. viperinus*), which abounds throughout the south of Europe, actually simulates the venomous species so closely that it requires a practised ophiologist to discriminate between them. Furthermore, in some situations—in the Pyre-

nees, for instance—the viper is usually of a pinkish or salmon-coloured hue underneath, instead of white, and in those same regions its mimic adopts a like tinge on its ventral scales. Of the very few serpents which exhibit any outward mark of distinction between the sexes, the adder is one, though to no greater extent than might enable a student of the subject to pick out sixty in a hundred with confidence. The puff-adder, Merrem's snake, and, in a very slight degree, the boa-constrictor and rattlesnake, are the only species besides which manifest a similar sexual dimorphism. It is a strange circumstance that this should be so rare as to be practically unknown amongst reptiles, when it is displayed at its maximum in their first-cousins the birds.

Serpents do not augment their doubtful popularity by the way they have of appearing suddenly in places where they are not expected, and by no means desired—I know of one which was found snugly curled up on the hearth-rug before a drawing-room fire, one chilly August day, at Pinner, in Middlesex, within a few minutes' hail of a metropolitan railway station; and another that left its just-cast slough on the top of a four-post bed; but one does not often hear of a viper in a church. Some twenty years ago, however, one presented itself at the side entrance of Biddenden Parish Church during afternoon service, to the progress of which it caused considerable disturbance, and managed to ensconce itself under the harmonium before decisive measures were taken for its ejection and ultimate slaughter. Though staying in the immediate neighbourhood, I was not at church on this particular occasion; but the event is indelibly impressed on my memory by the fact that when the topic led up, not unnaturally, to the mention of serpent-worship at the dinner-table that night, and a lady asked the meaning of the word 'ophiolatry,' a clergyman made the appalling observation that it was a heathen form of Adoration!

A chronicle of all the superstitions which have obtained in the past or still prevail concerning this little reptile would stock a library. It is popularly alleged throughout Europe that the leaves of the common ash will not only cure the bite, but, employed with suitable rites, will prevent it; while the Devonshire peasant believes that no viper has power to cross a circle traced around it when asleep with an ashen staff. This latter is, at any rate, difficult of disproof, since snakes have no eyelids, and, being consequently incapable of shutting their eyes, can give no evidence of sleep.

In conclusion, let me narrate without comment a circumstance which may have a possible bearing on a much-vexed question. At the commencement of last summer (1893), a viper was brought to me as having swallowed her young ones. The act of deglutition had not been observed; but while my informant was engaged in killing the creature with a light stick, a little one was ejected by the mother from her mouth in her death-throes—on this point he was absolutely certain, and he had killed the baby as well, and offered it for my inspection along with the body of the

adult, around the throat of which a string was tightly tied, to prevent the escape of the remainder of the brood. But, alas! the snakeling was not a viper at all, but a tiny, newly hatched specimen of the grass-snake, evidently the product of one of a batch of soft-shelled eggs which the adder—a male—had lately eaten. The rest of them—about half-a-dozen in number, as far as I could judge, and all fertile—I found in the poor beast's stomach.

NO. '3, 7, 77.'

To the majority of readers, the above figures convey no meaning, and yet these mystic symbols have caused many a strong man to tremble with terror, many an evil-doer to pale with dread, and suddenly to 'fold his tent and silently steal away.' This No. '3, 7, 77' is the warning notice and the signature of the Vigilantes of the Far West.

The law-breakers, no matter of what class or particular line, thoroughly appreciate its full value, and rarely fail to profit by it. The Vigilantes work unseen, unheard, but with a tenacity that never fails. They rarely appear on the surface, but the results of their action show plainly enough. One warning is usually all that is given; if this is neglected, woe betide the person to whom that warning is sent. An outsider could almost believe that these mysterious papers are sometimes delivered by supernatural means, as locked doors and barred windows present no obstacles to that little sheet in red letters, lying prominently on the table. Many a marauder or frontier ruffian, returning to his lonely cabin in the mountains after a horse-stealing expedition, has been surprised and terrified to find a slip of paper on his table, giving him twenty-four hours to leave the country, with these dreaded numbers as a signature. An early riser taking a morning stroll through a mountain town has sometimes seen these little slips neatly pasted outside the doors of certain houses, and the dwellers therein have declared that these papers were not there at midnight. A game of cards once being played in a saloon by four desperadoes, a new pack was handed to them in its original sealed wrapper. When opened, on the ace of clubs was found written in red ink: "'3, 7, 77"—24 hours to leave. Pass this card to the other three.' They left that night!

Western Vigilantes do not act on sudden impulse. They have been called into existence by the impossibility of having cattle and horse-thieves, 'road-agents' (a polite term for murderous highwaymen), and highwaymen convicted or proportionately punished for their crimes—amongst which murder is a common one—owing to the gross venality of the people from whom the average juries are drawn; also to the sharp practices of tricky lawyers, who constantly secure acquittals through some technicality or flaw in the indictment; also to the wording of many of the laws, by which the accused is hedged round with safeguards and the prosecution with difficulties. All these causes combined drove the ranchman, the stockman, and the gold-miner, in sheer despair to form a

mutual Association among themselves to protect their hardly earned property and their lives from the scoundrels and human beasts of prey who fattened off them, and who ruthlessly shot them down in cold blood if they remonstrated.

There is no resemblance between the sudden frenzied action of an excited mob and the action of the Vigilantes. The latter closely examine and make full inquiry into all cases brought under their notice; a special Committee is appointed for this purpose. A month or more may be occupied in their inquiries. A report is made in full meeting, and the matter is put to vote, a majority of those present deciding. A notice or warning is never sent out until the question of the absolute guilt of the accused party is beyond doubt. If he refuses to avail himself of his chance to leave, he remains at his own risk. The Vigilantes are simply a self-constituted internal police—illegal, of course, but of such inestimable value to the peaceable and law-abiding citizens, that no attempt is made to have the former prosecuted. Honest people have nothing to fear from them; they exist solely for the repression of crime; and had it not been for the Vigilantes in Montana in the sixties, and at the present time in places, no honest man could have lived or owned property in peace or security. The law was powerless; the desperadoes held the balance of power, and the situation was rapidly approaching one of anarchy, when the Vigilantes suddenly appeared, and restored complete order and quietness in three days' time. It required the hanging of nine ringleaders to do this; but after that, life and property were safe. The lesson was a sharp and severe one, but necessary and most wholesome.

In times of quiet and peace, the Vigilantes do not meet; but when occasion requires, they are alert at a moment's notice. A peculiar dread on the part of the Western ruffian is the uncertainty from whom and where his notice emanates. He may be drinking at the bar with a Vigilante; he may buy his groceries or feed his horse at the store or stable of another; the quiet, well-dressed banker who cashes his cheque, or the loud-voiced village oracle, may all be members, and he feels uncomfortable accordingly. He is afraid to express his burning desire to 'wipe out' every member of that accursed 3, 7, 77 gang, as he terms them, for fear he might be confiding in one of the gang themselves. But although he would gladly and cheerfully murder them all if he safely could, he usually complies with their request to move his quarters, and rarely waits until his twenty-four hours' limit has expired.

The Vigilantes have a thorough system of their own of private inquiry and espionage as well. Many a thief has mentally wondered, with much unnecessary profanity, how it was known that he had appropriated some neighbour's calf, colt, or horse. Each district has its own Committee. This Committee does not work outside its district, save in special cases. Committees assist each other when required to do so. In heavy cases Committees will join together. In such an event, from five hundred to a thousand men can be centred at any given spot on very short notice. When action is needed,

every member must attend the rendezvous, absolute incapacity from illness being the only excuse admitted. All business and pleasure matters must stand to one side. The members are bound to secrecy, and to help and assist each other in all cases of emergency—to an extreme limit. The obligation is a stringent one. No one is admitted as a member unless he is well reported on by other members. An executive Committee is formed of picked men only, who do all the preliminary work, do it skilfully and thoroughly, and do not state the result of their labours until on the eve of carrying out their plans. By this means, the chances of indiscreet members babbling is lessened, as they know nothing about the time of action until the time arrives.

As an illustration of how thorough the Vigilantes are in their methods, I may give the following: Two 'road-agents' in Montana had killed without any provocation two passengers on a stagecoach in open daylight. The agents, well mounted, started at once to leave the country. Three Vigilantes followed them. Day by day the latter gained information of their quarry in advance. The mountain passes and resting-places in the West are comparatively few, and well known. So this part of the chase was easy. Day after day the Vigilantes followed the trail, but failed to overtake the road-agents, who, well knowing the character of the sleuth-hounds on their track, were forcing their tired horses towards the South. The latter at last gave out—the agents stole two fresh ones from a stable, and renewed their flight through Idaho, down into Utah, and across to Nevada—the hunters behind them tracking day by day and hour by hour. At last the Vigilantes overtook their men, and two ringing shots from Winchester rifles ended that chapter. A local paper afterwards stated that 'The bodies of two men, each shot through the heart, were found yesterday on the roadside. They had a considerable sum in gold on their persons, but no papers to identify them by. It is supposed that this was Vigilante work, as robbery evidently was not an object—their pockets having been undisturbed.' '3, 7, 77'—relentless, slow, but deadly sure, had again vindicated itself.

T. L.

SONNET.

THE thrush is hid within the emerald bough,
As the June sun dips in the western sea;
But I can hear the wild notes merrily,
Like marriage bells across the wintry snow.
Good is the omen! Where the roses blow
In the old garden, to the wicket gate
I bend swift steps of love, for there my fate
Sweet lips shall seal to-night, and I shall know
If she I love will put her hand in mine,
And say: 'Dearest, I yield thee steadfast faith,
And promise to be thy true wife till death!'—
O crowning height of bliss, dearer than wine,
Sweeter than song, richer than jewelled crown!
Her heart to mine linked evermore as one.

WILLIAM COWAN.

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WINTERING ON BEN NEVIS.

By R. C. MOSSMAN, F.R.S.E.

Few inhabitants of the British Isles lead a more romantic and isolated life during winter than the meteorological anchorites domiciled at our most advanced outpost against the forces of Nature, the Ben Nevis Observatory, situated 4406 feet above the sea. Communication with the nether world is practically cut off for weeks at a time, although the Observatory messenger makes the ascents nominally once a fortnight, bringing with him letters and such light parcels as he can conveniently carry. His visits are as uncertain as the weather itself—high winds, soft snow, and thick fog, effectually barring the way for considerable periods, so that the observers are sometimes six weeks without seeing him.

Throughout the long dreary winter, elemental disturbances of a severity and duration with which dwellers at lower levels are fortunately unacquainted, rage with well-nigh unremitting fury around the hill-top, greatly increasing the physiological effects of the severe cold; while the general climatic conditions are raw and inclement in the highest degree. Every precaution has accordingly been taken to ensure the comfort of the staff, the heating apparatus, consisting of two American stoves, burning paraffin coke, being perfect; while double windows and thick walls lined with felt facilitate the attainment of the end in view. Only during a severe gale does the building become cold; then the fires have to be kept low, as, without this precaution, the chimneys would soon become red-hot, to the danger of the adjoining woodwork.

The winter fare is necessarily chiefly tinned, an occasional leg of mutton forming a welcome change; while the water supply for cooking and domestic purposes takes the form of half-a-dozen bucketsful of virgin snow, dug daily from the most spotless portion of the hill-top.

Drifts begin to form around the domicile early in the month of October, and increase rapidly in depth, until, by the end of January, it would require but a slight exercise of the imagination, along with a background of seals, blubber, and Eskimo dogs, to suggest some hyperborean encampment by the shores of Melville Bay or Northumberland Inlet. The presence of a few fur-clad natives would no doubt give effect to the illusion; but as the winter attire of the 'children of the mist' closely resembles that of a North Sea fisherman, the picture is necessarily incomplete in this respect. The Observatory buildings are then entirely under snow, all that can be seen being the kitchen chimney and the tower, along with a curious-looking ice-cave in the foreground, which on closer examination proves to be composed of blocks of frozen snow, built in order to protect a staircase of the same material leading up from the main entrance twelve feet below. Icicles depend from the roof of this archway, which sparkles in bright sunshine with myriads of snow crystals, in marked contrast to the sepulchral gloom of the interior, where paraffin lamps burning night and day shed their ghostly glimmer, making darkness barely visible. So intolerably close and stuffy does the atmosphere become in this boreal temple of science, that all hands turn out with spades from time to time and endeavour to keep at least the upper portion of the windows clear, thus enabling artificial illuminants to be dispensed with during the short winter days. The first severe storm, however, effectually closes these long tunnel-like excavations, which simply act as traps for the drift that flies over the summit in blinding clouds, and the old order of things is resumed.

The voluntary exiles in this solitary habitation are three in number, two of whom are observers, while the third performs the necessary offices of cook and general housekeeper, yet is also able to assist in taking the obser-

vations if necessary. Astronomy does not, as is very generally supposed, enter into the work, which is purely meteorological, hourly readings of instruments giving the temperature, pressure, and humidity of the atmosphere being taken night and day, so that one observer is always on duty. The instruments are as plain and substantial as possible, consistent with scientific accuracy, one looking in vain for any of the ingenious and labour-saving automatically recording devices so successfully utilised at low-level observatories, such as Greenwich and Kew, but which cannot be used on the Ben, owing to the frost-work formed out of the driving fog, rarely absent during the winter months. It appears that whenever fog is present and the temperature below the freezing-point, crystalline feathers of ice are deposited on the windward side of every surface, the frost-work forming at the rate of about two feet a day under favourable conditions. The thermometer boxes soon become choked with these accretions, and have to be frequently changed; otherwise, the observations would be merely a record of the temperature inside a more or less opaque mass of snow. The thermometers are placed in louvered boxes attached to a ladder-like framework fixed in the ground, so that, as the snow increases in depth, they can be raised step by step, and kept at the regulation height of four feet above the surface.

A totally different phenomenon is 'Silver Thaw,' or rain congealing as it falls, covering all objects exposed to its action with a transparent sheet of hard ice, unlike the fog crystals, which, when broken across, show a peculiar granular fracture like marble or alabaster. 'Silver Thaw' occasions considerable inconvenience, choking the chimneys and ventilators; while the falling rain freezes on the clothes, and even faces, of the observers, so that outdoor exercise is anything but a pleasure. After a prolonged fall, a hard, icy crust is formed on the surface of the snow, drift being thus prevented, an important matter in stormy weather, when the snow literally rolls about in waves over the hill-top. Most of it is blown into the gorges, where it accumulates to a great depth, remaining unmelted even in the warmest summer.

Thunder-storms are most frequent in winter, taking place during the passage of deep cyclonic systems, and are not only unpleasant but sometimes dangerous phenomena. In a severe storm, the rattling of torrents of hail, mingled with the incessant rolling of the thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning, are enough to make the stoutest heart quail; while the close proximity of a well-known Mephistophelian celebrity is suggested by the sulphurous odour emanating from the lightning-arrester on the telegraph connections. On one occasion, a so-called bolt of lightning came down the office chimney, emerging from the stove with the report as of a rifle, a ball of fire leaping across the room giving a severe shock to one of the inmates who was sitting writing at an adjoining table. Sometimes the accumulated electrical energy is dissipated in the form of St Elmo's

Fire, this making its appearance as little cornuscations in the shape of inverted cones of violet-coloured flame about the thickness of a lead pencil. A peculiar 'singing noise,' not unlike the humming of bees, accompanies it, by which characteristic sound it has been recognised in the daytime, when the light was too strong for the meteor itself to be visible. In brilliant displays, the anemometer cups, revolving rapidly, appear as a solid ring of fire; while the wind-vane resembles a flaming arrow. The appearance of the observer is equally striking; his coat, gloves, and hat are aglow with the 'fire,' while his moustache becomes electrified, so as to make a veritable lantern of his face. A smart stinging sensation on the temples and scalp is frequently experienced, so that it is no matter for surprise that the apparition usually beats a hasty although 'brilliant' retreat into the tower, there to enjoy, without personal discomfort, a scene highly suggestive of the realms of Pluto or the Stygian creek. The phenomenon is simply a slow ejection of electricity analogous to the 'brush' discharge of an ordinary electrical machine.

Many rare and interesting atmospheric effects are witnessed from this lofty post of observation. Occasionally the lower world is buried in fog, everything beneath being shut out from view by a magnificent ocean of rolling clouds, on which the sun shines down with ineffable splendour, whilst here and there a snow-clad peak rises like an island above the silvery billow. The upper surface of this cloud-layer is at times quite level, just like a sheet of water, coming flush up against the sides of the hill without rising or falling. On other occasions it is twisting about, fantastic wreaths of white mist being evolved from it. The moonlight effects under these conditions are exceptionally grand, and do much to compensate the observers for the monotonous routine of their everyday life; the scintillation of millions of snow crystals out-twinkling the stars, with the contrast supplied by the dark heaving waves of cloud-fog beneath, forming a fascinating and absorbing spectacle that will never fade from the memory of the fortunate beholder.

Now is the time for recreation, which is indulged in as much as the scientific work of the Observatory will permit of. The favourite amusement is tobogganing, a straight course of over half a mile being available for the purpose, special care being taken to steer well away from the great corrie of the precipice, which is fringed in winter with a cornice of slippery snow. After a heavy fall of soft snow, a welcome variety in the shape of exercise is afforded by long tramps on Canadian snow-shoes brought over from Quebec. On a fine winter day with little or no wind, a surprise-party would probably find the roof of the Observatory covered with rugs, on which recline the 'staff,' basking in the sunshine, lulled into a condition of dreamy ecstasy by the melodious murmur of distant waterfalls, and the light zephyrs playing among the dark corries of the north cliff.

In this weather, many favourable opportunities are from time to time presented for witnessing remarkable optical effects. When thin

fog blows over the hill-top, coronæ of indescribably brilliant prismatic colours are formed round the sun or moon; their striking iridescence being due to the nearness of the vapour prisms on which the images are formed. When the upper cloud-layer consists of cirri halos accompanied by contact arches, horizontal and vertical bars and mock-suns are frequently visible. If the ice-haze on which these images are developed is dense, the accompanying optical phenomena are pale and leaden; but when the icy veil is filmy and drifting rapidly, the chameleon-like changes are beautiful to behold, forming a perfect phantasmagoria of kaleidoscopic effects. The foregoing phenomena are explained by the action of the sun's rays on hexagonal ice-crystals floating in different positions, and having refracting angles of sixty or ninety degrees. Rainbow-like glories of dazzling brilliancy surround the shadow of the observer when it is projected on fog, the sun at the same time being low in the heavens.

An unusual occurrence is the dark-blue earth-shadow thrown against the sky, and marked off clearly from the illuminated portion by an arch of purple light called 'Phœbus Bow,' with the shadow of the Ben, as a dark conical projection, standing out boldly from it. The zodiacal light makes its appearance shortly after sunset on a moonless night in early spring, and is also visible before sunrise at the opposite season of the year, being known to the natives of the East, whose clear skies admit of its frequent visibility, as the 'false dawn.' The presence of this interesting luminary, which takes the form of a hazy cone of soft light rising to a considerable elevation in an oblique direction, is attributed to the existence of extremely tenuous matter surrounding the sun and stretching into space for an enormous distance.

Animal life is very scarce, although for some years a colony of stoats took up their abode on the summit, and have been known to invade the storeroom when hard pressed for food. Their depredations at length becoming more frequent, traps were set, several falling into the toils, thus paying the penalty for their intrepidity, being rendered negative factors in earthly concerns, as a warning to the remainder. In winter they are as white as snow, with the single exception of a small black tip on the end of the tail, which does not alter in summer, when their colour changes to a ruddy brown. The creature is remarkably active, being about ten inches in length and very slender. Birds are rarely seen, although snow-buntings flit about the hill-top and become quite tame, coming regularly to the Observatory for food, and hopping only a few yards away when disturbed. Butterflies and other insects have been noticed during summer; while large numbers of a dipterous fly are found crawling on the surface of the snow at all seasons, wind-borne travellers from the surrounding glens, four thousand feet down.

Very few visitors make their appearance in winter, on account of the difficulty and danger attaching to the climb. Guide-posts have been placed at intervals of about a hundred yards during the last mile of the journey; but they

soon become snow-covered, and indistinguishable from the surrounding ice-waste, and are of little use in thick fog, when the range of vision is reduced to a few yards, and when the blinding, biting drift fills up footsteps as soon as they are made, confusing all idea of direction. Not unfrequently the Observatory road-messenger has had to return to Fort-William, after leaving the mail-bags tied to one of the guide-posts we have just alluded to, absolutely unable to continue the ascent, owing to the overpowering drift. Occasionally, total strangers to the hill make the ascent in bad winter weather, aptly illustrating the proverb that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' For example, one dull winter afternoon, when we were sitting round the kitchen fire enjoying an after-dinner smoke, a loud knock was heard at the tower door, which affords a convenient exit when the snow has accumulated to some depth. A visitor at this season being a *rara avis*, we were not long in admitting the new-comer, who, according to his story, was a tramp hailing from London in search of work. Business being dull at sea-level altitudes, he had been recommended by his landlady to apply at the Ben Nevis Observatory for employment, where presumably manual labour would not be at such a discount as at more accessible situations. He presented a most pitiable appearance on his arrival; his feet, but poorly protected by worn-out shoes, felt, he said, like ice-blocks; while his clothes were as hard as boards, and covered with frozen snow, which had accumulated in lumps as large as eggs in his tangled beard. It was too late that evening to ask him to face the dangers of fog and drift on his return journey, so he had to spend the night in front of the kitchen stove, departing on the following morning with bursting pockets and a replenished wardrobe, evidently much pleased with his first experience of 'high-life.'

Coming now to the practical utility of the observations. Mountain meteorology, to use the words of a celebrated American authority, 'is chiefly useful when studied relatively, that is, when the atmospheric relations between the summit and base of a mountain can be obtained.' This can only be effected by the establishment of a station at an approximately sea-level altitude, where observations can be taken simultaneously with those on an adjacent summit. An Observatory has lately been erected at Fort-William, four miles in horizontal distance from the Ben, and supplied with ingenious self-registering instruments, giving, by means of photography, a continuous record of the fluctuations in the various elements of climate, so that it is now possible to follow hour by hour the atmospheric changes taking place under various conditions at sea-level and at an elevation of four-fifths of a mile. A most laborious examination of these observations has lately been undertaken by the able Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, the discussion of which will materially aid, if it does not in a measure supplant, the present system of weather-forecasting by means of synoptic charts.

In conclusion, one cannot help referring in a word to the intelligence and endurance manifested by the members of the 'staff' in prose-

cuting, under many difficulties, a work that is practically unique, and which has already done much to clear away the mists surrounding meteorological science.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN ANGEL FROM THE WEST.

RUFUS MORTIMER lay stretched at full length on the heather-clad dome of a Surrey hill-top. He was turning lazily over the pages of a weekly paper. He passed from the politics to the social 'middles,' and from the middles again to the reviews and the literary column. It was dull, deadly dull, the self-laudatory *communiqués* of second-rate amateurs. His eye ran carelessly through the items of news and the hints of forthcoming works: 'We understand that the article on "Richelieu and his Contemporaries" in the current number of the South British Quarterly, which is attracting so much attention in well-informed circles at the present moment, is from the facile yet learned pen of Mr J. Anstruther Maclaren, the well-known authority on the age of the Bourbons.'—'Mrs Rotherham's new novel, "My Heart and His," will shortly be published by Messrs Rigby, Short, & Co. It will deal with the vicissitudes of an Italian gypsy girl, who studies medicine at Girton, and afterwards becomes convinced of the truths of Theosophy, the principles of which are eloquently defended at some length by the accomplished authoress.'—'Mr Edmund Wilkes, Q.C., denies the report that he is the author of that clever Society sketch, "An Archbishop's Daughter-in-law," which has caused so much amusement, and so many searchings of heart in high ecclesiastical and legal quarters during the present season. We are also assured there is no good ground for attributing the work to the wife of the veteran Dean of Northborough, whose finished literary handicraft does not in any way resemble the crude and unformed style of that now famous story. The work bears, on the contrary, internal traces of being due to the sprightly wit of a very young lady, acquainted with the clerical society of a northern cathedral town, but little at home in the great world of London.'—Rufus Mortimer almost laid down the paper in disgust. Better, surely, the fellowship of the eternal hills, the myriad buzz of the bees, the purple heather, than the solicitous echoes of this provincial gossip.

But just as he was going to fling the journal down in his distaste, his eye chanced to light upon a single belated paragraph, wedged in between two others near the end of the column. 'Messrs Stanley & Lockhart will publish almost immediately a new and stirring romance of the Armada period, entitled "An Elizabethan Seadog," purporting to be written by one John Collingham, a Norfolk sailor, who was imprisoned in Spain by the Inquisition for refusing to abjure "the damnable doctrine of her Grace's supremacy." It is announced as "translated and edited by Arnold Willoughby;" and

is described in their circular as being one of the most thrilling works of adventure published since the beginning of the present revived taste for the literature of romantic exploits.'

In a moment, Rufus Mortimer had jumped up from his seat on the overblown heather. In accordance with his promise to Kathleen, he had been hunting for weeks to find Arnold Willoughby; and now, by pure chance, he had lighted unawares on a singular clue to his rival's whereabouts.

Rufus Mortimer was a man of his word. Moreover, like all the higher natures, he was raised far above the petty meanness of jealousy. If he loved Kathleen, he could not help desiring to do whatever would please her, even though it were that hard task—to find for her sake the lover who was to supplant him. As soon as he read those words, he had but one thought in his mind—he must go up to town at once and see whether Stanley & Lockhart could supply him with the address of their new author.

In five minutes more he was back at his lodgings, whither he had come down, partly for rest and change after his fresh disappointment, partly to paint a little purple gem of English moorland landscape for an American Exhibition. He turned to his Bradshaw eagerly. An up-train would be due in twenty minutes. It was sharp work to catch it, for his rooms on the hill-top lay more than a mile from the station; but off he set at a run, so eager was he to find out the truth about Arnold Willoughby. At the station he had just time to despatch a hasty telegram up to town to Kathleen—'Am on the track of the missing man. Will wire again to-night. Have good hopes of finding him.'—RUFUS MORTIMER—when the train steamed in, and he jumped inpetuously into a first-class carriage.

At Waterloo he hailed a hansom, and drove straight to Stanley & Lockhart's. He sent up his card, and asked if he might see one of the partners. The American millionaire's name was well enough known in London to secure him at once a favourable reception. Mr Stanley received him with the respect justly due to so many hard dollars. He came provided with the universal passport. Rufus Mortimer went straight to the business in hand. Could Mr Stanley inform him of the present address of Mr Arnold Willoughby, the editor of this new book, 'An Elizabethan Seadog'?

Mr Stanley hesitated. 'Are you a friend of Mr Willoughby's?' he asked, looking out over his spectacles. 'For you know he poses as a sort of dark horse. He's reticent about himself, and we don't even know whether Arnold Willoughby's his real name or a pseudonym. He dresses like and pretends to be a common sailor.'

'Oh yes,' Mortimer answered, smiling. 'Willoughby's his own name, right enough; and he is what he seems to be, an able-bodied mariner. But he's a very remarkable man in his way, for all that—a painter, a reader, extremely well informed, and in every sense a gentleman. There are no flies on Willoughby.'

'No what?' Mr Stanley asked, opening his eyes.

'No flies,' Rufus answered, with a compas

sionate smile for English dullness. 'I mean, he's fresh, and clever, and original.'

'So we gathered,' the head of the firm replied. 'Well, to anybody but you, Mr Mortimer, we would refuse the address; but I suppose we may take it for granted in your case you want it for none but purposes which Mr Willoughby himself would approve of.' And he smiled, all benignity.

'I hope so,' Rufus answered good-humouredly. 'I want it, first, for myself; and secondly, for a person in whom I may venture to say Mr Willoughby is deeply interested.'

The publisher raised his eyebrows. That was the very worst plea Rufus Mortimer could have put in; for when a man's clearly skulking from the eyes of the world, the person (presumably a lady) who is most deeply interested in him is oftener than not the one creature on earth he's most anxious to hide from. So the wise man hesitated. 'Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you,' he said at last, shading his eyes with his hand; 'but to be quite, quite frank with you, we don't exactly know whether we've got his real address or not, ourselves. He has his proofs posted to him at a small seafaring coffee-house, somewhere right away down in the far East End; and that's hardly the sort of place where a man of letters, such as he evidently is, would be likely to be lodging.'

Rufus Mortimer smiled once more. 'I expect it's where he lodges,' he answered. 'At Venice, he used to board in the house of a sort of inferior marine-stores dealer. He's a live man, is Willoughby; he doesn't trouble himself much about the upholsteries and the fripperies.'

The publisher, still half unconvinced, wrote down the address on a slip of paper; and Mortimer, just thanking him for it, rushed off to another cab, and hurried away at full speed to the East End coffee-house.

Fortunately, Arnold Willoughby was in. He had little to go out for. Mortimer went up to his room, a plain small bedroom on the second floor, very simply furnished, but clean and comfortable. He was taken aback at the first look of the man. Arnold seemed thinner than at Venice, very worn and ill-looking. But he started up at the sound of Mortimer's cheery voice, which he recognised at once with its scarcely perceptible tinge of pleasant and cultivated Pennsylvanian accent. Then he held out his left hand. Mortimer saw for himself that the right hung half idle by his side, as if paralysed. 'Why, what does this mean?' he asked quickly.

Arnold smiled in reply, and grasped his friend's hand warmly; though, to say the truth, he felt not quite at his ease with the man who was to marry Kathleen Hessegrave. He would have been glad in some ways to be spared this visit: though, now it was thrust upon him, he was really thankful in others that he was to know the truth, and to put himself once more *en rapport* with Kathleen. 'Oh, nothing much,' he answered, forcing a difficult smile. 'I got crushed in an iceberg accident. Worse calamities happen at sea. Though it's maimed my painting hand, which is always a misfortune.'

'Is it serious?' Mortimer asked with interest.

'Well, the doctors tell me it'll never be good for anything much again,' Arnold answered bravely. 'I can learn to write with my left, of course; but I must give up painting, I'm afraid, altogether.'

They sat and talked for some time about the accident and how it had happened; but neither of them said a word for many minutes together of the subject that was nearest both their hearts that moment. Arnold was too shy and reserved; while as for Rufus Mortimer, he felt, under the circumstances, he had no right to betray Kathleen Hessegrave's confidence. At last, however, Arnold mustered up courage to make the doubtful plunge. 'I believe I have to congratulate you,' he said, with a rather feeble smile, looking hard at Mortimer.

The American winced. 'To congratulate me?' he answered. 'I don't quite understand. On what, and why, please?'

Arnold gazed at him, and hesitated. Ought he to go on or hold his peace? It would be more discreet, perhaps even more honourable, to say nothing further; but, having once begun, he *must* get to the bottom of it. 'Well, about Miss Hessegrave,' he replied. 'I heard—that is to say—I understood you were going to be married to her. And I'm sure I don't know any man in the world more altogether worthy of her.'

Rufus Mortimer stared at him. 'Married to her!' he exclaimed. 'Why, who on earth told you that? My dear fellow, you're mistaken. I'm sorry to say there isn't one word of truth in it.'

'But her own brother told me so,' Arnold persisted, unable to disentangle this ravelled skein.

'Her own brother!' Mortimer exclaimed. 'What! that wretched little monkey! He told you this lie? Why, when ever did you see him?'

'About six or eight weeks ago,' Arnold answered, growing hot; 'up here in London. And he certainly gave me to understand it was a foregone conclusion.'

'What! he saw you six or eight weeks ago, and he never told Miss Hessegrave!' Mortimer cried, justly angry, and forgetting in his surprise all about Kathleen's secret. 'I see what he did that for. The selfish little wretch! How mean! how disgraceful of him!'

'Why should he tell Miss Hessegrave?' Arnold answered, looking hard at him. 'Surely, under the circumstances, it would be best she should see and hear nothing more of me.'

Rufus Mortimer hesitated. He loved Kathleen too well not to desire to serve her; and he felt sure Arnold was labouring under some profound delusion. But he made up his mind that, under the circumstances, it was best to be frank. 'You're mistaken,' he replied. 'Miss Hessegrave is anxious to see you again, in order to clear up a most serious misapprehension. To tell you the plain truth, Willoughby, that's why I'm here to-day. I don't know what the misapprehension itself may be,' he added hastily, for he saw from a faint shade which flitted on Arnold's face that that quick and sensitive nature had again jumped at a

conclusion adverse to Kathleen. 'She hasn't betrayed your confidence, whatever it may be; and if I'm betraying hers now, it's only because I see there's no other way out of it.' He paused a moment and wiped his brow; then the real man came out in one of those rare bursts of unadulterated nature which men seldom permit themselves. 'You don't know what it costs me,' he said earnestly. 'You don't know what it costs me.'

He spoke with such transparent sincerity and depth of feeling, that Arnold couldn't help sympathising with him. And yet, even so, after all his bitter experience, he couldn't help letting the thought flit through his mind all the same—was Kathleen still trying to catch the Earl, but keeping a second string to her bow, all the while, in the rich American?

He laid his hand gently on Rufus Mortimer's shoulder. 'My dear fellow,' he said with real feeling, 'I can see how much it means to you. I'm sorry, indeed, if I stand between you and her. I never wished to do so. There has indeed been an error, a very serious error; but it has been on *her* part, not on mine. She would have married me once, I know, but under a misapprehension. If she knew the whole truth now, she wouldn't want to see me again. And even if she did,' he added, holding up his maimed hand pathetically—'even if it was the painter she wanted, and not—ah, no! I forgot—but even if it was the painter, how could she take him now, and how could he burden her with himself, in this mangled condition? It was always a wild dream; by now, it's an impossible one.'

'That's for *her* to judge, Willoughby,' Rufus Mortimer answered, with earnestness. 'Ah, man, how can you talk so? To think you might make her yours with a turn of your hand, and won't—while I!—oh, I'd give every penny I possess if only I dare hope for her. And here I am, pleading with you on her behalf against myself; and not even knowing whether I'm not derogating from her dignity and honour by condescending on her behalf to say so much as I do to you.'

He leaned back in his easy-chair, and held his hand to his forehead. For a moment neither spoke. Then Arnold began slowly: 'I love her very much, Mortimer,' he said. 'Once, I loved her distractedly. I don't think I could speak about her to any other man; certainly not to any Englishman. But you Americans are somehow quite different from us in fibre. I can say things to you I couldn't possibly say to any fellow-countryman. Now, this is what I feel: she could be happy with you. I can do nothing for her now. I must just live out my own life the best way I can with what limbs remain to me. It would be useless my seeing her. It would only mean a painful explanation; and, when it was over, we must go our own ways—and in the end, she would marry you.'

'I think you owe her that explanation, though,' Mortimer answered slowly. 'Mind, I'm pleading her cause with you against myself—because I promised her to do all I could to find you; and I interpret that promise according to the spirit and not according to the

letter. But you owe it to her to see her. You think the misunderstanding was on her side alone; she thinks it was on yours. Very well, then; that shows there is still something to be cleared up. You must see her and clear it. For even if she didn't marry you, she wouldn't marry me. So it's no use urging that. As to your hand—no, Willoughby, you *must* let me say it—if you can't support her yourself, what are a few thousands to me? You needn't accept them; I could make them over to her, before her marriage. I know that's not the way things are usually done; but you and I and she are not usual people. Why shouldn't we cast overboard conventions for once, and act like three rational human beings?'

Arnold Willoughby grasped his hand. He couldn't speak for a minute. Something rose in his throat and choked him. Here at least was one man whom he could trust; one man to whom earl or sailor made no difference. He was almost tempted in the heat of the moment to confess and explain everything. 'Mortimer,' he said at last, holding his friend's hand in his, 'you have always been kindness itself to me. I will answer you one thing; if I could accept that offer from any man, I could accept it from you. But I couldn't, I couldn't. For the sake of my own independence, I once gave up everything; how could I go back upon it now in order to—'

But before he could finish his sentence, Rufus Mortimer stared at him in one of those strange flashes of intuition which come over women often, and men sometimes, at critical moments of profound emotion. 'Then you *are* Lord Axminster!' he cried.

'Did she tell you so?' Arnold burst out, drawing his hand away suddenly.

'No, never. Not a word, not a breath, not a hint of it,' Mortimer answered firmly. 'She kept your secret well—as I will keep it. I see it all now. It comes home to me in a moment. You thought it was the Earl she had fallen in love with, not the sailor and painter. You thought she would only care for you if you assumed your title. My dear Willoughby, you're mistaken, if ever a man was.' He drew a letter-case from his pocket. 'Read that,' he said earnestly. 'The circumstances justify me in breaking her confidence so far. I do it for her own sake. Heaven knows it costs me dear enough to do it.'

Arnold Willoughby, deeply stirred, read it through in profound silence. It was the letter Kathleen had written in answer to Rufus Mortimer's last proposal. He read it through every line with the intensest emotion. It was a good woman's letter if ever he had seen one. It stung him like remorse. 'If I had never met Him, I might perhaps have loved you dearly. But I have loved one man too well in my time ever to love a second; and whether I find him again or not, my mind is quite made up: I cannot give myself to any other. I speak to you frankly, because from the very first you have known my secret, and because I can trust and respect and like you. But if ever I meet him again, I shall be his, and his only; and his only I must be if I never again meet him.'

Arnold Willoughby handed the letter back to Mortimer with tears in his eyes. He felt he had wronged her. Whether she knew he was an Earl from the beginning or not, he believed now she really loved him for his own sake alone, and could never love any other man. She was not mercenary; if she were, she would surely have accepted so brilliant an offer as Rufus Mortimer's. She was not fickle; if she were, she would never have written such a letter as that about a man who had apparently disappeared from her horizon. Arnold's heart was touched home. 'I must go to her,' he said instantly. 'I must see her, and set this right. Where is she now, Mortimer?'

'I'll go with you,' Mortimer answered quickly. —'No; don't be afraid,' he added with a bitter smile. 'As far as the door, I mean. Don't suppose I want to hamper you in such an interview.'

For it occurred to him that if they went together to the door in a cab, he might be allowed to pay for it, and that otherwise Arnold wouldn't be able to afford one. But Kathleen's heart must not be kept on the stretch for ten minutes longer than was absolutely necessary.

SOME REFINEMENTS OF MODERN PHARMACY.

THERE is no form of medicine perhaps to which more objection is made than pills. 'I cannot take pills' is a constant confession made by patients to their doctor; and, undoubtedly, in certain cases it is something more than repugnance that makes the swallowing of a pill an almost impossible feat. Now, however, Modern Pharmacy has made the ordeal a much less trying one. In the past, the size of a pill was often, to use Dominie Sampson's favourite expression, 'Prodigious.' It was seldom coated, except when a little flour was sprinkled upon it—a most illusive method of concealing its nauseous flavour; and lastly, its surface was frequently so adhesive in hot weather that it would fasten itself to the organs of taste like a limpet to a rock. The chemist has enabled the pill manufacturer to reduce the size of many pills by separating out the active principles of the crude drug in the form of alkaloids, the doses of which are very small, sometimes not more than a hundredth part of a grain. With the aid of new kinds of machinery, the modern pill receives an exquisite polish. A perfectly smooth and shining surface is produced by the action of two revolving plates. After that, the pill is stuck on a pin and dipped into liquid preparations of gelatine. These, on drying, give it a thin, hard, soluble coating. For children, pills are made attractive by coating them with sugar and colouring them pink, so that they look and taste very much like confectionery. Various substances have been used for coating pills. One seldom sees now pills coated with gold or silver leaf. It was found that these coverings did not properly conceal the disagreeable odour of some drugs, as valerian and asafetida.

Some of the newer methods employed for

coating pills have been more successful. The solubility of the coating of a pill is of importance. Most pills are coated with a substance that becomes readily dissolved by the action of the heat and acid juice of the stomach, so that the drug prescribed is quickly liberated and absorbed. An ingenious plan has been devised of coating certain drugs with a horny substance, called 'keratin,' which is soluble in alkaline fluids, but not in acid. The effect of this is that the pill so prepared passes through the stomach unabsorbed; the gastric juice, being an acid fluid, is incapable of dissolving the coating. After this, the pill in its descent comes in contact with alkaline secretions, which readily dissolve the coating and set free its contents. So that it is now possible to apply remedies directly to that part of the alimentary canal which lies just below the stomach; and not only that, but to preserve the sensitive lining membrane of the stomach from contact with irritating drugs.

Gelatine has been made very useful as a covering for powders and fluids. Many persons cannot take cod-liver oil without extreme disgust. As much as a tablespoonful can now be administered in an envelope or capsule of gelatine, which makes the disagreeable taste of the oil hardly observable when it is taken. Of course, in this bulky form the act of swallowing has to be performed with a slight degree of dexterity, as in gulping down the whole of an oyster. The 'cachet,' as its name implies, is a French invention. It is very popular on the Continent, and deserves to be more so in our own country. It is a capsule made of wafer-paper, in which certain powders—as quinine, for instance, that has a very bitter taste—can be given without offending the palate. There is a particular form of cachet so admirably contrived that the patient can easily fill it himself. It is made of pure rice starch, and consists of a little spoon-shaped vessel fitted with a flat lid. After it has been filled, the cachet is wetted and its lid brought down by means of a folder, and sealed very much in the same way as the envelope of a letter. The pharmacist has now succeeded in making powders, that were our abhorrence in childhood, perfectly tolerable for us to take. Few can fail to remember what a poor deceit it was when honey, jam, or treacle was made the vehicle.

Two capsules are specially made to fulfil some other purposes. To get the full effect of certain drugs, it is necessary that they should be taken immediately after they have been prepared. A capsule to obtain the desired result is therefore made consisting of two little compartments separated by a central partition, so that two different substances can be packed together inside the capsule without their coming into contact and combining chemically to form a compound. After the capsule has been sealed, it can be swallowed at any time; and the heat and moisture of the stomach will dissolve the covering of the two substances, and cause them to unite, forming a compound medicinal substance which is as fresh as if it had just been prepared by the chemist in his laboratory. The other capsule is made of glass, and affords a ready way of administering restoratives when,

from some cause or another, a patient is unable to take medicine by the mouth. It is especially of value in cases of poisoning, sudden faintness, or extreme exhaustion. At first made to contain some volatile medicated fluid, it is then hermetically sealed. The glass is so thin that it only requires the pressure of the hand to crack it and release the fluid in the form of a vapour. Directly the capsule has been crushed, it is held in the palm of the hand or in a handkerchief, and applied to the nose and mouth for the vapour that is given off to be inhaled.

Of late, an attempt has been made, and with great success, to reduce the size of drugs by compression in machines, and to administer them in a tabular form very easy to swallow. The manufacture of tablets is becoming an important department in the work of the manufacturing chemist and druggist. These little tablets or tabloids have the drugs of which they are composed mixed with quick solvents, so that, when they are put into the mouth or swallowed, they are rapidly dissolved; their small size and little weight render them exceedingly portable; and if carefully packed, they can be kept for a very long time without losing their active properties. It is not surprising that, possessing the last two qualities, they have been found eminently suitable for the equipment of travellers. During the recent expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha in Africa, they were put to a severe test. Notwithstanding three years' locomotion, and all the vicissitudes of a tropical climate, they were proved, by the specimens that were brought home and examined, to be unimpaired by their long journey. Some of them are so exceedingly small, and so easily dissolved, that it is not always necessary to swallow them; but if occasion requires, they can be put under the tongue, or even into the eye when that organ is affected.

Again, there are other tablets which are hard and not readily dissolvable, because they carry drugs which it is desirable should be applied locally to the tongue or mouth. Their hardness necessitates their being moved about in the mouth for a length of time before they can be sufficiently dissolved to be comfortably swallowed; and thus a more thorough application is procured.

For applying special remedies to the throat, an effervescent lozenge has been manufactured. As it is swallowed, the moisture absorbed by it causes it to effervesce and diffuse its ingredients upon the interior of the throat. It overcomes the difficulty which some persons experience in gargling, or submitting to have their throats painted with a brush.

The interior of the nose, like that of the throat, is often very highly sensitive, the effect of syringing it or sponging it out with medicated fluids being very unpleasant. Recently, nasal cylinders have come into fashion which furnish a more agreeable method of treatment. They are small hollow cylinders, composed of glyco-gelatine medicated with suitable drugs. Each cylinder, after being inserted into one of the passages of the nose, is kept in position there by using a vulcanite plug, which is also hollow, to allow of free respiration. The patient

can insert one, and go to sleep; for a piece of thread attached to both cylinder and plug prevents them slipping back into the throat. As the cylinder takes several hours to liquefy, the interior of the nostril is thoroughly impregnated with the drug.

Small pellets have been invented for the application of antiseptics to the inside of the ear-passage. They are about the size of swan-shot, and are more easy of introduction than powders. Like the cylinders, they are melted by the natural heat of the body.

We now come to the medication of the external surface of the body. Various elegant preparations have superseded the coarse unguents and salves of former times. It would be impossible in our limited space to give a just idea of the wonderful improvements that have been made in this branch of pharmacy. Perhaps one of the most notable improvements is the preparation of an animal fat, called lanoline, which is now used as the basis of a large number of ointments. Unlike lard, which has generally been employed for this purpose, it never turns rancid; and it has the valuable property of being readily absorbed by the skin, and penetrating with friction to its deeper layers; therefore, it becomes a most efficient vehicle for conveying medicines through the skin. When mixed with mercury and rubbed into the pores, it has caused the peculiar metallic taste of the drug to be perceptible in the mouth three minutes after its application. In its impure crude form, this fat was known to the ancient Greeks, and employed by them in medicine, being extracted from the wool of sheep. The chemist has now purified it, and made it one of the most useful agents that we possess for applying medicines to the skin.

In Germany, much attention has been directed to the preparation of medicinal soaps. It is contended that they are much more easily applied than ointments, and with some reason, for the latter too often require to be spread on linen or other material, and retained by plasters or bandages; whereas the soap-method, as it is styled, renders these adjuncts unnecessary. Again, there are other advantages in soaps over ointments. A cake of soap is a more convenient article to carry than a pot of ointment. Soap is more economical to use, as a great deal of ointment is frequently wasted from being absorbed by the dressings and linen of the patient. Ointments are often cold and clammy, and adhere to the under-clothing, and to a certain degree are discomfiting; but the same cannot be said of soap, which, after its use in our daily ablutions, produces a general feeling of comfort and cleanliness. Moreover, if the hands are affected, and a medicated soap is used, it does not unfit them for work, as the smearing of them with ointment is likely to do. The incorporation of lanoline with medicines in soaps has been productive of good results, the lanoline making the skin very soft and supple, and causing the medicinal substance combined with it to penetrate deeply into the structure of the skin.

From the few observations that have been made, it is evident that the pharmacist has done much to refine his art and make the

medicines he dispenses to us less objectionable. He has always had two classes to please—the medical faculty, who prescribe; and those who take the medicines prescribed them. Hitherto, he has perhaps not exerted himself quite so much as he might have done to please the latter class, but at the present time such a charge cannot be justly maintained.

THE TENDERFOOT INK-SLINGER.

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning, after disposing of his solitary breakfast, Lemuel Garvey scrambled down from his nest among the pines, and walked down the turnpike to Breckenridge City with a thoughtful frown on his features. He was thinking hard, for the morning's calm reflections had shown him the weak point in his case against Chaparral Dick. He had no corroborative evidence to bring forward in support of any accusation he might make. It would simply be his word against another's, and that other more or less of a general favourite; while he himself was mainly regarded with contemptuous pity by these bluff, rough-and-tumble ranchers, who did not know what illness is, except when resulting from a broken limb or a sudden attack of 'lead-poisoning.' What chance had he of being believed, unless he could spring his mine on the culprit so artfully and unexpectedly that, in the confusion of the moment, the latter should incriminate himself? Practically, none. It was clear now that he had missed his best opportunity. What he *ought* to have done was to have followed Chaparral Dick, immediately after the robbery, to Breckenridge City—presuming, of course, as seemed probable, that, to disarm any possibility of suspicion, he had conveyed his victim thither—and denounced him there and then, while the stolen money was still concealed about his person. Such a course would have secured a conviction and speedy, if rough-handed, justice. But by this time the booty would be safely stowed away at Chaparral Ranch, the bag destroyed, and the probability of bringing home the crime to the perpetrator rather remote.

Resolving not to make any rash move, but to wait and see what turn events were taking before playing his cards, Garvey arrived at Breckenridge City and turned into Higgins's Hotel. Round the bar there were grouped more than the usual number of loafers this morning. At first sight the place appeared to be full of red shirts, big boots, and sombreros; and if the new-comer had not caught a glimpse through the other door, that led into the garden at the back of the hotel, of a pink sun-bonnet and a light blue print frock, he would speedily have noticed that among the truculent-looking crew were nearly all the prominent members of the district Vigilance Committee. As it was he had eyes only for the fair vision through the open door, and, nodding familiarly to Higgins, who was being kept extraordinarily busy behind the bar, he strode out into the garden.

'Morning, Flossie!

'That you, Lem? Morning! Heard the news, of course?'

'What news?'

'Bout Jake Brownson. He was held up on the Dawson Ridge last night, an' robbed of his money. You see, he'd been to Caruthersville with a heap of things in his light wagon for his branch store thar, an' was bringing back the last fortnight's takings. Jake's powerful bad with a broken head this morning; but how he got it he don't remember. Says he kin recollect getting as fur as the Ridge; but after that he don't know nothing till Dick—Chaparral Dick—found him lying insensible on the track as he rid home from here. Who done it, nobody knows; only it must have been somebody purty spry to get the drop on Jake Brownson without giving him nary a chance to unload his gun.'

'So it was Jake, was it?'

'Yes; it was Jake; an' it would have gone mighty hard on him if Dick hadn't chanced to stay here later than usual, an' find him, an' 'tend him, an' bring him along here. He just owes his life to Dick, that's what he does, an' Jake Brownson knows it too!'

As she uttered the last sentence, there was a touch of elation in her tones and a flush of pride on her cheek that did not escape her companion; and his heart sank a little within him as it was forced upon him that the girl's interest in Chaparral Dick was of more than ordinary nature. How far that interest went, he determined to find out forthwith.

'Flossie, I want to tell you something,' he said tenderly, and led her to a little arbour, where they were hidden from the hotel by a mass of blue lion flowers.

'Flossie,' he asked, looking earnestly into her face, 'if I had found Jake Brownson on the Ridge last night and succoured him, instead of Chaparral Dick, I wonder if you would have been so chipper about it as you are?'

'Lor, Lem! what a question to ask!' she exclaimed, evading his glance. 'You know I allus kinder took to you. You are so different from the rest of the boys.'

'Yes,' he assented, with some bitterness; 'I'm different. I'm an "ornery, chuckle-headed, Tenderfoot Ink-slinger;" while they are—'

'Now, Lem, you just let up talking like that,' interrupted The Flower soothingly. 'They mean no harm. Why, you're ever so much cleverer than them, only they ain't used to sizing up a man by what he's got in his head; and if it came to brains, you'd pan out far ahead of any of 'em.'

'It's very kind of you to put it that way. You've always been kind to me.'

'Have I? Then that's because I allus liked you,' was the frank, innocent reply.

Then Garvey braced himself to take the plunge. 'Flossie,' he began, dropping his voice, and taking one of her shapely little brown hands in his, 'you're happy living out here among the hills and the pine-woods and the flowers—happier than you would be in a dusty, smoky city, eh?'

The girl nodded.

'And when you marry, you wouldn't care to leave the old scenes? You'd rather settle out

here with some one who would give you the best of all treasures—a great and lasting love?

'Why, Lem, you kin read me like a book!' And there was a dreamy look in her eyes, and a curious, happy smile on her face as she spoke.

'It will be lonely sometimes—lonelier than at the hotel here,' he went on.

'I won't mind that. Nobody feels lonely when they are with the one they love,' she said, blushing softly.

'Then, Flossie, will you come and be my wife?' he whispered, letting go her hand, and holding out his arms towards her with tender, pleading eloquence.

The girl shrank back with a startled look. 'Oh Lem, I wasn't thinking of *you*,' she faltered.

'I'm such a fool, I—I thought you understood what I meant. But think of it now! I love you very, *very* dearly, Flossie—everybody does in a way—but I would give my life for your happiness. I never spoke before, because I often used to think I was a dying man; but now I shall soon be well and strong as ever again, and—and— Flossie, you confessed only a minute since that you always liked me!'

'Yes; I always liked you, Lem,' she responded gently; 'but I had never thought of you in—in that way.'

'But don't you—can't you love me "in that way?" Let me teach you! Flossie dear! perhaps it won't be *very* hard to learn?'

'P'raps I might have done if—if'— she stammered, blushing furiously.

'If what?'

'Chaparral Dick asked me to be his wife last night. I reckon that's why he stayed so late at the hotel.'

'Do you mean that you could have learnt to love me if I had asked you before Chaparral Dick?' he asked eagerly, almost fiercely.

'No—no! Not that, Lem. I mean, p'raps if I'd never met him. I thought you'd seen that I cared for him, an' that you were telling me so. I'm awful sorry, Lem, that you ever thought of me that way;' and she laid her hand sympathetically on his shoulder. But he never felt her gentle touch. With his elbows upon his knees, and his face buried in his hands, he was occupied with the thoughts that chased each other to and fro through his brain like the lightning flashes that he had often watched playing about the peaks of the Sierras. If ill-luck had never thrown this scamp of a highway robber across her path, the girl he loved might have learnt to reciprocate his honest passion. That was the thought which most pertinaciously recurred to him. When he raised his head, his face wore a peculiar, pale, grim look.

'Did you come through the bar?' asked The Flower, with the kindest possible intentions of endeavouring to make him forget his disappointment by interesting him in another topic.

'Yes.'

'Then you'd see the Vigilantes were there?'

'The Vigilantes! What for?' he exclaimed, with considerably more interest than she had expected.

'Why, they've met over this job last night on the Dawson Ridge. You see, this makes the third party that has been held up between here an' Caruthersville within the last two months, an' the Vigilance Committee have sorter got their backs up over it. They can't jest suspicion who done it. It can't be a reg'lar gang of road-agents, 'cos they would have heerd of 'em being about the neighbourhood. It must be some desperado working single-handed; but it's got to be stopped, anyhow; an' the Committee swear if they kin strike his trail, they'll track him down an' string him up to the nearest tree like a common hoss-thief.'

'Flossie, has Chaparral Dick been over this morning?'

'No; an' I reckon he won't be here yet. It was daylight afore he left the second time for his ranch, after setting up with Jake Brownson till he was right in his head again an' purty comfble considering. He was that anxious to hear what Jake knew 'bout the job, that he wouldn't leave till he'd heerd; an' he must feel purty well chawed up this morning, or he'd have been here, you kin reckon on that. —Wanter see him?'

'I should have liked to hear what *he* thought about the affair. The Ridge isn't far from my shanty, you know, and it isn't pleasant to think of these things going on so near you in the night. However, I'll be making tracks now, after I've heerd what the boys have got to say about it in the bar.—Morning, Flossie; and if you marry Chaparral Dick or—or anybody else, God bless you!'

He surprised even himself by the calm way in which he said it, for inwardly he was intensely excited. Supposing The Flower could have, as she had partly admitted, learnt to love him if Chaparral Dick had not stood in his way, then it was only reasonable to argue that he might still win her if Chaparral Dick were safely removed; and what better way could there be of getting rid of his successful rival than by proving his guilt, by some means or other, to the Vigilantes, and leaving them to deal with him? Anyhow, it were better that the scamp should pay the penalty of his misdeeds, even though the punishment should be death itself, rather than that he should marry sweet, innocent, confiding Flossie. There was a great amount of risk and uncertainty about the carrying out of the scheme that had suggested itself to Lemuel, but he determined to risk all on a *coup de main*.

He left The Flower in the garden and stepped into the hotel. The crowd was still there, discussing the situation, and vowing summary vengeance on the unknown malefactor. The central figure in the main group was that of Buck Wagner, a big, hairy giant of six-feet-three, who had had a long and intimate acquaintance with the etiquette and administration of lynch-law, and was accordingly looked up to with becoming respect as the leader of the local order-keeping (if unauthorised) band. In conducting the business of the Vigilance Committee, Buck Wagner was in himself sufficient to constitute a quorum, and nobody ever dreamed of questioning the justice of his decisions. It was to him, therefore, that Lemuel

addressed himself, after exchanging a few words with the other loungers as he passed.

'The Flower tells me that you've sworn to string up the man who robbed Jake Brownson last night?' he began.

'The Flower aims at the truth, an' hits it every time. The lor's got to be administrated ef we kin ketch the varmint. It's a duty as we hev to pufform fer the good of the community.'

'And what if the man you want turns out to be a member of this particular community?'

'The lop-eared, skulkin' greaser wot played it low down on Jake last night—an' it's the same wot held up Hoppy Martin beyond Bully Rock, an' Kansas Luke on the low grade, I'll take my Bible oath—hez got to swing for it ef it's Bill Higgins thar hisself!'

'It wasn't Higgins,' observed the young man quietly.

'I know it warn't; but wot you mean?' exclaimed Buck, giving him a piercing look.

'I mean that I've got a good clue to the real culprit.'

'You hev?' 'Wot's his name?' 'Who is it?' 'Spit it out!' came excitedly from the crowd.

'All in good time,' returned Garvey, outwardly cool. 'Mind you! I only said it was a clue, and I am not ready to disclose it at present.'

'Then we'll darned soon make you!' cried Pretty Pete, who, having lost one eye and a considerable portion of one side of his face in a personal argument with a grizzly in the Rockies, bore the distinguished reputation for being the ugliest man in California.

'Keep yer hair on, Pete! You ain't runnin' thisyer circus single-handed,' promptly put in the imperturbable Buck. 'We ain't a-goin' to hev no onwillin' witnesses, ef it kin be avoided. We're jest a-goin' to hear how thisyer young innercent perposes to handle the ribbons with his clue; an' ef thisyer Committee allows to let him keep it dark a spell longer, thet ortal satisfy any ornery cuss wot knows Buck Wagner. When the Breckenridge Vigilance Committee waltzes in on a job of this sort, it does the thing on the squar', an' you kin put it right thar.—Now then, mister, wot about thisyer clue?'

'Simply this. Before I make any accusation, I want to make certain on one or two points to corroborate my evidence; and I want to have a word with Chaparral Dick about his finding of Jake. But I won't keep you in suspense long, I promise you. It is eleven o'clock now. If Higgins will lend me a horse, I'll have everything ready for you by two o'clock; and if you'll come up the hill to my shanty at that time—not a minute before, mind you! or you might spoil the whole business—I'll not only tell you the name of the man, but I'll put him into your hands there and then!'

The closing words caused a hubbub of excitement and not a little wonder.

'You kin take the roan mare, Lem,' offered Higgins.

'Wall,' remarked Buck Wagner critically, 'I dunno ef thisyer perceeding ain't a *leetle*

onusual. Anyhow, it sounds fair; an' you kin take it that thisyer meeting stands adjourned till two o'clock sharp at Mister Lem Garvey's residence up on the mounting.—Mine's whisky, Bill.'

Lemuel was leaving the bar to fetch the roan from the stable, when Wagner, to further impress upon him the seriousness of the affair, tapped his hip-pocket significantly and casually remarked: 'You ain't a-tryin' to play it off on us, Tenderfoot, air you? 'Cos theseyer play-things hez a pesky way of accidentally goin' off of their own accord sometimes. I've heerd tell o' sech things.'

'I mean it, Buck,' Garvey returned, in no-wise alarmed, and disappeared. In another minute he had saddled the mare and was out on the road.

'Wonder who in tarnation the thievin' galoot kin be?' queried Pretty Pete.

'Mebbe it's the young Tenderfoot hisself,' hazarded Buck, winking his eye grotesquely over the upper rim of his glass; and the roar of laughter which greeted this brilliant joke overtook Lemuel as he rode up the grade.

KEEPING WATCH AND WARD.

It is a special characteristic of the English constitution that primitive methods of ensuring peace and defence, found working in full vigour under the early Saxon and Danish kings, have combined their permanence with the progressive development of later times, and even now exercise a marked influence upon our national institutions. The defence of the country against hostile invaders, and the preservation of its internal peace, were attained in the earliest times of which we have knowledge by means analogous to those now familiar to us. We find the germ of the modern police system in the organisation of the *frith-borh* or frank-pledge, supplemented by the 'hue and cry,' in which all the inhabitants of hundred or tithing were bound to join for the pursuit of offenders; while our national militia is the lineal descendant of the ancient *fyrð*, the armed folk-moot of each shire, which was the only military system familiar to our ancestors.

Three principal duties were incumbent upon our Anglo-Saxon predecessors, by virtue of the allodial tenure to which all lands were subject previous to the Conquest, and liability to occasional military service was the chief of these. A very early reference to the hue and cry is found in an ordinance of Edgar, where it is decreed as follows—'That a thief shall be pursued. . . . If there be present need, let it be made known to the hundred-man, and let him make it known to the tithing-men, and let all go forth to where God may direct them to go. Let them do justice on the thief, as it was formerly the enactment of Edmund.' This service was enforced under very severe penalties. More than three centuries before the days of Edgar, the laws of Ina of Wessex were similar.

The introduction of feudalism profoundly modified these forms of service, and William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, both Norman and Angevin, occasionally em-

ployed mercenary forces. But the ancient national militia continued to exist, and at times did good service in defence of their country, as when, at the battle of the Standard, beneath the banners of St John of Beverley and St Wilfred of Ripon, they rolled back the tide of Scottish invasion, and followed Thurstan, the aged Archbishop of York, to victory.

Henry II. introduced a money payment, known as *scutage*, as a commutation for personal service, and was thus enabled to hire mercenary troops for his foreign wars, but he was prevented from using these forces for home defence by the jealousy which the English have ever displayed towards the employment of aliens in England. The king, who was bent upon curtailing the power of the barons, was resolved not to employ the available feudal army. He therefore determined to resuscitate the ancient national force, and by an enactment issued in 1181, and known as the 'Assize of Arms,' every military tenant was required to possess a coat of mail with lance, shield, and helmet for every knight's fee he held in demesne; every free layman having chattels or rent to the value of sixteen marks was to be armed in like manner; he who was only worth ten marks was required to possess a lance, an iron skull-cap, and an habergeon; while all other freemen and burgesses were to provide themselves with iron skull-caps, lances, and doublets of mail. They were to enrol their names in their separate classes, and swear to be true and faithful to the king.

John legislated to the same effect. A writ of his reign, issued with the consent of the 'Commune Concilium Regni,' directed that every nine knights throughout England should provide a tenth, well equipped with horse and arms, for the defence of the kingdom, and should contribute two shillings a day for his maintenance. This knight was to repair to London three weeks after Easter, ready to go wherever ordered, and to remain in the King's service for the defence of the kingdom as long as required. A following provision enacted that, in the event of foreign invasion, 'all men shall unanimously hurry to meet the enemy with force and arms, without any excuse or delay, at the first rumour of their coming;' and the penalties for neglect were still more severe than those of preceding ages, for it was ordered that in the case of a knight or landholder—unless his absence were caused by infirmity—both he and his heirs should absolutely forfeit their lands. Those holding no lands were condemned to perpetual slavery for them and their heirs, with the additional obligation of an annual poll-tax of fourpence each.

For some time the ancient allodial and the more modern feudal systems existed concurrently; but they gradually united into the general armament for national defence which we find in the reign of John's son and successor. The ancient police organisation underwent a concomitant development. The hue and cry was enforced by Archbishop Hubert, the Chief Justiciar of Richard I., and knights were appointed to administer the oaths for the preservation of the peace. 'All men above the age of fifteen years were required to swear to

keep the peace towards their Lord the King; to be neither themselves outlaws, robbers, or thieves, nor to aid such persons as receivers or consenting parties; to follow up the hue and cry in pursuit of offenders; and to seize as malefactors all who failed to join or withdrew from the pursuit, and to deliver them to the sheriff, from whose custody they should not be liberated, except by order of the King or his Chief Justice.' Our justices of the peace are directly derived from these knights. They appear to have been chosen at first by the landholders of the county, under the name of *custodes pacis*; but in later times were appointed by Royal Commission, and in 1361 were given the power of trying felonies.

Primitive police arrangements, however, proved inadequate for the increasing population of the country, and in 1253 a system of Ward and Watch was instituted in every township throughout the kingdom, and twenty years later it was extended by further regulations. It was provided that, from Ascension Day to Michaelmas, watch was to be kept between sunset and sunrise; in cities by companies of six good and strong armed men at every gate; in the boroughs by parties of twelve; and in townships by companies of six and four, according to the number of the inhabitants. Any stranger who attempted to pass was arrested until morning, and then, if suspected of any crime, was handed over to the sheriff, to be detained in custody until liberated *per legem terre*. A stranger who arrived by daylight in any village was not allowed to remain, except during harvest-time, unless his host became surety for his conduct. A merchant on his journey, after counting his money in the presence of the mayor or bailiffs, was allowed a guard, and could claim compensation from the inhabitants if robbed during his stay in the town. No person was allowed to carry arms, unless specially deputed to guard the King's peace.

The classification of the Assize of Arms was remodelled; all men between the ages of fifteen and sixty, 'citizens, burgesses, free tenants, villeins, and others,' were estimated according to the value of their land or movables, from fifteen pounds annual rent in land to forty shillings in chattels. The former served in what may be termed the 'Yeomanry Cavalry' of the period, and each man had to provide himself with a coat of mail, an iron headpiece, sword, small knife, and a horse. The lower classes served on foot, and were sworn to furnish 'themselves with the arms proper to their class, and to join the hue and cry when required.'

By the celebrated Statute of Winchester it was specially provided that when a robbery was committed, and the felons could not be brought to justice, the whole hundred should be held liable for the damage, and provision was also made that highways leading from one market town to another should be widened, so that within two hundred feet of the road 'there be neither dyke, tree, nor bush, whereby a man may lurk to do hurt.'

Until the comparatively modern Stuart times, these ancient obligations were enforced by repeated statutes, and disputes as to the control

of the militia—as the local forces were now designated—led to the final rupture between King and Parliament. At the Restoration, it was declared that the sole supreme government of the militia was, and by the laws of England ever had been, the undoubted right of the kings and queens of England, and provision was made for calling together and arraying the militia when necessary.

The force languished until 1757, when panics, caused by fears of French invasion, led to its revival, and it was provided that militiamen were to be chosen by ballot to serve for a limited number of years, but were not to be compelled to march out of their own county, except in case of rebellion and invasion.

An annual Act now suspends the ballot, but the same law empowers the Queen in Council to at once order a ballot, should necessity demand it.

THE LITTLE AMBER MONKEY.

It was in the Burma campaign of 1885-87 that Captain Monro found the little Amber Monkey. He had been stationed with his regiment, Her Majesty's 150th Foot, at Thayetmyo all through the hot weather. It had been an exceptionally trying season, with a good deal of cholera amongst the men, and many of them seemed likely to fall into that state of listless inactivity which so often predisposes the victim to an attack of the epidemic, when, like an electric shock, the news fell upon the regiment of the breaking of the storm in Upper Burma, the taking of Mandalay, and the capture of Theebaw. Then followed the welcome orders to march to the front. As one man the gallant 150th rallied from the deadly inertia of the past two months; and within a few hours of the receipt of the orders, the barracks were empty, and Thayetmyo knew them no more. Arrived at the seat of war, the officers and men found themselves in the thick of the fighting, and already, before the incident took place on which my story is founded, they had received their baptism of fire.

There had been an engagement, and our men, though heavily handicapped by the nature of the ground through which they passed, had carried everything before them, so that the dacoits and Theebaw's rabble army had fled, leaving behind them some of their dead and wounded, which they were compelled to abandon. The excitement and turmoil of the day being over, some of the officers off duty assembled together in the big mess-tent in camp, and Captain Monro living over again the events of the day, suddenly remembered that he had lost on the field a small photo. frame which he invariably carried in his breast-pocket. It had slipped out as he stooped to assist a wounded brother-officer to remount his horse. He would not lose that precious case without making some effort to recover it, for it contained the photo. of his young wife, whom he had left for the first time only the other day at Thayet.

As he tramped over the wet sopping ground, he saw that there were parties of men out who were carrying in the dead and wounded. He

searched eagerly hither and thither for the little case, and at last, after many disappointments, found it lying, stained and bespattered, on the muddy ground. It was with a sigh of relief that he opened it and found the delicately tinted miniature of his wife within in perfect preservation.

Among the party of sepoys sent out to bring in the wounded was one Dowlat Ram. Picking his way among the heaps of slain, this man kept well in mind the possible chances of loot, for many of the Burmese adorn themselves with rich and valuable amulets, worn to preserve them from gunshot wounds, or to render them impervious to sword-thrusts. Afraid of being observed, Dowlat Ram directed his steps towards a clump of bamboos behind which many of the enemy lay scattered, hoping there to obtain something of value from the bodies of our prostrate foes. At first he was keenly disappointed to find that those around him wore no ornaments whatever; though here and there, on many a broad chest, he could see lines of little knobs under the skin, which betrayed the fact that talismans of gold or silver had been inserted, to protect the wearer from the perils of battle.

Time was precious, and the sepoy began to fear that his search would be in vain, when he happened to espy a young dacoit, who, if not dead, was at any rate badly wounded. Attached by a string to his neck hung a little flannel bag, which contained, no doubt, some treasure, and the heart of Dowlat Ram rejoiced as he reflected that it might be of great value. For all he knew, the contents of that little flannel bag might bring him great riches. There was that patch of ground which he had long coveted, close to his own hut in his native village, but for which his neighbour, the grasping Chandra Lal, asked so large a sum. Already he saw himself owner of that choice spot, for the little bag probably contained valuable rubies, which he could easily dispose of, and so return to the bosom of his family a wealthy man and one worthy of honour.

As he thus built castles in the air, which were never, alas! destined to be anything but aerial visions, he bent over the wounded Burman and carefully felt the treasure which hung from his neck. It was firm and rounded, and if a ruby, a very valuable one. Dowlat Ram's hands began to tremble as they fumbled about the Burman's neck. The string was easily severed, and raising himself, he turned out the contents of the bag. Even as he did so, a look of intense disgust crept over his features; he was about to fling his newly acquired possession to the ground, when he became aware that an officer, whom he recognised as Captain Monro, was walking across the field within a few paces of him. Dowlat Ram hurriedly concealed the flannel bag in the sleeve of his khaki coat. The conscious look on the sepoy's face attracted Captain Monro's notice, and the question of loot at once arose in his mind. 'What are you doing?' he asked Dowlat Ram sternly, in Hindustani.

'Sahib,' he answered, mechanically saluting, and lying with the promptitude of a Hindu, 'I

have this moment picked this up on the field. It may please the Sahib to look at it.' As he spoke, he laid in Monro's hand a tiny piece of carved amber.

Alan Monro stood for a few moments and examined the piece of carving. It was only about one and a half inches in height, of perfect amber, so wonderfully fashioned into the shape of a diminutive monkey, that Monro smiled as he looked. There was something very fascinating about that little amber monkey: the small head turned to one side, as if appealingly—the curved back, the hand outthrust with an air half-wistful, half-bold—all formed a personality which seemed to inspire with life that morsel of fossilised gum, to make it a thing which lived and breathed. Monro smiled again as he turned it here and there in his fingers. He had never seen a more exquisite specimen of the carver's art.

Meanwhile Moungh Shway Yoe, the Burman, stirred faintly as he lay at Monro's feet. Perhaps the rough hands which had fumbled at his neck, or the feeling that something dear to him was being wrested from him, recalled Shway Yoe's wandering senses from the dream-land of unconsciousness into which they had drifted. A shiver ran through his limbs, and his eyes opening, rested full on Captain Monro, who still held the charm on the palm of one hand. An anxious look sprang into the Burman's eyes, and he instinctively felt at his throat for his little bag. It was gone—the charm which Mah Mee, the girl who was to have been his wife, had placed there, fully trusting it would save him from gunshot wounds; and the man who had robbed him of his treasure stood before him, and smiled as he looked at it. If he could but reach him and regain possession of it, all would yet be well, and, in spite of his wounds, he would live to return to his own village, to Mah Mee, to the old easy life he led till the English invaded his country. Shway Yoe struggled painfully to rise, leant on one elbow, and with the other hand wildly snatched at the empty air, then fell back groaning on the ground. Monro hurriedly bent over him; and with the Englishman's features indelibly imprinted on his brain and the sound of his voice in his ears, Shway Yoe slipped back into that dreamy state from which he had been so rudely awakened.

'Take him to the hospital,' Captain Monro said to Dowlat Ram; then added *sotto voce*: 'Poor beggar; he has not much farther to go on life's journey.'

As he followed the sepoy back to camp, Monro slipped the little charm into an inner pocket of his military coat, and there it remained for many days till the turmoil of war was over.

A few months later, an Asiatic company's steamer sped swiftly through the shining waters round the Andaman Islands, and finally anchored in the beautiful harbour of Port Blair. The sea shone like a polished mirror, except over at North Bay, where the coral reefs threw up a violet shadow on the surface. The ship's anchor had hardly thundered far down below, when a fleet of little boats shot out from the

jetty of Ross Island, each boat containing some one eager for news of the world beyond those lovely sleepy islands. On deck the genial captain was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends, who never failed to welcome him in his periodical visits; and while the youngsters chatted and joked, and the elders became engrossed in the study of home and Indian papers scattered about on the saloon table, the serious business of unloading the cargo went on. In this instance, the cargo was human freight, for five hundred convicts, with leg-irons on, and heavily handcuffed, were to be landed that day from the ship, among them being our old acquaintance Shway Yoe, for, in spite of all predictions to the contrary—and they had been many—he had recovered from his wounds, had stood his trial for dacoity and manslaughter, and was now sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in Port Blair.

Life certainly presented no very alluring prospect to the ex-dacoit, but he contemplated his altered fortunes in that spirit of calm philosophy which is so much a feature in the Burmese character, and trusted to Fate to bring better things to pass. Had he not been born on a Wednesday; and in the horoscope cast at his birth was it not foretold that he would pass through many difficulties and dangers before his twentieth year, while under the influence of the planet Saturn? A man cannot combat his Fate; it is like beating against the waves of the sea; so, with his phlegmatic temperament, it is not to be wondered at that the jail-warders, as the months went on, found Shway Yoe well behaved, and amenable to discipline.

Five years slipped away, and every month, as the Calcutta steamer put in an appearance with extreme regularity, the convicts checked off one more 'moon' from the tale of days to be spent in imprisonment, and could tell to a nicety how many more must pass before their release. Again a large steamer anchored in the harbour; but this time the big white vessel was a Government trooper, with a European detachment on board, come to relieve that which had just completed its 'year' in the Islands. A party of convicts were at work on the jetty at Ross—the planking having become worm-eaten—and their labour was nearly completed as the steam-launch came puffing to the gangway, and the British soldiers disembarked. The 'petty officer' or warder issued his orders to the convicts to stand on one side of the pier, to allow the men to muster. This was done. The soldiers formed up, and stood waiting for their commanding officer to give the word to march. He came up the steps leisurely, a tall, fair man, wearing on his shoulder-straps a crown, the badge of his rank, and with the unmistakable stamp of soldierly bearing about him. He is Alan Monro, a rather older edition of the man whom we saw on the battlefield of Upper Burma, but one upon whom fortune had smiled in the five years that have gone. He has won honour, wealth, and distinction—the love of wife and of child—the Fates have been as propitious to him as they have been adverse to Shway Yoe.

the Burman convict. He, standing among the ranks of his fellow-prisoners, forgot in a moment the stern prison rules in which he had been schooled for so long a time. It was enough that he saw once more before him the man whom he supposed had robbed him of his treasure, that little talisman, the possession of which would, he felt sure, restore to him all the lost joys of liberty.

He sprang from his place and stood tremblingly eager to speak. The movement caused Major Monro to turn round. He glanced at the man's face without being aware that he had ever seen him before. At that moment the petty officer's harsh voice rang out an order to Shway Yoe to fall back into his place—his cane descended with painful force on the convict's shins—and before he realised that his enemy, the British officer, had passed him by, the soldiers were half-way up the steep road on their way to 'Windsor Castle,' the European barracks. The ten o'clock gun fired, and the convicts broke off work until the afternoon.

All through that day, and for many days, Shway Yoe's dull brain turned over and over the thought of how to recover the little amber monkey. For once, his slow mind was stirred to its depths as he thought what it meant to him to regain his treasure. It meant everything to him—life and liberty and home—everything for which life was worth living. At first, he planned wild schemes of vengeance, which in his calmer moments he discarded; but this he kept always in mind, that could he once more hold the little charm in his hand, he would escape into the dense forests of the mainland, there build himself a raft, and reach his own country after a few hours' sailing.

A curious impression prevails among the Burmese convicts of that large penal settlement. They are firmly convinced that they are within a very short distance of their own land, and that the English ship which brings them to Port Blair steams round and round on the same course for two days, so as to deceive them as to the distance which lies between the islands and Burma. This popular fallacy is accountable for the large percentage of attempted escapes amongst the Burmese convicts.

Several days passed, and Shway Yoe was no nearer the fulfilment of his one great desire. At last a little bit of luck came in his way. Orders were given for half-a-dozen men to rebuild some of the outhouses attached to Major Monro's bungalow, which had suffered during the last rains, and Shway Yoe was one of the number. He worked with the others for nearly the whole of one day, when, as the sun declined, and the heat lessened, a little boy ran out of the house and stood watching the convicts as they carried baskets of lime and brick to and fro. The child had a bright little face, and a winning air of expecting a welcome wherever he went.

Day after day, as the men worked at the building, the little fellow came every evening to look on; ran about amongst them, chattering Hindustani by the hour, and followed, wherever he went, by his faithful Bengali bearer. Although he was eagerly welcomed by them all, those rough sons of toil, no one watched

for his coming more wistfully, as time went on, than Shway Yoe. He gave to the boy that curious admiring interest which one of his nationality so often accords to an English child, and as this grew up within him, he vaguely felt that the animosity which he bore towards the child's father seemed to die away.

The *Loogalay* or little one, as Shway Yoe called him, sitting one day perched on a pile of timber noticed the intricate and wonderful tattooing on Shway Yoe's arms, legs, and chest, and immediately proceeded to ask endless questions. One design more than another fascinated the child—it was that of an elephant with a monkey on its back. The latter was of bright vermilion, with a blue tail, but the *Loogalay* thought it beautiful.

'My father has a little monkey, and he lets me play with it sometimes,' he said to Shway Yoe.

The man hardly knew what to answer, so great was his eagerness to hear more, but at last he said boldly: 'Will you bring it to show to me to-morrow, *Loogalay*, and I will give you a pretty thing instead?'

The child nodded once or twice, and with this childish promise he had to be content.

He did not see the little fellow again for a couple of days, and the work was nearly completed, so that the services of the convicts would not be required much longer. He waited and watched for the *Loogalay*, fearing that his chance was gone; but at last the child came running out of the house. His small fist was doubled, and as he bounded up to Shway Yoe, he announced in a loud whisper: 'I did bring you the little monkey; my father said I might play with it;' and into Shway Yoe's hand dropped the tiny charm for which he had hungered so long. His fingers closed over it tightly, and, to distract the child's attention from his own agitation, he produced, from a corner of his loincloth, a piece of mother-of-pearl roughly shaped into a ring which just fitted the little one's finger. The child, delighted with his trinket, rushed off to show it to his mother, and speedily forgot how he had given away the little amber monkey.

Across the harbour from Ross Island stands Mount Harriett, an elevation of about twelve hundred feet, clothed with beautiful natural forest, which extends for many miles into the mainland. The last monsoon had been a heavy one, and the Bamboo Walk at the top of the hill had become much overgrown. So Shway Yoe and a large party of men were sent, under charge of two petty officers, to remove the brushwood and clear the forest for some little distance round the two bungalows situated on the highest point. The Chief Commissioner was expected to spend a few days in one of them, so everything must be in readiness for his coming.

The men worked with knives very similar to the *dahs* so commonly used by the Burmese, and Shway Yoe almost felt as if he were once more in his own jungles. The work kept them closely occupied till the short twilight was over; then the senior of the petty officers formed the men into two gangs, Shway Yoe being told to march down the hill with the first party. Intentionally, however, he lingered behind; and upon this being discovered, the

petty officer, with much choice language and hard swearing, ordered him forward to overtake the others, which he accordingly did. As he came up to them, he said to some of the men: 'I am ordered to stay behind. There is still one more pile of bamboos to carry, and I am wanted there. I will be back in "section" before the gate closes.'

The petty officer, grumbling at the darkness and the bad state of the road, muttered a surly assent, and passed on, leaving the Burman standing in the middle of the pathway. He turned and plunged into the forest—his knife in one hand, and his little charm in the other—and crouched among the low bushes, to listen for the passing of the second gang. Some time went by. The first party had started by boat some minutes ago. At last the shuffling footsteps and the sound of the men's voices. How near they were to him! He could have laughed as he thought he would never more be one of them, for his little talisman would preserve him from harm, and he would reach his own country in a very few days. He strained his eyes to watch them go by—listened eagerly for the plash of their oars—at last silence everywhere round him! He stole out from his hiding-place, and went back to the top of the hill, and there struck into a jungle track which he had often traversed to and fro from work.

For hours during the night he fought his way through the dense tropical growth, stumbling over the thick coils of broad-leaved creepers, which hung in snaky festoons from the tall and beautiful forest trees. Every hour increased the distance between him and his pursuers, but still he feverishly struggled on, knowing he must be missed already, and that in the morning search-parties would be sent out in every direction. At last he reached the sea, and in the dim starlight began to collect materials for the building of his raft, dragging the bamboos down to the water's edge. Then, as morning came on, he felt hungry, and went back into the forest to hunt for roots and berries. Alas! there were none such as he knew so well where to find in his own jungles, so the whole day passed without food, but still his work progressed apace.

During the night, Shway Yoe felt all the terrors of the lonely forest. The slow plash of the waves on the shore, the whispering of the leaves, the drip of rain, seemed to him to be the voices of evil spirits, who planned together to prevent his escape. He held his little talisman ever and always close to his breast, trusting in its power, but still with a vague superstitious dread.

In the morning he shook off his fears, and although weakened by hunger, he worked on, so that his raft was half completed. Again another dreadful night haunted by the realisation, which at last began to dawn in his mind, that he would never reach his own land—never see Mah Mee again—never watch her little fingers coquettishly fix the yellow orchids in her hair. Vaguely he felt something had gone wrong. The little charm in which he so trusted had failed him; it might be that some greater Power was working for him, and would bring him his release after all.

Again the sun rose, and found the man quite exhausted; and lying there by his half-finished raft, he was discovered about mid-day, by a party of Andamanese trackers—those little swarthy savages whose race is fast dying out before the advance of the white man.

The journey through the forest, and passage across the water in a heavy lumbering boat, tried the unfortunate man terribly, so that when they reached Ross he was at the point of death, and was laid on the pier while some of the men went to fetch the means to carry him back to section.

It was growing dusk, and a boat belonging to one of the Sahibs drew up at the ladder. Three or four young officers had been out snipe-shooting on Aberdeen. Their cheery voices, one more than the others, Alan Monro's, fell on the dying man's ear. As he passed along the pier, Major Monro noticed the man lying there, and paused beside him. Something in the haggard appearance—the helpless attitude—sent a flash of remembrance through his mind, and he seemed to see once more the battle-field of Upper Burma. Shway Yoe opened his eyes, and made a faint gesture, so that Monro's orderly, following close on his master's heels, as the custom is in Port Blair, ventured to express his unqualified disapproval. 'I would beg of my lord to be careful,' he said. 'The man may do my lord some harm.' But Monro did not heed him.

'Sahib,' Shway Yoe said in Hindustani, as he bent over him, 'you took from me my little amber monkey.'

'I? No; I did not. The sepoy told me he picked it up on the field.'

'Then he took it, Sahib; and you did not. It is well. The *Loogulay* gave it again to me. Take and keep it for him, Sahib,' he continued, pushing the little piece of carving into Monro's hand. 'It may bring him luck; but—I have found none.' And so saying, Shway Yoe died there on the pier of Ross Island.

In a small silver casket the little amber monkey reposes in company with a roughly shaped mother-of-pearl ring, and when his friends ask how the more valuable curio came into his possession, Alan Monro tells the story of Shway Yoe, the ex-dacoit.

A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

COULD I but hear the voice once more
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,
The warbling bird would cease its strain;
And hovering lightly on the wing,
Enraptured, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!
For which my wearied soul doth pine;
Oh, may I hear its sounds on High,
Mid angels' voices in the sky.

HELEN WILKIE.

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ABOUT DIAMONDS.

ALTHOUGH the term 'carat' is applied to Diamonds as well as to gold, it does not mean the same thing. Used with regard to the metal, it expresses quality or fineness—24-carat being pure gold; and 22-carat equal to coined gold. But applied to the diamond, carat means actual weight, and 151½ carats are equal to one ounce troy. The value of a diamond is not merely so much per carat, irrespective of size, but increases in an increasing ratio with the weight of the stone. To give an example. If twenty pounds be the value of a stone of one carat of the 'first water' (that is, colourless and free from brown tinge), a stone of two carats would be worth sixty pounds (or thirty pounds per carat); one of five carats, three hundred and fifty pounds (or seventy pounds per carat); one of ten carats, twenty-two hundred pounds (or two hundred and twenty pounds per carat). Thus it is that when stones are found of a phenomenal size, their value is almost incalculable, and can only be approximately appraised by the most skilful and experienced experts. And thus it is we so often hear of fabulous and utterly impossible valuations of gems.

The diamond is, of course, the hardest of known substances, and its beauty is due to its high refractive power. The object of the skilful cutter is to exhibit this power to the greatest possible advantage. It is about three times as heavy as rock crystal, and will cut glass; but it cannot be cut itself by even a glazier's diamond. What are called 'paste,' or imitation, diamonds are made of a compound of glass and borax, and though they are often very clever deceptions, they never obtain the fire of the real article, and they will never cut glass, however they may scratch it.

There is, however, a kind of false diamond made out of the real article. The less valuable pale-coloured stones are split up, and some colouring matter skilfully introduced by the

lapidary. Then they are cleverly joined up again, and the buyer gets what appears to be a very high-class gem at a comparatively low price. One has to be cautious in buying large stones of unknown history.

What are known in the trade as Doublets are really swindles. They are real stones cemented on the top of glass, and sent away to the diamond fields in Africa, or elsewhere, to be sold to dealers and travellers as 'finds.' The innocent buyers bring them back to England and France for sale as genuine stones, but the application of a file to the back soon reveals the fraud.

The story of the discovery of diamonds in South Africa is now a tolerably familiar one to everybody; but it is not now remembered by many how the first reports were either discredited, or attempted to be explained away, by experts. Thus, in 'The Geological Magazine' for 1868, the whole story of the African diamond discovery was denounced as false, and as an imposture got up by adventurers scheming for capital. It was stated by the writer of the article that the geological character of the district rendered it 'impossible' that diamonds could ever be found there. But the diamonds *were* found, just as the earth *does* move in spite of the embargo laid on Galileo. Then it was explained that the stones must have been brought by ostriches from some distant part of the interior!

It was, perhaps, the discovery of the famous 'Star of South Africa' in 1869 that did as much as anything to silence the sceptics. This wonderful stone was found in the possession of a native medicine-man, who had long used it as a charm, without any idea, of course, of its value as a jewel. It was a pure white diamond of 83½ carats uncut, and it was acquired by a Cape firm for the sum of eleven thousand pounds. It changed hands again, and eventually became the property of the late Countess of Dudley at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds. What the medicine-man received we

do not remember, if we ever heard; but the fact that gems of such a value had been found suggested the probability of their being found again, and hence the great rush to the Vaal River of diggers of every nationality, resolved to delve to any depth if need be, and not merely potter about the surface, as the first had done. But it is not our purpose here to re-tell the familiar story of the African diamond fields.

The diamond is not only the hardest of known substances, but is also one of the most combustible—a quality which not many people will be disposed to test. It is found of various colours—yellow, brown of various shades, green, blue, pink, orange, opaque, and pure white. The purer the colour, the higher the value. In size, too, the variety is great—from a mere speck like a pin's head to lumps like some of the big finds in Africa. At the De Beers Mine, for instance, was found, in 1889, the famous stone which was shown at the Paris Exposition. It weighed 428½ carats in the rough, and 228½ carats when cut. It measured one inch and seven-eighths in greatest length, and was about an inch and a half square.

Even larger than this remarkable stone is a diamond found in the Jagersfontein Mine in the month of June last year, and named the 'Jagersfontein Excelsior.' This is now the largest and most valuable diamond in the world. It is of blue-white colour, very fine quality, and measures three inches at the thickest part. The gross weight of this unique stone was no less than 969½ carats, and the following are its recorded dimensions: Length, 2½ inches; greatest width, 2 inches; smallest width, 1½ inches; extreme girth in width, 5¾ inches; extreme girth in length, 6¾ inches. It is impossible to say what is the value of so phenomenal a gem. We do not know that an estimate has been even attempted; but it may easily be half a million if the cutting is successful.

Previous to this discovery, the most famous of the African diamonds was, perhaps, the 'Pam' or 'Jagersfontein' stone, not so much from its size, as because the Queen had ordered it to be sent to Osborne for her inspection with a view to purchase, when the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence put an end to the negotiations. The 'Pam' is only of 55 carats now; but it weighed 112 carats before being cut, and is a stone of remarkable purity and beauty. Its present value is computed at about twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

A careful estimate, based on all available sources of information, brings out the total weight of diamonds exported from South Africa down to the end of 1892 at fifty million carats, or something over ten tons! The value of this mass of gems would be roughly about seventy millions sterling. If massed together, they would have formed a pyramid six feet high on a base of nine feet square. What a bewildering spectacle it would have been!

The most valuable diamond in the world is (if it is a diamond) the famous 'Braganza' gem belonging to Portugal. It weighed in the rough state 1680 carats, and was valued at upwards

of 5½ millions sterling! The next most valuable (if we except the Jagersfontein Excelsior above described) is the 'Regent,' sometimes called the 'Pitt' diamond. The story of this stone is remarkable. It was discovered by a servant in a mine on the Kistna, in India, and the finder concealed his treasure-trove in a hole which he cut in the calf of his leg and covered over with a bandage—a device which the reader will remember has been adapted in more than one work of fiction. The man escaped with the gem to the coast, and there sold it to a sea-captain for a mere trifle. The mariner in turn sold it to Governor Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, at Fort St George, for £1000; and in 1717, Mr Pitt sold it to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, for £135,000. It is now valued at £480,000, and is reputed the finest brilliant in the world. Before being cut, it weighed 410 carats, and after cutting with enormous care, 136½ carats. This stone is now among the French jewels in the Museum at Paris.

The famous 'Koh-i-noor' stone is not nearly so valuable as the Regent. It was valued at £140,000, and now weighs 106 carats. The original weight of this beautiful gem is not known; but when presented by the East India Company to the Queen in 1850, it weighed about 186 carats. It was first shown publicly, we believe, at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The cutting was then defective, and the lustre poor. It was the late Prince Consort who advised recutting, after consultation with Sir David Brewster. The work was entrusted to an Amsterdam lapidary, who came to London for the purpose. The recutting took thirty-eight days and cost £8000. The valuation of £140,000 was before this recutting.

The 'Orloff' diamond is one with a romantic history. Once upon a time it was one of the eyes of an Indian idol in a great temple. Then it became the property of the Shah of Persia, and was stolen from him by a French grenadier, who sold it to an English trader for £2000. The Englishman brought it home, and sold it for £12,000 to a Jew, who passed it on at a profit to an Armenian merchant. From the Armenian it was acquired, either by Catharine of Russia, or, for her, by one of her admirers, for £90,000 and a pension. It is now valued at £100,000. It weighs about 194 carats, is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and is of the purest water.

The 'Star of the South' is another famous diamond, now in the possession of one of the Indian Princes. Its original weight was 254½ carats, and in the rough state it was sold for £35,000. When cut down to 125 carats, it was sold for £80,000; but its present value we are unable to state. It is a Brazilian stone, and was found accidentally by a negress in 1853.

The 'Great Mogul' diamond, stolen at the sack of Delhi, is supposed to have been originally part of the rough Koh-i-noor. It is said to have weighed 280 carats, and to have been worth over £400,000.

This is the history of the Great Mogul diamond, according to Dr Brewer. It begins away back in the year 56 before Christ; but skipping over the intervening centuries, we find

it in the possession of the Rajahs of Malwa in the fourteenth century. When Malwa fell before the sultans of Delhi, the diamond changed hands; and when it was among the jewels of the renowned Aurungzebe, it is said to have weighed 793½ carats. We next hear of it as being sent by the Sultan Jihan to Hortensio Borgio, a Venetian lapidary, to be cut. The cutting reduced the stone to 186 carats; and Jihan was so enraged at the waste—as well he might be—that he refused to pay the cost of cutting, and fined the lapidary one thousand rupees besides. There the records fail; but of the Koh-i-noor—supposed to be part of the same stone—we learn that it descended from Aurungzebe to his great-grandson, Mohammed Shah, from whom it was taken by Nadir Shah at the fall of Delhi. From Nadir it passed to Shah Shuja, who carried it to Lahore when driven from Kabul; and at Lahore, the famous Runjeet Singh got hold of it, and had it placed in a bracelet, in 1813. When the Punjab was annexed to the East India Company's territories, the Crown jewels of Lahore were confiscated, and the Koh-i-noor was sent home, and presented by the East India Company to the Queen. Whether the Great Mogul and Koh-i-noor were really originally one and the same stone or not, we are unable to say; but the two names are now attached to two different stones, the one in England, and the other believed to be still in India.

The 'Matan' (belonging to the Rajah of Matan) is a famous Borneo stone, which weighs 367 carats, and has been valued at £270,000. But an English expert who examined it some time ago declares that it is not a diamond at all.

The 'Nizam' is the name of a stone said to have been found in the once famous diamond mines of Golconda. Sir William Hunter, however, gives us to understand that there were really no diamond mines at Golconda, and that the place won its name by cutting the stones found on the eastern borders of the Nizam's territory, and on a ridge of sandstone running down to the rivers Kistna and Godavery, in the Madras Presidency. However that may have been, both regions are now unproductive of valuable stones. The 'Nizam' diamond is said to weigh 340 carats, and to be worth £200,000; but we are unable to verify the figures.

The Russian diamond, 'Moon of Mountains,' is set in the Imperial sceptre, weighs 120 carats, and is valued at 450,000 roubles, or, say, about £75,000. The 'Mountain of Splendour,' belonging to the Shah of Persia, weighs 135 carats, and is valued at £145,000. In the Persian regalia there is said to be another diamond, called the 'Abbas Mirza,' weighing 130 carats, and worth £90,000.

The 'Great Table' is another Indian diamond, the present whereabouts of which is not known. It is said to weigh 242½ carats, and that 500,000 rupees (or at par £50,000) was once refused for it. 'The Great Table' is sometimes known as 'Tavernier's Diamond.' It was the first blue diamond ever seen in Europe, and was brought, in 1642, from India by Tavernier. It was sold to Louis XIV. in 1668, and was described then

as of a beautiful violet colour; but it was flat and badly cut. At what date it was recut we know not, but, as possessed by Louis le Grand, it weighed only 67½ carats. It was seized during the Revolution, and was placed in the Garde Meuble; but it disappeared, and has not been traced since. Some fifty years later, Mr Henry Hope purchased a blue diamond weighing some 44½ carats (now known as the 'Hope Diamond'), which it was conjectured may have been part of the 'Great Table.'

The 'Great Sancy' is a diamond of very peculiar shape, which once belonged, it is supposed, to Queen Elizabeth, and latterly to the Maharajah of Puttiala, in whose possession it was when the Prince of Wales visited India. It was sold on the death of the Maharajah, but is believed to be still in India. The weight of this stone is 53½ carats, and its value about £30,000; but its fame is due chiefly to the very peculiar manner in which it is cut.

Other famous stones are: the 'Austrian Yellow,' belonging to the crown of Austria, weighing 76½ carats, and valued at £50,000; the 'Cumberland,' belonging to the crown of Hanover, weighing 32 carats, and worth at least £10,000; the 'English Dresden,' belonging to the Gaikwar of Baroda, weighing 76½ carats, and valued at £40,000; the 'Nassak,' which the Marquis of Westminster wore on the hilt of his sword at the birthday ceremonial immediately after the Queen's accession—which weighs 78½ carats, and is valued at £30,000.

The most fashionable way of treating diamonds now is what is called the double-cut brilliant. It is also the most expensive. The old style of cutting was in single-cut brilliants of thirty-eight facets.

In the modern-cut brilliant there are fifty-eight facets, which are thus divided: thirty-three on the 'crown' or upper part, and twenty-five on the 'pavilion' or under part. The portion between the 'crown' and the 'pavilion' is called the 'girdle,' and is usually concealed by the setting.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds is a very old one in the East; and the early jewellers of India and China knew how to dress diamonds by means of diamond dust long before Europeans did. It was a Belgian lapidary, one Berguin of Bruges, who accidentally discovered, in 1456, how one diamond can be employed to polish another. It was he who constructed the first polishing-wheel, wherewith, by means of diamond-powder, he could dress diamonds as well as other stones could be dressed by emery.

We have mentioned the combustible quality of the diamond—which, chemically speaking, is but a variety of the mineral coal. The reader will not be any more disposed to test another reputed quality of the most precious of all gems. According to the Mohammedans of Southern India, pulverised diamond is the least painful, the most active, and the most certain of all poisons. According to Wilks's 'History,' the powder of diamonds is kept on hand (by the wealthy only, presumably) as a last resource. But a belief in the poisonous character of the diamond also existed in Italy in the sixteenth century (see, for instance, the story of Benve-

nuto Cellini); and it also prevailed in Northern India, according to Burnes, who wrote in 1834.

Let us conclude by a remarkable quotation from Sir Thomas Browne, the sage exploder of *Vulgar Errors*: 'We hear it in every mouth, and in many good authors read it, that a diamond, which is the hardest of stones, not yielding unto steel, emery, or anything but its own powder, is yet made soft or broke by the blood of a goat. . . . But this I perceive is rather affirmed than proved; for lapidaries, and such as possess the art of curing this stone, do generally deny it; and they that seem to countenance it have in their deliveries so qualified it that little from thence of moment can be inferred from it.'

That the diamond is a poison was only allowed by the learned Doctor as in the same sense that glass is a poison—a conceit, he says, founded upon the visible mischief of glass grossly or coarsely powdered—'for that indeed is mortally noxious, and effectually used by some to destroy mice and rats.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXV.—THE MEETING.

ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY arrived at Kathleen Hessegrave's door in a tremor of delight, excitement, and ecstasy. During all those long months that he had been parted from her, he had loved her with his whole soul—loved the memory of the girl he had once believed her, even though that girl, as he fancied, never really existed. And now that her letter to Rufus Mortimer had once more reinstated her image in his mind as he first imagined her, his love came back to him with a rush, even more vividly than ever. For had he not now in her own very handwriting the assurance that she loved him—the assurance that she was his, be he present or absent? He could approach her at last without any doubts on that subject. He could be sure of her answering love, her real affection for himself, whatever might be the explanation of those strange expressions Mrs Hessegrave had attributed to her that afternoon in Venice.

He mounted the stairs in a fever of joy and suppressed expectation. Kathleen sat in her little drawing-room, waiting anxiously for the promised second telegram from Rufus Mortimer. A knock at the outer portal of the flat aroused her, all tremulous. Could that be the telegraph boy? She held her room door half ajar, and listened for the voice. When it came, it sent a thrill of surprise, delight, and terror down her spine like a cold wave. 'Is Miss Hessegrave in?' it said; but the tone—the tone was surely Arnold Willoughby's!

'Miss Hessegrave is engaged this afternoon, sir, and can't see anybody,' the maid answered demurely. For Kathleen felt too agitated, with hope and suspense, for receiving visitors.

'I think she'll see *me*,' Arnold replied with a confident smile; and while the girl still hesi-

tated, Kathleen's own voice broke out from within in very clear tones: 'Let the gentleman come in, Mary.'

At sound of her voice, a strange thrill passed through Arnold Willoughby in turn; he rushed along the passage and burst into the sitting-room. There stood Kathleen, pale and panting, with one hand on a chair, and one on her throbbing heart—much thinner and whiter than he had known her of old—much thinner and whiter, but not one whit less beautiful. In that first tumult of wild delight at his love restored, Arnold Willoughby darted forward, and for the first time in his life would have clasped her in his arms and kissed her as she stood there. But Kathleen, looking hard at him, and recognising in a second how ill and wasted he was, with his maimed arm hanging loose by his side in its helplessness, yet waved him back from her at once with an imperious gesture. 'No, no,' she said proudly, conquering her love with an effort. 'Not now, not now, Arnold! Once I would have let you, if you wished; and still even to-day—oh, my heart, my poor heart—I could willingly let you—if it were not for that barrier. But the barrier is there even now; and until you understand everything—until you know I was never what you have thought me so long—I can't possibly allow you. I don't want you to trust me; I don't want you to believe me; I want you to know—to know and understand; I want you to see for yourself how you have wronged me.'

Arnold's face was all penitence. As she spoke, so fearlessly and so proudly, yet with such an undercurrent of tenderness, he wondered to himself how he could ever have doubted her.

'Oh Kathleen,' he cried, standing back a pace, and stretching out his hands, and calling her for the first time to her face by the name she had always borne in his thoughts and his day-dreams, 'don't say that to me, please. Don't crush me so utterly. I know how wrong I have been; I know how much I have misjudged you. But don't visit it too heavily upon me. I have suffered for it myself; see, see how I have suffered for it!—and you don't know yet how difficult it was for me to resist the conclusion. After what I was told, my darling, my heart's love, I could hardly think otherwise.'

'I know that,' Kathleen answered, standing opposite him and trembling, with a fierce desire to throw herself at once into her lover's arms, only just restrained by a due sense of her womanly dignity. 'If I didn't know it, Mr Willoughby—or Arnold, if you will—I wouldn't allow you to come here: I wouldn't allow you to speak to me. I would guard my pride better. It's *because* I know it that I'm going to explain all now to you. It's *because* I know it that I'm going to lay my heart bare like an open book in front of you. Before I hear anything else—before I even ask what *that* means'—and she glanced at his useless hand with unspoken distress—'we must clear up this mystery. Till the misunderstanding's cleared, we can't talk about anything else as we ought to one another. And in order to

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clear it up, I shall tell you—just everything. I shall open my whole soul. I shall tear my heart out for you. There's no room for reserve between us two to-day. We must understand one another, once for all, oh Arnold, my Arnold, now I've found you, I've found you!

Arnold gazed at her, and melted with shame and remorse. Her passion overcame him. How could he ever for one moment have doubted that pure, that queenly soul? But then—Mrs Hesselgrave's words! that dark saying about the earldom! those strange mysterious hints of a deliberate conspiracy!

'You thought I knew from the first who you were?' Kathleen began, drawing breath and facing him boldly.

'I thought you believed from the first I was Lord Axminster,' Arnold answered, quite frankly, but still refusing to commit himself; 'and I thought it was through that belief alone that you first permitted a common sailor to win his way as far as he did, if he did, into your affections. But, Kathleen, I won't think so now; if you tell me you didn't, I'll believe you at once; and if you tell me you did, but that you loved me for myself, though you took me for ten thousand times over an Earl, oh Kathleen, I will believe you: I will believe you and love you, with all my heart and soul, if only you'll allow me.'

It was a great deal for Arnold Willoughby, with his past behind him, to say; but it wasn't enough for Kathleen. She was still unsatisfied. She stood before him, trembling and quivering all over with love, yet just waving him back with one imperious hand when he strove to draw nearer to her. 'No, no,' she answered, holding him off with her queenly gesture. 'That's not what I want. I want plainly to clear myself. I want you to know, to be sure and certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, I was not what you took me for. I want you to understand the whole real truth. I want you to see for yourself what I thought of you first; I want you to see when I began to love you—for I *did* love you, Arnold, and I *do* love you still—and how and when I first discovered your real name and personality.' She moved across the room from where she stood to a desk in the corner. 'Read this,' she said simply, taking out a diary and handing it to him. 'Begin there, on the day I first met you in London. Then turn on to these pages where I put this mark, and read straight through till you come to the end—when you went away from Venice. The end of everything for me—till you came again this evening.'

It was no time for protestations. Arnold saw she was in earnest. He took the book and read. Meanwhile, Kathleen sank into an easy-chair opposite and watched his face eagerly as he turned over the pages.

He read on and on in a fever of delight. He read how she had come upon him in Venice in Mortimer's gondola. He read how she had begun to like him, in spite of doubts and hesitations: how she had wondered whether a lady ought to let herself grow so fond of a man so far beneath her in rank and station: how she had stifled her doubts by saying to

herself he had genius and refinement and a poet's nature; he was a gentleman, after all, a true gentleman at heart, a gentleman of the truest in feelings and manners. Then he saw how the evidences of her liking grew thicker and thicker from page to page, till they deepened at last into shamefaced self-confessions of maiden love, and culminated in the end into that one passionate avowal, 'Sailor or no sailor, oh, I love him, I love him. I love him with all my heart; and if he asks me, I shall accept him.'

When he came to that page, Kathleen saw by the moisture rising thick in his eyes what point he had reached. He looked across at her imploringly. 'Oh Kathleen, I may?' he cried, trying to seize her hand. But still Kathleen waved him back. 'No, not yet,' she said in a tone half relenting, half stern. 'Not yet. You must read it all through. You must let me prove myself innocent.'

She said it proudly yet tenderly, for she *knew* the proof was there. And after all she had suffered, she did not shrink for a moment from letting Arnold so read her heart's inmost secret.

He read on and on. Then came at last that day when the Canon recognised him in the side canal by San Giovanni e Paolo. Arnold drew a deep breath. 'It was *he* who found me out, then?' he said, for the first time admitting his long-hidden identity.

'Yes, it was he who found you out,' Kathleen answered, leaning forward. 'And I saw at once he was right; for I had half suspected it myself, of course, from those words of yours he quoted. And, Arnold, do you know, the first thought that crossed my mind—for I'm a woman, and have my prejudices—the first thought was this: "Oh, how glad I am to think I should have singled him out for myself, out of pure, pure love, without knowing anything of him; yet that he should turn out in the end to be so great a gentleman of so ancient a lineage." And the second thing that struck me was this: "Oh, how sorry I am, after all, I should have surprised his secret; for he wished to keep it from me; he wished perhaps to surprise me; and it may grieve him that I should have learnt it like this prematurely." But I never knew then what misery it was to bring upon me.'

'Kathleen,' the young man cried imploringly, 'I *must*! I *must*, this time!' And he stretched his arms out to her.

'No,' Kathleen cried, still waving him back, but flushing rosy red: 'I am not yet absolved. You must read to the very end. You must know the whole truth of it.'

Again Arnold read on; for Kathleen had written at great length the history of that day, that terrible day, much blotted with tears on the pages of her diary, when the Canon went away, and her mother 'spoiled all' with Arnold Willoughby. When he came to that heart-broken cry of a wounded spirit, Arnold rose from his place; he could contain himself no longer. With tears in his eyes, he sprang towards her eagerly. This time, at last, Kathleen did not prevent him. 'Am I absolved?' she murmured low, as he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

And Arnold, clasping her tight, made answer through his tears: 'My darling, my darling, it's I, not you, who stand in need of absolution. I have cruelly wronged you. I can never forgive myself for it.'

'But I can forgive you,' Kathleen murmured, nestling close to him.

For some minutes they sat there, hand in hand, supremely happy. They had no need for words in that more eloquent silence. Then Arnold spoke again, very sadly, with a sudden reminder of all that had happened meanwhile: 'But, Kathleen, even now, I ought never to have spoken to you. This is only to ease our souls. Things are still where they were for every other purpose. My darling, how am I to tell you it? I can never marry you now. I have only just recovered you, to lose you again instantly.'

Kathleen held his hand in hers still. 'Why so, dear?' she asked, too serenely joyous now (as is a woman's wont) at her love recovered, to trouble her mind much about such enigmatic sayings.

'Because,' Arnold cried, 'I have nothing to marry you with; and this maimed hand—it was crushed in an iceberg accident this summer—I'll tell you all about it by-and-by—makes it more impossible than ever for me to earn a livelihood. Oh Kathleen, if I hadn't been carried away by my feelings, and by what that dear good fellow Mortimer told me—he showed me your letter—I would never have come back like this to see you without some previous explanation. I would have written to tell you beforehand how hopeless it all was, how helpless a creature was coming home to claim you.'

'Then I'm glad they *did* carry you away,' Kathleen answered, smiling; 'for I'd ten thousand times rather see you yourself, Arnold, now everything's cleared up, than any number of letters.'

'But everything's *not* cleared up; that's the worst of it,' Arnold answered somewhat gloomily. 'At least as far as I'm concerned,' he went on in haste, for he saw a dark shadow pass over Kathleen's sweet face. 'I mean, I'm afraid I'm misleading you myself now. You think, dear Kathleen, the man who has come home to you is an English peer; practically and financially, he's nothing of the sort. He's a sailor at best, or not even a sailor, but the merest bare wreck of one. Here, a sheer hulk, stands Arnold Willoughby. You probably imagine I got rid of my position and masqueraded in seaman's clothes, out of pure fun, only just to try you. I did nothing of the sort, my darling. I renounced my birthright, once and for ever, partly on conscientious grounds, and partly on grounds of personal dignity. I may have done right; I may have done wrong; but, at any rate, all that's long since irrevocable. It's past and gone now, and can never be reconsidered. It's a closed chapter. I was once an Earl: I am an Earl no longer. The man who asks you—who dare hardly ask you—for your love to-day, is, to all intents and purposes, mere Arnold Willoughby, a common sailor, unfit for work, and an artist too hopelessly maimed for any further painting. In

short, a man without fixed occupation or means of livelihood.'

Kathleen clung to his hand. 'I knew as much already,' she answered bravely, smoothing it with her own. 'That is to say, at least, I knew from the day you went away from Venice, and still more from the day when your cousin's claim was allowed to hold good by the House of Lords, that you had relinquished once for all your right to the peerage. I knew a man so just and good as you are would never allow your cousin to assume the title as his own, and then rob him again of it. I knew that if ever you came back to me, it would be as plain Arnold Willoughby, fighting your own battle on equal terms against the world; and, Arnold, now you're here, I don't care a pin on what terms or under what name you come; it's enough for me to have you here again with me!'

'Thank you, Kathleen,' Arnold said very low, with a thrill of deep joy. 'My darling, you're too good to me.'

'But that's not all,' Kathleen went on with swimming eyes. 'Do you know, Arnold, while you were away, what I wanted you to come back for most was that I might set myself right with you; might make you admit I wasn't ever what you thought me; might justify my womanhood to you; might be myself once more to you. But see what a woman I am, after all! Now you're here, oh, my darling, it isn't *that* that I think about, nor even whether or not you'll ever be able to marry me; all I think of is simply this—how sweet and delightful and heavenly it is to have you here again by my side to talk to.'

She gazed at him with pure love in those earnest big eyes of hers. Arnold melted with joy. 'You speak like a true good woman, darling,' he answered in a penitent voice. 'And now I hear you speak so, I wonder to myself how on earth I could ever have had the heart to doubt you.'

So they sat and talked. One hour like that was well worth those two years of solitude and misery.

CHESTNUTTING IN THE APENNINES.

I
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem,
Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine.

SHELLEY.

SUCH my position as I write! And many an hour have I spent thus when weary with climbing mountain roads, grateful for the shade which some gnarled limb, wide-spreading and sumptuously clad, has kindly cast over me. But on this 24th of November, a marvellous Indian summer's day, the sun is shining through, and I would that the tree were at present clad in more than a couple of burs and a half-dozen leaves. We are near the close of the Chestnutting season. Chestnutting! magical word, which has power to bring a sparkle of anticipatory pleasure and a bright look of eagerness into the eyes of youth! But one season of the 'sport' as indulged in on this Apennine might disrobe it of much of its charm—might

possibly satisfy the cravings of a boyish lifetime.

It was early in July that I entered this region of the chestnut, and fell beneath its spell, not knowing then as well as I do now the interpretation of the word. Whatever it signify in other parts of the world—sport, or simply stale joke—hereabouts it means work, and a plentiful supply; moreover, according as the crop is good or the reverse, it means food or semi-starvation.

Nearly four months have passed since we bade farewell to railroads and towns, and started on a twenty-two-mile ride up this mountain from Pistoia. After a half-hour or so, the complexion of the landscape changed; the dull hue—almost a sickly one, though silvery when wind-stirred—of the myriad olive-trees of the Tuscan plain had been exchanged for a richer, warmer colouring, and when we reached our summer quarters, we were in the very midst of the chestnut country. North, south, east, and west, as far as eye could travel, save on the pine-clad mountain tops, the slopes and steepes were clothed in the one garment, deep, glossy green, generously trimmed with a rich creamy tint, for the trees were in fullest blossom. The peasants were full of interest in the promised fine crop, a promise which I can now affirm has been faithfully fulfilled. If I arrived not in time to see the bare branches put forth leaves, certainly every other stage of development in the yearly life of a chestnut tree has been forcibly impressed on my mind. I have noted how the strong ribbed leaves grow out one above the other, following an easily imagined spiral line, on those slender branches which in time of need serve so capitably as switches!

I have watched the birds, at home and happy, nested on high, well-nigh hidden by the foliage so dense. I have almost seen the burs take form at the base of the queer long blossoms, and have felt that they flung the refuse bloom in derision at me, when no longer of use to them. Ay, indeed the bur is a saucy fellow from first to last! And there is a dried, last year's one under me now! Ugh! you spiteful thing! I think to have tossed you away, only to find you have left no end of spines imbedded in my shawl!

And at last I have seen these tough customers burst and disgorge their sweets. Ah, what a feast! But they are from nature sadly stubborn, loth to give up what they have so long nursed and reared; and many need severe chastisement ere they resign their plump charges. Rain, wind, even Jack Frost's touch prove oft-times insufficient. Dashed to the earth, not a few still cling tenaciously to their toothsome treasure, and it would seem that they take a fiendish delight in pricking raw the fingers which are forced to handle them.

It is on account of the chestnuts that the village school is in session all summer. Vacation commences the first of October, and ends with November, in order that the children may—not rest and play—but work hard helping their parents at the *raccolta*, as the gathering of the nuts is called. This year they began to fall early in October, and the last one has not dropped yet. Each peasant family owns its

chestnut grove, called a *selva*, which supplies them with food and fuel; or, if too poor to own a *selva*, they 'gather' for some more well-to-do peasant, who may own a very large one, or perhaps two or three in various parts of the country, and they receive in payment one-half of the nuts brought in. Many *selvas* are far removed from the village, and the gatherers must start before daybreak and walk several miles, in order to begin work with the dawn; and they continue it as long as they can see, especially if the weather is not good, for it harms the fruit—as it is called—to lie long in the wet.

If you kindly permit, I will describe our visit to a *selva*. A two-mile climb brought us to a steep part of the mountain, where the ground was rudely terraced. There Natale, the head of his house, came forward and gave us greeting, mannerly after Italian fashion, although he was encumbered with clumsy wooden implements—a short-handled rake in one hand, and a large-headed mallet in the other. He wore a canvas apron, made double and open a little at the top so as to form a ready receptacle for the nuts as found. His apron was about full. 'Come up to the *metato* [drying-house],' he said. And we followed him over an acre or two of rough hillside, he picking up nuts as he spied them, and keeping us waiting while he pounded open an occasional close-fisted bur with his mallet. He was gracious enough not to stop and rake aside all the leaves for thorough search. Finally, we came to a low, rude stone building, the *metato*, and Natale emptied his store of nuts into a large sack, saying: 'When this is filled, I will empty it up in the loft.' Then he added a few chestnut logs to a blazing fire in the centre of the ground-floor.

'But where is the goodwife Vittoria?' we inquired.

'Oh, she is away over on the west border.—Here, Fulvio! Fulvio!' he called lustily, stepping outside the door; and a reply came from far down east: 'Sì, sì, babbo! Cosa vuoi?' (Yes, yes, papa! What wilt thou?) And in a few moments a long-limbed, loose-jointed boy, armed as his father was, came slouching up the hill, munching chestnuts, and not bothering himself to gather any but those that showed plump and russet, without effort on his part.

'Only half an apronful in all this time, Fulvio?' was his father's greeting. 'Drop them in the sack and run—run; stretch your legs for once, and tell mamma the Signorine have come!'

We remonstrated, however, insisting that, instead, we be permitted to visit Vittoria where she was at work.

'Wait, then, Signorine! First, we will have some *ballotti*, eh? I will soon have them cooked.'

On our declining the 'boiled chestnuts,' Natale urged us to sample his drying ones; and disappearing up a ladder, he soon returned with some large-sized specimens from the region above our heads, and we found them hard and sweet. He then undertook to pilot us; and after traversing more acres, we found his wife, equipped in like manner, busily at work.

'Not so bad, this work, when the sun shines as to-day?' I said inquiringly.

'Oh, but the nuts fall much more quickly when it storms!' was the reply.

'A fine crop this year, eh, Vittoria?'

'Truly fine, Signorina; but slow in the gathering. Last year, we had but eighteen large sacksful. This year, if the *benedetto frutto* ever fall, there will be three times that number.'

She accompanied us as far as the frontier of their domain, and directed us how to reach the road *viâ* the selva of the 'Old Rat,' as one of the village worthies was dubbed.

The 'gathering,' viewed as above, and for only an hour, appeared a pleasant enough occupation; but when, soon thereafter, the rainy season set in, I saw what wrung my heart with pity. Night after night did the peasants return, dripping wet and chilled to the bone, their fingers numbed and raw, more pricked than those of the most overworked seamstress of olden time. And yet when, one rainy evening, feeling blue for want of something to do, we took our next neighbours by surprise, we found such cheer as restored our drooping spirits. A right merry group was assembled in the low, dingy kitchen, which was paved with irregular stones. A wood-fire blazed in the wide chimney-place, and Natale was roasting chestnuts. Vittoria and two visitors—Armida, her married daughter, and Cousin Pellegrina—sat in a row, upright on a bench at one side near the fire; and within the chimney-place—one on either side of the fire—sat the boy Fulvio and the son-in-law, Giuseppe. As we opened the door without ceremony, a hearty laugh greeted our ears, and a pleasing picture our eyes, illuminated solely by firelight. Of course we were welcomed; and ere long, seated on rush-bottomed chairs near the fire, we and all were enjoying the chestnuts. Delicious indeed! for they were done to a turn.

No doubt, the Italian urchin abroad gives us the best he can, working over charcoal; but for the perfection of a roast, a huge blazing fire is needed, a large, long-handled pan two-thirds full of chestnuts, and—Natale to keep them tossing with never a nut spilled over!

'Eight chestnuts is about a meal, I reckon; if I eat ten, I am apt to regret it!' So spake I; then inquired: 'How many canst thou eat, Fulvio? Forty, perhaps?'

'Forty!' and the boy laughed scornfully. 'Forty *di certo*, Signorina—and many more than forty.'

But then it was his supper, poor boy.

Supper at this season may be varied delightfully. There are three ways of preparing fresh chestnuts: *ballotti* (the boiled), *arrostiti* (the roasted), and *tegliate*, which as yet I fail to appreciate. The nuts are first shelled, then boiled with a quantity of caraway seeds, to give them flavour, the consequence being that the chestnut flavour is wanting. But if I wish to eat *necci*, the delicacy *par excellence*, the goal which the *raccolta* has ever in view, I shall be obliged to remain here well into December.

After the nuts are thoroughly dried—and it takes some weeks of piling on wood at the *metato* to accomplish this—they are ground at the mill, and the flour supplies the main food of the poor peasantry all winter. *Necci* are simply flat cakes made of this flour mixed with

water—no salt; it is dear in Italy, the tax being heavy—and baked between heated flat stones, with chestnut leaves next the cakes, to prevent their sticking to the stones. These leaves, gathered by thousands fresh from the trees in September, are soaked before using. It gives the village grandams—of which rather shrunken and diminutive creature there seems a fair supply here—a rest from spinning to string the leaves when gathered and hang them up to dry. To my unenlightened idea, these lengthy festoons, which for some days adorned the cottage doorways, appeared something of the nature of a Christmas decoration.

Necci, morning, noon, and night, will assuredly be the winter portion of the peasant-folk hereabouts. For me, one will in all probability suffice; but one, at least, I mean to taste ere leaving this land of the chestnut for the olive slopes below.

THE TENDERFOOT INK-SLINGER.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

ON the Dawson Ridge, Lemuel dismounted, hitched the mare to a sapling, and proceeded to make a close inspection of the place where Chaparral Dick had left the track to conceal his horse in the brush. There was no difficulty in finding the precise spot. A trail of broken twigs and trodden undergrowth led him to the point where, twenty or thirty yards from the road, the horse had been tied to a tree, from which it had nibbled portions of bark. Near here, Lemuel made two important discoveries. From a branch of thorn he picked a fragment of scarf which had, evidently unnoticed, caught on the sharp pricks, and placed it carefully in his pocket. The other find was a small patch of miry ground upon which the horse had left the clear, sharp imprint of its hoofs. He knelt down to examine the impression more closely, and when he rose, the flush of assured triumph was on his face.

Springing into the saddle again, he hurried forward, and never drew rein until he pulled up at Chaparral Ranch. As he approached the farmstead, nobody appeared to be about; but Dick's pony—the black one he had ridden the night before—was grazing close by, tethered to a post, to be in readiness if wanted. Glancing carefully round, to make sure that he was not observed, Lemuel sprang to the ground and went up to the pony. The animal did not resent his interference, allowing him to lift up its off hind-foot without remonstrance. One glance was sufficient to satisfy him. Then he led the mare up to the building, and while hitching her to a ring in the wall, the owner of the ranch made his appearance at the door, looking, as The Flower had prognosticated, 'purty well chawed up.'

The rancher looked surprised as he recognised his visitor.

'You don't look very bright this morning, Dick,' the latter began.

'You can't expect a man to be over chiffe as hez been up all night, not to mention the worry o' thisyer job on the Ridge.'

'How did it happen?' asked Lemuel, with assumed carelessness.

'Thet's wot Jake Brownson wants to know. Ez fur me, I don't allow to offer any opinion. I only know I come across him on the track onsensible, an' druv him down to Breckenridge City. Howsomever I reckon thet ain't wot you borrowed Bill Higgins's roan mare to come out here fur. Come in an' liquor!'

'No; thanks! Fact is, I've come with a message. The Vigilantes have met this morning at Higgins's. It seems they've got hold of some sort of a clue as to who it was that robbed Jake, and they swear they'll string him up if they can prove it against him.'

Chaparral Dick's face turned a shade paler, and he gave the other a keen, searching look. Lemuel, though his heart was beating violently, knew that all depended on his keeping up a show of innocence, and went on with an air of consummate ingenuousness: 'They don't wish it to be known until they are sure of their man. So Buck Wagner wants you to ride back with me, and meet him at my hut (which is quiet and out of the way, and where there is no danger of the thing getting blown) to compare notes, and see how your evidence fits in with the clue.'

Then followed a moment of intense suspense for Lemuel; but—his suspicion completely disarmed, and confident that the Vigilantes had stumbled on a false trail—the fish took the bait. The black pony was saddled up, and the two prepared to start. It was now more than half-past twelve, and they had fully an hour's ride before them. Half-way to the summit of the Ridge they left the turnpike and took to the steep, rough track which led close past the hut to an old abandoned mine half a mile beyond. It was less than half an hour to the appointed time when they reached the shanty.

Fastening their horses to the nearest pine, Lemuel was about to lead his unsuspecting guest inside, when the latter suddenly stopped on the threshold, and, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed long and anxiously in the direction where a portion of the road winding down to Breckenridge City was visible. In the distance, several horsemen, followed by straggling groups on foot, were plainly to be seen making their way up the grade.

'Wot's up yonder?' exclaimed Chaparral Dick, striving to suppress a growing feeling of uneasiness.

'Those are the Vigilantes,' replied Lemuel, who was standing a yard or two farther back within the doorway, with a mocking ring in his voice; 'and they're coming here to swing the cur who lassoed and robbed Jake Brownson!'

In a flash, the rancher recognised that his misdeeds were known, and that he had been decoyed. As he wheeled round, his hand instinctively went for his revolver; but Lemuel was prepared for this, and already had him covered with his weapon, his finger on the trigger. 'Up with your hands instantan, Chaparral Dick, or I'll blow daylight into you,' he cried.

It is somewhat trying, even to the strongest nerves, to take an accurate sight along the barrel of a business-like revolver from the

muzzle end, when you can count the bullets glistening dully in the chambers, and you know a hostile finger rests upon the trigger; and Chaparral Dick recognised his imminent peril, and reluctantly threw up his hands.

'Perhaps it would be as well if I relieved you of that gun,' observed Lemuel; and, taking care never to leave his man uncovered for an instant, he approached him until the muzzle touched his temple, and quietly possessed himself of the pistol. 'Now,' he continued, slowly retiring a few steps, 'you sit there—and sit tight, too—until the Vigilance Committee arrive, or, as certain as I live, I'll spare them the trouble of hanging a dog!'

Chaparral Dick laughed a mirthless laugh, as he took his seat on the stool indicated, and tried to affect an air of easy nonchalance; but the attempt was a failure. 'For a Tenderfoot,' he said, 'you're mighty ready to onload some lead. You 'pear to hev got the drop on me conse'kens o' suthin'. Wot's it all about, Lem?'

'You know well enough what it's about,' returned the other in deadly earnest. 'You know who hid his pony in the brush at the summit of the grade, and waited for Jake to come along in his wagon! You know who lassoed him from out of the shadow of the scrub, and pulled him off the wagon on to the road! You know who crept up to him and rifled his pockets of the bag of dollars; and then lifted him into the wagon, and drove him down to Breckenridge City, to throw off any chance of suspicion! Yes, you know all that, Chaparral Dick; and so do I, for I watched it all with my own eyes!'

The culprit's eyes bulged from his head in sheer amaze as, one by one, his black actions were unfolded to him. 'It's a lie! You can't prove it!' he exclaimed hoarsely. 'I hedn't no hand in robbin' Jake Brownson, an' I never took my pony into the scrub!'

'Then, mebbe, you'll say this bit of scarf, I found on the thorns twenty yards from the track, doesn't match that you have on now? And, mebbe, too, you don't know that your pony has lost a nail out of his off hind-shoe, and that there's the clear print of a pony's shoe, with the same nail missing, on a patch of mire close to where you hitched him up! There's many a man been strung up on less evidence than that!'

Chaparral Dick was on the point of suddenly springing to his feet, when he caught the fierce gleam in Lemuel's eyes, and that, together with the sight of the revolver still levelled at him, cowed him. He turned an ashen colour, and every vestige of bravado left him. Physically, he was a courageous man. Many a time he had looked death in the face without flinching. Yet, before this man, whom he had always regarded as a poor, weak, unsophisticated fool, but whom he now saw transformed, by some strange power, into a stern, fierce, human wolf, he quailed. Weaker in body, though far superior in will-power, Garvey now held the strong man there more by the force of his set determination than by bodily fear, as the serpent is said to transfix his prey by some subtle power.

'In twenty minutes, if they leave their horses on the Ridge and come up through the scrub,

the Vigilantes will be here. You had better think of your future, and try to make your peace with Heaven,' said Garvey grimly.

'Lem! Lem!' groaned the unhappy man, 'I allow ez all you've said is correct. I'm a black, God-forsaken scoundrel; but don't use your power agen me—don't, for Heaven's sake! Gimme a chance!'

Lemuel was obdurate.

'For The Flower's sake?' entreated Chaparral Dick.

'For The Flower's sake!' repeated the other unconsciously aloud. The fierce unnatural light partially faded from his eyes, and, though he still held his weapon carefully poised, the muscles of his face relaxed slightly.

'Yes, for Flossie's sake! I reckon you love her nigh ez much ez I do. But it's me she loves; an' ef you give me away to the Vigilantes, you'll kill her, sure's they'll string me up. I've been a durned, unworthy skunk, Lem! I neglected the ranch to go galootin' about; an' when I got pressed an' hedn't the chips to settle with, I took to the road.—Keep it dark, Lem, for Flossie's sake, an' you'll never regret it! I'll be a new man—I swear I will, s'elp me! For the sake of Flossie's happiness, Lem!'

'I told her I would give my life for her happiness!' was the thought which flashed through Garvey's brain. Yes; but would it be for her happiness to give away this fear-stricken wretch's life, who, whatever other form of punishment he deserved, had certainly not merited death. If Flossie's whole heart was given to this man, could he (Lemuel) ever hope to win it?

'For the sake of Flossie's happiness!' Could he do it? Perhaps the spasm of sharp pain that passed just then through his chest helped him to decide.

'Dick,' he said in softer tones, 'I love The Flower better than I do my life. I told her so this morning, and she told me that she was promised to you. You've been nearer Kingdom Come during the last few minutes than ever you were before; and I'd have sent you slick there with my own hands, rather than you should have married her and made her young life miserable. You can make her happy if you will—and something tells me now that you will. Swear to me that, hereafter, your life shall be worthy of her! and no man shall ever know from me what took place last night on the Ridge. If you can, tell her all, and you'll be all the better for it after.'

'I will! I'll make a clean breast of it to her! I swear it, Lem!' cried Chaparral Dick, fervently grasping the hand that was now held out to him. The two men stood for a moment and looked into each other's eyes, and in that brief exchange of glances Lemuel saw right down into the other's soul and was satisfied.

'Now go, Dick, before the Committee come,' he said quietly. 'If they saw you here, the circumstance might possibly throw suspicion in your direction, after what I told them this morning. Go to Flossie, and tell her all as soon as you can; and rest assured that in some way I will remove every chance of them getting on your track. I believe the happiness

of the one girl who is more than all the world to me rests in your hands, and may God deal with you as you do with her!' And Chaparral Dick sprang into the saddle and disappeared by the way he had come.

'For the sake of Flossie's happiness!' Garvey murmured to himself, as he sat down on the log outside the door of his hut.

When the Vigilance Committee found him there a few minutes afterwards, he looked gray and haggard, as though a score of winters had been added to the tale of his life.

'Wall, Mister Garvey, I don't see thisyer white-livered greaser ez we're here to assist with his leetle tight-rope pofformance?' began Buck Wagner blandly, as the expectant crowd gathered in front of the hut. 'Ez I remarked afore, in a sorter keerless, ginerar way, I hopes you ain't a-tryin' to play it off on us, fur I've got a derringer here ez'll trump that trick every time.'

'He's here,' said Lemuel, with a faint smile on his wan face.

'Then I beg parding; but you've ruther got the bulge on me, fur I don't see him. But ef you hev got him, then I calls upon you, in the name of the lor—or the Vigilance Committee, which I take it is *our* lor—to perdooce the varmint, so's we kin start thisyer show.'

'He is before you: I am the man!' Lemuel replied. His face was ghastly to look upon, and his eyes were full of a strange, wild light; but no tremor of fear shook his frame, and his words rang out clear and distinct.

For an instant the crowd swayed back in sheer astonishment, unable for the moment to grasp the meaning of the words. Then their aspect changed to one of fierce anger; and the tragedy would quickly have been played out to the bitter end, had not Buck held them back with an authoritative gesture, accentuated by a tap of his hip-pocket, that nobody cared to disregard.

'Cheese it, pard! Now you *air* a-tryin' to play it off on us!' he remarked.

'Do I look like a man who is fooling you?' asked Garvey, with agonising impatience. 'I tell you it was I robbed Jake Brownson. I knew he was expected back from Caruthersville—that was not hard to find out—and I laid for him in the scrub on the Ridge. Then, as he drove past, I lassoed him from out the shadow, and pulled him on to the road. The fall knocked him insensible, and'—

'String him up!' yelled Pretty Pete. 'He allows he did it, an' I reckon thet's enuff for theseyer ontutored chil'ren of natur. Hitch the blamed, thieving cuss up, an' I'll lay to empty my six-shooter inter him quicker'n any galoot ez is here present! I never did cotton to theseyer ink-slinging greasers ez comes browsing round with their high-falutin' palaver. The climate don't suit 'em, an' the kintry wants riddin' of 'em'—sentiments which found a ready echo among the crowd of roughs, who, with one accord, advanced to wreak their vengeance on the self-accused.

'I axes yer parding fur interfering with thisyer percession,' serenely interposed Wagner, stepping in front of Garvey, and cocking his revolver in the face of the threatening throng;

'an' I'd jest like to obsarve, in a friendly, confidential sorter way, thet you air a set of the durnedest, blithering idjets to suppose a Tenderfoot, milk-lappin' innercent, could get the drop on a bully boy like Jake Brownson! I allow I don't quite ketch on to thisyer game at bluff the Tenderfoot's a-playin' off agen us—but, mebbe, thet's 'cos I ain't seen his hand, an' it's not onpossible thet he may hev a ace or two up his sleeve.'

Just at this point the speaker was interrupted by a thud upon the ground close behind him, and the spectators set up a howl. Lemuel Garvey had fallen prone upon his face. The strain of excitement had snapped his slender cord of life, and the bright red blood spurted from his mouth and stained the ground. He had died with a lie upon his lips—but *what a lie!* Will it be found recorded against him?

'He's shammin'! Swing the skunk on his own confession!' yelled Pretty Pete, as the self-elected President of the Vigilance Committee turned the body over and felt in vain for the beating of the heart, and the cry was quickly taken up.

'You kin take it from me,' observed Buck threateningly, 'thet the pore innercent hez handed in his checks; an' ef any lop-eared greaser lays his dirty fingers on thisyer corpse, I'm on the shoot, an' don't you forgit it! Mr Lem Garvey was white—the whitest man we hed in these parts; an' ef you wanten know ez how I know he hedn't no hand in thisyer road-agentin' deal, I simply axes you how a Tenderfoot ez never handled a raw hide lariat in his life could throw one six yards—an' it must be a matter of thet, at the least, from outer the shadder o' the scrub to the middle of the track at the Ridge—unbeknownst to a rustler like Jake, an' yank him off'n his wagon fust time? It ain't possible—it ain't durned well possible, ez Jake hisself will tell you; an', more'n thet, I lay he'll lam any ornery idjet in Californy wot says it is. I calkerlate I'm gettin' the hang o' thisyer job a bit clearer. Now, why did the innercent let on thet he done thisyer thing, when he knowed no more'n a clam about it? It 'pears to me thet he knowed his claim in thisyer mine o' life was worked out, an' he hed get down purty well to the bed rock, an' couldn't stand the strain of waitin' to go up the flume in the usual manner. He hedn't the grit to put a gun to his head an' put hisself through sudden-like, so he jest jumps at thisyer chance o' gettin a good send-off without it being a case of *feller-d'ye-see*. Howsomever, he's kicked the bucket this time; but he was a squar' man, pards; an' ez I've sorter bossed thisyer show so far, there ain't nothing mean about my style, an' I'll see it through.'

A murmur of conviction ran round the crowd; and as Buck Wagner carried the body inside the hut, locked the door on it, and slid the key into his pocket, they dispersed down the slope.

As Buck slowly and thoughtfully made his way down to Breckenridge City, he met Chaparral Dick, who, having heard a brief outline of what had happened from the foremost of the returning throng, was hurrying to the scene of death.

'Is he dead—clar dead?' he asked Buck anxiously.

'Clar,' responded the other.

'He was white, Buck! Don't you forgit thet!' exclaimed the rancher brokenly, with a vehemence of emotion he was never previously known to be capable of.

'Blame my cats ef the galoot ain't snivellin'!' Wagner murmured softly to himself. Then aloud he said: 'Yes, I believe he was white—whiter'n you an' me, pard—an' ez I've undertaken to see the job through, I'm a-goin' to do it regardless, an' in a fust-rate style sech ez is becomin' to sech ez him. It ain't goin' to be no slouch—scarsely. There ain't no reglar bone-yard handy; but we'll plant him up on the mounting yonder; an' we'll hev the gospel-sharp from Caruthersville to jerk out a leetle chin-music an' put him through bully!'

The next morning a curious thing happened. The bag of dollars was found among the straw in the bottom of Jake Brownson's wagon; which fact, notwithstanding the storekeeper's protestations to the contrary, convinced everybody that the whisky at Caruthersville had proved too much for Jake; that he had put the money in the wagon himself, and afterwards forgotten doing so; that he had tumbled into the road at the summit of the Ridge in a state of helplessness, and that the whole affair was nothing more than an accident.

All this happened ten years ago. Save in two hearts, the 'Tenderfoot Ink-slinger' is well nigh forgotten. His old shanty stands doorless and windowless on the mountain-side. Nobody has occupied it since. But close beside it there is a green mound under the shadow of the pine-trees; and to this spot, once a year, on the anniversary of the fatal day, come two persons to pay their tribute to the memory of a noble heart. And Chaparral Dick stands with bared head and bowed face, as his wife lays the wreath of yellow cactus and blue lion flowers on the mound; and no thought of jealousy touches him as he sees the tears The Flower lets fall on the grave of him who loved her so deeply that he was willing to give his life for her happiness.

ABOUT TELEGRAPHIC CODES AND CIPHER MESSAGES.

THE Telegraphic Code, now so essential an adjunct to the foreign correspondence department of every business house, may be regarded as the legitimate and lineal descendant of the curious and complicated Cipher by whose aid the statesman of a past age secured his correspondence from the gaze of the unauthorised. But while the principal object of the cipher was secrecy, the objective point of the compiler and user of the telegraphic code is economy, though considerations of strict privacy are not lost sight of.

The necessity for some means of minimising the heavy cost of cable despatches is one of those self-evident propositions that require no

emphasising. But for the telegraphic code, the cable would be as inaccessible to thousands of business people as the phonograph or any other of the high-priced developments of electric science. Yet it is an every-day occurrence for the officials at the cable offices to encounter members of the trading community to whom the existence of such an economiser as the telegraphic code comes as a surprising revelation. Cable clerks tell many amusing stories illustrative of the mingled prejudice and distrust manifested towards the use of a code by some people. There are many old-established mercantile houses, spending yearly hundreds of pounds on telegraphic communication with distant parts of the world, more than half of which might be saved by employing a code. But, from motives of old-fashioned conservatism, so difficult for the modern progressive mind to sympathise with, the principals prefer to adhere to the fully worded message, fondly believing that the extra length and cost will somehow ensure an immunity from mistake which they cannot conceive to be compatible with a message couched in few but meaningless trisyllables.

The constructive principle of an ordinary telegraphic code is very simple. The volume—necessarily large—consists of a collection of phrases and parts of sentences likely to be needed in framing a message. These phrases range from such essential colloquialisms as, 'I am not able'—'If you are'—'Has just arrived'—'To-morrow afternoon'—to a lengthened description of the parts of a ship, engine, or machine; names, quantities, and qualities of goods, or of any subject on which business people may find it necessary to use the cable. These sentences are arranged in dictionary order, and to each one is attached an arbitrary word, also running in alphabetical sequence for facility of reference. In coding a message, the sender first writes it out in full, then looks up in the code those phrases which most nearly express the same meaning, noting the code word standing for each particular phrase. A message would be made up somewhat as follows: 'We are not able to (accuracy) complete work in time (sardonic). Can you allow us (emulated) fortnight longer (estuaries).' The words in parentheses representing the phrases that precede them would be telegraphed, thus reducing a message of fifteen words to one of four—plus address. The saving in transmitting, say, to the Cape, Calcutta, or Melbourne at about eight, four, and nine shillings per word respectively, is too obvious to call for comment.

Nearly every leading business has its own code, specially adapted to its requirements. Shipping people generally use Scott's, a bulky volume, in which is to be found probably every phrase or combination of common phrases likely

to be needed in cabling despatches appertaining to shipping matters. A long message advising the owners of an accident to a vessel, detailing the parts damaged, extent of the injury, time and place of the occurrence, with probable cost and duration of repairs, may be cabled with two or three code-words. By the use of the Mining Code, another remarkable and exhaustive work, an engineer in Mexico can with two and even one word give his employers a detailed report of the progress of work, or describe with minuteness and accuracy a piece of required machinery. A popular code used by London stockbrokers enables their New York correspondents to keep them informed of the fluctuations of over forty or fifty leading American stocks in a message of three or four words only.

The ingenuity displayed by code-compilers in condensing a mass of detail into one word is often well-nigh marvellous. This species of code is known as the Combination. Its principle consists in dividing a subject into parts, giving each a number, then combining these several small numbers into one large one, and cabling it by means of its signal-word. Suppose, for example, the subject be an announcement of the arrival of a ship at a distant port, with a few details of the circumstances. The page of the code-book devoted to arrivals would be divided into, say, five columns. In each column are written ninety-nine phrases applicable to possible circumstances. Column 1 would contain the names of all the ships belonging to the firm, each being identified by a two-figure number (01 to 99). The second column would contain 99 phrases descriptive of some fact connected with the arrival, such as, 'Arrived two hours overdue,' 'In tow of harbour tug.' Each of the remaining columns is filled by likely phrases, similarly numbered, yielding 396 distinct statements regarding any one of the 99 vessels. In transmitting his message, the sender would pick from each column in turn a suitable sentence. Thus, from column 1, line 17, he would get the name of the vessel, *Seagull*; column 2, line 14 says, 'Arrived at noon'; column 3, line 21, 'Experienced bad weather; starboard lifeboat stove in'; column 4, line 36, 'Captain hurt, not seriously'; column 5, line 16, 'Ship leaves to-night.'

When this long report gets upon the cable, it is in the very abbreviated form of two words, 'elegantly buccaneer.' The receiver on consulting his code finds that the first word stands for 17,142; the second, for 13,616. He ticks these off into five groups of two figures each, and is thus supplied with the numbers of the five sentences that make up the message.

The demand for telegraphic codes should be very large, in view of the number published. The catalogue of a leading publisher who makes a speciality of codes contains a list of some hundreds of distinct works. In addition to this, a large business is done by several firms who supply private codes specially constructed to suit particular needs and businesses.

As might be supposed, inventors make strenuous efforts to produce the 'briefest and most economical code published;' and if the state-

ments of rival authors may be relied upon, there are many volumes in the market that possess this qualification. Unfortunately, extreme brevity is rarely compatible with accuracy; and it is an axiom in code construction that the greater the conciseness, the greater the task both of framing and translating a message.

The compiler of a really reliable and comprehensive code is met at the outset of his undertaking by a difficulty that, so far, has defied all attempts at solution beyond a certain point. Despite the fact that the rules of the cable companies permit him to lay under contribution eight languages, the total number of words that can be used with safety for coding purposes is only about 150,000. The reasons for this are twofold. First, the companies decline to permit the use of any code-word of more than ten letters; and it is dangerous to employ those having less than seven, owing to the difficulty of detecting an error in short words. Further, thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of words are rejected because of the similarity of the telegraphic symbols that make up the letters. Figures are rarely telegraphed; the possibility of noting an error in a group of arbitrary figures is very remote. Should a letter or two be 'jumbled' in a code-word, there are various ways of correcting the mistake—the sense, the context, and reference to the code; but these guides do not apply to the case of figures. The only remedy for a suspected error is repetition of the message at an enhanced cost of fifty per cent. Numbers, therefore, are expressed by a code-word. Errors in the transmission of amounts of money are very rare. A banker's code contains words for every possible sum of money from one halfpenny up to hundreds of thousands of pounds; and the authors have exhibited great ingenuity in making a limited supply of words do very extensive service.

The advantages of a telegraphic code are often let pass by the general public, owing to the supposition that it is necessary for the receiver of a coded message to possess a copy of the code used. This is not always the case. Most of the cable companies will permit the use of their private codes on payment of a fee generally equal to the cost of telegraphing one or two words. They translate the message into code language—which may necessitate a slight variation on the original text—and transmit it to the station nearest the addressee, where the clerk retranslates it into its original form.

In their early days, some of the cable companies exercised a very shortsighted policy towards the users of codes. By imposing numerous vexatious restrictions, they attempted to compel the public to transmit their despatches in a fully worded form; and even now, one or two companies frequently exercise their right to demand the production of the customer's code-book before consenting to put a cipher message upon the wire. But experience is gradually convincing them that it is to their interest to facilitate instead of restricting the use of the cable, since the cheaper the rates, the greater the bulk of business they will have.

The cheapness of telegraphic despatches in Great Britain renders the use of a code

unnecessary, except when secrecy is an object; consequently, code messages do not cause much trouble to our post-office clerks, as they occasionally do to the officials of the cable offices.

THE LEGEND OF THE PHANTOM SHIP.

It is a somewhat singular fact that there is not a single European nation whose mariners do not share in the picturesque and romantic superstition that certain parts of the ocean are haunted by the Spectre of a Ship. The tradition is quite the best known among the lore of the sea. Poets have told the tale in rhythmic heroics; novelists have taken it for their plots; play-writers have dramatised it; and one of the most masterful of modern musicians has founded an opera upon the Old-world legend. Nor can we be permitted to doubt that such an ocean Phantom really does exist. For did not two royal princes see her with their own eyes as short a time ago as the 11th July 1881? Such testimony is not to be disputed by any loyal British subject. In the 'Cruise of the *Bacchante*' it is stated that, at four o'clock in the morning of the day just mentioned, 'The *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. . . . Thirteen persons altogether saw her; but whether it was *Van Diemen*, or the *Flying Dutchman*, or who else, must remain unknown.' The verisimilitude of the spectre is established convincingly by what happened to the unhappy sailor who first sighted her. 'At 10.45 A.M. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the *Flying Dutchman* fell from the foretopmast-crosstrees and was smashed to atoms.'

The sighting of the phantom ship by the *Bacchante* had at least the effect of settling one vexed point, the question of her rig. She is a brig, that most homely and commonplace of all craft. The discovery is a little disappointing. The imagination, in picturing the *Flying Dutchman*, conjures up the portrait of a brave old seventeenth-century galleon, gaudy with yellow paint and tarnished gilt-work; a pink-shaped stern castellated into a poop-royal, and crowned atop with a great horn lantern; broad decks guarded by breast-high bulwarks, and flanked on either side by a row of quaint green-coated culverins and carronades; short masts with a great spread of yard, and embellished by huge barricaded tops; and manned by a little crowd of strange-looking Dutchmen, contemporaries of sturdy old Van Tromp; silent, inanimate, ghost-like: kept alive only by the terrible spell which rests upon the ill-fated vessel.

There are many versions of the famous legend of the *Flying Dutchman*. Quite recently, an American gentleman set himself the task of endeavouring to discover the paternity of the tradition, and who the Hollander was that brought upon himself and his companions such a miserable doom by his act of profanity. The result of his investigations would be extremely

interesting, but it does not appear that he has yet given them to the world. Perhaps the story has been nowhere better told than by Captain Marryat in the novel which he founded upon it. Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea-captain of Amsterdam, coming home from Batavia, is much troubled by head-winds when off the Cape of Good Hope. Day after day he goes on struggling against the baffling weather without gaining a foot of ground. The sailors grow weary, the skipper impatient. Still the bleak sou'-wester continues to blow the old galliot steadily back. For nine dreary weeks this goes on; then a terrible fit of passion seizes Vanderdecken. He sinks down upon his knees, and raising his clenched fists to the heavens, curses the Deity for opposing him, swearing that he will weather the Cape yet in spite of the Divine will, though he should go on beating about until the Day of Judgment. As a punishment for this terrible impiety, he is doomed to go on sailing in the stormy seas east of Agulhas until the last trumpet shall sound, for ever struggling against head-winds in a vain effort to double the South African Cape. Such, in brief, is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, as it has been accepted by English-speaking sailors for many generations past. The rest is the creation of Marryat's imagination: the extirpation of Vanderdecken's sin by the lifelong devotion of his son Philip, and the ultimate crumbling away into thin air of the ship herself when Marryat had finished with her.

Bechstein, in the 'Deutsches Sagenbuch' gives the Dutch version of the phantom ship, which is totally dissimilar from our own, both as regards the name of its evil-minded hero, and the sin for which he was condemned to wander. 'Falkenberg,' he says, 'was a nobleman who murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passion; and was therefore condemned to wander for ever towards the north. On arriving at the seashore he found awaiting him a boat, with a man in it, who said "Expectamus te." He entered the boat, attended by his good and his evil spirit, and went on board a spectral barque in the harbour. There he yet lingers, while the two spirits play at dice for his soul. For six hundred years has the ship been wandering the seas, and sailors still see her in the German Ocean sailing northward, without helm or steersman. She is painted gray, has coloured sails, a pale flag, and no crew. Flames come forth from her masthead at night.'

Another Dutch account of the old legend says that the skipper of the phantom ship was a native of Amsterdam, one Bernard Fokke, who lived in the seventeenth century. He was a daring, reckless seaman, who had the masts of his ship encased with iron to strengthen them and enable him to carry more sail. It is recorded that he sailed from Holland to the East Indies in ninety days; and in consequence of having made many wonderful voyages, came at last to be reputed a sorcerer, in league with the devil. In one voyage he disappeared for a while, having been spirited away by Satan, and on his return was condemned—the legend does not say by whom—to sail for ever the ocean between the southern capes with no

other crew than his boatswain, cook, and pilot. Many Dutch seamen believe that his vessel is still to be fallen in with in the Southern Ocean, and that, when he sights a ship, he will give chase for the purpose of coming alongside to ask questions. If these are not answered, all is well; but should those hailed be so injudicious as to make any reply, ill-luck is certain to befall them.

Although, perhaps, no version of the famous old nautical tradition is so quaint and full of a weird kind of romance as the English one, yet there are others which are wilder, and glow with a more lurid colour. The Germans particularly exhibit that quality of eerie fancifulness which enters into most of their lore in the stories they have of the phantom ship. They tell of a spectral ship, to be met with in remote ocean solitudes, whose portholes grin with skulls instead of the muzzles of cannon. She is commanded by a skeleton, who grips in his bony hand an hour-glass; and her crew is composed of the ghosts of desperate sinners. Any honest trader that chances to encounter this grisly apparition is doomed to founder. Coleridge took his idea of a death-ship, in the 'Ancient Mariner,' from an old German legend. She is a vessel that approaches without a breeze and without a tide, whose sails glance in the misty sunlight 'like restless gossamers;' and in her cabin Death plays at dice with the woman Nightmare for the possession of the mariner's crew. She wins, whistles thrice, and off shoots the spectre-barque.

In a volume of a German 'Morgenblätter' for the year 1824 is contained another story of a phantom ship. A lookout man sights and reports a vessel. When questioned concerning her, he says he saw a frigate in a faint haze of light, with a black captain, and a skeleton figure with a spear in its hand standing on the poop. Skeleton shapes noiselessly handled the cobweb-like sails and ropes. The only sound which he heard as the mysterious craft glided past was the word 'water.' The history of this strange ship seemed to be known to one of the sailors on board, who recounted it as follows: 'A rich Spaniard of Peru, one Don Lopez d'Aranda, dreamed he saw his son, Don Sandovalle, who had sailed with his bride for Spain, on board his ship with a ghastly wound in his head, and pointing to his own form, bound to the mainmast of the vessel. Near him was water, just beyond his reach, and the fiendish crew were mocking him and refusing him drink. The crew had murdered the young couple for their gold; and the curse of the wandering Dutchman had descended upon them. They are still to be seen cruising off the entrance to the Río de la Plata.'

The French version of the time-honoured legend is given by Jal, in his 'Scènes de la Vie Maritime.' He says: 'An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn against a head gale. He swore he would do it; and when the gale increased, laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe, and drank his beer. He threw overboard some of them who tried to make him put into port. The Holy Ghost descended on the vessel; but he fired his pistol at it, and pierced his

own hand and paralysed his arm. He cursed God; and was then condemned by the apparition to navigate always, without putting into port, only having gall to drink, and red-hot iron to eat, and eternally to watch. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, the spectacle of his tempest-tossed barque to presage ill-fortune to the luckless beholder. He is the sender of white squalls, of all disasters, and of storms. Should he visit a ship, wine on board turns sour, and all food becomes beans—the sailors' particular aversion. Should he bring or send letters, none must touch them, or they are lost. He changes his appearance at will, and is seldom beheld twice under the same circumstances. His crew are all old sinners of the sea, marine thieves, cowards, murderers, and so forth. They toil and suffer eternally, and get but little to eat and drink. His ship is the true purgatory of the faithless and idle sailor.'

The old Norsemen had a curious and vague tradition of a phantom ship, which they called *Mannifual*. The French maritime chronicler, Jal, gives an account of her; so likewise does Thorpe in his work on 'Northern Mythology.' She was so gigantic that her masts were taller than the highest mountains. The captain rode about on horseback delivering his orders. Sailors going aloft as boys came down respectable middle-aged men; and in the blocks about her rigging were dining-halls where they sustained life during their heavenward wanderings. When passing through the Strait of Dover on her way northward, she stuck; but the captain with ready invention ordered her sides to be liberally besmeared with soap, and she slipped through, leaving the cliffs of France and England white for ever afterwards. Down to within a century ago, this gigantic ship was known among English sailors by the name of *The Merry Dun of Dover*; but she seems quite to have disappeared from the maritime lore of this country. The seamen of Normandy still believe in her existence, and call her the *Chasse Froude*. They say that she is so immense that it takes her seven years to tack. On one occasion, in turning, her bowsprit swept away a whole battalion of soldiers from the Dover cliffs, whilst her stern boom was demolishing the forts of Calais. When she rolls, whales are tossed high and dry by the swell. Many extravagant particulars of this colossal fabric are given by Jal; and in 'Les Traditions Populaires' of Sébillot, exaggeration runs into wild absurdity.

The fishermen of Normandy have another picturesque legend, upon which Tom Hood founded his poem, 'The Phantom Boat of All-Souls' Night.' They believe that if their masses for the souls of their friends in purgatory are rejected, a ghostly barque will come gliding in to the harbour with a spectral crew of the souls of those who had been drowned at sea. People may recognise their lost ones amongst the grisly group; but at midnight a bell strikes, and the phantom vanishes in a wreath of smoke. In a local History of Dieppe it is stated that 'the watchman of the wharf sees a boat come within hail at midnight, and hastens to cast to it a rope; but in the same

instant, the boat disappears, and fearful cries are heard, which make the listener shudder, for they are recognised as the voices of sailors who perished at sea that year.' The same account says that this boat appears on the night of All-Saints' Day.

The French traditions of the phantom ship are indeed all very gruesome. The natives of Brittany tell of a great spectre vessel manned by huge human figures and gigantic dogs, which wanders ceaselessly about the oceans, never entering harbour or casting anchor. The crew are composed of the souls of men guilty in their lifetime of terrible crimes; and the dogs are demons in disguise, who take care that the unhappy wretches shall not have too comfortable a time. The orders in this dreaded fabric are delivered by means of great conch-shells, which seems a providential arrangement, since the noise made by them is so great as to be audible for leagues, and gives vessels a chance of avoiding contact with the fatal spectre. There is, however, nothing to be feared if an Ave is promptly repeated and the protection of Saint Anne d'Auray invoked.

The Italian legend is a local one, as old as the year 1339, when Venice was first wedded to the Adriatic by the ceremony of a ring being dropped over the prow of a gondola into its limpid blue waters. During a tempest, a fisherman was bid to row three mysterious men first to certain churches in the city, then out to the entrance of the port. The boatman with terror beheld a vast Saracen galley rushing in before the wind, crowded with most fearful-looking demons. The three men in his boat, however, caused her to founder before she could get near the city, thus saving Venice. When they stepped ashore again, one of them handed the waterman a ring, by means of which these three strangers were discovered to be St Mark, St Nicholas, and St George. Giorgione has painted this phantom vessel, with her crew of spectral demons leaping overboard, affrighted by the saints; and the picture may still be seen in the Venetian Academy.

The Icelanders have a superstition which they call 'Skipamal,' or the speaking ship. The idea is a pretty one. They conceive that utterances come forth from the motionless hulls of vessels; but few can understand the strange language. In a volume of Icelandic Legends compiled by Arnanson, a story is told of one who could interpret these singular sounds. He overheard a conversation between two ships one night. Said the first vessel: 'We have been long together, but to-morrow we must part.'

To which the other replied: 'Never. Thirty years now have we been together; we have grown old together; and when one is worn out, the other must lay by.'

Then continued the first ship: 'That will not really be so; for, although it is fair weather this evening, to-morrow morning will it be bad; and no one will go to sea but your captain, while I and all the other ships will remain. You will sail away, and nevermore come back, and our companionship is at an end.'

The other vessel replies: 'Never; for I will not stir from this spot.'

'But,' expostulates the first ship, 'you must: this is the last night of our companionship.'

'When you do not go, I will go not. The Evil One himself must take a hand in it else.'

Then the captain of the ship that was to sail came on board and ordered her to be got under way; but the staunch old fabric would not stir, and his crew mutinied. He shipped a fresh one; but they could not get the vessel out, and likewise rebelled. He called on the Deity—still without success; then invoked the Evil One, upon which his vessel flew out into the raging storm, and was lost; and her spectre still haunts the northern ocean, flitting pale and ghostly among the icebergs.

The Americans have many poems on the subject of the phantom ship. Whittier, in 'The Garrison of Cape Ann,' writes of

The spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in
her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of
morning clouds.

Again, his 'Wreck of the Schooner *Breeze*' is the story of a

Weird unspoken sail;
She flits before no earthly blast,
With the red sign fluttering from her mast,
The ghost of the schooner *Breeze*.

Longfellow, in 'The Ship of the Dead,' embodies an old New-England tradition. The legend runs that a ship was sent to sea from New Haven one day in January 1647, but was nevermore heard of again. In the following June, just before sunset, a ship like her was beheld sailing up the river against the wind, slowly fading out until she vanished from view. The apparition was accepted as a premonition of the loss of the vessel.

Bret Harte, in his poem called 'A Greyport Legend,' relates a strange, wild superstition of the mariners of that town. The tale goes that a number of little children went on board a dismasted hull to play; the wind rose; the craft broke loose, drifted away to sea, and was lost.

When fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal, they know, will bring relief,
For the voices of children, still at play,
In a phantom hulk that drifts away,
Through channels whose waters never fail.

Instances of traditions and superstitions founded upon the idea of a phantom ship might be multiplied until this article assumed the dimensions of a stout volume; but want of space forbids that the list should be further extended. It is not difficult to conceive the paternity of the romantic old legend. The sudden disappearance of a distant ship through some subtle, imperceptible wreathing of mist upon the horizon, would be sufficient to suggest the notion of a spectral vessel. Herman Melville, in his admirable work 'Typee,' has a quaint idea, out of which might easily grow a tradition of a phantom ship. 'I heard,' he says, 'of one whaler which, after many years' absence, was given up for lost. The last that had been heard of her was a shadowy report of her having touched at some of those unstable islands in the far Pacific whose eccentric wanderings are carefully noted in each new

edition of the South Sea charts. After a long interval, however, the *Perseverance*—for that was her name—was spoken somewhere in the vicinity of the ends of the earth, cruising along as leisurely as ever, her sails all bepatched and bequilted with rope-yarns, her spars fished with old pipe-staves, and her rigging knotted and spliced in every possible direction. Her crew was composed of some twenty venerable Greenwich pensioner-looking old salts, who just managed to hobble about deck. The ends of all the running ropes, with the exception of the signal-halyards and poop-downhaul, were rove through snatch-blocks, and led to the capstan or windlass, so that not a yard was braced or a sail set without the assistance of machinery. Her hull was encrusted with barnacles, which completely encased her. . . . What eventually became of her, I never learned; at any rate, she never reached home.'

Nor is the belief in the Flying Dutchman a superstition of the past. Sailors in this age give just as great credence to the ancient legend as they did a couple of centuries ago. Indeed, no race is more persistent in credulity than seamen. They continue to cling to traditions that have come down from mariners of a date when the ocean was still shrouded in mystery and romance. Friday's sailing is as unlucky as ever it was; the St Elmo's Fire is yet full of significance; and a Finn amongst the crew ruins the prospects of a voyage at the very outset. It will take many generations, even in this prosaic age of iron and steam, for the sailor to abandon his old beliefs; and it may be safe to predict that the very last fragment of superstition he will be willing to give up will be the legend of the Phantom Ship.

A DOUBLE EVENT.

THE merles find Edens in scented hedges,
And sing in chorus the live-long day;
The streamlet dances amid the sedges;
The larks are loud, and the thrushes gay;
The tall, white lilies bend o'er the river;
Butterflies revel in clover seas;
The green leaves ripple; the corn-blades quiver;
The stockdoves croon in the linden trees.

Creamy and pink are the wayside roses;
The year is nearing its golden prime;
Over the poppy the brown bee dozes;
Breezes are fragrant with mint and thyme;
Golden sunbeams keep tryst with shadows
Where the forest branches are closest wed;
Marguerites grow in the spreading meadows
'Mid waving grasses and sorrel red.

The gorses blaze in the fells and hollows;
The tranquil sea is a nether sky;
In mazy circles the busy swallows
Round the lichened nests in the old wall fly;
Purple and far are the hills of heather,
Lost in distance the mountains gray;
Joyous are I and the earth together;
My love and summer come back to-day.

M. ROCK.

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NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

FEW houses of note are plainer in themselves, and yet more redolent of historic association, than the famous official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. The Ministers of two centuries have met there; State secrets of the deepest moment have been whispered within its substantial walls. Downing Street is not architecturally attractive; yet, as Theodore Hook said, 'There is a fascination in the air of the little *cul-de-sac*; an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness; others, with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious forgetfulness.' The sombre byway has a history.

Downing Street—built by Sir George Downing three hundred and thirty years ago—stands where the cockpit of the Palace of Whitehall was; and from the first it was the home of distinguished people. But George II. made it the home of statesmanship by conferring one of the houses in it as an official residence on Walpole and his successors in the office of First Lord for ever. During Sir Robert's long term of office, he lived there; and his example was followed by several of those who came after him. North had chambers on the first floor during his eventful period of power; and the story runs that after he resigned, at a critical period in the War of Independence, he forgot one night that he had given up his quarters with his office, and, yielding to the force of habit, ascended to his old rooms. Pitt, too, lived there, and held his Councils in the solemn and rather gloomy chambers; and he was so attached to the place, that he could be happy nowhere else. Downing Street was his home, as well as the headquarters of his power. Those who came immediately after him seem to have regarded the house in quite the opposite way; to them it was an office, not a residence; but Perceval, during the angry years of his official life, lived there, and there also discussed his policy.

At this time, a curious incident occurred in the hall of the house. There Wellington and Nelson met, it is said, for the only time in their lives. Both of them were waiting to see the Minister; and while they lingered in the anteroom, they got into conversation, though neither knew the other. The great soldier, then only at the outset of his fame, made so deep an impression on the great sailor, that Nelson afterwards inquired his name, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting. Many other notable figures have passed in and out of this massive old door, but they have not all left even so feeble an impress upon history as this trifling record. Lord Liverpool and Canning set up their domestic circles in Downing Street while in office; and Lord Grey also lived there, and was painted by Haydon as he pondered by the fire-side after a great debate. But neither Sir Robert Peel nor Lord Melbourne followed these examples; and after Grey, there was no real domestic life at No. 10 till Mr Disraeli first took office. In fact, the two great Parliamentary rivals of the later period alone restored to Downing Street its residential honours; for, like Lord Beaconsfield, Mr Gladstone made it his London home invariably while in office; and, unlike them, Mr W. H. Smith and Mr Balfour did nothing more than transact Treasury business there.

The house itself is solemn and solid; there is no garish adornment, incompatible with the grave dignity of statesmanship. As a residence, too, its conveniences make no compensation for its dullness. Its domestic accommodation is inadequate, and does not meet more than the simplest requirements. But for the work of the Minister its rooms are fairly suitable. Most historic of them all is the old Council Chamber on the ground-floor; a short passage joins it to the spacious hall, and it opens on to an anteroom. Here the conferences of many Ministries have been held, and the settlement of the most delicate affairs of the two centuries arrived at. It is a spacious chamber, and well

lighted; it looks out on St James's Park, and there are four substantial pillars at the lower corners. Around the walls are rows of books—a complete set of Hansard, the Statutes, and other works less interesting than useful. The Old Council Chamber has fallen from its high estate; no longer do Ministers meet there. When Lord Salisbury held his Councils at the Foreign Office, it was given over to his private secretaries; and Mr Gladstone made no change in this disposition of the chamber, but held the Councils in his own much smaller room up-stairs. This apartment is in the brightest corner of the house, and overlooks St James's Park and the Horse-guards parade, with a view of the Duke of York's Column in the distance. The desk at which the late Premier worked was placed in the corner of the room nearest the Park, where the light is brightest and the scene most cheerful. There, sitting in a chair which was anything but luxurious, the Prime Minister performed his manifold labours, surrounded by despatch-boxes, and with communication to all parts of the house at his hand in the shape of electric bells and speaking-tubes. A large open fireplace, a quaintly carved mantel, and a heavy, old-fashioned candelabrum, are signs of the past which seem not, after all, very incongruous with the red and black despatch-boxes, and the 'Bradshaw' and 'Dod' of modern life lying about the room. There is another chamber close at hand in which Mr Gladstone sometimes worked, but it claims no special notice.

Beyond the chief workroom and Council Room, the reception chambers begin. There are three of them. The first, proceeding in this direction, is the smallest; and its walls, panelled in white, bear some interesting portraits. The larger of the rooms on this side is the principal reception or drawing room. It is not a cheerful apartment; its two windows have a very uninteresting outlook; and in daylight the opposite end of the room, behind the pillars, is almost dismal. Through a small antechamber the dining-room is reached. This is also gloomy, so far as its outlook is concerned; its windows give a view of nothing more cheerful than the back of some official buildings. But the inner view is dignified and impressive. The vaulted and handsomely decorated ceilings, the rich, dark tints of the panelled walls, and the many portraits hung there, leave a sense almost of satisfaction with the partial gloom which merely mellows the scene, and helps the mind the better to conjure up pictures of past assemblies therein. The portraits are interesting. Walpole, first official resident, is robed in gorgeous state, and looks down on the chamber from his exaltation above the mantel. There is a portrait of Lord Godolphin, which Lady de Grey gave to the house seventy years ago; and a likeness of ill-fated Spencer Perceval's amiable face with its eloquent eyes. Portraits of the first Duke of Leeds, Lord Delaware, and Sir John Lowther, the last presented by Lord Lonsdale, are also in this dining-room, where Lord Beaconsfield gave his Parliamentary dinners, and some State banquets are still held.

When you have seen the passage leading to the Foreign Office, and the door on the other

side of the way which gives communication to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's official house, No. 11, you have seen all that the place has to show. And very few save the privileged may see even that. Obviously, the central abode of Government cannot be made a popular exhibition and one of the sights of London. But if that were possible, few show-places of historic interest would stimulate the sympathetic imagination to a greater extent—and an extent so utterly out of proportion with the physical interest of the fabric. As Hook said, the fascination of Downing Street is in its memory-laden air.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXVI.—A QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

AND now that all was over, and her Arnold had come home to her, Kathleen Hesslegrave felt as if the rest mattered little. He was back; he knew all; he saw all; he understood all; he loved her once again far more dearly than ever. Woman-like, she was more than satisfied to have her lover by her side; all else was to her a mere question of detail.

And yet, the problem for Arnold was by no means solved. He had no way as yet of earning his own living; still less had he any way of earning a living for Kathleen. Kathleen herself, indeed, happy enough to have found her sailor again, would have been glad to marry him as he stood, maimed hand and all, and to have worked at her art for him, as she had long worked for Reggie; but that, of course, Arnold could never have dreamed of. It would have been grotesque to give up the Axminster revenues on conscientious grounds, and then allow himself to be supported by a woman's labour. Rufus Mortimer, too, ever generous and ever chivalrous, would willingly have done anything in his power to help them. But such help as that also Arnold felt to be impossible. He must fight out the battle of life on his own account to the bitter end; and though this last misfortune of his crushed hand was an accident that might have happened to any sailor any day, it made him feel none the less that painful consciousness he had often felt before, of his own inferiority and comparative inability to do for himself what he saw so many of his kind doing round him on every side without apparent effort. He didn't care to acknowledge himself a human failure.

Of course, he had the fifty pounds he had received for his translation of the Italian manuscript; but even Arnold Willoughby couldn't live on fifty pounds for ever, though, no doubt, he could make it go at least as far as any one else of his class could. And it was only a stray windfall, not a means of livelihood. What Arnold wanted, now the sea was shut

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against him, and painting most difficult, was some alternative way of earning money for himself, and, if possible, for Kathleen. As to how he could do that, he had for the moment no idea; he merely straggled on upon his fifty pounds, spreading it out as thin as fifty pounds can be made to spread nowadays in this crowded Britain of ours.

But if this problem caused anxiety to Arnold Willoughby, it caused at least as much more to Rufus Mortimer. As a rule, people who have never known want themselves realise but vaguely the struggles and hardships of others who stand face to face with it. They have an easy formula—'Lazy beggar!'—which covers for their minds all possible grounds of failure or misfortune in other people. (Though they are not themselves always so remarkable for their industry.) But Rufus Mortimer, with his delicately sensitive American nature, as sensitive in its way as Arnold's own, understood to the full the difficulties of the case; and having made himself responsible to some extent for Arnold's and Kathleen's happiness by bringing them together again, gave himself no little trouble, now that matter was arranged, to seek some suitable work in life for Arnold.

This, however, as it turned out, was no easy matter. Even backed up by Rufus Mortimer's influence, Arnold found there were few posts in life he could now adequately fill; while the same moral scruples that had made him in the first instance renounce altogether the Axminster property continued to prevent his accepting any post that he did not consider an honest and useful one. It occurred to Mortimer, therefore, one day when he met Reggie on Kathleen's doorstep, and, entering, found Kathleen herself with every sign of recent tears, that one of the first ways of helping the young couple would be the indirect one of getting rid of Reggie. He suspected that young gentleman of being a perpetual drain upon Kathleen's resources, and he knew him to have certainly no such conscientious scruples. So, after a little brief telegraphic communication with his firm in America, he sent one morning for Reggie himself, 'on important business'; and Reggie, delighted by anticipation at the phrase, put on his best necktie and his onyx links, and drove round (in a hansom) to Mortimer's house in Great Stanhope Street.

Mortimer plunged at once into the midst of affairs. 'Suppose you were to get a post of three hundred and fifty a year in America, would you take it?' he inquired.

Reggie brightened at the suggestion. 'Pounds, not dollars, of course?' he answered with characteristic caution, for where money was concerned, Reggie's mind was pure intellect.

Rufus Mortimer nodded. 'Yes, pounds, not dollars,' he said; 'a clerk's post in my place in the States; railway engineering works, you know. We control the business.'

'It *might* suit me,' Reggie answered, with

great deliberation, impressed with the undesirability of letting himself go too cheap. 'Three hundred and fifty; or say, four hundred.'

'I beg your pardon,' Rufus Mortimer interposed with bland decision. 'I said three hundred and fifty. I did *not* say four hundred. And the questions before the house are simply these two—first, whether you care to accept such a post or not; and second, whether I shall find you're qualified to accept it.'

'Oh, I see,' Reggie answered, taken aback; for he had not yet met Rufus Mortimer in this his alternative character as the stern capitalist. 'Whereabouts is your place? So much depends upon the locality.'

'It's in Philadelphia,' Mortimer answered, smiling. He could see at a glance Reggie was hesitating as to whether he could tear himself away from the Gaiety, and the dear boys, and the gross mud-honey of town in general, to emigrate to America.

Reggie held his peace for a moment. He was calculating the pros and cons of the question at issue. It spelt expatriation, of course; that he recognised at once; so far from the theatres, the racecourses, the Park, the dear boys of the Tivoli, and Charlie Owen. But still, he was young, and he would always have Florrie. Perhaps there might be 'life' even in Philadelphia. 'Is it a big town?' he asked dubiously; for his primeval notions of American geography were distinctly hazy.

'The third biggest in the Union,' Mortimer answered, eyeing him hard.

'In the What?' Reggie repeated, somewhat staggered at the sound; visions of some huge workhouse rose dimly in the air before his mental view.

'In the United States,' Mortimer answered with a compassionate smile. 'In America, if it comes to that. The third biggest in America. About three-quarters the size of Paris. Will a population of a million afford scope enough for you?'

'It *sounds* well,' Reggie admitted. 'And I suppose there are amusements there—something to occupy a fellow's mind in his spare time? or else I don't put much stock in it.'

'I think the resources of Philadelphia will be equal to amusing you,' Mortimer answered grimly. 'It's a decent-sized village.' He didn't dwell much upon the converse fact that Reggie would have to work for his three hundred and fifty. 'My people in America will show him all that soon enough,' he thought. 'The great thing just now is to get him well out of England, by hook or by crook, and leave the way clear for that angel and Willoughby.'

For Rufus Mortimer, having once espoused Arnold Willoughby's cause, was almost as anxious to see him satisfactorily settled in life as if it had been his own love-affairs he was working for, not his most dangerous rival's.

The offer was a tempting one. After a little humming and hawing, and some explanation by Mortimer of the duties of the situation—the last thing on earth that Reggie himself would ever have troubled his head about under the circumstances—the young man about town at last consented to accept the post offered to him; and to ship himself forthwith from his

native land, with Florrie in tow, at Rufus Mortimer's expense, by an early steamer.

'A town of a million people,' he observed to Florrie, 'must have decent amusements even in America.'

And now that that prime encumbrance was clear out of the way, Mortimer's next desire was to find something to do for Arnold, though Arnold was certainly a most difficult man to help in the matter of an appointment. That horrid conscience of his was always coming in to interfere with everything. Mortimer and Kathleen had ventured to suggest, indeed, that under these altered circumstances, when his hand made it almost impossible for him to get work of any sort, he should dis-close his personality to the new Lord Axminster, and accept some small allowance out of the Membury Castle property. But against that suggestion Arnold stood quite firm. 'No, no,' he said; 'I may live or I may starve; but I won't go back upon my whole life and principles. I gave up my property in order that I might live by my own exertions; and by my own exertions I will live, or go to the wall manfully. I don't demand now that I should earn my livelihood by manual labour, as I once desired to do: under these altered conditions, having lost the use of my hand in the pursuit of an honest trade for the benefit of humanity, I'm justified, I believe, in earning my livelihood in any way that my fellow-creatures are willing to pay me for; and I'll take in future any decent work that such a maimed being as myself is fitted for. But I won't come down upon my cousin Algy. It wouldn't be fair; it wouldn't be right; it wouldn't be consistent; it wouldn't be honest. I'm dead by law; dead by the decision of the highest court in the kingdom; and dead I will remain for all legal purposes. Algy has succeeded to the title and estates in that belief, which I have not only permitted him to hold, but have deliberately fostered. For myself and all who come after me, I have definitely got rid of my position as a peer, and have chosen to become a common sailor. If I were to burst in upon Algy now with proof of my prior claim, I would upset and destroy his peace of mind; make him doubt for the position and prospects of his children; and burden him with a sense of insecurity in his tenure which I have no right in the world to disturb his life with. When once I did it, I did it once for all; to go back upon it now would be both cruel and cowardly.'

'You're right,' Kathleen cried, holding his hand in her own. 'I see you're right, my darling; and if ever I marry you, I will marry you clearly on that understanding, that you are and always will be plain Arnold Willoughby.'

So Rufus Mortimer could do nothing but watch and wait. Meanwhile, Arnold went round London at the pitiful task of answering advertisements for clerks and other small posts, and seeking in vain for some light employment. Winter was drawing on; and it became clearer and clearer each day to Mortimer that in Arnold's present state of health he ought, if possible, to spend the coldest months in the

south of Europe. But how get him to do it? That was now the puzzle. Mortimer was half afraid he had only rescued Kathleen's lover, and brought them together again in peace, in order to see him die with his first winter in England. And it was no use to urge upon him the acceptance of a temporary loan, or even to ask him to go abroad on the strength of that fifty pounds; for, as matters now stood, Arnold was so anxious to husband his funds to the utmost and to look out for future work, that nothing would induce him to move away from London.

While things were in this condition, Rufus was startled one day, as he sat in his padded arm-chair in a West End club, reading a weekly paper, to see Arnold Willoughby's name staring him full in the face from every part of a two-column article. He fixed his eyes on the floating words that seemed to dance before his sight. 'If this is a first attempt,' the reviewer said, 'we must congratulate Mr Willoughby upon a most brilliant *début* in the art of fiction.' And again: 'We know not whether the name of "Arnold Willoughby" is the writer's real designation, or a mere *nom de guerre*; but in any case we can predict for the entertaining author of "An Elizabethan Seadog" a brilliant career as a writer of the new romance of history.' 'Mr Willoughby's style is careful and polished; his knowledge of the dialect of the sea is "peculiar and extensive;" while his fertility of invention is really something stupendous. We doubt, indeed, whether any Elizabethan sailor of actual life could ever have described his Spanish adventures in such graphic and admirable language as Mr Willoughby puts into the mouth of his imaginary hero; but that is a trivial blemish: literature is literature: as long as the narrative imposes upon the reader for the moment, which it undoubtedly does, we are ready to overlook the unhistorical character of the thrilling details, and the obvious improbability that such a person as Master John Collingham of Holt in Norfolk would have been able to address the Council of Ten with such perfect fluency in "very choice Italian."'

Rufus Mortimer laid down the paper in a tumult of delight. Here at last he saw a chance for the solution of the problem of Arnold's future. Though art had failed him, he might live by literature. To be sure, one swallow doesn't make a summer, nor one good review (alas!) the fortune of a volume. But Rufus Mortimer didn't know that; and he felt sure in his heart that a man who could write so as to merit such praise from one of the most notoriously critical of modern organs, must certainly be able to make a living by his pen, even if he had only a left hand left wherewith to wield it. So off he rushed at once in high glee to Arnold Willoughby's, only stopping on the way to buy a copy of the review at the railway bookstall in the nearest underground station.

When he reached Arnold's lodgings, now removed much farther west, near Kathleen Hessegrave's rooms, he hurried up-stairs in a fervour of good spirits, quite rejoiced to be the first to bring such happy tidings. Arnold

read the review hastily; then he looked up at Mortimer, who stood expectant by; and his face grew almost comical in its despair and despondency. 'Oh, this is dreadful!' he exclaimed under his breath. 'Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!'

'Dreadful?' Mortimer interposed, quite taken aback. 'Why, Willoughby, I was delighted to be the first to bring it to you. I thought you'd be so awfully glad to see it. What on earth do you disapprove of? It's all so favourable.' Did the man expect mere fulsome adulation?

'Favourable? Oh yes,' Arnold answered; 'it's favourable enough, for that matter: but just look how they treat it! In spite of my repeated and reiterated statement that the manuscript was a genuine Elizabethan document, they insist on speaking of it as an original romance, and attributing the authorship to me, who only translated it. They doubt my word about it!'

'But that doesn't matter much,' Mortimer cried, severely practical, 'as long as attention is drawn to the work. It'll make the book sell; and if ever you should want to write anything else on your own account, it'll give you a better start and secure you attention.'

'I don't want attention under false pretences,' Arnold retorted. 'One doesn't like to be doubted, and one doesn't want to get credit for work one hasn't done. I should hate to be praised so. It's only the translation that's mine. I've none of these imaginative gifts the critic credits me with. Indeed, I've half a mind to sit down this minute to write and explain that I don't deserve either their praise or their censure.'

From this judicious course Mortimer did not seek to dissuade him; for, being an American born, he thoroughly understood the value of advertisement; and he knew that a lively correspondence on the authenticity of the book could not fail to advertise it better than five hundred reviews, good, bad, or indifferent. So he held his peace, and let Arnold do as he would about his reputation for veracity.

As they were talking it over, however, the door opened once more, and in rushed Kathleen, brimming over with excitement, and eager to show Arnold another review which she had happened to come across in a daily paper. Arnold took it up and read it. His face changed as he did so; and Mortimer, who looked over his shoulder as he read, could see that this review, too, contained precisely the same cause of complaint, from Arnold's point of view, as the other one—it attributed the book as an original romance to the transcriber and translator, and complimented him on his brilliant and creative imagination. Here was indeed a difficulty. Arnold could hardly show Kathleen the same distress at the tone of the notice which he had shown Rufus Mortimer; she came in so overflowing with womanly joy at his success, that he hadn't the heart to damp it; so he tried his best to look as if he liked it, and said as little about the matter either way as possible.

Mortimer, however, took a different view of the situation.

'This is good,' he said; 'very good. These two articles strike the keynote. Your book is certainly going to make a success. It will boom through England. I'm sorry now, Willoughby, you sold the copyright for all time outright to them.'

'PHOTOGRAPHY UP TO DATE.'

THE Photographic art has been brought so completely within reach of the public, that any one who can spare a few pence may nowadays possess a specimen of it. This familiarity with its wonderful results, however, co-exists with much ignorance of its methods, and of what may be called its more curious or recondite capabilities. As an illustration of the popular ignorance about photography, an instance may be cited that actually occurred not so very long ago. A thief went ostensibly to have his photograph taken, but really to see what he could steal. He seized his opportunity when the photographer had retired to develop the plate, and made off with a valuable lens, quite unconscious of the fact that the few seconds he had sat facing the camera had placed his portrait in the hands of the operator. Of course, the means of identifying him speedily found its way into the hands of the police. An ignorant misconception of exactly the opposite character was displayed some years ago in a then popular drama. The culprit is detected in consequence of his having accidentally committed his crime in front of a camera and lens which a photographer had by chance left in the place. The author evidently entertained the strange notion that, in all places and under all circumstances, a camera and lens would take a picture of what passed before them without the intervention of any sort of human agency.

In various other ways, however, photography has of late years been applied with remarkable success to the detection of crime. A paper just published by a scientist on the application of the art in this direction proves, among other interesting facts, that by means of the camera, not only erasures in a document which cannot be detected by the eye, but the minutest differences in the inks employed, can at once be demonstrated in an enlarged copy of the writing, by the use of suitably coloured light and colour-sensitive plates. Captain Abney, R.E., the chairman of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, states that he once examined an engraving which was reputed to be of considerable value, and by means of photography he was able to bring out the original signature under a spurious one which had been added. The picture, in fact, turned out to be utterly worthless.

The expectation of seeing objects depicted in their natural colours by photography has acted like fascination on many minds, and it would seem that the case is not altogether hopeless, since it is reported that the art of reproducing colours true to nature with the camera has just been discovered by a clever Berlin chemist. If true, the discovery is one of the most important that have been made in photography. M.

Claudet records that Becquerel and Sir John Herschel both succeeded in impressing the image of the solar spectrum, and even of coloured maps, upon a silver plate prepared with chlorine. The image, however, was not permanent. The great point to be attained has always been the fixing of the tints, but whether or not the Berlin experimentalist referred to has successfully overcome this difficulty remains to be seen.

Another wonder of photography is the success that has been achieved in taking photographs of objects in motion. In fact, so great has been the advance in recent years in the making of gelatine dry-plates, that an instantaneous photograph was a short time ago taken of an express train when running at sixty miles an hour, the print showing distinctly, and without blur, the locomotive and five carriages. Successful negatives are now frequently taken where exposure only lasts the one-thousandth part of a second; and a shot or shell has even been depicted at the instant of its leaving the cannon's mouth. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, the rate at which the shot travels can be ascertained at the same time.

Photographing domestic animals is difficult enough under the most advantageous circumstances when only the ordinary camera is employed, but what the obstacles must be like when ferocious wild beasts are the objects to be photographed, under similar conditions, only those who have successfully and repeatedly performed the operation can give us any clear idea. Mr Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., whose achievements in this particular direction are so well known, recently inaugurated in London a series of illustrated lectures, with the intention of popularising this interesting branch of the photographic art. His photos of wild beasts are as natural and characteristic in pose as they are instinct with life and admirable in technique.

Photographing under water, although perhaps not so exciting a feature of the art, seems, from all accounts, to be equally interesting and instructive in its way as the photographing of wild animals. A lens for seeing under water is described as producing an effect both astonishing and delightful. Experiments were made in 1889 in the Mediterranean to ascertain how far daylight actually penetrated under the surface; and in very clear water near Corsica, and eighteen miles from land, the limit of daylight was found by means of photographic plates to be fifteen hundred and eighty feet.

A short time ago a Frenchman brought himself to the notice of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red Sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, he assumed a diver's costume to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusca impossible to cultivate in aquaria. He was struck with the wonderful beauty of submarine landscapes, and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would savour too much of an over-vivid imagination. At first he worked in shallow water with a water-tight apparatus, and the clearness

of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitise the plates. But proportionally as the depth increased, clearness diminished, and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs. Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilising magnetism in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus consists essentially of a barrel filled with oxygen, and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp. On the flame of the lamp, by means of a mechanical contrivance, powdered magnesium is thrown, flaring as often as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea-water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. Beautiful submarine photographs taken on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur-Mer, near the Spanish border, have been produced in this way.

In curious interest perhaps, what is called Microscopic Photography, or the reduction of large objects into such small dimensions as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, deserves a prominent position in the more experimental branches of the art. Mr Shadbolt, in 1854, was the first who executed these small photographs by making an achromatic object-glass one or one inch and a half focus the lens of a camera, and using a peculiar kind of collodion. His portraits varied from one-twentieth to one-fortieth of an inch in diameter, and would bear to be magnified a hundred times.

Hardly a day passes now but new and important photographs are produced by cameras of ever-increasing power. New stars have been revealed that were heretofore obscured from man. It is difficult to realise how far these worlds are from us. One of the most popular and eminent lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who uses simple and graphic illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—it would take seventy-eight years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A.D. 1—that is to say, 1894 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second.

The enlargement of photographs, though less wonderful to the common apprehension than their reduction to the infinitely small, is, practically, not less interesting and curious. These enlarged pictures were first exhibited by M. Claudet at a soirée of the British Association some years ago. By means of the solar camera, photographic cartes were magnified to the size of life. The effect when first seen was pronounced very striking and beautiful. M. Claudet at the same time also exhibited some photographs taken by the Count de Montizon of all the most curious animals of the Zoological Gardens; and instantaneous views of Paris by Ferrier, showing the Boulevards full of carriages and people, as they are in the middle of the day.

But the most striking photographs of this topographical character are those which have been taken in balloons floating some four thousand feet above the earth. The first experiments of this kind were made by Mr Negretti in Coxwell's 'Mammoth' balloon in the summer of 1863. They were regarded with much interest at the time, as several problems were involved in success or failure—such, for example, as the difficulty of operating at all in a moving vehicle; and the question whether the actinic power of the solar rays would be as effective up aloft as on the surface of the earth. It was not only the onward motion of the balloon that created a difficulty, but its rotating motion, to obviate which, a good deal of ingenuity in constructing and manipulating the apparatus was needful.

A photographer who recently made several photographs from a balloon has made the following instructive remarks on the possibilities of balloon photography: 'At the height of a mile I was amazed at the clearness of the atmosphere, and the sharp definition of the landscape immediately beneath. I took with me a large camera, and had no trouble in operating it. About twenty good negatives were the result of the trip.'

An exceedingly ingenious invention consisting of a camera combined with a parachute, especially designed for obtaining photographs of fortifications and of the camps of the enemy, although pictures may also be made for surveying purposes, would seem to mark an important step in the science of modern warfare. The parachute is snugly folded in a thin case at the end of a rocket, which is fired to the required height, and bursts open by means of a time-fuse. The explosion sets free the parachute, which is protected from injury by means of a casing of asbestos. The parachute has a number of thin umbrella ribs, and these are forced outward, and kept in that position by means of a strong spiral spring. From the parachute a camera is suspended; and a string held by the operator is attached by a universal joint to the bottom of the device, for the purpose of pulling the parachute back. The camera is fitted with an instantaneous shutter, operated by clockwork, so as to give several exposures at intervals. At the back of the box is an arrangement by which the plates can be manipulated as though by mechanical agency. A swinging motion can be given the camera by the operator, and this will enable him to obtain successive pictures over a wide area. The whole arrangement is exceedingly clever; and if it can be utilised for practical purposes, there is no doubt that 'sky-rocket' photographs will play an important part in the military manoeuvres of the future.

From time to time during the last few years there have been various systems advanced and given a practical trial for 'telegraphing' portraits, diagrams, outline drawings, and specimens of handwriting; and an American electrical engineer claims to have discovered a remarkably simple method by which pictures, &c., can be transmitted long distances through the medium of only a single wire. N. S. Amstutz is the reputed inventor; and it is stated that certain

Continental authorities have taken up the matter for the purpose of telegraphing pictures of military evolutions and portraits of fugitives from justice; while in Germany it is understood the Kaiser uses the system for transmitting his imperial signature to the seat of government whenever occasion calls for it. In theory the idea is excellent. 'A crime is committed in Paris, and the assassin flees to America; a photograph of the culprit is found in France; you throw a bright light upon it, place it in front of the transmitter, which you connect with the Atlantic cable, set up a receiver in New York, and in a few minutes the chief of the New York police is in possession of a photographic representation, which is far better than any description.' In other words, if the predictions of a certain learned French Professor, who recently expressed his views on the possibilities of the project, prove correct, we must not be surprised if we are some day enabled to see what is passing in another part of the world without leaving our chairs.

One more of the surprising effects of the art remains to be mentioned here—namely, its application to illustrate geometrical figures and problems. This followed rapidly upon the discovery of the principle of the stereoscope. Every one who has gone through the eleventh Book of Euclid is aware of the great difficulty which is superadded to that of the problem itself by the number of lines crossing each other on a flat surface. By producing these lines on stereoscopic slides they are made to appear as if the figure was made of wires stretching from point to point in space. Planes are seen to intersect each other with as much distinctness as if they were sheets of cardboard inclined at various angles; and solid angles and pyramids have their edges and angular points in such tangible relief that a model could not afford a better illustration of the text. The letters, too, are so contrived as to appear to belong to the points to which they refer, and to stand out at the proper distances from the spectator.

Before concluding this article we may also notice some remarkable instances of grotesque or caricature photography. When the lamented Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States, his photographic portrait was exhibited, and to the naked eye appeared as if pitted with the smallpox. On examining the dots with a microscope, they were, however, found to consist of portraits of generals, politicians, divines, poets, actresses, and other well-known characters suitably placed. Jeff. Davis would be found in the President's eye; McClellan on the tip of his nose; Miss Cushman, or some other sweet lady, on his lips; and so on. All these likenesses were said to be very striking, and the whole caricature was regarded as a felicitous performance. Something of the same comic character was done in Rome some years ago, when well-known figures, suggestive of a satirical application, were published with the heads of public characters. Thus, the face of Antonelli appeared on the shoulders of Fra Diavolo; and the queen of Naples was made to figure as Moll Flagon. Even the Pope himself was not spared. The speedy result, how-

ever, was a Papal edict against the enormity, by which the photographic artists were subjected to the loss of their places and instruments, a fine of one hundred dollars, and a year in the galleys! The models who dared to sit for such figures were denounced in the same penalties.

THE SULTAN'S EGG.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

PEOPLE thought it very strange that Roland Haynes should go to sea again, it seemed such an absurd thing for the owner of one of the finest farms in the county of Salop so to do. But when his wife died, Roland became restless, and his life grew a burden to him. He felt stifled and oppressed, and the sight even of the laurels and laurustinus bushes around the house became hateful. He strove against the feeling with all his might; but do what he would, his thoughts and desires wandered away back to the old days of tall ships, and stormy winds, and wild waters, and all the majesty and beauty of the great ocean on which his early life had been passed. He heard calling to him 'the moanings of the homeless sea,' and went to it.

'Jim,' he said to his reformed scapegrace of a brother, 'I'm off to sea again. I can't stand this place, now Alice has gone. Do your best to look after it. I know I can trust you as myself to take good care of Nora. I'll be back again in a twelvemonth.'

So Roland left the diamond-latticed, black-joisted, rambling old Clayhorns, as the place was called, where generations upon generations of stalwart yeomen had lived and died, satisfied with their lot, and innocent of the *wandergeist*, and went off to see if salt water could allay his perturbed spirit. In most households, but perhaps not for very many years, a wanderer will make his appearance. Roland had been the first of his race, and the simple inlanders deemed him as in some sort possessed.

One morning, rising a boy, he had left the old Clayhorns, and the little village of Hampton-Kirby, nestling amongst its chestnuts and elms, only to reappear a bearded man, grave and bronzed, bringing with him a sweet young girl-wife. He had thrown himself headlong into life's battle, emerging chastened and successful. Therefore, he was received back into his inheritance with open arms, and all people, except his brother James, rejoiced.

So the wanderer settled down, as he thought, to pass the remainder of his days quietly on the broad pasture-lands of Clayhorns. But they were all dead now, all except James and little Nora, his one child, who was just twelve when her father left. And every time he returned she was a year older. He sailed his

own ship, and could afford to choose his freights and measure his absences.

A year to a day, almost, and Nora, at school in Shrewsbury town, would be driven to the station, sure of seeing there the bold, handsome face she loved so well and missed so bitterly, and of being folded to the broad breast of the wanderer before all the sympathising crowd, who would remark one to the other: 'It be Capt'n Roly a-come'd whoam from zee to 'is little gel.'

Then came the run home for a brief two or three months' holiday, a time in which Captain Roly and his daughter were all in all to each other and inseparable. These were the epochs that in those days she measured her life by.

When Nora was sixteen, her father, departing as usual, said: 'I'm getting tired, my darling. This shall be my last voyage. I'll come home and stay there, see my pet married—not to a sailor, though, I hope—and, in God's good time, have my bones laid alongside those others in the old churchyard over yonder.'

So he sailed away on his last voyage, as he promised it should be. But he never came home any more; and neither of Captain Roly nor of his good ship the *Wrekin* could any tidings be heard. Money was not spared in the endeavour; but the only scrap of news gained was that the *Wrekin* had been spoken in such and such a latitude and longitude on her passage to China, 'All well.'

A year went by—a year of mourning and broken-hearted wretchedness for poor Nora, and then James Haynes—pretty certain, this time, that his brother was not above-ground—came out in quite a different character. He who had always been so quiet and unassuming, as befitted a man who has had his chances in the world, and tried, and failed miserably again and again, suddenly grew big and blustered, boasting of what might have been, and what yet should be. Briefly, there was no will discovered; and presently, scoundrel James laid claim to the whole estate, on the ground of Nora's illegitimacy. Proceedings were at once taken by both sides, for Squire Melton and the Vicar, and a few other of Captain Roly's old friends at Hampton-Kirby, were quick to espouse the orphan's cause and compass the downfall of the usurper. No marriage certificate could be found at the Clayhorns. All we knew vaguely, and as dropped by themselves, was that Nora's parents had been married in Ireland; therefore, in that country a search was carried on.

Meanwhile, Nora left Clayhorns and came to live with us in the adjoining hamlet of Wrockwardine. My mother was a far-off cousin of Captain Roly's, as everybody around called him; and I had sailed two voyages in the *Wrekin* myself, and but for an accident, should have gone the last as chief-officer of her.

It may perhaps be imagined, then, how we petted and condoled with pretty Nora when she came to us for refuge from the harsh unkindness of her uncle, and one of the farm-women he had installed as housekeeper at Clayhorns. From both her parents James had received nothing but benefits; yet he never seemed to tire of taunting the girl about the mystery surrounding their union, a diversion in which his creature joined *con amore*. So, as I have said, Nora came to us in our little cottage at Wrockwardine.

Many a time she would exclaim: 'I know there was a will! My father told me so. He even told me where he kept it—in the "Sultan's Egg," which no one but himself could open. But the egg has gone. He must have taken it to sea with him. But oh,' she would say, 'never mind the will! Let everything go, if we can but find the other paper. Where *were* they married? And the poor child would cry as if her heart was breaking.

But look as they might, search where they would, they seemed never able to discover where Captain Roly had found the beautiful, dark-haired, blue-eyed girl that he had brought home with him after those long years of absence, what time the May flowers and violets were blowing at Clayhorns, and all the land was quick with spring.

Never a very communicative man, he appeared to have confided the story of his wooing to nobody. His wife had been equally reticent, whether of design, or of pure unconcern at what people might say or think, was difficult now to guess. The only thing that came to light during these investigations was actual proof of a will having been in existence, thus confirming Nora's story. Agents unearthed a firm of lawyers in Chancery Lane who remembered drawing up such an instrument for Roland Haynes just about the time he returned to the old life. But they positively refused to commit themselves to any statement as to its contents. They could or would remember nothing. Captain Haynes had applied to them as a stranger, not a client. They had obliged him; and he had gone his way, taking the duly witnessed document with him. Nora had seen him place it in the Sultan's Egg—a curious piece of Eastern workmanship, of which more anon. Probably, so the gossips said, the captain had put his marriage lines there also—always supposing them to have had existence—and James had made away with the lot.

Meanwhile, I, having my living to get, went off to sea, leaving Nora, then a tall slip of a girl, all legs and wings, so to speak, at home with my mother and a spinster aunt, both doing their best to spoil her. On my return, eighteen months later, I found the case 'Haynes v. Haynes' still unsettled, and Nora, by some magic process, transformed into a very beautiful and stately young woman, whom I was actually afraid to offer to kiss until she took the initiative.

Injunctions and all sorts of other things had been served upon James Haynes, who, however, still held possession, and, to all appearance, was master at Clayhorns. The lawyers, so far as I could understand, had taken the case from

court to court, had dropped it in a certain one, and now wanted more money to begin over afresh with. Nora's friends had already spent a large sum in defending her rights without any prospect of repayment, and they were beginning to get dubious. Also, there was some talk of James's marrying his housekeeper, the ex-farm labourer before spoken of.

So the years went by quietly and uneventfully enough at our little cottage. Nora seemed fairly happy, and was the joy and delight of the two old people. I had succeeded well in my profession, and was now master and part owner of a smart barque sailing out of Bristol.

Squire Melton was dead, and the Vicar had left the district. 'Haynes v. Haynes' had stopped for good, apparently, in whichever of those courts the lawyers had left it last when funds fell short. James still held the property, was married, and had a son. It seemed a poor lookout indeed for Nora's ever returning to Clayhorns as its mistress. People, generally, when they thought of the affair at all, accepted the state of things as settled. And willing enough though many undoubtedly were to help to remove the slur cast on her parents' memory, no one in that community was rich enough to start the case again.

That Nora at times still felt it acutely, we at Elm Cottage knew only too well. Her faith in and love for her lost father were strong as ever. At each return her questioning eyes would meet mine, but always in vain. Beyond that last brief message from the sea, I could hear nothing of the fate of the vessel whose rigged namesake we could see from our windows.

At last my mother died. The old home was broken up; and in pursuance of a scheme long looked forward to and prepared for, I asked Nora to be my wife. We had, in the good old-fashioned sense of the word, been courting ever since I came back from that West Indian voyage to find her shot up and moulded into the prettiest girl for fifty miles around the Wrekin. So, without any backing and filling, she just said 'Yes;' and a week afterwards I took her on board the *Daphne* and sailed for Hong-kong, via Singapore, as a honeymoon trip. Having now got things a little clear and ship-shape, I am going to tell you by what curious chance the fate of Captain Roly and his good ship, and the fair fame of his wife and daughter, were, after all these years, made manifest.

We had passed Anjer, and were lying becalmed in the island-dotted Strait of Banca, when, one morning, the cook suddenly discovered that he was out of coal. Ordering the boat to be lowered, I told the second-mate to take three hands and pull to the nearest island for a load of wood, either drift or from the bush. On their return, and whilst they were handing up their cargo just abreast of the galley, Nora, walking forward and looking curiously at the assortment of planks, trunks of trees, and such-like rubbish that they had collected, suddenly cried out to me, standing at the break of the poop: 'Oh Harry, Harry, my father's ship!'

Thinking the sun had been too much for her, I ran to where she was pulling away at a

bit of plank which stuck up from the heap. It was one of the head-boards of a ship that her eye had happened to light on, and on which, in large black letters, was printed 'WREKIN. LON.' The rest was broken off. But that it was a portion of Captain Roly's old ship there could be no doubt whatever. In the first place, the name was a peculiar one; then it was not, in those days, very often that a vessel carried her name on her head-boards; the heading had once also been gilded, as was that of the lost ship's. No one amongst the boat's crew seemed to be certain as to the precise spot it had been picked up in. But presently a boy who had accompanied them remembered pulling it out of the sand on the little beach where they landed. He had noticed the lettering, which indeed looked remarkably fresh, but had thought no more than that the plank would make 'fine kindling chips for the doctor.'

We then set to and overhauled every splinter of the stuff; but, with the exception of a bit of spar and a fragment of a grating, there was no sign of any more ship's furniture. However, I was quickly in the boat, and, with Nora, who wished to come, heading for the island. I eyed it curiously as we approached. It was only a rock, hardly more than a quarter of a mile round, but fully a hundred feet high, and covered everywhere, except at the little white beach, with tropical vegetation. Stepping ashore, we examined every nook and cranny, but without making any further discovery.

For my own part, I did not think that the *Wrekin* could have been wrecked either here or in the vicinity without some one hearing of it. Besides, these narrow seas were, as a rule, too well charted for skippers to run against any unknown danger. As I pointed out to Nora, who was unreasonably certain that we stood near the very spot, if not actually on it, the board might have floated in hundreds of miles from either the Indian Ocean or the China Sea, to its last resting-place on this little islet. Also, most vessels passing Anjer were noted, and their destination ascertained. Inquiries, I recollected, had been specially made of the Dutch authorities, and they replied that nothing had been seen or heard of the *Wrekin*.

But Nora was not to be convinced. 'My poor father's bones are lying with his ship somewhere near this rock, Harry,' she said, wiping away the tears. 'Providence led me to see that piece of wood. It was no chance. Surely we can find out by some means. And, oh Harry,' she whispered, 'perhaps the secret of his marriage and the will!'

'Even so, Nora,' I replied. 'The papers were pulp long ago, and digested in fishes' bellies. Nothing of that sort could stand such a soaking.'

'All the salt water in the ocean would never destroy the contents of the Sultan's Egg, Harry,' said she. '"Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight," I once heard father say, when he was showing it to the Squire.'

'But how on earth are we to find out, Nora?' I asked, perhaps a little vexed at her insistence, and knowing, as I did full well, that Captain

Roly would never run his ship slap into a place like this.

'If it isn't too deep,' said she, 'couldn't some one dive? Or stay; we might drag with hooks, as I once saw people doing in the Severn.'

'And then?' I asked.

'Well, then, if we find that the ship really is there, go to Singapore and hire a professional diver, and let him go down.'

I confess this rather staggered me. Nora appeared to have the affair quite taken for granted, besides developing suddenly a fund of resource I had never given her credit for. All the business I had in Singapore would only take a couple of days at the most to transact, and here was my lady playing Old Harry with the voyage. 'Well, well, dear, we'll see,' I answered. 'Meanwhile, I fancy there's a breeze coming off the Sumatra coast.—Pull back sharp, Mr Brown, and get the deep-sea lead. We may as well find out what water we've got here.'

Twenty-five fathoms—twenty—eighteen—sandy bottom. Then, as we pulled round to the Banca side, it deepened again to twenty-five; and, before another cast could be taken, the boat's keel scraped over a reef running out, as we saw, for a considerable distance.

'By jingo!' exclaimed the second-mate as he picked himself up—for he had been standing with the lead in his hand, and the shock had capsized him—'there's a pretty customer for a ship on a dark night and everything set.—Is it charted, sir?'

'Sure to be,' I answered shortly, seeing Nora's eyes fixed on my face. 'I don't remember it, though. Let's get on board. Here's the breeze at last.'

Hastily taking its bearings, I ran down into the saloon to find the islet on the chart. Sure enough, there was the black dot—Pulo something or other—and soundings given as 'deep water' all around it. Not a vestige of a reef for miles. Looking at the date of the chart, which was an Admiralty one, I saw that it was not yet twelve months old.

'Can it be possible,' I thought, 'that Nora is right after all? No reason why, because the *Daphne*'s on the safe side, with twenty fathoms under her, that the *Wrekin* shouldn't have been on the wrong one, with a stiff breeze, a dark night, all plain sail, and a poor look-out for white water. Besides, perhaps, then, it wasn't to within feet of its present height. A ship hitting it would go down like a stone, with everything standing.'

Communing thus with myself, and staring at the chart in no very satisfied frame of mind, in comes Nora, and putting her arms round my neck and kissing me, asks, 'Well, Harry?'

'I'll do it, dear,' I made answer. 'We'll leave the *Daphne* in Singapore, and hire a diver, if there's one to be had, and come back and see what we can find. The firm will be vexed at the delay, I expect; but I fancy my share in the old hooker's enough to carry me through.'

'I shall sleep easier to-night, Harry,' she replied, 'than I thought I should.'

Not much relishing such discoveries in a main ocean thoroughfare, until our arrival at

Singapore I kept a man with his eyes skinned on the foreyard in the daytime, and the lead going pretty constantly both night and day right along.

THE SCENE OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

On a fine afternoon last autumn the writer stood with a friend on the Terrace of Windsor Castle, and as we looked at the charming prospect before us, the Thames winding along through rich meadows, and overshadowed by the stately trees of Windsor Park, and the beautiful Chapel of Eton rising in the distance, our thoughts recurred to the poet Gray, who has immortalised this very scene in his famous 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College':

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Within those venerable walls of Eton the poet passed the happiest years of his life in the constant society and companionship of his chosen friend, Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose thoughtful, studious nature accorded with his own, and whose affectionate disposition endeared him to all his school-fellows. Gray was once asked by a friend if he recollected 'when he first perceived in himself any symptoms of poetry,' and he replied 'that it was when he was at Eton, when he and his friend Richard West took pleasure in reading Horace and Virgil for their amusement, and not in school-hours, nor as a task.'

Poor West died of consumption at an early age. Until a few days before this sad event took place, the friends continued to correspond on literary subjects, West being apparently quite unaware that his life was in danger, for in the very last letter he wrote to Gray, he expostulated with him for giving way to low spirits, and advised him 'not to converse so much with the dead, but to seek for joys among the living.'

When at Eton, West was supposed to have possessed more natural genius than Gray, and he might have been one of our most celebrated poets. His 'Ode to May,' which he wrote shortly before his death and sent to Gray, is a poem of great promise. Gray was at that time living with his widowed mother at the little village of Stoke Poges, near Windsor. He had come back to the scenes of his boyhood a sorrowful, disappointed man, his prospects blighted by his father's improvidence; and his beloved friend, whose affection had soothed and cheered him in his darkest hours, slowly sinking into the grave. Gray's first poems were written at this period of his life, and are all pervaded by a tone of deep melancholy. The 'Ode to Spring' was sent to his friend; but he had died before its arrival; and the 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' the 'Ode to Adversity,' and the first part of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' were written in the autumn of that same year, though they were not published for some time afterwards. These

were indeed 'lays of sorrow born;' and no doubt the time of year, 'the melancholy days' of autumn, were not without their influence upon the poet, and seem to have brought his great loss continually before his mind.

Gray, on receiving the news of his friend's death, and in the first outburst of his grief, wrote the following exquisite sonnet:

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas, for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

The Ode on Eton College is generally considered his best poem, with the exception of the famous Elegy; but the melancholy which marked him for her own becomes quite morbid as he looks at these joyous schoolboys, whom he presently designates as 'the little victims,' and consigns them in the future to all the ills that flesh is heir to! In an essay on Gray, Lord Carlisle observes that one of 'the little victims' was Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington! We must remember, however, that the mournful fate of one Eton schoolboy was constantly in his thoughts.

The churchyard of Stoke Poges is generally believed to have been the scene of the celebrated Elegy. Being anxious to see a spot so full of interest, we started from Windsor to the neighbouring town of Slough, from which it is an easy walk to Stoke Poges. Our path lay through cornfields, where the reapers were at work; and although it is a very flat country, it is thickly wooded here and there with pine-trees, which filled the air with fragrance. Gray's own expression, 'incense-breathing,' might be fitly applied to the air in this region. After we had walked for some time through the fields, we came out on a romantic country road, where the trees met overhead, and which led up to the churchyard. The 'ivy-mantled tower' soon met our view, and all the other features of the scene described in the Elegy—'the rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade.' The poet's eye rested, perhaps, upon one immense yew-tree which stands in the centre of the churchyard, overshadowing numberless turf-heaps. Gray's tomb is about a foot from the church tower. The lower part is of brick, with a stone slab on the top. On this are the two inscriptions to his aunt, Mary Antrobus, and to Dorothy Gray, 'the careful, tender mother of many children, of whom one alone had the misfortune to survive her.' We were sorry to see that this inscription, unrivalled for its pathos, was very nearly effaced by time. The poet's name is not on the tombstone; and it was not for many years after his death that a slab was placed on the sill of the chancel window recording the fact that Mr Thomas Gray, author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, is interred in the same vault with his mother and his aunt.

Gray himself, then, for some time was one of the 'unhonoured dead' whom he has so touchingly commemorated. There were a great many rude headstones, upon which we read some strange doggerel, reminding us of the 'uncouth rhymes' and 'shapeless sculpture' of the Elegy; and many of the graves were covered with violets which seemed as if they had grown there spontaneously. They recalled to our minds that exquisite verse which Gray intended to have included in the Elegy, but which he afterwards rejected:

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

A low wall divides the churchyard from the grounds of Stoke Park, in which there are some magnificent trees; and there is still a wing of the old manor-house remaining in which Gray spent so many happy hours, in the society of his friends, Lady Cobham, and her niece, Miss Speed. In a letter to Dr Wharton, he speaks of his intercourse with them as his 'only amusement,' without which he 'would only have his own thoughts to feed upon, which were gloomy enough.' Gray has given a humorous account of the beginning of this intimacy in the verses entitled 'A Long Story.' Although it cannot be proved that Gray was ever in love, yet he seems to have felt some admiration for Miss Speed. He mentions her often in his letters to his friends, and wrote, at her request, the song set to an old air by Geminiani:

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return.

Miss Speed seems to have been a rich, fashionable, young lady, fond of society and amusement; and it is probable she never had any sympathy with the silent, melancholy poet.

When Lady Cobham died, she married a wealthy French Count, son of the Sardinian Minister, and who was fully ten years her junior.

Gray met her again some years afterwards, and thus describes the interview to his friend, Dr Wharton: 'Madame de la Peyriere is come over from the Hague. I sat a morning with her before I left London. She is a prodigious fine lady, and a Catholic (though she did not expressly own it to me). She had a cage of foreign birds, and a piping bullfinch at her elbow, two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, and a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks. She was exceeding glad to see me, and I her.'

In an adjoining field, overlooking the churchyard, we saw a monument to Gray, which was erected in 1799, twenty-eight years after the poet's death, by Mr John Penn, grandson of the great William Penn, of Pennsylvania. It is a large block of stone, surmounted by an urn, and at one side there is an inscription, as follows: 'This Monument, in honour of THOMAS GRAY, was erected A.D. 1799, among the Scenes celebrated by that Great Lyric and Elegiac Poet. He died July 30th, 1771; and lies unnoticed in the Churchyard adjoining, under the Tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the Interments of his Aunt and lamented Mother.'

On each face of this monument there are appropriate verses from the Elegy; and on the side which is opposite to Eton College we read the pathetic lines:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.

The sun had set when we turned to take a last look at the churchyard; and in the deepening twilight we could realise more and more the truth of that wondrous description of 'the hour of parting day,' familiar to most of us from our childhood—a fitting prelude to the solemn thoughts called forth in the succeeding stanzas.

Gray's Elegy is said to be the most universally popular poem that ever was written; and it has been translated into more languages than any other composition in the whole range of English literature. Its popularity seems to have astonished even the author himself, who attributed it entirely to the captivating pathos of the subject: 'Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

MY RIVAL'S REVENGE.

At one time in my life I had the sole charge of a signal-box on one of our great main lines in perhaps the most desolate part of the three kingdoms—at least, it was desolate enough during the winter months. Then, except for the freight of human beings that the trains bore past at stated intervals, I did not see a creature from the time that my mate left me until the hour when he came to relieve me of my duty. But the lonely life troubled me very little, for I was of a thoughtful turn of mind, and, truth to say, at most times preferred my own company to that of others. Thanks to my own exertions, I was better educated than most men in my sphere of life. I had a turn for practical engineering, too, and it was in this direction that my ambitious fancy often led me on.

The railway company, in whose employment I had been for some years, had found me useful to them, and had been pleased to acknowledge my services by promising me a position of trust and importance—such a position as men ten years my senior had waited for in vain. In a way, then, my future was secured, and I was only filling the post of signal-man until the vacancy should occur for me to drop into.

Some little distance down the line where my signal-box was stationed ran the big river that gave its name to that part of the country, and over this river a bridge—the construction of which was somewhat out of date—carried trains into the next shire. Much depended upon the bridge, and one of my chief duties was to keep it clear for passenger trains. Goods-trains and the like that did not come up to time were shunted off by a sharp curve into a siding that ran along by the river's bank.

One November afternoon—and a typical November day it was, dark and dismal, with a

heavy oppressive feeling in the air—I was at my post in the signal-box. I was not in a particularly cheerful frame of mind, but I put this down to the weather, and it certainly was enough to give any one the 'blues.' It had been blowing hard all day; but, as the twilight came on, the wind had fallen, and there was a sense of thunder in the air, while that strange stillness which portends a storm had settled over everything. I had a bright fire burning, and I rose from my seat beside it and gazed, in turn, through the many windows of my small domain. The out-lying country looked very dreary; without doubt, a storm was at hand. Even as the thought passed through my mind, there was a muffled, rumbling sound which came nearer and nearer, until one mighty crash broke overhead, and, an instant after, the whole place was filled with blue, lurid light, which made the darkness that succeeded it the more intense. Another rattling peal of thunder, the sound of which echoed far and wide, and then the flood-gates of heaven seemed to open, and the rain poured down—rain and hail, that the wind lashed against the windows with a fury that seemed irresistible. It was well that my little tenement was securely built, or such a storm must have brought it about my ears; as it was, at each blast of wind it rocked again, and the fire was all but extinguished by the hail that fell, hissing and spluttering, upon the burning coals. In all my experience I had never witnessed anything like that storm. At no great distance, the river, swollen and turbulent, was rising above its banks, hurrying along, and bearing down all that came in its way.

I was not afraid of a storm. I told myself again and again that I was not afraid, but somehow this storm had strangely affected me. I paced my little room from end to end, brooding over my past life, dissatisfied with myself, and feeling—for conscience makes cowards of us all—that I would have given worlds had I been a better man. Then I tried to recall some good deed I had done in days gone by that would encourage me; but, instead, there came before me with startling distinctness the remembrance of a man who had been my rival—my antagonist—one Matthew Holt by name, a man who had openly and persistently avowed himself to be my enemy. It was some years since we had parted. Poor Matthew! I could think of him pityingly after that lapse of time, although his last words had been full of bitter passion, as he swore that one day he would have his revenge. He had gone abroad. I knew not what had become of him; he might be dead. It was not often that the thought of the enmity between us troubled me. When it did cross my mind, I had been wont to lay the blame entirely on him; but on that night I saw the past with different eyes. Perhaps there are other men who, looking back to the time when they were in the twenties, feel half contemptuous for their former selves. At any rate, that was how I felt. 'Ah! Frank Bryant,' I said to myself, 'you fancied yourself a very fine gentleman, indeed, and in many ways you were little better than a conceited coxcomb.' Then, with an

effort, I brought my mind back from the past into the present.

The first fury of the storm was somewhat spent. The rain still streamed down the many panes of glass that surrounded me, and the wind rushed by with an angry moaning sound, but the thunder was growing each moment fainter. I replenished the fire and looked about me. The signal-box, in which so many hours of my life had been spent during the last year, was lighted by several jets of gas; and fitted into their appointed places along the wall were the many mechanical contrivances, the use of which must puzzle the uninitiated, and upon which so much depends for the safety and despatch of our great railway traffic. I myself was like a bit of the mechanism of the whole, for does not habit often become mechanical? And no matter how busy my thoughts might be, there could not have been a movement among the signals, a vibration in the electric bells, but I should have been on the alert, with eye and ear, rendered keen and watchful by long training.

While I listened to the storm, I had not been forgetful that a goods-train was far behind its time, and as I turned from my fire, I had warning of its approach. It could not cross the bridge on such a night, and perhaps endanger the evening express which would soon be due, so I turned the points and sent it off into the siding. I heard it rumble past with a feeling of pity for the engine-driver and guard, who were forced to delay in such weather. As I turned from the levers, having sent the metals back into their places, in readiness for the express, I raised my eyes, and became aware that a man's face was pressed against the wet glass at the end of the box—the pane over the door. As I looked at that strange face, those wild, angry eyes, and the red hair blown about by the wind, my heart seemed to stand still with a sudden terror. I felt, indeed, as if I looked upon a ghost, for the face before me was no other than that of the man who had been haunting my thoughts for the last hour—my old enemy, Matthew Holt!

For an instant only we looked into each other's eyes, and then he disappeared. Even after I had lost sight of him, I was too bewildered to think or act; but as soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I hurried forward and opened the door. The light from within showed me that the little flight of wooden steps that led to the ground had no one upon them. I went down a step or two and peered about me, but the darkness was impenetrable. I shouted out, to know who was there, but no answer came. The rain beat in my face, and the wind was so strong that I could scarcely stand. I re-entered my box and closed the door after me. It was then, and only then, that the conviction forced itself upon me that what I had seen was an apparition, a mere delusion on my part, caused by the morbid influence of the storm and by my brooding over old times.

But no matter whether the face I had seen was real or imaginary, it had set me off dreaming of the past once more, and for the next few moments I allowed my thoughts to take me where they would. They carried me back to a time when I had gone down to that quiet

little Welsh village to do my part in putting down a new line. I was smart and active—a good-looking youngster, too, in those days; so, who could wonder that pretty Nancy, the beauty of the village, transferred her affections from her yokel lover to me. Matthew Holt was a powerful young giant, but ungainly enough to look at. An unmannerly cub, too, in my estimation, and I had treated him accordingly. Yes, it was in that direction that my conscience reproached me, when I remembered how I had lost no opportunity of placing him at a disadvantage and asserting my own superiority. Not content with winning for myself the prize he coveted, I must confess that there were times when I took a malicious pleasure in making my unhappy rival smart. I have seen his eyes blaze with passion, and his brawny fists double themselves ready for a blow. And yet, he never laid a hand upon me; and I knew that his forbearance was only for Nancy's sake. His was an odd nature, and even I could not but admire the strength and devotion of his love.

My pretty Nancy! How well I could remember the pride with which I carried her off as my bride from her village home, and for a while life was very sweet. But it was not long before death claimed her, and she passed away, leaving only a tender memory behind, which, as the years went on, seemed almost like a dream.

I sat staring fixedly into the fire, living over those old times again, and wishing, alas! an idle wish, that I had acted differently, when suddenly a cold blast of wind swept through the room, blowing the gas about and making the fire flare. The door must have come open, I thought; I could not have shut it properly. I rose to secure it, but before I could turn round, I received a violent blow upon my head. It was dealt with such force that I fell heavily to the ground, and for a moment lost all consciousness.

When I came to myself, I found that I was lying on the floor, bound securely hand and foot. The door of the signal-box was shut, and standing before me, but with his eyes fixed on the levers, was Matthew Holt. He looked, as he was, years older than when we had last met; but I could have sworn to that big, loosely-made figure, and that shock of red hair, anywhere. In an instant I had realised the whole situation, and seen how completely I was in his power. Yes, the hour of reckoning was indeed at hand. He had come, in all the strength of his brute force, to take his revenge. He seemed suddenly to become aware that I had recovered my senses, for he turned and looked at me, and as I met the pitiless expression in those savage, bloodshot eyes, my heart turned sick and faint within me.

After contemplating me in silence for a moment, he said sneeringly: 'So, Mr Frank Bryant, you remember me?'

'Yes, I remember you,' I answered, speaking as calmly as I could; 'and although there was not much love lost between us in the old days, I never then thought of you as a coward—one who would take a mean advantage of his enemy.—Come, Matthew Holt, unbind me; let

us meet on an equal footing, and I will hear what you have to say!'

He threw back his head and laughed, a short, mocking laugh that was not pleasant to hear. 'No, no, my fine gentleman; you don't come over me with any of your smooth-tongued speeches,' he said.

There was another pause, during which he drew a bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and drank. It was strong spirits, I could tell by the smell of it. I shuddered. This was not likely to improve his mood. Indeed, at the first glance I had noticed in his eyes that savage recklessness which comes of the madness born of drink.

It seemed as if nothing could save me. Poor Nancy! There was no thought of her to come between us now, with its softening influence. In all probability, the fact of her death had but recently become known to Holt, and that would in a manner account for his appearance. As this thought passed through my mind, I watched him with a kind of fascination, wondering what the next move would be. He replaced the bottle in his pocket, and drawing the chair into a position from which he could see me, sat down. 'Do you know why I am here?' he asked.—I made no answer; and he went on: 'I will tell you. I am here to take my revenge for the brutal way in which you treated me in days gone by. Yes, Mr Bryant, the tables are turned; I have the upper hand now!'

'And for the sake of a foolish boy's taunts, you would risk bringing the charge of murder upon your own head?' I returned bitterly.

'You think I intend to take your life,' he said coolly, 'but you are mistaken. To kill you would be to end your misery; and there are many things worse than death. It would be harder for you to live with a stain upon your name. Ruin and disgrace would bring your proud spirit down.'

I was bewildered. What could the madman mean? At any rate, it was a relief to hear that I was safe from bodily harm; for the rest, how could he touch me?

'I know all about you,' he went on—'how you have got round your employers, until you think your fortune is made! But how will it be with the company's favourite servant, after to-night?' As he finished speaking, Holt rose and took the levers in his hand, changing the points, as I had done an hour before, so that the next train would run, not over the bridge, but down the siding, on to the trucks of goods that were already standing there.

'What are you about?' I cried, struggling wildly to free myself. 'Matthew Holt, for God's sake, think what you are doing!'

He made no answer, but, leaving the points as he had placed them, resumed his seat, looking down at me with a leer of triumph, that made me see more clearly the pitiless nature with which I had to deal. The whole scene was so horrible, that I felt as if I were in the grasp of a nightmare. So this was his revenge! To ruin me, he was prepared to commit a crime so dastardly that the very thought of it made my blood run cold. God knows that at that moment no thought of my own responsibility, or the blame that would be attached to

me, was in my mind; everything was swallowed up in the knowledge of the terrible fate that awaited the evening express. I could think of nothing but of those unhappy men and women that each moment brought nearer to their doom.

From where I lay, I could see the clock and watch the signals, and I knew that the train was even then due. No words can describe the agony of that moment. My heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe, and every nerve in my body seemed to have a separate pulse of its own. I could only feel and think—I was powerless to move.

I listened, half mechanically, to the moaning of the wind and the beating of the rain upon the windows, for the storm had sprung up again with redoubled fury. Then, with one last effort, I broke into a torrent of eager words, imploring Holt, by all he held sacred—by the God above us—by the memory of old times—of the girl he had once loved, to pause before it was too late, and think what he was doing. I pictured the horrors of a railway collision, and bade him remember that the blood of all those ill-fated creatures would be upon his head. But he only laughed at my ravings, telling me calmly that he had counted the cost, and that 'the game was worth the candle.'

It was just then that there was a movement among the signals, and the electric bell rang out, heralding the approach of the express. Almost at the same instant I could hear in the distance the sharp, wild scream of its escaping steam, and I knew that it was actually at hand. For a moment my reason seemed to desert me. I can remember rolling over upon the floor, struggling madly, passionately, to be free. But all in vain, for, as I lay there, panting and writhing, the train swept past. And then I remembered no more.

How long I lay there senseless I cannot tell; it must have been hours, but it might have been days or months, from my dazed sensations as I struggled back to life once more. As I lifted my head and looked about me, my bewilderment increased, for my room seemed full of people. Strange faces bent over me in anxious solicitude. I gazed at them blankly for a moment, then, with a rush, it all came back to me—the events of that terrible night! I sprang up, crying out wildly to know what had become of the express.

An old guard whom I knew, and who was, in fact, the guard of the express, stepped forward and laid his hand on my arm. 'She is safe,' he said impressively—'saved by your presence of mind. It was a dangerous game, my lad, but our only chance; and God be praised, it worked splendidly.'

I could not understand him, and turned to the others for an explanation of the riddle. And bit by bit it was all made clear. It seemed that the old bridge, which had long been looked upon with suspicion by the engineers, had not been able to stand against the storm, but had collapsed, and only a few seconds before the express should have passed over it! It was believed that I had become aware of the perilous state of the bridge too late to stop the train, and

had therefore resorted to the only other alternative—that of sending the express into the siding, after the goods-train. This in itself was eminently risky; but, thanks to the severity of the storm, the express was going at a reduced speed, and the engine-driver, finding himself upon strange metals, had applied his brakes, and brought her up when within a few yards of the wagons; and thus a great catastrophe had been averted. Every one was loud in my praise, declaring that had it not been for my presence of mind and the promptitude of my action, hundreds of lives would have been lost! I denied this, and tried to explain what had really occurred. But it was an incoherent story, and in the excitement of the moment, few paid attention to it.

Holt had evidently carried out his plan of revenge to the letter, for I had been left unbound, and he had allowed no one to see him near my quarters.

The next day, in the river, among the débris of the fallen bridge, the dead body of a man was found. He was a stranger in that part of the country, and I was the only one who was able to identify him. But I said as little as I could respecting him, as I had no wish to brand his name with shame.

My nerves were so tried by the strain they had gone through, that I never again undertook the duties of pointsman, and the night of the great storm was the last that I ever spent in a signal-box.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

To ramble at night in field or garden is to open a strange and almost fantastic chapter of plant-life, for so essential is light to healthful vegetation, that scarcely a tree, shrub, or blossom but in some way changes its aspect when daylight fades. We find ourselves in a 'pleasing land of drowsyhead,' where familiar plants have assumed the most whimsical postures, or even changed their aspect altogether. One form of the acacia appears at night as if covered with little bits of dangling string instead of leaves; whilst a bank of nasturtiums presents a still more peculiar effect—every slender stem bent at the top, so that each round leaf is tilted on its side. We see balsams with each leaf sharply declined, lilies and eschscholtzias with closed cups and hanging heads; the lupine, 'the sad lupine' of Virgil, its blue spike of blossom erect as at daytime, but with every wheel-shaped leaf drooping against the stem like a closed parasol. Limas and scarlet-runners seem withered, all the leaflets nodding, as if broken at the jointure with the stem; the flowers of the potato plant, saucer-shaped by day, now pucker their white rims in gathers round the central stamen; and partridge-peas present a picture of drooping listlessness. Poppies, 'lords of the land of dreams,' are most somnolent of all; soon after sunset, 'their four damask curtains are drawn closely, the inner petals coiled within each other above a tiny crowned head, whilst the outer pair enfold all in their bivalve embrace.'

All the clovers are a drowsy family, and keep

early hours, like the daisy, which Chaucer poetically tells us 'fears night and hateth darknesse.'

And whan that it is eve, I runne blithe,
So soon as ever ye sonne sinketh west,
To see this flower how she will go to rest
For fear of night, so hateth she darknesse.
Her cheere is plainlie spread in ye brightnesse
Of ye sonne, for then she will unclose.

The Sleep of Plants is so conspicuous a phenomenon that it excited discussion and speculation as early as the time of Pliny, and many explanations were given, which science has since disproved. The drooping of the leaves was attributed by some botanists to an aversion to moisture, a theory which had to be abandoned when such movements were made on cloudy days and dewless nights. The clover tribe, which always close their leaves at night, revel in rain; and nasturtiums will go through a day of tempestuous weather without showing any inclination to change their position. Linnaeus was the first to give to the subject special study and scientific research. Whilst watching the progress of some plants of lotus, he began that series of observations upon which his great work 'Sleep of Plants' is based. He found that nocturnal changes are determined by temperature and the daily alternations of light and darkness; movement is not actually caused by darkness, but by the difference in the amount of light the plant receives during the night and day. Many plants, notably the nasturtium, unless brightly illumined in the day, will not sleep at night. If two plants were brought into the centre of a room, one from the open air and the other from a dark corner, the neutral light which would cause the former to droop its leaves, would act as a stimulant upon the latter.

That nocturnal changes are necessary to the life of some plants, Darwin has proved by a number of skilful experiments. He found that leaves fixed in such a way as to be compelled to remain horizontal at night, suffered much more injury from cold and dew than those allowed to assume their natural nocturnal positions, and in some cases lost colour, and died in a few days. However different attitudes plants take in the day, they have, with a few exceptions, this point in common—at night, the upper surfaces of their leaves avoid the zenith, and come as closely as possible in contact with the opposite leaves. The object gained is, undoubtedly, protection for the upper surfaces from being chilled by radiation. There is nothing strange in the under parts of the leaf needing less protection, as they differ widely in function and structure. It is this radiation of heat which the peasants of Southern Europe fear, more than cold winds, for their olives, and which induces gardeners to cover seedlings with thin layers of straw and spread fir branches over the wall fruit-trees. In the case of some plants, when the leaves droop and fold together, the petiole or leaf-stalk rises, thus making the plant more compact, and exposing a smaller surface to radiation. The tobacco plant does not droop its leaves, but folds them round the stalk, presenting much the appearance of a furled umbrella.

The drooping of foliage leaves has another

use besides the prevention of excessive radiation; by this means the tissues bearing chlorophyll—the green colouring-matter of plants—is preserved from injury. A low temperature destroys the normal condition of chlorophyll, a fact to which the autumnal colouring of foliage is attributable.

Whilst foliage seems most affected by alternations of light and darkness, blossoms are most sensitive to changes of temperature. The marigold, which, says Shakespeare,

Goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping,

will expand its petals, in dry weather, between six and eight o'clock in the morning, and close between four and six o'clock in the afternoon; but in rainy weather, or under cloudy skies, it remains closed. The sensitive plant not only shuts spontaneously at sunset, but will do so whenever the temperature of the surrounding air rises above fifteen degrees Centigrade; and fifty-two degrees Centigrade causes permanent loss of motility and death. The crocus is essentially a morning flower, and closes soon after mid-day; whilst some plants—among them the evening primrose and some forms of campion—expand only in the evening or during the night. Wood-sorrel has been found to assume 'an attitude of sleep' in direct sunlight. Thus the sleep of flowers is by no means strictly nocturnal, but may be largely attributed to the laws governing pollination. The petals fold to protect the stamens and other sensitive parts of the blossoms from excessive cooling and wetting; and open to gain the benefits of light and warmth and the aid of insects in the dispersal of pollen.

A JUNE MADRIGAL.

O Cuckoo, calling when the dawn is breaking,
And all the meadow-land is dewy-white,
Rouse, rouse my love, that, from their rest awaking,
Her tender eyes may bring the tender light.
Tell her the rose-tipped hawthorn flowers are falling;
Tell her the summer season has begun;
Tell her the silver lilies, mutely calling,
Wait in her garden till she bring the sun.

O Cuckoo, calling through the sunny daytime,
With liquid notes filling the shady grove,
Now is the noontide rest of Nature's play-time;
Clear ring thy voice, and speak to her of love.
Through wintry ways and dreary days of sorrow,
Poor Love hath wandered, waiting for the May,
His sad eyes looking for the fair to-morrow,
The morrow of his hopes, that is to-day.

O Cuckoo, calling while the dew is falling,
And twilight shuts the eyelids of the day,
Sing in her dreams, lest any shape, appalling
Her snow-white soul, should frighten sleep away.
And, ere the eventide has blinded wholly
The latest glimmer of the Western light,
O Cuckoo, call again, repeating slowly
One last low note to bid my love good-night.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

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OLD-FASHIONED BANKING.

It is easy to understand how, in former times, long before the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' and her gold-gathering progeny were even dreamt of, those of our ancestors who were possessed of any money would have perforce to resort to many strange methods of storing or 'banking' it. Ever since the time of Athelstan, or for fully a thousand years, minted money has been in more or less continuous circulation in this country; but even long ago, when the circulation was nothing compared with what it is at the present day, or even at the date of the establishment of the Bank of England in 1691, the problem of securely 'putting past' any moneys saved must have been one of peculiar difficulty. All classes of the people, excepting, perhaps, the very highest class in the social scale, had this difficulty to meet—increased or diminished according to their circumstances. Generally speaking, therefore, every man and woman possessed of property as represented by the coin then current, had in these days no alternative but to be his or her own banker, and to provide for the safe-guarding of their money in such ways and by such means as were then available. Sometimes, indeed, the 'lord of the manor' constituted himself a kind of treasurer for all who were attached to him by the bonds of service or in any other capacity; and thus, in his 'donjons' or vaults—then the only kind of safes or strong-rooms in the houses of the rich and powerful—the money entrusted to the keeping of the lord or baron would, along with other valuables, be as securely 'banked' as possible.

This method was not, all things considered, an undesirable one; and it can reasonably be supposed that when, for example, a dutiful and trustful feeling existed between lord and lieges, such an arrangement would be mutually advantageous. Of course, a treasureship of this kind did not always prove satisfactory; but it was

specially serviceable in rural districts, being, for many reasons, the best possible way in which the savings of an isolated community could be banked. Sometimes, also, the parish clergyman, or attorney, or other leading man in the social community, became the custodian of much of the money, especially that of the poorer people, which had been gathered in the district. It was this very practice that led the Rev. J. Smith, rector of Wendover, Bucks, in 1799, to devise something better than this arrangement, which involved certain risks and other disadvantages, and to establish a scheme of taking care of the moneys of poor folks especially—a scheme that eventually paved the way for the founding of savings-banks. The custom may or may not be obsolete now, even in outlandish places: be that as it may, however, it was much in vogue in former times, and, in the absence of anything better to keep safe the 'hainings' or savings of the humbler classes, had a good deal to commend it. Where no such arrangement existed, and if there was money to 'lay by,' the owners had no other resource but to 'bank' it how and where they could, its security being of course the first and final requisite.

That many extraordinary devices were followed in these olden times in order to attain the great desideratum of perfect safety, may be readily enough supposed. Even to this day, and in spite, moreover, of the plentiful opportunities of banking money with absolute security, not a few of these devices are still in vogue, and sometimes adopted by shrewd and intelligent persons. Chief among these methods was the well-known and much practised one of hoarding money by means of the stocking-foot. Almost from time immemorial, the old stocking-foot has rendered a service by no means unimportant in the cause of thrift—at least in this country. Possibly, that once discarded yet oft regarded piece of pedal comfort may have rendered a similar service in other lands where the saving habit prevails; but if so, it can hardly

have been of such general utility as among the labouring and peasant classes of Scotland in times gone by. For all practical, workaday purposes, the old stocking-foot was the purse of every humble housewife who had a 'plack' to put in it. It was the 'guidman's' only savings-bank and exchequer, of which he himself was the sole controller and chancellor; exempt from all regulations or Acts of Parliament excepting such as he and she passed together—her assent being no doubt invariably required to any important monetary measures which he, as chancellor, proposed! What a delight was that bulky piece of old hosen to a thrifty couple! Thinned-off a little now and then in the purchase of various common necessities of existence, its contents generally received a substantial acquisition on term and market days, and the stocking-foot both felt and looked fatter as it was carefully replaced in its snug corner in the great deal 'kist' that had belonged to the mistress of the house in her service days. There it lay, green-grained in its antiquity, yet *galore* with many a fee-penny and good silver piece, with even a few golden guineas 'glintin' among the lot; inviolate against the very dreams of wicked speculation and all the fluctuations and perturbations of an unsteady money market! Haply there *was* a risk in the machinations of the mice or other creatures of *moudi-wart* or burrowing propensities, but that rarely entered into the reckoning.

While the stocking-foot, safely stowed away among the miscellaneous 'things' that found lodgment in the capacious kist, was the usual deposit bank, so to speak, of such persons as had permanent homes of their own, where the kist formed not the least important and substantial article of furniture (well 'established,' indeed!), other devices had to be resorted to by those who were not so favoured. To conceal their money from the eyes of the curious or avaricious, the owners had oftentimes more real anxiety and worry than in the hoarding of it; and so the methods of concealment adopted were as strange as they were numerous. What a tale of treasure cunningly hid by human hands could Mother Earth tell, if she would! Now and again, a secret is wrested from her bosom, though not always intelligibly understood; yet it is sometimes easy enough to comprehend its significance as the pick or ploughshare accidentally brings the buried treasure to light. A 'pot of money' has perhaps quite a different meaning in these days from what it had in the olden times. Assuredly the phrase—whatever its origin may have been—long ago meant literally the carefully concealed hoard of some one who was perhaps no miser, but who had perforce to select that utensil as the only possible 'safe' that was available, and to hide it by burial where it was least likely to be discovered. The owner dying, and perhaps, on account of some strange idiosyncrasy with regard to his money, not divulging his secret, the place where his buried treasure lay would never be known until generations after, when those who unearthed it simply wondered how it got there! How much of such buried and 'unclaimed'

money, sunk beyond all recovery, there is even within the area of Scotland, not even a magician could guess; but judging, so far as it is possible to do so from the 'finds' that are made from time to time, there must be a goodly sum indeed.

Many persons, however, not relishing the notion of entrusting their money to the keeping of Mother Earth, betook themselves to other more sensible-like if less secure 'banks.' In the trunks of old trees, for example—trees that could be distinguished by some peculiar mark or position—the savings of provident men and women have been known to be lodged for that security unattainable elsewhere. 'Binks,' or holes in walls by unfrequented ways—such binks as a family of bees or wasps might occupy—have also provided a safe place for the 'canny' man's hoard. These holes had at least this advantage over any other private 'bank,' whether underground or in the tree-hollows—namely, that they were more readily accessible for the withdrawal or further deposit of money; though, on the other hand, they were more exposed to the nose at least of the prying wayfarer, if not to other risks and vicissitudes.

Few persons will suppose that, even in the days we speak of, anybody would have had the hardihood to hazard his money in such an exposed place as a thatched cottage-roof; yet even that has done service as a 'bank' in its day and generation: it, too, has been deemed worthy, in spite of summer swallows and winter snows, to have afforded ample safety for the money lodged. Whatever Burns may have meant when, writing of the nobility of independence and the acquisition of money, he said, 'Not for to hide it in a hedge,' &c., it is quite certain that wayside hedges have also hidden many a silver pound, the traveller, dreading danger on his way, having preferred to bank his money there until his return.

Such hiding-places as those referred to by no means exhaust the list. Other odd devices for the safe concealment of money were not uncommon: in secret panels and presses in doors and walls; in old eight-day clocks; and even within the boards of books—in such places has safety been found for money and other valuables, no other place being considered as secure. Some years since, an old family Bible was bought at an auction sale for a trifling sum. The purchaser, quite unwitting of the real value of the book, retained it for a long time in his possession before he took an opportunity of carefully examining it. On doing so one day, he thought the boards of the Bible were unduly thick, and in order to gratify his curiosity, he cut up their inner linings. To his astonishment, he found them to contain a number of genuine bank-notes of considerable value. By whom or for what purpose the money was concealed there—of all places in the world—it is impossible to say. But there can be no doubt of the fact that the old family Bible had, for some reason or another, been converted into a bank of safety by its original owner. The old family Bible naturally suggests the old arm-chair! Here, too, money has been known to have been hidden away; and of all the odd places of concealment that have so far

been referred to, this was the most secure, though, perhaps, not the most convenient. What a suggestive picture one might imagine of some canny old man sitting o' nights on his familiar arm-chair, contented and happy in the thought of his savings being so snugly and securely 'banked' underneath him! True, the money could accumulate no interest there; still, he enjoyed the excellent assurance that, if it grew no larger in amount, it couldn't grow any less!

Where money is concerned, there is sometimes no accounting for the extraordinary caprice of human nature. Even in modern times, when the dividing line between sanity and insanity has been fairly accurately defined, many highly intelligent and decidedly sane people occasionally commit certain acts in connection with their money matters which they would be ashamed to acknowledge, were they to be taxed with the same. Men have been known to carry money about with them in the linings of their hats, and even in the very soles of their boots, when there was really no necessity for such precautions. Women, too, have been accredited with the concealment of money sewn up in their corsets or some other parts of their apparel, and often in such a manner as if they had never intended, while they lived, to use it for any legitimate purpose. Not very long ago, an apparently poor woman, judging from her rags, was taken to the ward of a certain public institution to which she had of necessity to be admitted. Requiring to undergo certain radical changes in her garments, she evinced a too apparent desire to retain an old and tattered skirt of which she was being divested. The curiosity of the attendant was naturally aroused, and the garment was at once carefully searched, presently revealing a bit of crumpled paper which bore to be, and actually was, a genuine deposit receipt, many years old, for a sum of money which was sufficient to buy her a comfortable life annuity! If such odd traits as these exist at the present day—and many prison and parochial officials are not unfamiliar with them—it is easy to conceive how much more general they were in former times, when concealment of money, either upon the person, or in the strange old-fashioned ways indicated, was almost a necessity in the absence of safer and saner provisions.

It is difficult to say if these quaint and curious 'banks' are now altogether obsolete, and to be classed as institutions of the past. Possibly they have not all gone out of vogue, and it may be readily believed that in out-of-the-way places where proper banking facilities are unavailable, the old stocking-foot system at least is still practised. Besides, the recent banking failures abroad may not unlikely have created that feeling of uneasiness in the minds of many persons in remote districts who, unacquainted with business affairs, become only too apprehensive of danger, and accordingly believe that their money is safer in the old stocking-foot locked up in the kist than anywhere else. Probably, if the wisdom of this homely method of banking money were called in question, say, on the ground that it interfered with the legitimate circulation of the

coinage, the answer in most cases would be, in the words of an excellent and undeniably true proverb, that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

THIS is an age of booms. Institution and name have come over to us from America. When a thing succeeds at all, it succeeds, as a rule, to the very top of its deserving. So in a few weeks' time it was abundantly clear that 'An Elizabethan Seadog' was to be one of the chief booms of the publishing season. Everybody bought it; everybody read it; everybody talked about it. Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling stood trembling for their laurels. And to this result Arnold Willoughby himself quite unconsciously contributed by writing two or three indignant letters to papers that reviewed the book as his own production, complaining of the slight thus put upon his veracity. Of course he would have been wholly incapable of inventing this idea as an advertising dodge; but he wrote with such earnestness in defence of his own true account of his antiquarian find, that everybody read his passionate declarations with the utmost amusement.

'He's immense!' Mr Stanley remarked, overjoyed, to his partner, Mr Lockhart. 'That man's immense. He's simply stupendous. What a glorious liar! By far the finest bit of fiction in the whole book is that marvellously realistic account of how he picked up the manuscript in a small shop in Venice; and now, he caps it all by going and writing to the *Times* that it's every word of it true, and that, if these implied calumnies continue any longer, he will be forced at last to vindicate his character by a trial for libel! Delicious! Delicious! It's the loveliest bit of advertising I've seen for years; and just to think of his getting the *Times* to aid and abet him in it!'

'But have you seen to-day's *Athenæum*?' Mr Lockhart responded cheerfully.—'No? Well, here it is, and it's finer and finer. Their reviewer said last week, you know, they'd very much like to inspect the original manuscript of such a unique historical document, and humorously hinted that it ought to be preserved in the British Museum. Well, hang me if Willoughby doesn't pretend this week to take their banter quite seriously, and proceed to spin a cock-and-bull yarn about how the original got lost at sea on a Dundee sealer! Magnificent! Magnificent! The unblushing audacity of it! And he does it all with such an air. Nobody ever yet equalled him as an amateur advertiser. The cheek of the man's so fine. He'd say anything to screw himself into notoriety anyhow. And the queer part of it all is that his work's quite good enough to stand by itself on its own merits without that. He's a splendid storyteller. Only, he doesn't confine the art of fiction to its proper limits.'

Whether it was by virtue of Arnold Willoughby's indignant disclaimers, however, or of

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its intrinsic merits as a work of adventure, 'An Elizabethan Seadog' was all the rage at the libraries. Mr Mudie, crowned Apollo of our British Parnassus, advertised at once a thousand copies. 'And it's so wonderful, you know,' all the world said to its neighbour: 'it was written, they say, by a common sailor!' When Arnold heard that, it made him almost ready to disclose his real position in life; for he couldn't bear to take credit for extraordinary genius and self-education, when, as a matter of fact, his English diction was the net result of the common gentlemanly sojourn at Harrow and Oxford. But he was obliged to bite his lips over this matter in silence. The praise showered upon the book, he felt, was none of his own making; half of it was due to Master John Collingham of Holt in Norfolk, whom nobody believed in; and the other half was due to the actual facts of the Elizabethan narrative. Whatever little credit might accrue from the style and workmanship of the translation, Arnold recognised he obtained under false pretences as the self-taught genius, while as a matter of fact he had always possessed every possible advantage of birth, breeding, and education. So it came to pass by the irony of circumstance that he, the man who of all others desired to be judged on his merits as a human being, got all the false credit of a book he had never written, and a difficulty surmounted which had never existed.

The position positively preyed upon Arnold Willoughby's spirits. He saw he was misunderstood. People took him for just the opposite of what he really was: they thought him a clever, pushing, self-advertising adventurer—him, the sensitive, shrinking, self-depreciatory martyr to an over-exacting conscience. And there was no way out of it, except by ruining his cousin Algy's position. He must endure it in silence, and stand the worst that people could say or think of him. After all, to be, not to seem, was the goal of his ambition; what he was in himself, not what people thought of him, really mattered. There was one man on earth whose good opinion he desired to conciliate and to retain; one man from whom he could never escape, morning, noon, or night; and that man was Arnold Willoughby. As long as he earned the approbation of his own conscience, the rest was but a matter of minor importance.

Nor did the boom promise to do Arnold much permanent or pecuniary good. To be sure, it gained him no small notoriety; but then, notoriety was the very thing he most wished to avoid. London hostesses were anxious after their kind to secure the new lion for their At Homes and their garden parties; and Rufus Mortimer and Kathleen Hesslegrave were besieged by good ladies as soon as it was known they had made Arnold's acquaintance at Venice, with vicarious invitations for him for dinner, lunch, or evening. But Arnold was not to be drawn. 'So very retiring, you know!' people said; 'doesn't like to make himself cheap. Quite a recluse, Mr Mortimer tells me. That's often the way with these men of genius. Think so much of their favours! Don't want to let us every-day people have the benefit of their

society.' But Arnold's point of view was simply this—that if Canon Valentine had been able to recognise him, so might somebody else; and therefore he held it best to avoid that great world he had fled long before, and to keep to his own little circle of artistic acquaintances.

Meanwhile, the book made money. It was making money daily. And under these circumstances, it occurred to Mr Stanley one morning to observe to his partner: 'I say, Lockhart, don't you think it's about time for us to send a little cheque to that fellow Willoughby?'

Mr Lockhart looked up from his papers. 'Well, you're right, perhaps,' he answered. 'He's a first-rate man, there's no doubt, and we had the book from him cheap. We gave him fifty pounds for it. We've made—let me see—I should say, seven hundred. Let's send him a cheque for a hundred guineas. 'Pon my soul, he deserves it.'

'All right,' the senior partner answered, drawing out his cheque-book and proceeding to act at once upon the generous suggestion.

Generous, I say, and say rightly, though it is the fashion among certain authors to talk about the meanness and stinginess of publishers. As a matter of observation, I should say, on the contrary, there are no business men on earth so just and so generous. In no other trade would a man who has bought an article for a fair price in the open market, and then has found it worth more than the vendor expected, feel himself called upon to make that vendor a free gift of a portion of his profits. But publishers often do it; indeed, almost as a matter of course, expect to do it. Intercourse with an elevating and ennobling profession has produced in the class an exceptionally high standard of generosity and enlightened self-interest.

As soon as Arnold received that cheque, he went round with it at once, much disturbed, to Kathleen's. 'What ought I to do?' he asked. 'This is *very* embarrassing.'

'Why, cash it, of course,' Kathleen answered. 'What on earth should you wish to return it for, dear Arnold?'

'Well, you see,' Arnold replied, looking shamefaced, 'it's sent under a misconception. They persist in believing I *wrote* that book. But *you* know I didn't; I only discovered and transcribed and translated it. Therefore, they're paying me for what I never did. And as a man of honour, I confess I don't see how I can take their money.'

'But they made it out of your translation,' Kathleen answered, secretly admiring him all the time in her own heart of hearts for his sturdy honesty. 'After all, you discovered the book; you deciphered it; you translated it. The original's lost; nobody else can ever make another translation. The copyright of it was yours; and you sold it to them under its real value. They're only returning you now a small part of what you would have made if you had published it yourself at your own risk; and I think you're entitled to it.'

Arnold was economist enough to see at a glance through that specious feminine fallacy. 'Oh no,' he answered with warmth. 'That's not the fair way to put it. If I'd had capital

enough at the time, and had published it myself, I would have risked my own money, and would have been fairly entitled to whatever I got upon it. But I hadn't the capital, don't you see? and even if I had, I wouldn't have cared to chance it. That's what the publisher is for. He *has* capital, and he chooses to risk it in the publication of books, some of which are successes, and some of which are failures. He expects the gains on the one to balance and make up for the losses on the other. If he had happened to lose by the "Elizabethan Seadog," I wouldn't have expected him to come down upon me to make good his deficit. Therefore, of course, when he happens to have made by it, I can't expect him to come forward, out of pure generosity, and give me a portion of what are strictly his own profits.

Kathleen saw he was right; her intelligence went with him; yet she couldn't bear to see him let a hundred pounds slip so easily through his fingers—though she would have loved and respected him a great deal the less had he not been so constituted. 'But surely,' she said, 'they must know themselves they bought it too cheap of you, or else they would never dream of sending you this conscience-money.'

'No,' Arnold answered resolutely; 'I don't see it that way. When I sold them the book, fifty pounds was its full market value. I was glad to get so much, and glad to sell to them. Therefore, they bought it at its fair price for the moment. The money-worth of a manuscript, especially a manuscript by an unknown writer, must always be to a great extent a matter of speculation. I didn't think the thing worth fifty pounds when I offered it for sale to Stanley & Lockhart; and when they named their price, I jumped at the arrangement. If they had proposed to me two alternative modes of purchase at the time—fifty pounds down, or a share of the profits—I would have said at once: "Give me the money in hand, with no risk or uncertainty." Therefore, how can I be justified, now I know the thing has turned out a complete success, in accepting the share I would have refused beforehand?'

This was a hard nut for Kathleen. As a matter of logic—being a reasonable creature—she saw for herself Arnold was wholly right; yet she couldn't bear to see him throw away a hundred pounds, that was so much to him now, on a mere point of sentiment. So she struck out a middle course. 'Let's go and ask Mr Mortimer,' she said. 'He's a clear-headed business man, as well as a painter. He'll tell us how it strikes him from the point of view of unadulterated business.'

'Nobody else's opinion, as mere opinion, would count for anything with me,' Arnold answered quietly. 'My conscience has only itself to reckon with, not anybody outside me. But perhaps Mortimer might have some reason to urge—some element in the problem that hasn't yet struck me. If so, of course I shall be prepared to give it whatever weight it may deserve in forming my decision.'

So they walked round together to Rufus Mortimer's London house. Mortimer was in his studio, painting away at an ideal picture of

'Love Self-slain,' which was not indeed without its allegorical application to himself and Kathleen and Arnold Willoughby. For it represented the god as a winged young man, very sweet and sad-looking, mortally wounded, yet trying to pass on a lighted torch in his hands to a more fortunate comrade who bent over him in pity. Kathleen took little notice of the canvas, however—for love, alas, is always a wee bit selfish to the feelings of outsiders—but laid her statement of the case before Mortimer succinctly. She told him all they had said, down to Arnold's last remark, that if Rufus had any new element in the problem to urge, he would be prepared to give it full weight in his decision.

When she reached that point, Rufus broke in with a smile. 'Why, of course I have,' he answered. 'I'm a capitalist myself; and I see at a glance the weak point of your argument. You forget that these publishers are business men; they are thinking not only of the past but of the future. Gratitude, we all know, is a lively sense of favours to come. It's pretty much the same with the generosity of publishers. As a business man, I don't for a moment believe in it. They see you've made a hit; and they think you're likely to make plenty more hits in future. They know they've paid you a low price for your book, and they've made a lot of money for themselves out of publishing it. They don't want to drive away the goose that lays the golden eggs; so they offer you a hundred pounds as a sort of virtual retaining fee—an inducement to you to bring your next book for issue to them, not to any other publisher.'

'That settles the thing then,' Arnold answered decisively.

'You mean, you'll keep the cheque?' Kathleen exclaimed with beaming eyes.

'Oh dear, no,' Arnold replied with a very broad smile. 'Under those circumstances, of course there's nothing at all left for me but to return it instantly.'

'Why so?' Kathleen cried, amazed. She knew Arnold too well by this time to suppose he would do anything but what seemed to him the absolutely right and honest conduct.

'Why, don't you see,' Arnold answered, 'they send me this cheque always under that same mistaken notion that it was I who wrote the "Elizabethan Seadog," and therefore that I can write any number more such works of imagination? Now, the real fact is I'm a mere translator—a perfectly prosaic every-day translator. I never so much as tried to write a story in my life; and if they think they're going to get future books out of me, and be recouped in that way, they're utterly mistaken. I haven't the faintest idea of how to write a novel. So it wouldn't be fair to accept their money under such false pretences. I shall send their cheque back to them.'

'Don't do that,' Mortimer said, laying one hand on his shoulder. 'Nobody ever knows what he can do till he tries. Why not set to work at a similar novel, and see what you can make of it? If you fail, no matter; and if you succeed, why, there you are; your problem is solved for you. The "Elizabethan Seadog"

lar opinion, the Natal Government has ceased to give free grants of land to time-expired Indians in place of a return passage; and there is an agitation at present to extend their period of service to ten years, as elsewhere; to compel them to return at the end of this; to make the employers bear the whole cost of introduction; and to take from the free Indian the right of voting, to which his property qualifications often entitle him. It is argued in the first case that a five years' industrial service does not repay the community for the cost of introduction; and in the last, that coming as he does from India, where he was the subject of an absolute Government, the Indian is not qualified to exercise electoral privileges.

Natal receives a vast amount of obloquy at the hands of other South African States, as having been the prime cause of the Asiatic invasion of their territories, for the free coolie has spread out of Natal to the Diamond Fields, the Free State, and Transvaal. In his train have come the Arab and Chinaman. The Free State, following the example of some of the Australian colonies, has already put a capitation tax on Chinese residents. The Transvaal—to render things as unpleasant as possible for the Indian and Arab—has relegated all such inhabitants to fixed locations in its towns. Fear of the British Government only deters these Boer Republics from stronger measures—for the so-called Arab, like the Indian, is generally a British subject, being often a representative of some big Bombay native house of business.

Yet it may be fairly argued that in many parts of South Africa the coolie is nearly of as much benefit to the community as he is in the West Indies. Natal, for instance, is practically a 'black colony.' In all colonies where there is, as here, already a large coloured population, unskilled labour is looked down upon among the whites as degrading. Not that the climate does not permit it. If, therefore, the whole coolie population of Natal were to be forcibly returned to India, the whites would be in a worse situation than before. What the precarious supply of native labour failed to do, would be left undone; consequently, there would be less employment for white supervisors and artisans, for the coolie does not compete appreciably with the white mechanic in this part of the world. With regard to the free coolie, he has often created new industries rather than ousted white competitors from those existing; though, perhaps, this cannot be said of the Chinaman and Arab.

The truth of the above assertion has been proved in the case of Queensland. Here any restrictions on the importation of coloured labour have always resulted in decrease of wage-earning on the part of the white mechanic. Queensland, as is generally known, imports indentured labourers from the South Sea Islands. Yet there is a large Chinese population here, as, indeed, in most of the Australian colonies, which has been attracted in the first instance by the gold discoveries. In deference to the wishes of the labouring classes among the whites, a poll-tax has in some instances been levied on these latter immigrants. In

Queensland the Chinaman is debarred from becoming the purchaser of land, of which, however, he may be the lessee.

Curiously enough, Fiji, instead of depending, like Queensland, on labour supplies from the Polynesian groups, prefers to follow the example of other tropical colonies, and import coolies from India. In Ceylon, the tea estates are principally worked by gangs of coolies, brought over for fixed periods by the *kanganyies*, or Indian overseers thereon. As, however, Ceylon is so closely connected with India, both in regard to situation and general characteristics, this may be regarded as a mere temporary transfer of subjects from one part of Her Majesty's Indian dominions to another. The same may be said of the labour supply of Assam.

Confining our remarks more particularly to immigrants from India to our other colonies, we may, from the facts before us, deduce the following conclusions. In tropical colonies, and in those which, though hardly tropical, have a large native population of inferior race to the Indian, there can be no doubt that his presence has on the whole proved beneficial.

It is an undoubted fact that, in industries adapted to his capacity, the Indian shows greater energy than the white native of colder countries, and would therefore be much more likely, within those limits, to conduce to the general prosperity.

THE SULTAN'S EGG.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

I HAD imagined that there would have been no trouble about getting a diver amongst the natives, who are almost born in the water. But I was mistaken. When they heard the depth and the position, not one of them volunteered, although I offered an exorbitant price. Finally, tired of arguing with them, I did what I ought to have thought of before—I went to the captain of the *Cordelia* sloop-of-war, to whom, amongst others, I had reported the discovery of the reef. To him I told the whole story, and he became interested. 'I can't go with you,' he said; 'I wish I could. But we've been ordered up to Canton on special duty. The natives would have been useless at such a depth, even if you had persuaded them to go. Can't do anything, you see, without the dress in that water. However, I'll lend you a capital diver and all the paraphernalia. We have a couple of turn-outs here, as it happens. In return, you can buoy the reef for me. I shall go and have a look at it directly I come back. Word has already been sent to Anjer, so that there is no present danger to the incoming shipping.—You say you have a boat. Well, get her alongside in the morning, and we'll fix the pumps and things for you.'

Had there been only ourselves, I should have made shift with the *Daphne's* long-boat; but, knowing that it would be useless to think of leaving Nora behind when bound on such an expedition, I hired a good-sized cutter with a comfortable cabin, which I was lucky enough to drop across laid up in the harbour.

I took with me the second-mate and four A.B.s, in addition to diver Williams of the *Cordelia*, whose kind captain wished us all sorts of good fortune as, next morning, she steamed away from us round Cape Romania into the China Sea. We had a quick run down to the Strait, and, on the second night, were all camped comfortably on the sandy beach, with the cutter moored snugly alongside a little natural pier of rock. Next morning, a most unlucky accident happened. Williams, espying a couple of wild pigs, and, sailor-like, starting full tear after them, slipped and fell on the rocks, breaking his arm just above the wrist. Fortunately, the second-mate was a capital bone-setter, and soon had the limb fixed up again. But, apparently, we might as well have stayed in Singapore as be where we were with our crippled diver. Of course his advice would still be very valuable; but in diving—as some of us presently discovered—an ounce of practice below is worth tons of advice given from above. However, under Williams's instructions, we commenced to sweep for the wreck out of the cutter's boat.

We tried the reef-side of the islet first, and worked the whole day, Nora following us on foot along its rocky shore. We had no success; and as this was the part in which we might reasonably have expected to find some traces, I retired that night pretty certain that ours was a wildgoose chase. But Williams, who—barring that propensity to race after things—turned out a most intelligent fellow, was not a bit discouraged. He took no more notice of the pain he must have suffered than of a mosquito bite, and insisted on using his sound limb at every opportunity.

'Lor bless you, sir,' said he, 'I've been down to wrecks—ships as 'ave been seen to sink—an' not found 'em within half a mile of the spot. There's all sorts o' strong currents an' rips below there, as keeps movin' 'em bodily in course o' time. Why, she might be half-ways across the Strait by this.'

But on the morrow, still sweeping near the reef, only farther out, our drag suddenly held fast—caught so tightly that all our strength barely sufficed to bring it up. With it came a broken spar—a piece of a royal-yard, to which hung a lump of rotten canvas.

'That is her!' cries Williams.—'What water? Twenty-five fathom—it's deepish! She's upright, I reckon, or near it, an' if her top spars 'ud been standin', their trucks wouldn't be so very far off this boat's bottom.'

Now, getting the cutter out, we dropped a grapnel, and, after some fishing, it hooked firmly, so that we couldn't move it even with the winch. This was the line that, but for the accident, Williams would have descended by.

The question now was, who would take his place? Not a soul of us had the least experience, and we eyed the dress, boots, helmet, back and front weights, pipe, and all the rest of the outfit, doubtfully. Everything was ready. But, notwithstanding Williams's earnest explanations and assurances, there were no volunteers. It takes pretty strong nerves to imagine one's self pottering about at the bottom of one

hundred and fifty feet of salt water amongst dead men's bones, sharks, devil-fish, and all sorts of outlandish things, in such a grotesque rig. Nor does it increase one's confidence to know that, if something goes wrong with the pipe amongst rocks or splintered wreckage, one's time in this life is strictly limited to a minute and a half, with perhaps a few odd seconds thrown in.

Nora stood by, pale and anxious, but saying nothing.

At last, the second-mate, a very plucky, strong, young fellow, said that he would try. We got him dressed, put the helmet on; the men at the pumps started the air, then the face-glass was screwed up, and down the ladder he stepped very cautiously. When the water rose to his neck, he stopped, still grasping the ladder and guide-rope; then he signalled to be pulled up. We thought he was ill; but it was only fright. He was pale as a sheet and trembling all over. Nor would he venture more. There was nothing for it, I saw, but to try myself. I didn't like it; but the sight of poor Nora's disappointment gave me courage. For a few minutes I hung on to the ladder irresolutely, more than half-minded to give the signal; then, happening to look up, I caught a glimpse of a white, anxious face gazing eagerly over the rail, and I let go. Physical pain was the first sensation, on recovering from my fright at feeling myself swooping so swiftly down through the thick, opaque greenness. My ears felt as if they were being pierced by red-hot needles, and my head as if it would burst. I was dropping at a good rate, clutching the guide-rope, but it seemed an age before my feet touched bottom.

I fell on my knees, and then scrambling up again, gazed curiously around. All pain was gone, and had it not been so, the scene around me was strange enough to banish all thoughts of any. I stood on the poop-deck of a large vessel, but for a slight list to port, nearly upright. Our grapnel had hooked firmly around the spindles of the wheel, which latter was sound and intact as on the day it was placed there. Her main and mizzen, lower and top masts were still in their places, with their yards hanging at all angles. Giant seaweeds, whose tendrils and flags drooped in thick masses, grew luxuriantly everywhere aloft, whilst amidst these submarine groves flitted thousands of rainbow-hued fishes. A dim, green light—in which, for a limited distance, I could see distinctly enough—pervaded everything. Suddenly I felt a sharp twitch on the life-line; this was Williams signalling to know if I was safe. Duly replying, as agreed upon, I walked to the side and looked over into a clump of huge sponges growing almost to a level with the rail. Putting out my hands to a white object that caught my eye amongst them, I grasped a human skull. Ugh! I had had quite enough for a first attempt, and giving a couple of tugs on the line, was soon at the surface again.

Heavens! what a relief it was to have that face-glass unscrewed and drink in great draughts of pure air! Nora screamed when she saw the blood oozing plentifully from nose and ears

as they removed the helmet, and prayed me to abandon all thoughts of returning. But Williams explained that this was invariably one of the effects of a first descent, and congratulated me upon my success.

I found that whilst I had been below, some of them had been busy getting an anchor out to wind'ard, and so steadying the cutter that she was, what with the grapnel and it, practically immovable.

'Be careful, sir,' whispered Williams, as I prepared for another expedition, 'if you're a-goin' into the cabins, as you doesn't get the pipe jammed amongst luggage or such-like. If the life-line's foul an' you can't clear it, cut, an' we'll send down another.'

So, presently, down I went again, but not so straightly this time. For some reason or other, the guide-line sagged, and I hit first the gaff, then the spanker-boom, but, rebounding like a cork, was soon upon deck. Williams was 'tending,' as he called it; and answering his signal, I walked to the break of the poop and tried to take in the scene. But my range of vision was too short to see for'ard of the main-mast.

I could see the wreathed masts rising through the dull green into masses of rotting wreckage above; but not until I got on to the main-deck, nearly waist-high in ocean foliage, could I recognise the outline of the long-boat on the main-hatchway, the galley, and the two other houses. Everything above the foretop was gone, and hanging in a lump. Close on my starboard had risen a great gray wall, which at first puzzled me, until I remembered the reef. Doubtless, the ship had struck it first end-on, and then gradually shifted into her present position. As yet, although tolerably certain that this lost vessel really was the *Wrekin*, I wished to make quite sure, so turned to the front of the poop, where, I knew, should be inscribed in raised letters, 'The Sea is His, and He made it.' Like all the rest of her, this part was covered with trailing seaweeds and star and jelly fish; but after working away for a while, I felt the first two words, and was quite satisfied.

I stood against the quarter-deck capstan some considerable time, calling up all my courage, for I hated to enter into the blackness of the saloon opposite me. But it had to be done if I wanted to get what I came for. It was like plunging into a tunnel. There was no more seeing than there is in a pitch-dark room. Touch was the only guide, and lucky it was for me that presently returned to my memory the bearings of the place and every berth and locker in it. Keeping one hand on the slimy backs of the table seats, I groped slowly along, pausing often, past the passenger berths towards Captain Roly's stateroom, right aft.

In the saloon there was no vegetation to speak of; but cold, slippery shapes seemed to touch my hands now and then, and strange lithe bodies to twine about my arms and legs. Horrid fancies, too, came into my mind that the pipe would presently get foul of some of these creatures, and that they would eat it through, and leave me to join the dead people around with the ninety seconds of life I carried in my dress. The fact of the matter was that

I had fallen into a state of deadly terror. My nerves were failing fast, and I actually screamed inside the helmet. I felt that in another minute I should faint, when, like the grateful recovery from some frightful nightmare, came the tug at the life-line from above, asking for news.

Replying with three pulls, which told them I was in the cabin, and reassured, I groped my way into the dead captain's berth. The door was wide open, and it seemed to me like entering a tomb. Then summoning up heart of grace, I felt about for the swinging cot I knew should be there. It was empty, and so rotten that it fell to pieces under my touch. With a sigh of relief I turned to where the captain's desk was fixed against the bulkhead. It also was empty and dilapidated.

As I paused irresolute, some long heavy body slid slowly across my shoulder. Involuntarily raising my hand, I encountered a rough, cold skin. I imagined I saw weird forms circling about me, and fierce eyes glaring in at mine out of the suffocating darkness. My fit of fright was returning, and I felt the perspiration bursting forth at every pore. But I was loth to depart without making a thorough search, doubting much whether I should have sufficient courage left to make another descent. So, pulling myself together, I went down on my knees and groped carefully about on the port side, to which, as I have already said, the *Wrekin* had a slight list. The first thing I dropped across was a sextant, easily identified by its shape. Then my searching fingers closed upon a skeleton hand lying alone. Then, as I worked farther along, my heart beating violently, and every nerve strung to its intensest pitch, I found more bones, some loose, others taking the form of still connected ribs and vertebrae. Without a doubt, these were the remains of my old friend and captain, whose daughter was waiting expectant above in the daylight.

Still on, until, in the extreme corner, I touched something smooth and oval, that slipped from my grasp and rolled away. Securing it, and feeling the polished surface with the delicate fingers of one blind, I found at each extremity a small knob not much larger than a pin's head. Then, satisfied that this was indeed the famous Egg, so often and so minutely described to me, I rose, and, with what speed I might, prepared to leave that sad abode of sudden death. I had reached the door, when, moved by a sudden impulse, and almost as feeling the grasp of those poor skeleton fingers around mine, and drawing me back, I returned, and repeated aloud the office for the burial of the dead at sea.

Coming on to the main-deck out of that gloomy sepulchre, where, doubtless, in their berths lay many more dead men's bones, was like emerging into some beautiful garden, and as I ascended with my precious freight, I felt like one who has had a weight lifted off his soul.

If Nora had so wished, I would have returned and brought up her father's remains. But she would not hear of it. 'Let him rest,' she said. 'It would have been his own desire. Let him

rest until the sea give up her dead. Then will they all rise together, and not leaderless on that awful day. Are we not told that "out of the darkness and out of the Shadow of Death" He will bring them in His own good time.'

Vainly, on the return trip, did we attempt to explore the secret of that great oval box of silver, over a foot in length, and the translation of whose name in Javanese is 'The Sultan's Egg.' Once, out hunting at Solo—a city and district far inland in Java—Captain Roly had the good fortune to render service to the native Sultan by stopping his runaway horse, and thereby probably saving his rider's neck. Amongst many other curios presented by the grateful potentate, the Egg was chief. That the trick of its opening was connected, somehow, with those two little projections at each extremity of the thing, seemed probable. But pull and press as we might, we made no impression on the lustrous surface, hardly stained by its long immersion, and on which not the slightest hint of seam or join was apparent. Certainly its contents, whatever they might prove to be, would be found intact.

Unwilling, though sorely tempted, to deal violently with it, we put it on one side until our arrival at Singapore. There, taking it to a celebrated Malay dealer in curios, I asked him to open it if he could. Looking at it appreciatively, he said that he could. Then he tried, with just the same amount of success as ourselves. Thereupon, he affirmed that the spring was broken, and that the only way of obtaining the contents was to cut it in twain. Having no time to spare, I told him to do the best he could with it. Possibly, I thought, knowing the skill of Eastern workmen with such things, and perhaps unable himself to open it, Captain Roly, on that last fatal trip, had brought the Egg with him for repairs. But this was of course merely a guess.

In it we found, besides the long missing will and the marriage certificate, together with many other valuable papers, a number of uncut precious stones, and a collection of jewelled ornaments, worth a considerable sum. The will left everything to Nora, with the exception of two hundred pounds per year to be paid to James Haynes out of Clayhorns. But the great prize of all for Nora was the piece of rough blue paper, legal testimony of the marriage of Roland Haynes with Alice M'Carthy at the parish church of the island of Innishboffin, off the west coast of Ireland. No wonder that all search had been in vain!

On opening our mail at Hong-kong, a great surprise met us: James Haynes had drunk himself to death. By his will, a copy of which was addressed to Nora, Clayhorns and everything appertaining thereto was left to her, except, curiously enough, a legacy of two hundred pounds per annum to his wife.

Also came a letter, written almost at the last, repenting him of the evil he had wrought her, and solemnly declaring his innocence of any destruction of the will. He added, too, that, so far as he knew, his brother's marriage had been perfectly legal; all that he had stated and upheld in contradiction thereof being merely the effect of malice and envy, for which

he prayed most heartily to be forgiven, as he hoped to find forgiveness elsewhere. It was a tardy atonement, and we were almost miraculously, as it happened, independent of it.

We found, on our return home, that the widow had already left the old farm. She has long since married again, on the strength of her legacy, which is as regularly paid as if lawfully due.

Visitors to Clayhorns always ask inquisitively respecting two objects in the little museum there. The first of these is a diving suit, complete in all its parts, that hangs upon the wall, and which was acquired as a memento from the captain of the *Cordelia*. The other is a great egg-shaped vessel of silver, that has evidently been cut in two and the parts re-attached by hinges. Even our youngest children know and can tell the story of the Sultan's Egg.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOTABLE feature of Professor Dewar's recent lectures at the Royal Institution on the Solid and Liquid States of Matter was the perfect manner in which delicate experiments were projected on the screen by means of the electric light, so that all details could be appreciated by the entranced spectators. In one case the image of a vessel of liquid oxygen was thus shown, a miniature snow-storm raging above the surface of the liquid, owing to the condensation of the moist air of the lecture theatre. Into this cold but limited area was introduced a soap-bubble, which was at once seen to freeze into a solid egg-shell-like body, which subsequently dropped off and floated on the liquid oxygen. This was one of the unique illustrations to the most recent fairy tale of science.

One of the greatest difficulties in rescuing lives from a wrecked ship, either by a rocket or other apparatus, is found in the circumstance that the wind is almost invariably blowing from the ship to the shore. Upon more than one occasion has the rocket failed from this cause to carry the life-saving line to those in peril of their lives. This difficulty has long been felt, and has led to some experiments in America which seem to have been very successful. It was found that if a ship were provided with two or three kites, a ready means is found of conveying a hawser from ship to shore in a very short time. With a wind blowing at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, two moderate-sized kites will do the work with ease. This system will, we trust, form the subject of experiment by our own maritime authorities.

It is said that last year this country paid for foreign game, poultry, and eggs a sum of money amounting to close upon four millions sterling, while only one-eighth of that amount

was paid for English produce of a like nature. The principal reason for this preference for foreign eggs and poultry lies in the common belief that poultry-farming in this country is unprofitable; yet there are many poultry-farms here which compare favourably with large establishments of the kind on the Continent, and the Board of Agriculture are so convinced that such farms could be greatly increased in number with benefit to trade, that they are employing lecturers to visit various districts in order to show how the work can be economically carried out. The conditions of success would seem to be the provision of plenty of space for the birds, including grass runs which must never be permitted to become foul, careful feeding, and careful crossing. In the opinion of one large poultry raiser, nothing can excel for table purposes a cross between the Indian game-fowl and Dorking breed; while for laying eggs, the white Leghorn and black Minorca are to be preferred. It may be as well to note in this connection that eggs are now being shipped from Australia to England. It is found that they keep perfectly fresh and sweet if the shells are first rubbed over with grease, and afterwards packed in bran, flour, and lime.

A medical man, writing to one of the daily papers, calls attention to the cramped position of the riders of modern cycles, and says that it must be most prejudicial to physical development and general health. According to him, the cycle is producing a race of young men with round shoulders and pigeon breasts. He calls for some means of altering the position at present occupied, so that the back of the rider may retain its natural upright position and his lungs have fair-play, which at present must be impossible.

Another M.D., who is a practical cyclist, declares that with the modern 'Safety' there is no necessity to stoop in the saddle, for the seat-pillar and handle bars are adjustable to any position, from the strict perpendicular to any degree of convexity of the back. The stooping position, he tells us, is simply a necessity of the racing-path, and is adopted for the same obvious reason as jockeys bend over their galloping steeds. This enthusiast says that he is now constantly prescribing cycling instead of medicine with the most successful results.

A new method of clearing water from mechanical impurities is represented by the 'Nibestos' filter. This instrument is very simple in arrangement, and can be cleaned and renewed at trifling trouble and cost. It consists of upper and lower earthenware containing vessels, which are divided by a strainer of the same material. Upon this strainer is fixed a sheet of specially prepared asbestos cloth; and above this, again, there is a sheet of the same material, but of far finer texture. In percolating through this filtering material, the water

is robbed of all suspended matter, including any organic germs which may be present. As an example of its powers, the filter was charged in our presence with water, strongly coloured with ordinary washing blue, but the effluent was perfectly clear and drinkable. When the filtering material becomes clogged with impurities, it simply ceases to act, and will allow no liquid to pass through. The asbestos cloth is then removed, and another one fitted into its place. The Nibestos system of water-purification is being introduced by a company at Charing Cross Road, London.

The most recent method of disposing of household refuse is, as our readers are aware, by means of combustion in so-called 'destructors.' Hitherto, it has been the custom to convey the refuse of houses to this public crematorium; but recently, in Chicago, the operation has been reversed, and the destructor is brought to the householder's door. The contrivance is mounted on four wheels, is made of wrought-iron, and comprises a furnace and a drying chamber, the fuel used being petroleum. The refuse is first dried, and is then completely burnt. It is said that one of these portable instruments will do the work of fifteen collecting carts hitherto employed.

There will shortly be placed upon the market a very convenient form of atmospheric engine, which will be found suitable for driving sewing-machines, coffee-mills, small circular saws, &c. It is set in motion by lighting a simple gas-burner, and is extremely powerful considering its size and weight, which is only thirty-seven pounds. We have recently seen the engine at work; but we understand that the exact model which will be adopted commercially is not yet decided upon. The contrivance is known as the 'Lowne Atmospheric Engine,' and those interested in the details of its construction would do well to consult the Patent Office specification.

It has long been known that modern systems of milling deprive the wheat of those bone-forming materials which are so necessary to the health of man. Oatmeal, which for so many years has served as a staple article of food in the north, has of late years come into common use in the southern part of the country, in order that this defect in white bread may be to some extent neutralised. With a view to restore to bread and other food-stuffs of which flour forms the chief part those constituents which are removed by modern milling, a new agent has been introduced under the name of 'Cerebos Salt.' This is a palatable salt, which can be used at table, for bread-making, and in cooking generally, and is charged with the concentrated food-strength of the grain which is so necessary to the healthy body. We anticipate for this very valuable salt a wide use.

Mr Lawson Tate, in a treatise on Alcohol, has pointed out that human beings are not the only creatures who display a liking for intoxicating fluids. Wasps, he tells us, may be numbered among the most confirmed tipplers. He has often watched them attacking over-ripe fruit, in which the sugar has to some extent been converted into alcohol, and that over such

fruit, especially rotten plums and grapes, they will fight for the best position, after which they will crawl away in a torpid condition, and hide themselves until they have slept off the effects of the potent spirit. Like certain bipeds, they are, when in this intoxicated condition, extremely quarrelsome, and will sting most viciously on the slightest provocation.

A French paper recently described and illustrated a new form of cycle, which is used in Russia to run on the ordinary railway track so that the road can be periodically inspected. The cycle has three wheels, two resting on the right-hand rail, and the third, associated with a counterweight, on the other rail, so that in general form the vehicle may be described as a bicycle with flanged wheels, with an extra wheel to balance it. No steering being necessary, the rider is able to employ his hands in working a couple of levers which help in propelling the machine.

In a paper recently read by Mr Holmes before the British Astronomical Association on Astronomical Drawing, it was pointed out that such drawings very often exhibited curious discrepancies, although they were supposed to be of the same object. These discrepancies might be caused by varying states of the atmosphere, differences in the telescopes used, greater or less keenness of vision, or varying ability in the observers. Too often, perhaps, they drew an object as they imagined it to be rather than as they actually saw it. He suggested that on a chosen night a number of observers should at the same hour agree to make a drawing of the same object, say Jupiter. A large number of drawings thus produced would enable anybody to arrive at a decision as to the actual appearance of the planet, and it would also be seen how far individual peculiarities affected the work of the observers.

A correspondent of *Nature* reports that one of the recent earthquake shocks which occurred in Greece was observed by him at Birmingham by means of a delicate pendulum apparatus in use there for detecting minute earth-tremors. On comparing the time given by the newspaper correspondents of a notable disturbance which occurred on April 27th with the time at which the observation was made in Birmingham, a discrepancy of fourteen minutes is found. This may be taken to represent the time which the pulsation took to travel from Athens to the Midland town; a distance of about fifteen hundred miles, giving an average velocity of 1.84 miles per second.

Another interesting observation with regard to the propagation of earthquake shocks was quoted at a recent meeting in Italy, when Professor Riccò drew attention to certain records which had been made as to the time occupied in the travelling of pulsations between Zante and Catania. The distance between these places is three hundred and twenty miles, and it was found during the latter part of last year that four shocks originating at the former place ranged from four minutes twenty seconds to seven minutes thirty seconds in their speed of travelling. This speed very nearly coincides with the velocity of sound in water. It is therefore proved that the shock was not trans-

mitted along the ground, but by the water to Sicily. Professor Riccò assumes that the reason for this is that the ground round about the Etna district is much broken up, and is too discontinuous to propagate pulsations.

A new anæsthetic formed the subject of a paper recently brought before the Odontological Society by Mr T. E. Constant, who strongly recommended the agent for dental operations. The name of this preparation, which is a colourless liquid of low specific gravity, is Pental. It is very volatile, and its odour is somewhat disagreeable, but it can be inhaled without discomfort, is easy of administration, and, unlike chloroform, it leaves no after effects. It may also be noted that after the administration of Pental, the patient recovers consciousness very rapidly.

Experiments have been made in the Russian army with the Norwegian cooking-stove, the object being to provide the troops with hot food while on the march. The form of stove used was an ordinary camp kettle, with a thick covering of non-conducting felt. The food is placed in the kettle, raised to the boiling-point, and is then removed from the fire and closely packed up in its felt jacket, with the result that the retained heat continues the cooking operation, and after several hours have elapsed a comfortable meal is provided at a temperature of over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This form of cooking-stove is a very old device, and it seems a pity that it does not receive fuller employment in our own and other countries.

There has been a constant outcry during the last few years that our seas are being over-fished. The same cry has gone up from other countries, and sea-fish hatcheries have been established in the United States, Canada, and Norway. Such an establishment has lately been completed at Dunbar, in Scotland, and during the last two months, plaice have been hatched there in large numbers with complete success. The spawning tank is made of concrete, and through it a constant current of sea-water is urged. In this tank the fishes spawn naturally, and the eggs rise to the surface, when they are transferred to the packing-room. The hatching takes nearly three weeks, but the little fishes are retained in a nursery for some time. Already nearly eight million fry have been put in the Firth of Forth, and it is expected that during the present season the number will be increased to thirty million. When the spawning period of the plaice is over, the more valuable common sole will be dealt with, and possibly the turbot also. The apparatus at present at work at Dunbar could serve a hatching-house three times as large as the present one, and when the premises are extended there will be no difficulty in turning out many hundreds of millions of food-fishes every year.

Professor Judd, in a recent course of lectures at the Royal Institution on the subject of Rubies, pointed out that this most rare and beautiful stone has many rivals, chief among which is the Spinel; but the ruby is harder than all red stones, with the exception of that great rarity, the red diamond. It is not generally known that rubies and other precious stones are subject to curious changes of colour;

bluish rubies turn green under the action of heat, but recover their original tint on cooling. In like manner the blue sapphire turns white, and yellow turns green. Even glass is subject to change under the action of light, as most observant householders know. According to Professor Judd, the green glass employed in the conservatories at Kew Gardens has gradually passed through various shades of yellow, until at last it has assumed a distinct purplish hue.

Mr G. B. Pense, who is superintendent of a gold mine at Nicaragua, writes to the *Scientific American* about a new cure for snake-bite. He happened to stop one evening at an Indian village, and found the chief had been bitten on the foot by one of the most venomous serpents in the country. The poor Indian was in the most pitiable condition, and it was at once resolved to try a remedy which was said to be a sure cure for snake-bite. The wound was cauterised with carbollic acid, and three drops of the same agent dissolved in glycerine and mixed with half a wine-glassful of water was given internally. The next morning the medicine was repeated. Mr Pense was then obliged to resume his journey; but he heard some time afterwards that the patient fully recovered, and that he had successfully cured another man with the same remedy.

The question has been asked, 'Are flying birds ever killed by lightning?' The correspondent of a contemporary answers this question in the affirmative, and says that on one occasion in company with others he was watching a severe thunder-storm at the village of the Haugh, Ayrshire. The lightning was playing in the neighbouring valley with great brilliancy, when a dog chased some ducks which were near at hand, and one of the birds flew in the direction of a corn-field. While on the wing, the duck was struck by lightning, and instantly killed. It is supposed that one reason why this accident is not oftener recorded is that birds invariably seek shelter on the approach of a storm.

We are indebted to the same publication for the account of a singular bird's nest which was found on the removal of an old tree at the Cossipore Ordnance Factory near Calcutta. This nest was that of a crow, and was composed mainly of bent and twisted fragments of stout iron wire, some of them being of considerable length and weight. The observer who recorded the existence of this wonderful nest had the opportunity later on of seeing a crow carrying a piece of crumbled iron wire, which it ultimately dropped during its flight. He secured the wire, and found it to be, when straightened out, nearly a yard in length, and to weigh close upon two ounces.

The British steamship *Baku Standard* arrived recently at Philadelphia from Shields, after a very trying passage of twenty-six days, the vessel having been caught in Arctic drift-ice. The voyage is noteworthy from the circumstance that the boilers were fired by oil. This oil, the residuum from petroleum, is converted into spray by a steam jet, the consumption of oil being about twenty tons for every twenty-four hours. The number of firemen required was reduced considerably, there being on duty only

four men at one time. The *Baku Standard* is a vessel of nearly four thousand tons, constructed to carry about 1,200,000 gallons of petroleum in bulk.

NEST-BUILDING INSECTS.

Of the instincts of insects we find examples to parallel those of the larger animals: by one important test, the construction of buildings and habitations, the sagacity of these tribes outstrips that of all others, and vies in its way with the most singular efforts of humanity. Urged by the necessity of the preservation of their species, many, whose term of life does not admit of them nurturing their young—which, moreover, are peculiarly exposed to danger—exhibit a foresight truly marvellous, and an indomitable perseverance in anticipating wants which they cannot supply at the time of need. In like manner, other insects, in their architectural skill, while they have the interests of their offspring at heart, chiefly or otherwise, as the case may be, keep also their own conservation in view, against changes of temperature and natural enemies.

Insects that excel every other of their kind in the variety and charm of their dwellings belong to the order Hymenoptera. To this order appertain species among the most interesting of insects: the group containing the bee and the wasp is especially attractive. Perhaps this is more particularly the case with the Social species, or those that dwell together in communities; but the Solitary ones are sufficiently remarkable. The latter not only merit attention for their own sake: there is this to be said in favour of observing their comparatively simple economy, that thereby may be gained a clearer insight into the works of the Social series; and from the less elaborate of these a better understanding of the complex arrangements and all the difficult questions connected with the hive.

Among the great family of Bees the so-called Miners make admirable subterranean burrows. '*Andrena vicina*,' a common form, spends the early days of spring in idleness among the flowers: suddenly, about the month of May, it turns from sloth and sets to work, literally tooth and nail, with spade-like jaws and busy feet. In some grassy field eventually, a perpendicular hole is sunk, six inches to a foot deep, having a rounded chamber at the end, and several short accessory burrows which radiate from the main shaft. While the gallery is rough-hewn, the cells are coated with a mucous-like secretion. A ball of pollen mingled with honey is deposited in every chamber with an egg, and the entrance to the hole being sealed, the bee's labours are now complete. Solitary, imprisoned each in its cell, the eggs hatch, those in the highest ones first; the grubs feast on the pollen masses, and grow fat; at the beginning of August change to pupæ or the resting-stage, and towards the end of that month seem to conclude their transformations, and make their *début* in the world as perfect bees. A curious fact as regards these bees is the invasion

of their homes by obscure visitors. Stranger-bees, clad in gay fantastic colours, frequently effect their entrance to the Miners' premises. What the business of the intruders really is has not been definitely ascertained; probably they place their eggs on the food accumulated by the working-bee, and close the cell; and the industrial, finding an egg laid, starts a fresh cell for its own progeny. Clearly, the parasitism does not go the length of causing the death of the host, for the young of the parasitic *Nomada* or cuckoo-bee has been seen in cells also containing the young of the rightful owner. Thief and inheritor, therefore, must feed on the same pollen mass, which is inadequate for the nourishment of both; or the hostess, discovering the foreign egg in her nest, stocks additional provision, to ensure the proper development of her larva.

The art of boring symmetrical tunnels in wood culminates with the Carpenter bees, so termed from their carpenter-like capabilities. Numbers of the members of this class are enormous, and very beautiful. '*Xylocopa violacea*'—the generic name signifies a wood-cutter—larger than the largest humble-bee, exhibits choice contrast of colour in its brilliant, velvety-black body, its wings of a rich violet. Several African species claim more than a passing glance from those to whom beauty affords delight: black body with bronze-green iridescent wings; body black and orange, with iridescent wings; body pale yellowish green with transparent wings—these are lovely combinations of hues displayed. England is believed to possess no specimens of these charming creatures. Their tasks are as interesting as they themselves. They show partiality for old posts or palings, or the woodwork of houses which is soft, because commencing to decay; but apparently they do not form fresh tunnels save when old ones are not to be had. The bee usually begins boring obliquely across the grain of the wood, about two days being taken to make the workman's own length; but this may not be so easily done as the remainder, which runs parallel with the sides of the wood for from twelve to eighteen inches. Sometimes an excavation or two suffice, which generally take opposite directions from the opening; sometimes the bee cuts extra galleries, one above the other, using the same opening. Sharp jaws, moved by powerful muscles, are its only tools; and as it descends into the heart of the solid wood, the tunnel is swept clean and regular with stiff brushes of hair on the legs, and all raspings made in eating the burrow out are cast forth from the entrance. The sawdust expelled becomes of subsequent use. One by one, successive partitions of the chippings, caused to adhere with some sticky fluid, probably saliva, are constructed, dividing the entire tunnel into cells somewhat less than an inch long. Each is supplied with an egg and a compound of pollen and honey; the door is closed; but before deserting her bevy finally, the bee forms a lateral opening from the outside to the bottom of the cells and chokes it with sawdust paste; and through this the young escape when the time for their emergence arrives.

More saving of labour, the little green *Ceratina*, a pretty bee, chooses a branch of briar or bramble, elder or syringa, for its nest. Clearing out the stems, it builds cells of amazing nicety, drawing a thin cloth of silk across either end of the dainty chambers, which are placed at nearly equal intervals apart.

The tribe Fossores include some of the largest and most beautiful of the Hymenoptera; strong, vigorous, handsome insects, their movements watchful and alert. Others are less conspicuous; but the mutual resemblances between the different families in their habits are remarkable. Their name denotes their usual work—they are burrowers in sand or earth, at times in walls; they also penetrate the branches and stems of trees; and some, unable to burrow, build mud-cells to make safe homes for their larvæ. While the legs of the majority are formed for burrowing, they are not fitted to collect pollen. To the liquid nectar of flowers, or the sap or gum from trees, they resort for their sustenance, taken rarely. But their larvæ are carnivorous, and for them alone exists all the wonderful rapacity of the adults. It is the mothers that issue forth to hunt to furnish the young ones' larder. Some desire spiders; some, caterpillars; some, bees; some, beetles. Often the choice falls upon larvæ, probably because they are more succulent and nourishing than the perfect form; but whatever the Hymenoptera require, it can only be derived from living tissues. Pouncing upon her prey, the fossorial does not kill it; she pricks it with her venomous sting, producing lethargy, from which the hapless creature never recovers, and in this state carries it to her cell, places beside it an egg, and, taking leave, covers over the hole. A more dreadful fate than that of the poisoned victim can hardly be imagined; animation is suspended, yet it is alive, doomed, powerless, to be slowly eaten by the young of the wasp, for death cannot be said to take place until a large portion of its substance has been consumed. The preservative nature of the venom is such that, when nests, doubtless several years old, have been discovered where the egg, for some reason, had not hatched, there lies the wounded insect as on the day it was housed, not dead; no signs of decomposition about it; and looking as though it knew of its deplorable position, and could almost move its legs. Instinct guides the wasp to close the entrance when the abode is victualled, to secure her delicate progeny from their parasites and ants, which might be fatal to them, or consume their provision; perhaps, also, to exclude the air, lest it should absorb the moisture of the provision too quickly. The burrow penetrates beyond the dry surface-crust into the damper sand below, for the purpose of rendering the buried insects soft enough for the larvæ to feed on.

The characteristics of one of these families may be at once recognised in *Ammophila*. Large gay species of *Ammophila* come from Africa; their bodies and legs black; their wings a deep brown colour, adorned with a brilliant iridescence, vying with some of the Asiatic species, with black bodies, legs yellow, and smoke wings, likewise showing iridescent purple. Only a species or two inhabit Britain.

With fiery zeal, their wings and antennæ quivering with excitement, the mothers dig burrows for their young. Having stung their prey, they do not fly with it directly and boldly forward, but walk backwards, dragging it behind them in their mandibles and fore-legs, and display ingenuity and perseverance in managing at last to stow it away in the selected hiding-place. To the family belong some notable masons; slender and unfit to bear burdens as they appear, raising cell after cell of mud with the greatest intelligence and assiduity, out-of-doors and indoors, often in the oddest spots imaginable. As soon as a cell is finished, the wasp goes hunting, armed with its terrible sting, chiefly for spiders, and as many as twenty may be packed in one cell. Brave but prudent, it approaches the web with circumspection, its aim to take the snarer unawares, for if once it touches the spider, resistance is over; but sometimes the spider is ready for the combat, and, dexterous with its own weapons, succeeds in paralysing the movements of the Hymenoptera by its fine silk threads.

Taken as a whole, the true Solitary wasps somewhat resemble the Fossores in their habits. The perfect insects sustain themselves by sucking flowers; but they attack spiders, larvæ, and other animals, stupefying them with their poison to the state of living mummies, to provide abundant food for their offspring.

There is not a more universally distributed tribe of insects than the Wasps; the genus 'Eumenes' is found over the whole surface of the globe. Only one representative inhabits Britain, a local insect, but tolerably plentiful in the districts that suit it—a tiny creature compared with some of its congeners; its general colour black, with a fine velvet-like pile on the abdomen, picked out with yellow lines and spots, and the first ring of the abdomen narrowed into a decided footstalk. It fastens pretty little capsules of mud, shaped like a vase, to the twigs of shrubs, particularly the common heath, depositing in each a single egg, provisioned with a large supply of the larvæ of small Lepidoptera. Beautiful Indian species have a preference for placing their cells about doors and windows, on the posts. The clay used by one is wonderfully fine and well kneaded. The wasp seems to take the greatest pride in its performance; and after spreading each load of earth, continues to pat it, and runs in and out, thoroughly inspecting the edifice, apparently with approbation. At its mouth it has a recurving rim; it is stored, and carefully closed, and the imago emerges in about five weeks. Owing to the thinness of the walls, which are easily pierced, these species are much troubled by parasites. No sooner is the wasp developed and steps from its cradle, than the ants come in troops and carry everything off—not merely any fragments of food that may have been left by the occupants, but even the skins of the caterpillars and spiders; they do not despise the cast larval and pupal skins of the young Eumenes itself. For this reason, it is rare to find a cell from which a Eumenes has escaped which is not absolutely empty.

Certain of these wasps ('Zethus') appear to establish a link between the Solitaries and Socials by their habits, for Zethus, although undoubtedly solitary insects, form nests composed of a few irregular cells, but agglomerated, a tendency probably towards the construction of numerous regular cells arranged side by side on a general plan. Most of the Solitary wasps do not group their cells, however confusedly, but disperse them into different positions.

HER ROSE.

I.

A RED rose grew in a garden fair,
Down by a Western bay;
A red rose breathed in my lady's hair
On the night when I went away;
I sailed and sailed o'er the severing wave,
And a rose to my heart lay nigh,
The first sweet gift that my lady gave,
And the last ere I said 'Good-bye.'
Oh! Spring may pass, and the Summer fade,
And many a bloom be shed,
But love will live till the debt is paid,
And I bring her rose home red.

II.

Oh! Fate is strong, and the world is wide;
Broken with toil and pain,
I came at last on the turning tide
To the home of my youth again;
No roses grew on the south sea-wall;
And the maiden my heart loved best,
My first, my last, and my all in all,
Was away in the Land of Rest.
Oh! Spring is past, and a hope betrayed,
And the fairest bloom is shed;
But love will live till the debt is paid,
And I bring her rose home red.

III.

And there is Home, where my darling waits,
Where there is no more sea;
Fair faces throng at the open gates,
And a welcome is waiting me.
Oh Love! I come, be it late or soon,
And my promise was not in vain;
The rose you gave in that golden June
Shall be yours, when we meet again.
Sad years have passed to the silent shade,
And my dearest hope is dead,
But love will live till the debt is paid,
And I bring her rose home red.

WILLIAM WOODWARD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
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